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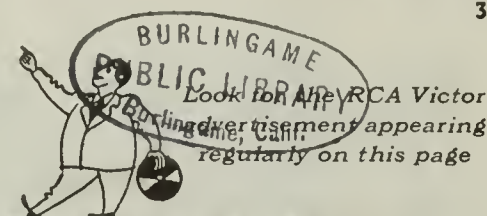




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PAUL HESSE

ANY WEEK

APPARENTLY some mention ap-  
peared in this column about Benito  
Mussolini's future. As we remember  
it, a promoter was inquiring about the  
proper authorities to see in further-  
ance of his desire to make a wrestler of  
poor Musso and putting him on the  
Kansas City circuit. We are now  
reprimanded for publishing that. Mr.  
Gino Fontana of Philadelphia, Penn-  
sylvania, writes, "Can't you even wait  
till we catch the tramp before you  
make a bum out of him?"



AND Mr. Bill Repass of Houston,  
Texas, has just informed us that the  
fabulous Peck Kelley is now in the  
Army. Mr. Kelley is a pianist. A  
couple of years ago his story was told  
in this magazine. He has been credited  
by most of the best dance-band leaders  
as the greatest swing piano in the world.  
But what made him more remarkable  
was his philosophy. He had turned  
down offers of thousands of dollars  
to play with famous name bands. He  
preferred to work in his home town,  
Houston, for fifty dollars a week.  
"What good is money if you have to  
earn it some place you don't want to  
be?" demanded Peck. So now, at the  
age of forty-four, the Army has taken  
Peck. We've listened to him play.  
Maybe he's a little old to be a Ranger.  
Maybe he hasn't the stamina of a kid.  
But we suggest that they move Peck  
and his piano to a spot where the  
enemy can hear but not shoot him.  
Let Peck do his stuff—swing Johann  
Sebastian Bach. He'll stop the enemy  
in his tracks, stiffen him, Jap or Nazi.  
Trouble is that he'll probably stop our  
guys too.

WE'VE received nearly a thousand re-  
quests for the solution of the mathe-  
matical equation that Square-root Sam  
killed a Jap submarine with, in Jacland  
Marmur's short short story, Problem  
At Sea. And the demands are still pil-  
ing up. We're thinking of sending in  
one ourself. We're pretty sure that we  
won't understand it because we began  
to flunk in math right after we were  
graduated from long division at, we  
seem to recall, the age of eighteen. But  
we're more and more impressed by the  
scientific talents of a large number of  
readers who, scorning to ask for  
Square-root Sam's solution, have

worked it out to suit themselves. We're  
not only impressed, we're more con-  
fused, because no two of those who  
have solved it without the skipper's  
assistance agree on how it was done.  
But then we gave up when we read the  
Problem Editor's note at the bottom of  
Mr. Marmur's story: "All you need is  
a knowledge of simple calculus and  
plane geometry and patience." We  
have knowledge of none of these, as  
we've already explained. For years  
we were defeated by the simple prob-  
lem of where to find our pencil when  
eager to make a note of something. We  
licked that by carrying ten or twelve  
of them. You just can't lose ten or  
twelve pencils all at once, particularly  
if you keep them in separate pockets.  
Anyway, the demands for the solution  
of Square-root Sam's problem are still  
rolling in.

IF WE had had the courage to try an  
independent solution, we'd have tended  
toward the answer given by an officer  
candidate at one of our best Army  
schools. No sooner had General Ike  
Eisenhower's troops descended upon  
North Africa and begun to sweep east,  
than officer instructors began to badger  
the aspirants with such questions as:  
"Hitler's on a spot. What would be  
your tactical solution of his problem?"  
We are informed by a friend of ours  
who hopes soon to be a lieutenant that  
one of his classmates, after some heavy  
pondering, replied to the instructor,  
"Sir, if I were Hitler I'd be sort of look-  
ing around."



BUT that young man will probably  
wind up as we did. Way, way back in  
1917, our captain, Dick Coleman, sent  
us to an officers' training school. Cap-  
tain Coleman just had to send some-  
body, it being a matter of company  
pride to graduate some member out of  
the ranks into a commission. We didn't  
want to go—honest. But we reported  
to a gruff old warrior, Colonel Taylor.  
The Colonel took a look. "Well, Cor-  
poral, what is it?" he demanded, looking  
up from his desk. We told him that  
we'd been ordered to report for officer  
training. He looked again, hard and  
long. Finally he sighed, went back to  
his reading, saying, "Good God! Very  
well, Corporal. Report to Sergeant  
Lowell!" . . . W. D.

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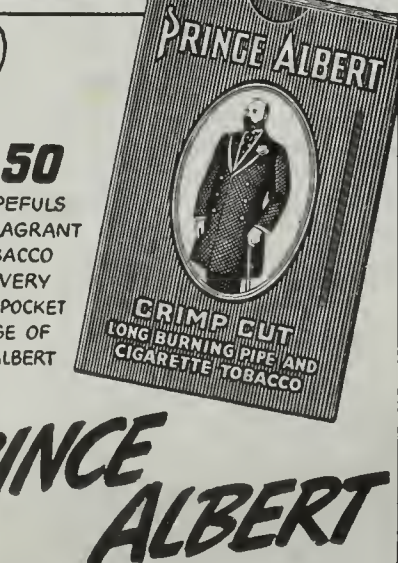
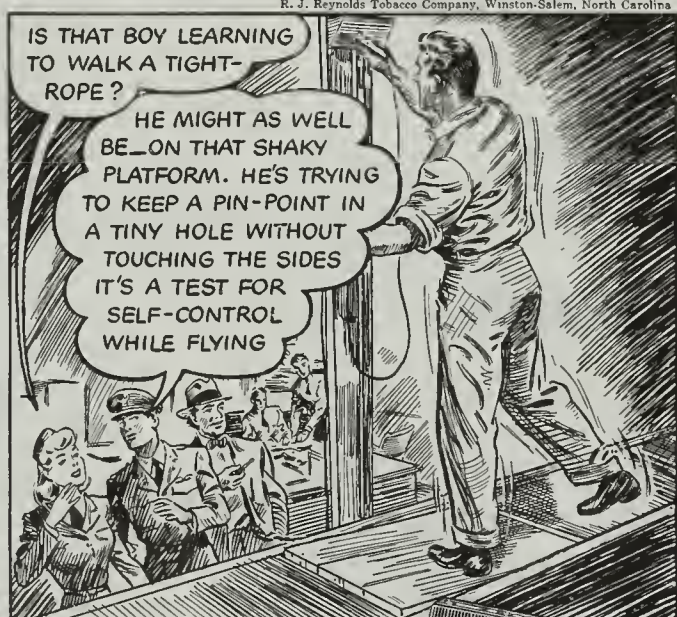
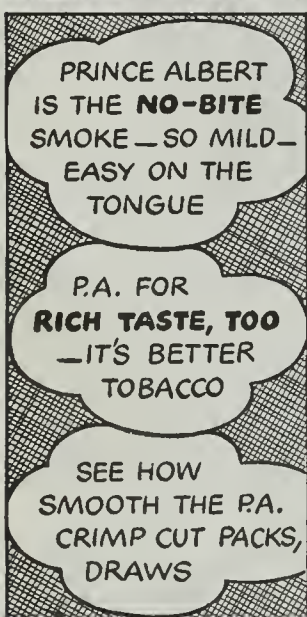
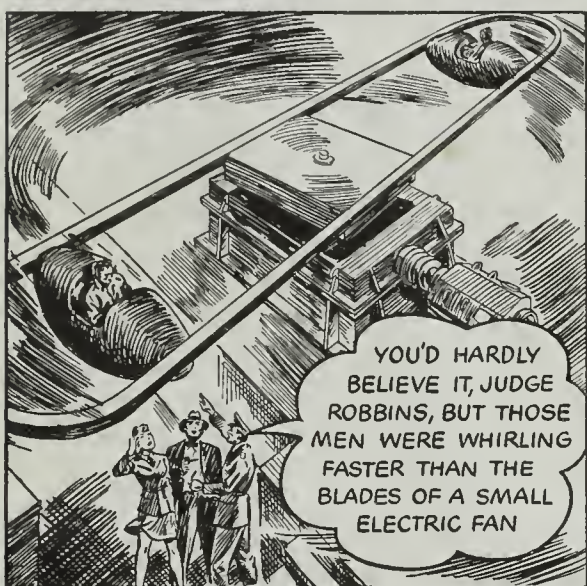
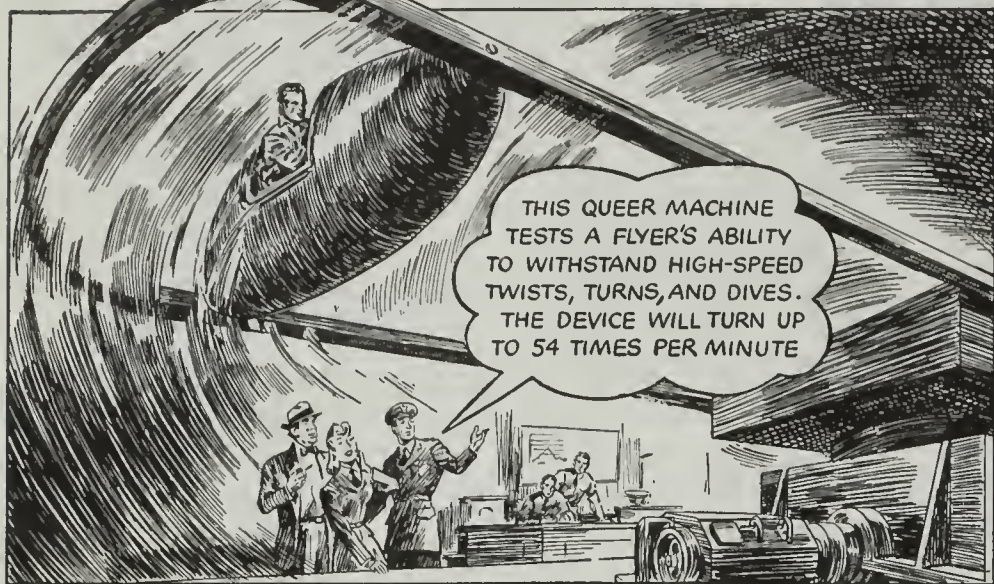
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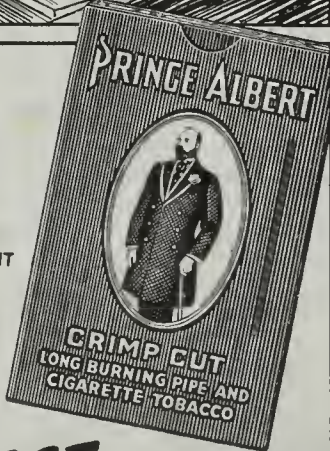


# WONDERS OF AMERICA

## Pilot's Pinwheel!



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OF FRAGRANT  
TOBACCO  
IN EVERY  
HANDY POCKET  
PACKAGE OF  
PRINCE ALBERT



**PRINCE ALBERT**



## KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

The greatest shock ever experienced by the people of the Christian world was the discovery and announcement, during the Middle Ages, that men did not lack a rib, as everyone had been led to believe for centuries by the biblical story that Eve was created from a rib of Adam.—By Marguerite Gray, Plainfield, New Jersey.

While the Christmas card business has grown tremendously since such greetings were introduced in this country in 1875, it will be phenomenal this year because so many men and women are away from home in the services. Conservative estimates place the 1942 sale at 1,200,000,000 cards which will cost, with postage, about \$60,000,000.—By Ruth Smith, Brooklyn, New York.

After 122 years of international fame as "the tree that owns itself," the Jackson oak in Athens, Georgia, collapsed from old age on the night of October 9, 1942, and is now "lying in state" in the city stockade. In 1820, its owner wrote a deed conveying to the tree full possession of itself and the land on which it stood.—By Mrs. Forrest Additon, Flowery Branch, Georgia.

During the 1,300-odd performances that have been given by the Broadway cast of the play Life With Father, the roles of the four sons, whose ages are supposed to be seven, ten, fourteen and seventeen, have been played by a total of fifteen boys, so far, because they keep outgrowing their parts.—By Wanda Lee, Waterloo, Iowa.

The 85,000 diathermy machines in the United States are now registered with the Federal Communications Commission, because they not only seriously interfere with radio communication but because they may be used as high-power radio transmitters to send short-wave messages in code.

A new deodorant is said to be so powerful that it will kill any bad odor within thirty seconds. The compound is intended for use in zoos, fish markets, dog pounds, chemical works, public rest rooms and other places having distinctive aromas. It is also useful in the home for the elimination of stale tobacco smoke and food odors.

In a federal court, it is better to be sentenced for "one year and a day" than for "one year." With the longer sentence, the prisoner may have six days a month deducted for good behavior and be paroled after he has served one third of his time. With the shorter sentence, he may have only five days a month deducted and is not eligible for parole at all.—By John Fraser, El Reno, Oklahoma.

On July 31, 1942, the Soviet government created three new and exalted orders to be awarded to army officers for extraordinary achievements, one of these decorations being named in honor of Alexander Nevsky, a canonized saint of the Russian Orthodox Church.

Kansas is the only state in which males and females, when married, attain their majority at the age of eighteen years and then revert to minority, until they are twenty-one, if one partner dies or the couple is divorced.—By Judge Ellis Fink, Winfield, Kansas.

During the sessions of the first 75 Congresses of the United States, held between 1789 and 1938, 726,933 bills and joint resolutions were introduced in both Houses, yet only 60,142, or one in twelve, were ever enacted.

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# Christmas Investment

**COLLIER'S**  
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY  
FOR JANUARY 2, 1943

**KATHLEEN NORRIS**

RIGHT 1942 BY KATHLEEN NORRIS

thought old times and old ways  
e best. But she was too wise a  
nan not to buy a piece of the future

✓OU'VE enlisted in the Navy? How do you mean you've enlisted  
in the Navy?" Adele Cazavant asked quietly.

Her son Sidney, tall, lean, twenty-two, answered her as quietly.  
"I wanted to," he said, simply.

"You wanted to?" She made each word a separate question. "Didn't  
know that Dad and Mr. Converse and Mr. Wilkins in Washington  
all getting you a job there?"

"I knew they were trying to," said young Sid. He had hung one leg  
the arm of the chair and was now cupping his hands before his face  
e lighted a cigarette.

"Then please tell me why, when your father and two influential men  
e trying to get you a job in Washington, you enlisted in the Navy?"

"Well, I wanted to," Sidney repeated. And he added thoughtfully,  
seemed a good investment."

Adele looked at her son suspiciously. Was he making fun of her?  
loved all three of her children, but this tall boy in tennis shorts, with  
old flannel shirt open at his round, brown, hard young throat and his  
hair tumbled, was the very heart of her heart. He would not joke  
out a thing like this.

"You think America's future is a pretty good investment?" Sid asked  
h his big white-toothed smile.

"I think your father will never permit you to enlist in the Navy,"  
ele countered. She would not get agitated about this until she had  
ced to Phil. "'A good investment!'" she echoed, half amused and  
f impatient; "and going into the Navy because 'I wanted to!'"

Yet even at this moment of uneasiness she realized that when any one  
the Cazavants had wanted to do anything or have anything in the last  
ppy years, their arguments had been exactly these. First, they had  
nted to do it. And second, it had been a good investment.

Adele's mink coat was bought when fur was cheaper than it had  
en in years. If she had waited another year or two to buy it, she would  
ve had to pay twice as much. Having the children's portraits painted  
is another wise investment; fine canvases were always valuable. The  
rtraits of Diana, Sid and Topsy looked down on the piano that Adele  
d bought because the big room looked so "lonesome" without a piano.  
had had a ridiculous square piano in it for fifty years; the man at  
hurman & Kelly's had convinced Adele that in the long run a new  
ano, and a concert grand at that, would cost less than repairs to the  
d one.

To do without was never the Cazavant way. So they bought

ILLUSTRATED BY  
WALTER KLETT

Adele knew fairly well the  
muddy, rambling lanes, and  
she found the Kinney house.  
Dogs and goats were hold-  
ing high carnival in the yard







everything they wanted and did everything they wanted to do and were simple and unaffected about it; nobody ever felt any resentment or had any opportunity to accuse them of ostentation.

This sort of thing went on for years and years, and there seemed no end to the Cazavant luck. Phil's Aunt Diana died and left them the handsome old place on Garden Hill; Adele spent a part of Aunt Diana's legacy in making over the old place—new furnace, tennis court, brick terrace on the northeast level of the garden.

"Anything that makes a home attractive to children," Adele said simply, "is not an extravagance. Phil says that it is the very best sort of investment."

Some of Adele's friends grew a little restive under this explanation as the years went by.

"Doesn't Adele's luck make you tired?" they sometimes asked one another patiently; or even, "Doesn't Adele give you a pain?"

ONE sorrow, however, common to all motherhood, Adele could not escape. Time would not stand still. The Cazavant children were children no longer. In the dark year of nineteen-forty-one Diana was twenty-four, Sidney two years younger, and Topsy an eager, gypsyish, independent, stubborn seventeen. They had been growing steadily more expensive in their tastes as they grew older, of course. "But kids aren't kids forever," Philip Cazavant and his wife told each other; "it's all a good investment."

Even after Pearl Harbor, Adele said firmly that she did not intend to let the mere fact that the country was at war change her way of living. She would do all she could in the way of relief, of course, but she had no respect for women who became hysterical over blackouts, who talked of taxes and money and upset their whole domestic routine for no reason at all. All the unpleasantness and change of which such women were so fearful was not going to happen.

When Diana joined the Civilian Defense Corps, ridiculous as that phrase sounded, and had to be in the city, thirty miles away, every third day, marking things on a large chart and taking telephone messages, Adele was somewhat startled, but not distressed. Checking the passage of airplanes over the city must be important or they would not make such a fuss about it.

The problem about Topsy had nothing to do with war; it was merely a part, Adele would concede, sighing, of children growing up. The family had gone to the lake as usual for the summer, except for Phil and Diana, who had their jobs to keep them in town, and Topsy, who had been crazy over horses and riding and stables and hunts and races since actual babyhood, had fallen in love with Art Atkins, the little English groom.

Unfortunately, Art's father was owner and proprietor of the Palo Sola stables in Atherton, so that the affair had not ended with the ending of the summer, as it should have. Art, with his faintly Cockney accent, his checked tweed coat, his friendly bright eyes, was now working with his father, only a few miles away, and Topsy managed to slip off nearly every day for a meeting with Art at the stables. All the peninsula's nicest girls went there and kept their horses there; still, Adele was uneasy about her.

So there were two worries, not very serious yet, but disturbing. Diana should

be at home in her twenty-fifth year, helping her mother with committee meeting and dinner parties, falling in love with some nice man, announcing an engagement. And Topsy should not be thinking of love affairs at all.

Other worries were smoldering too. Adele smothered them with plain common sense. Let Phil mutter as he liked about changed business conditions and hint at necessary economies; Adele would maintain the ship of home on an even keel. Her husband and children should have a serene and comfortable place to which to return from contact with the harassed world, and the best of service and food to sustain them. That was her business and she intended to attend to it strictly and continue to make a success of it.

Sidney might be drafted? Yes, but he was not drafted, and he would have his Washington appointment long before there was any talk of his being drafted. Diana would fall in love with someone entirely eligible. Topsy would forget her infatuation; she was only a baby. And as for Phil's business, well, it had weathered bad times before and it would again.

When Phil hinted that they might let one of the maids go, when and if Sidney got his Washington appointment, Adele was adamant.

"Darling," she said patiently, "we have lots in the bank. Your business is going along nicely. And we need three maids. Do be reasonable, Phil."

Adele felt that she was reasonable. That is, she had always felt so until this sober, heavy, darkening October afternoon, when young Sidney came into her room with the news that he had enlisted in the Navy.

"Will you be in Washington?" she asked.

"Might be," Sid answered lightly.

"Your father," Adele said, half to herself, "will see that you are in Washington. You know that Congressman Wilkins is getting you a comfortable berth there."

"But that's all off now," Sidney said.

She looked at him, a faint flush rising to her soft cheek. She had controlled all this little boy's activities once; was she going to be able to save him still?

AH, HERE was Phil. She stretched out a hand to him and raised her face for his kiss, before he sank wearily into a big chair near her couch.

"Sid," he said, nodding at his son. "Tired out, eh, Mommy?"

"I did a little too much today. Red Cross Committee and lunch at Georgie's. Then Cousin Sally in the hospital, and home about an hour ago, dead."

She smiled at him a moment, and then, her face growing serious, looked at Sid. "Sidney's enlisted in the Navy," she said. "Will that complicate matters?"

Philip Cazavant gave his son a startled glance. "When did you do that?" he demanded.

"This afternoon."

"Couldn't wait for Wilkins, eh?"

"No; it wasn't that, Dad. I simply had to get in."

His father repeated this phrase thoughtfully. "Simply had to get in. I suppose so. I suppose so."

"Are you sorry?" the boy asked.

"No, no." But there was a note of sorrow, of longing, in his father's voice that gave Adele her first twinge of alarm.

"But Mr. Wilkins will go right on, Phil? He'll still work for Sid's getting a berth in Washington?" she asked.

"Not now, dear," Philip Cazavant said.

"We're at war; I've enlisted," Sid repeated, an accent on the last word.

"You mean you simply can be ordered

Diana joined the Civilian Defense Corps, marking things on a large chart and taking telephone messages

(Continued on page 43)



# The Real Thing

by Elizabeth Decker

DORIE CRANDALL pressed the tissue to her lips lightening the shade of her mouth to the proper degree, and pushed the drawers of her dressing table shut. She stood up and gave her gown a last look.

Outside the windows the cicadas shrilled in the summer night, and in her mind's ear Dorie heard the sound of dance music across the lawn. The same sense of excited anticipation that she had felt all week swept over her as she laid her wrap on the bed. She sat down, reached for the phone, dialed a number.

When the phone clicked she said, "Helen? Hello. You're ready I'll be by for you in five minutes. Did you get the gardenias?"

Helen's voice sounded more purposeless than usual. "Oh, yes, I got them. And the pins and ribbons. We've got a lovely night and I'm ready, too."

As she hung up, Dorie smiled at the impression of efficiency that Helen's voice gave her. Nevertheless she knew that it was Helen who always remembered the many details so necessary to the success of Camp Night at the club. It was Helen who saw to it that the War Bonds went on sale promptly at midnight, whose vigilance prevented many a shy soldier from getting stuck in a group of dull people; and when the orchestra played Good Night, Ladies, it was Helen who made sure that the camp busses left with the right number of men in them.

As Dorie slipped on her wrap she realized suddenly that Helen was the only female she could spend more than an hour with and not feel the inevitable animus that the beauty of one woman can create between two. Not only that, Helen was the only friend she had had since Willa Fenwick had become so strange. Dorie found herself remembering the Christmas ball when Willa, home from college with her fiancé, had ended their friendship so abruptly. Dorie knew that some of the cattier members of Burkesport society had blamed her—Dorie—for what had happened, but good heavens, she'd naturally pay some attention to the man who was engaged to her best friend! Dorie shrugged her shoulders. It was perfectly obvious why Willa's romance had gone to smash. Willa was most unattractive anyway, and had made such a fool of herself that night crying and carrying on.

WITHIN five minutes Dorie's car stopped in front of Helen's house. Helen was coming down the walk, the box of flowers under her arm and, Dorie noticed, wearing a new black gown. Her rather undistinguished face and hair looked quite pretty but as usual some vital element, needed to complete the enchantment, was missing. Dorie didn't try to figure out what it was. It was hard for Dorie, so rich in beauty, to understand the lack of it in someone else.

"You look pretty gorgeous, my friend," said Dorie as Helen got in.

Helen laughed. "I know," she said, "but it took so long to achieve it. Hours on my hair alone. It's awful business trying to look pretty and besides, the dress doesn't look right unless I hold my breath." She lit cigarettes for them both. "You're doing all right yourself," she grinned. "The wicker-chair ladies will have something to say about that dress you're wearing." Dorie made a face at the mention of the wicker-chair ladies, those women whose age and lack of charm had placed them in the chaperon's row and who never failed to shoot little stilettos of malice at Dorie's person. Too many of their sons had nearly flunked out of school mooning over the incomparable Dorie. Too many of their husbands turned to butter under the gaze of Dorie's dark brilliant eyes. But for all the male attention Dorie had received, love had never really touched her. Until now.

Leaving town and turning out onto the highway, Dorie felt grateful for the changes that Pearl Harbor had made in her life. The Burkesport Country Club had initiated a Camp Night for the officers and men of the Air Corps stationed there. Camp Night was always an occasion. But tonight was special because on the Thursday before, it had happened that Dorie met a man. Not just a man, that's true. The man. Lennie.

That was why Dorie found she liked the sound of the cicadas that had droned every summer she could remember. That was why she found pleasure in Helen's gown. That was why Dorie was born. She knew



A SHORT  
SHORT STORY  
COMPLETE  
ON THIS PAGE

ILLUSTRATED BY RUSS

Dorie danced an eternity with endless uniforms of the Air Corps

it. One week before, she had seen a man and had felt stirred for the first time. He was young, but that was nothing. So was Dorie. He was beautiful, too. Beautiful in the way he walked, in the way his head was held. His voice had the sound of a man still remembering his boyhood but his manner was that of a soldier—crisp, efficient, like the expert pilot he was. His eyes disarmed Dorie most of all. They looked out with candor, friendliness and a curious knowing.

As Dorie and Helen walked up the clubhouse steps, a batch of soldiers leaning against the porch railing made appreciative sounds. "There's your usual claque," laughed Helen, and Dorie felt her cheeks grow hot in the hope that Lennie was around and would see the demonstration. In the dressing room Helen busied herself getting the gardenias ready for the hostesses while Dorie stood before the long mirror and thought of Lennie. Oh, Lennie, she breathed to herself, I knew it the minute I saw you. You can go anywhere, I don't care, I'll wait. I'll wait. Forever.

Dorie and Helen made their way across the club lounge giving out the official flowers. When they reached the dance floor Dorie looked quickly among the uniforms for Lennie. Helen went to the kitchen to confer with Papa Gee, the Chinese cook who had served the club for thirty years.

Dorie danced an eternity with endless uniforms of the Air Corps. She smiled, laughed, responded, reacted, and behaved so bewitchingly the entire contingent stood about waiting for a decent interval to elapse so they might cut in and hold Dorie again in their arms. Still there was no Lennie, and Dorie began to feel ill. She suddenly remembered a horrible possibility. Perhaps Lennie had been shipped out. Perhaps he was even now on a transport. He might be going to his death without ever knowing that the beautiful Dorie loved him!

She found herself facing four officers each outdoing the other with outrageous compliments. Somehow she managed to keep a wooden smile on her face in spite of the anxiety she felt. As she stood there numb with fear she heard Lennie's voice piercing through the chatter about her, intimate and intense. And sweet.

"Of all the times in my career to get special duty it had to be last week. I thought of you often, though. I want to see you," he laughed, "again and again."

At last he had come, and more than that, seemed to know that she had been waiting all her life for him. Weak with relief and happiness Dorie turned. Behind her stood Lennie looking both serious and pleased. And before him looking up into his lean face was Helen, transfigured, almost beautiful. . . .





Eddie Cantor and gang entertain the boys several nights a week. Here he takes time out for autographs



Jean Gabin works nightly at the sink. "I washed dishes in Paris," he says. Dietrich's his helper



Organizer Bette Davis got 42 unions and guilds to donate manpower and material to open the Canteen



Left to right: Mary Smith, character actress Mary Gordon, and Mrs. John Ford take over a KP shift

## HOLLYWOOD CANTEEN

By Bette Davis

**T**HE Hollywood Canteen was created with one idea in mind—to give the men in the Armed Forces fun and a chance to meet personally the people of the entertainment world in Hollywood.

Much has been publicized about the lack of co-operation, due to jealousies and countless other reasons, of the people of Hollywood. We have proved that this is not true—that the people of Hollywood can work together in harmony for a common cause with no thought of self—only with the objective in mind.

For those of us—painters, carpenters, laborers, electricians, actors and actresses—forty-two unions and guilds in all—this co-operation has been thrilling. We feel that the loyalty and unselfishness that has gone into our Canteen is a great tribute to the people in the entertainment industry of Hollywood, and also a tribute to their faith in the American way of life. ★★★

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS

Veteran Alan Hale doing his stint as bus boy, serves coffee to a group of soldiers. Despite stiff competition from Hollywood's glamor girls, Hale is cornered by the boys to tell his newest gags



Harry Davenport is a bus boy. Marlene Dietrich pours coffee, sings and has sliced some 2,000 cakes





Glenn Anders, well-known legitimate actor now in Hollywood, daily supervises refuse cleanup at the Canteen, waits on table at night. Hedy Lamarr provides glamor for a group of boys who are "sailing tonight"

Begging off a dance, Marsha Hunt chats with soldiers who gleefully carried her off to a corner. Tremendous success of the Canteen is marked by the letters and comments from the appreciative men in the Armed Forces







John Pindar wasted no words. He grasped him around the waist and heaved him up and overboard

## The Turn of the Tide

By Don Waters

ILLUSTRATED BY HARDIE GRAMATKY

SITTING hunched over in his boat, John Pindar sculled slowly along the inside edge of the Abaco reef a mile offshore. All afternoon he had been searching through his glass-bottomed bucket for a sight of green turtles feeding on the growth below. He raised his head. An involuntary grunt of surprise escaped him. So engrossed had he been in his work that he did not notice the sudden storm clouds banking up heavy and black just behind the land. A curtain of rain like a wall of falling water was advancing rapidly toward him.

He barely had time to head his boat up into the white ripple of foam when it struck. The boat lifted, swung broadside to the wind, drove toward the reef not ten yards off, heeled down, shipped half full of water. The muscles on his arms stood out in quivering lumps as John Pindar struggled with the sculling oar. A heavier gust of wind, a deluge of pelting rain enveloped boat and man. A surge swung out of the turmoil and drove the dinghy smashing onto the coral.

At the shock of impact, John Pindar was thrown out. Another surge mounted,

towered over him. He dove through the roller that was just beginning to break, emerged beyond it. A few minutes later, hand over hand, he was swimming away from where the seas tumbled with thundering roars over the ragged fringe of rock and coral.

It was not long before the sound of the surf began to dwindle. He was being swept out to sea in the strong rush of the current ebbing off the coast of Abaco. The tide would not flood for hours. It was late in the afternoon when he capsize. Night would soon be on him. But he was a powerful swimmer and in this briny, dense water, he knew he could easily keep afloat till the tide turned. This was no short, vicious squall but had developed into a steady blow. The rain had slackened. The pall of evening was descending over the sea.

Darkness fell, a blue-black darkness that was only lightened by the phosphorescence of the breaking wave tops. With small motions, John Pindar kept himself afloat, conserving his energy. His wet dungarees clinging against his legs became an annoyance;

he slipped out of them. He needed no shirt; that was discarded too. Naked, he swam through the night, easily slipping like a porpoise under the high waves as they neared him. A few stars came out in breaks among the overhanging clouds. By them he kept a sense of direction, faced westward and slowly and methodically stayed afloat.

THE wind had set up a surface current and he was being steadily carried out to sea. The slow hours passed. The water was warm and he was not uncomfortable. Before midnight, he knew he was far from land in the depths of the ocean. The chances of his being picked up were small. No coasting schooner would be apt to come out this distance. Even the course of the steamers from Europe making for the Hole in the Wall and the Northeast Providence Channel around the end of Abaco was inshore from him.

This was not the first time he'd had to make a long swim. A few years back he had been caught on the west coast of Andros by a hurricane. He'd swum all

one night then, but he'd had a chance to rest in the tops of pine trees. He had no rest now. Grimly, doggedly he went through the motions that kept him afloat. He thought of other things. He should not have been out on the reef as late as he was today after the tide had turned. Necessity had driven him there as it had driven him for the past months since he had lost his schooner, the Tiburon, lost her through no fault of his own. There was a world war raging and, though far from where millions of men carried on their grim work of destruction, he had felt its effects.

The Tiburon had been a sweet craft, clean-lined and fast under sail. Since the day he'd lost her, all his energies had been directed toward getting another vessel. But it was no easy thing, that. It would take a long time netting green turtles to earn enough to buy drift-bolt and spike, rope and block, rigging and canvas, winch and anchors, all the many things that go into the making of a sailing vessel.

Rising on the crest of a sea, John  
(Continued on page 56)



the inscrutable Japanese, using a peculiar brand of hospitality, to befriend and influence a group of American internees. They employ threats and torture—and get practically nowhere

# Torment in Japan

By Robert Bellaire

FORMER U. P. MANAGER IN JAPAN

QUAT, heavily bespectacled Inspector Kikuchi of the Metropolitan Police smiled broadly as he faced us in the Tokyo concentration camp. This was the first time we had seen him smile more than six months of our prison life after Pearl Harbor.

"The Home Office," he told us, "has received reports that Japanese interned in the United States—especially Japanese newspapermen—are being well treated. The Home Office is now trying to think some way to be nice to you. Please wait."

A few days later, Kikuchi appeared again with the Home Office decision. We were to be permitted to attend a luncheon "and entertainment" to be given in our honor by a group identified as the East Asia War Relief Committee.

In six months of concentration camp life, such as I described in an earlier issue of Collier's, we had never heard of any such relief organization. We inquired about this war relief committee, but to no avail. Kikuchi said he knew none of the details. When we said we did not wish to accept an invitation from a group completely unknown to us, Kikuchi frowned and said he must confer with the Home Office.

In a few minutes we had our answer. The Home Office ordered that we must attend the luncheon and "accept Japan's good treatment" whether we wanted to or not.

The next day, ten of us Americans together with a number of Japanese officials were driven from the concentration camp to the Sanno hotel under close police guard. The hotel for years had been the headquarters for numerous secret political organizations.

We were greeted at the hotel by more Japanese, most of whom spoke fluent English. Several of these we recognized as men educated in the United States. One was John Okie, former New York University football player. Another was the son of a Japanese Presbyterian minister in Seattle.

One of the Japanese who acted as chairman of the relief society addressed us on the subject of Japanese-American friendship. We looked at one another uneasily. Whenever the Japanese had spoken of Japanese-American friendship in the past, we had learned to duck. Usually it meant that something not quite in the friendly tradition was brewing.

The spokesman assured us that Japan had only the most friendly feelings for us, this was a war between governments, not individuals.

## Our Hosts Interpret the Newsreels for Us

I thought at the time of the frequent instances in which Americans imprisoned by the Japanese had been given the water cure, beaten with rubber hoses, forced to kneel for hours on iron bars, and generally tormented until some had been driven to suicide and others had suffered nervous breakdowns and permanent physical injuries.

The spokesman said the first item on the good-treatment program would be the showing of newsreels of the war. We were seated in alternate seats in an improvised theater in the hotel. English-speaking Japanese occupied the intervening seats to translate to us—in a most insulting and challenging manner—the titles on the screen.

The films mainly were about the Japanese occupation of Singapore and the Netherlands East Indies, and their primary purpose was to degrade the white race. We saw British and Dutch officers being slapped and having their hair pulled by young Japanese officers during the formal negotiations for surrender.

The final reel of the film, however, centered at Bataan and Corregidor. Here the impression given by the film was quite different from the Malaya and East Indies campaigns. No effort was made to make the Philippines campaign appear like a push-over. Japanese were shown being wounded and dying in great numbers on the battlefields. Pictures of the surrendering Americans showed that they had fought until they could fight no longer. They were "out on their feet" from exhaustion and the shock of weeks of almost continuous bombing and bombardment.

After the movies we were invited into the dining room. Before us was set the most luxurious meal we had seen in the past two years in Japan.

But we were uneasy, as we ate. In the center of the table were two microphones. When we talked, we lowered our voices in the hope that nothing we were saying would be broadcast.

Halfway through the luncheon, the Japanese spokesman rose to address us. He repeated word for word, the speech on Japanese-American friendship which we had heard earlier. Then he added that the East Asia War Relief Committee wanted to do everything possible to make us happy.

"The thing we know that all of you wish to do," he said, "is to communicate with your friends and relatives in the United States. Fortunately, we have here today men from the government radio station, JOAK. They will make records of any messages you care to send, and these records will be broadcast to the United States by short-wave radio."

After a few moments of silence, the spokesman added, "The only requirement for permission to broadcast is that you say you are being well treated in Japan and are enjoying your stay here despite the war."

The Reverend Theodore Walser, (Continued on page 46)

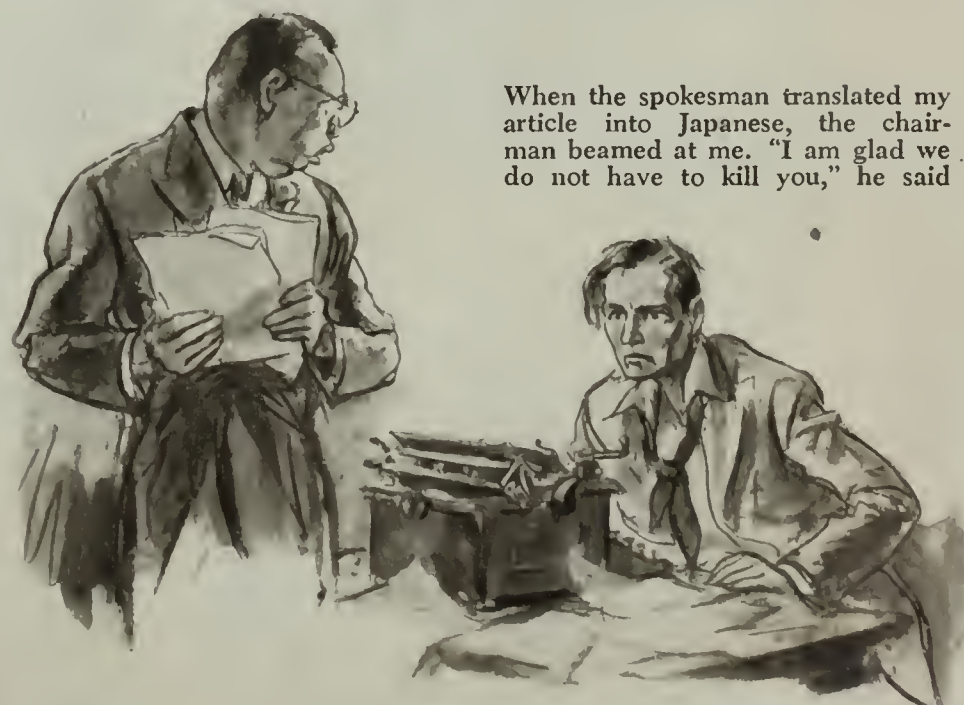


ILLUSTRATED BY  
WALLACE MORGAN

The Japanese chairman crushed out his cigarette and jumped to his feet. His eyes flashed angrily at me



Suddenly he grabbed me by the necktie and jerked my head back so sharply I thought my neck would break

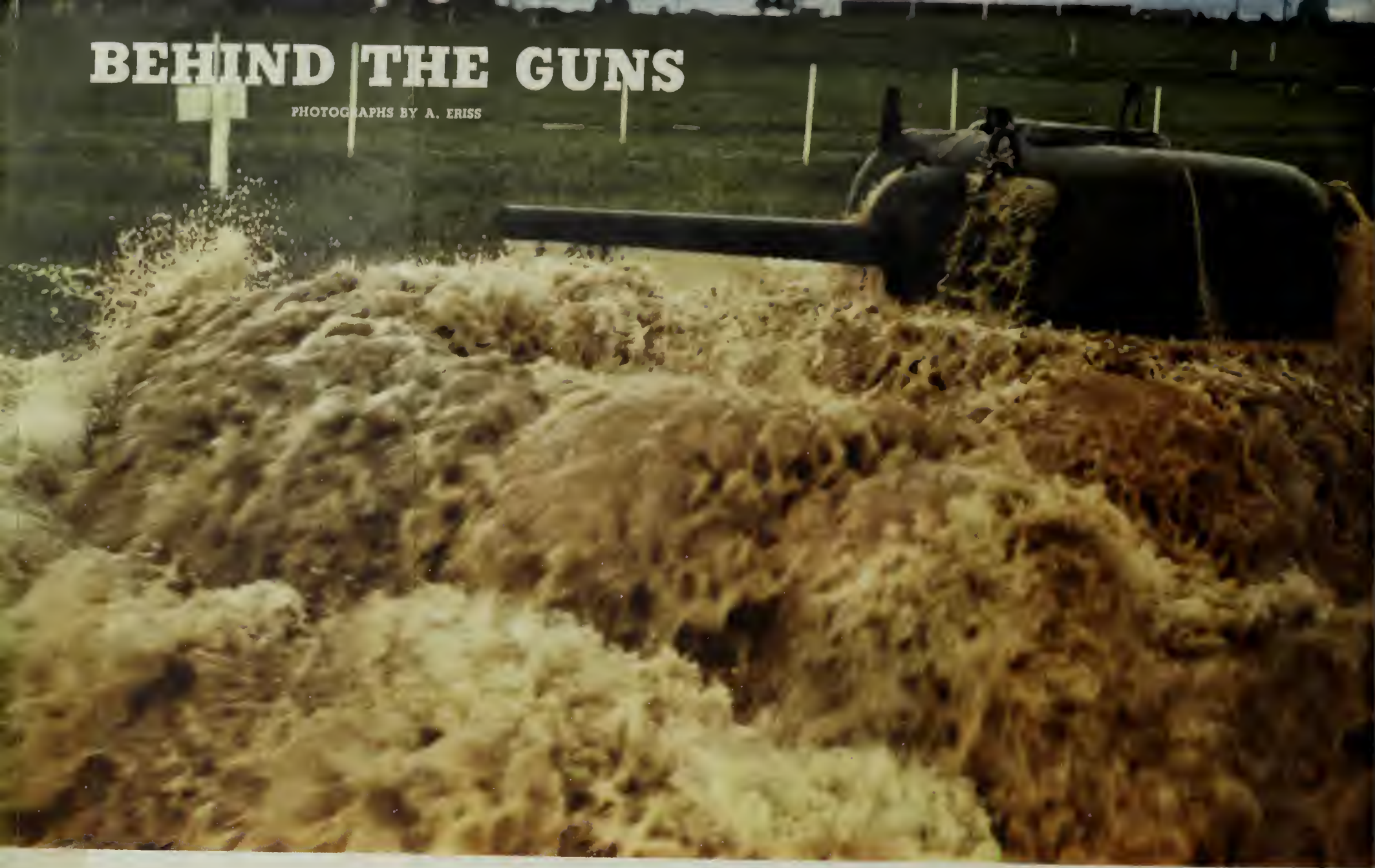


When the spokesman translated my article into Japanese, the chairman beamed at me. "I am glad we do not have to kill you," he said



# BEHIND THE GUNS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY A. ERISS



An M-4 tank plunges at top speed through the water hazard at the Aberdeen Proving Ground. This is only one of the grueling tests the land battleships must go through before they are finally accepted by the Army

Below, left. Two-thousand-pound bombs being loaded into a B-23 bomber, which will take them aloft and drop them from a height of 10,000 feet. The Army wants to know what happens when they hit the ground

These husky ladies—Mrs. Viola Testerman, Py Md., and Mrs. Florence Wockenfuss of Jersey N. J.—call themselves “the fat women of Aberdeen.” The shells, for a 90-mm. gun, weigh 75 pounds







Combined strength of fifteen men is required to ram home a charge in a 16-inch gun proof-testing. This is one kind of hard work that the women haven't taken over



of the tests can be carried on in factories indoors. This technician, is firing a 37-mm. shell at the of armor seen through the doorway

AT THE Aberdeen Proving Ground in Maryland, where the Army tests its guns and munitions to determine if they meet specifications, more than 10,000 women have taken over jobs that have always been performed by men. Army officers say that their efficiency at ranging from truck driving to mathematical calculation has contributed largely to the success of Aberdeen's speed-up program.

Over 100 women, from girls in their teens to grandmothers, have been ordered to take down, inspect, assemble and test the Army's light- and medium-caliber guns. They place the powder in the shells, insert the projectiles, a dangerous task as an exacting task. Still others magazine the tips of the shells, so that an electrical reaction will take place when they are fired through the screens used to measure velocities. This work involves accurate measurements of time to within one hundredthousandth of a second.

Women also operate the central velocity-measuring station, which is connected with electric wires to the hoops installed in the test areas where the firing is done. When a projectile passes through one of the hoops, the velocity is recorded on instruments at the center.

Above, right. This odd-looking pipe is the tube, or barrel, of a 16-inch gun, in the grip of a big mobile crane. It will be fixed into a gun mount and fired

calculates the course of bullets fired from all types of small arms.

A selected group of women, most of them grandmothers, have become experts in the use of a new apparatus for firing certain types of guns. Many of these women are testing secret weapons and seem to be less inclined than men to talk about what they're doing.

As an Army officer said: "They have certainly disproved that old adage about the wagging of a woman's tongue."

The first group of women to work at Aberdeen was brought into the restricted firing areas last March. Army officers at first feared they would be gun-shy, but, surprisingly, the women paid little attention to the ear-splitting detonation of big guns fired only a few hundred feet away. They soon became absorbed in their work. Many of this first group have become foremen and are bossing large gangs of workers. They show a surprising knowledge of the mechanism of the guns.

"The results of hiring women at Aberdeen are significant," said Major General Charles T. Harris, Jr., commandant of the Proving Ground. "They demonstrate woman's capabilities in work far removed from her accustomed sphere. The women here have shown themselves to be intelligent, industrious, quick to learn, and willing to labor at the most arduous tasks without complaint." ★★★

Right. This solenoid screen, used in testing the velocity of a big gun, has been destroyed by the 16-inch in the background. A new screen is being installed for another shot



This 16-inch gun has just been test-fired at the solenoid screen shown in the background. The concussion from one of these monster cannon will knock a man down within 100 feet





# YOU'LL BE WARM

BY HENRY L. JACKSON

What's in a sweater?

How warm is a sweater?

How much does it cost?

How do you make it last?

How do you put it on?

When do you wear it?

Here's latest dope on sweater situation

**B**EING warm this winter isn't a matter of turning up the thermostat—or piling on a few extra shovels of coal or harrying the landlord. Not the way the government has it planned. Doctors have advised fuel-conservation heads that 65 degrees of heat will keep us healthy. That just isn't warm enough for most of us, used to overheated homes, jumping into heated cars. We'll be waiting on cold street corners for busses, walking, standing in drafty halls during air-raid drills. What we must do is wear heavier clothing, warmer underwear, sweaters indoors and out.

The Wool-Labeling Act provides that any garment containing wool must be labeled as to content. That goes for sweaters. You're likely to read 50 per cent wool, 25 per cent rayon, 25 per cent cotton; or 40 per cent mohair, 20 per cent rayon, 40 per cent cotton, or some such recipe. Don't worry about it. A fine-grade all-wool sweater is best. But rayon possesses elasticity and warmth, has a good texture and fine sheen. Cotton is durable. A judicious blending of all three materials will give you a good-looking, fine-wearing sweater.

The government approves of sweater-wearing—so heartily that they have released six million pounds of wool to sweater manufacturers. This is mohair, a fine wool from our own Texas sheep. Not suitable for military uniforms, it makes warm, sturdy sweaters.

Alpaca, camel's hair, cashmere and Shetland are luxury yarns, imported from all over the globe—India, Australia, Tibet, Scotland. They give warmth without weight, feel silky, are expensive. Frequently they are blended with coarser wools to make them sturdier and bring down the price. When available stocks of imports are gone, that will be the end of them for the duration. In the meantime, we can get along very nicely with domestic products.

Most important from the standpoint of warmth is the way a sweater is knitted. A close, tight stitch, known as interlocking, will keep heat in, cold out, and is particularly desirable in a sweater with a large cotton content. Loosely woven, open stitching is all right for indoor wear but permits too much air-circulation for outdoors. Look, too, at inside shoulder seams when you buy a sweater. They should be reinforced to prevent sagging.

You can buy a sleeveless sweater from

\$1.95 up, depending mainly upon the wool content. Up to \$5 you actually do better with a blend than with all-wool which is bound to be a low grade. Good wool, mixed with cotton and rayon wears better than sleazy all-wool. Over \$5 your chances of a superior grade of wool are looking up. A long-sleeved V-neck sweater, pull-over style, is the most popular and practical type for all-round wear. Best bet for a factory or civilian defense worker is the heavy worsted coat-sweater, tightly woven of 80 per cent worsted and 20 per cent cotton. You can get one for about \$6. A shake sweater, the kind college lads wear at football games with the school letter, is fine for outdoor wear. Made of heavy wool, it costs about \$7.50.

Pull-overs, sleeveless, are good with your regular business suits. They're warmer than a vest. Don't go haywire on color. Blue is best with a blue suit, blue or maroon with a gray suit; tan with a brown suit. A coat-style sweater is okay for work.

Don't be afraid to have your sweater washed. It's better than dry-cleaning. It eliminates perspiration completely and improves the sweater. Fibers mat down, become sturdier. Sweaters should be washed in lukewarm water with mild soap, carefully rinsed. Lay the sweater flat on a Turkish towel, pat it into shape, and let it dry out of the sun. Don't wash a multicolored sweater. It might run.

The right way to put a sweater on is to put your arm into a sleeve, pull the sleeve all the way up to your shoulder. Then put your arm into the other sleeve and pull it all the way up. Now duck your head in. That way, you won't pull the sweater out of shape, stretch and weaken the fibers. When you take it off, pull it up from the bottom. Don't lift it over your head by pulling at the back of the neck. And don't hang your sweaters on hangers when you're not wearing them. Let them air out, fold them and lay flat.

A sweater is the most comfortable kind of clothing for an active man. Every sailor is issued a long-sleeved crew-neck sweater of blue worsted, to wear under his blue jumper in the winter. Soldiers assigned to northern territories are issued sweaters. British officers wear them on the desert, tacking on epaulettes and wearing Sam Browne belts over them. Our own fliers own sweaters and wear them. You'll like them, too. ★★

Sweaters have now hit the Stork Club, which ought to prove you can wear them anywhere. Here owner Sherman Billingsley models his blue-gray alpaca which he considers the right touch with his blue worsted suit. Daughter Jacqueline shows you what the ladies will wear in place of décolletage to here. Pretty and cozier. Below, Petroleum Co-ordinator Harold Ickes, who says we'll all be healthier with less heat, stokes his own under a sleeveless pull-over

BOB LEAVITT

FOR THOMAS



Collier's correspondent takes you to church in the Russian capital, where the women of Russia pray for the safety of their living and the salvation of the dead

# Vespers in Moscow

By Irina Skariatina

BY RADIO FROM MOSCOW

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

ON a Saturday evening I went to vespers to the Bogoyavlensky Cathedral, belonging not to the "living church" but to the Orthodox faith in which I was raised. As the cathedral is situated in Elokovo district, which is quite far from the hotel, I took the subway and getting off at the fourth stop, walked a few blocks. Luckily there was a full moon, or I never would have found my way in the utter darkness of Moscow blackout.

In the distance as I walked I could see the spire and the dome of the cathedral looming ghostlike in the light of the harvest moon. Many people were going in the same direction, and following them, I got there without losing my way in the intricate maze of Moscow streets.

The service had already begun and the cathedral was full to overflowing. The usual church beggars that always terrified me in my childhood stood in their customary places on both sides of the main entrance, and in their chanting voices repeated the familiar old words that I had heard hundreds of times: "Give alms to a poor blind one—to a cripple—to an old woman, and I'll pray for your health, for your dead, for your warriors at the front."

For a while, pushed back by the crowd, I stood near the entrance close to the counter where wax tapers are sold. Then little by little, in Russian fashion, I began to work my way up toward the altar. At last I succeeded in reaching the center of the church, where on a square elevation covered with a thick rug stood the Metropolitan of Kiev, Nicholas, in glittering vestments, whom I had seen many a time in the years following the revolution when he was Bishop of Peterhof. The passing years had not changed him much, and his voice as it rang out clear and high had the same "golden quality" that his followers always admired.

Two choirs sang alternately, but occasionally the entire congregation took up the hymn and then throughout the cathedral it rolled impressive and sonorous. Due to wartime economy of electricity, which is scrupulously observed everywhere, only one electric lamp shone near the metropolitan's elevation. Otherwise, the cathedral was plunged into darkness save for the flickering lights of the wax tapers and numerous lampadas that burned in front of the icons. The congregation consisted mostly of old and middle-aged women, with a fair sprinkling of young ones, and the same applied to the men.

As I slowly made my way from the entrance door to the altar I had to stand for a while next to a very old man with a flowing white beard who looked exactly like a Biblical patriarch. In a perfectly audible undertone, he kept saying the words of the service just one second ahead of the clergy, and when a young priest stammered and omitted a line, the venerable patriarch shook his head reprovingly, murmuring, "What is the matter with you, my little father? Are you Hitler?" He repeated the whole line twice over for his own and my benefit, too. After that he had to pray fast so as to catch up and once more be ahead of the service.

A little farther I stopped for a few minutes near an elderly woman in a long black coat and a shawl wrapped around her head, and again I could not help

overhearing her, as in low voice, with frequent bows and signs of the cross, she prayed over and over again for the safety of her son Vassily at the front, and for the victory of the Russian army. And as I kept moving along, I heard on all sides deep signs and whispered prayers for the loved ones in danger, for the end of the war, for victory and peace, and the destruction of the Antichrist Hitler.

It was startling to hear that name in a Russian church and to realize that in some way or other it had brought pain and suffering to nearly everyone there.

Yes, there was the shadow of the "Antichrist Hitler" in that old Russian church and, as many times before in the thousand-year-old history of Russia, the people wept and prayed that the invader, whether a Tatar Khan, or Napoleon, or Hitler, be conquered and destroyed and the land once more free. And in their eyes, some overflowing with tears, some dry but red from crying, some shining with courage, I could see again that boundless love of Russia that is to be found everywhere.

At the end of the service, the metropolitan spoke. The theme of his sermon was the war, and that there is no greater love than to give one's life for others.

## The Well-Guarded Metropolitan

When it was all over I stood near the entrance door, where a small group of women were waiting for the metropolitan to pass on his way out. As I had known him slightly in the years gone by, I thought I would speak to him, too. Perhaps he would recognize me, perhaps he would be pleased to see me. With these thoughts I waited patiently as the congregation melted away. Finally the church was empty save for the small group that had joined a spruce old woman in a white apron and a fluffy green shawl who was busily putting out the lampadas and candles and rattling a bunch of big keys as she trotted around. Suddenly she caught sight of us, and stopping short in her work, shook her head and frowned. The next moment she advanced with a firm tread in our direction, a stern look in her bright old eyes and disapproval expressed in every movement of her short, sturdy figure.

"Now no loitering here, my dear ones," she said severely. "You've had a beautiful time, said your prayers, and our little father the metropolitan has prayed for you. What more do you want? It is all over now, and I am about to lock up, so go along in peace. Do you hear me? Go! Go!"

A little more and she looked as though she might wave her voluminous skirts at us and say "Shoo!" But I protested.

"I'd like to speak to the metropolitan," I began, only to be interrupted by her cry of indignation.

"Speak to the metropolitan tonight!" she exclaimed in shocked tones, throwing her hands up in dismay. "When he is so tired he can hardly stand after saying

The Metropolitan of Kiev, Nicholas, in glittering vestments, stood on a square elevation covered with a thick rug. The passing years had not changed him much and his voice as it rang out clear and high had the same "golden quality"





all those beautiful prayers for us all evening long! How can you even think of such a thing? You must be up to no good, my dear one. Where do you live? Where do you come from?"

"America," I answered hopefully, thinking that it would have the desired effect and either impress her or soften her heart. But the effect was contrary and unexpected.

"America!" she cried with a derisive little sniff. "America, if you please! That's a new one; I've never heard that fib before. That shows that you are up to no good, inventing stories like that, my dove. Listen to her, she comes all the way from America, speaking Russian like a Russian and looking like one, too."

She turned indignantly to an imaginary audience behind her, while the little group I had joined examined me with sudden suspicion. "No, my little mother, you cannot fool me. I've got to protect the metropolitan and see that no one bothers him. America, indeed! Now take yourself away, all of you, my dear ones, before I get cross." And she hustled us toward the door with such determination that reluctantly we obeyed and retreated.

Going back to the subway I walked with a young woman who was carrying her child, a frail girl of about four, with a thin pale face and enormous black eyes that stared into the moonlight night intently and anxiously as though she were listening for something or expecting to see someone there.

### The Terror-Stricken Child

"She can't forget the bombings of last year," said the mother sadly. "You won't believe me, but every time there's thunder or a door loudly slammed or a car backfires she will run to me crying: 'Bombiozhka! Bombiozhka!' and insists that I take her out of the room. Otherwise she will cry herself sick. At first during the bombing, I used to take her up in the middle of the night and dress her and carry her to the shelter in the subway, where we would sit till the raid was over. She's never forgotten that, and cries: 'Bombiozhka metro!—metro bombiozhka!' till I have to take her out of the room for a while. Then she sits down."

At the word "bombiozhka" the child started, and with a stifled little whimper buried her face into her mother's shoulder.

"There, you see? That's the way she always acts when she hears that word," sighed the young woman, "and I just can't make her forget. Oh, what a hard time I have with her and my father. He's old and half paralyzed, but all day long he listens to the loud-speaker in our room. For the last month he has been living for the coming of the second front. You should have seen him when the news came through about the raid on Dieppe. 'It's come! It's come, Natasha!' he shouted to me. 'The second front is here! Hurrah!' and he got so excited he began to shake all over. For two days he could not eat, he could not sleep, from excitement. Then when nothing came of it and there was no second front after all he just cried and cried like she does. It was pitiful. Yes, we are living in hard times when old people cry and cry from disappointment and little children scream with fright."

The next morning, Sunday, I walked to another church, situated this time not so far from the Metropole. When I reached the church, I found I had come too early, and there were only the cleaners doing their chores of washing, sweeping and dusting. They were all members of the parish, some with hats on, some with shawls, and some with gaily colored

kerchiefs. Presently the congregation began to arrive and soon the small church was filled. Here and there a ray of sunlight tried to break into the windows and filter through the chinks of the tightly closed shutters and through the little holes of the thick paper that covered the panes as an added protection in the blackout. For a fleeting moment, there would appear a little golden line of a pinpoint of light—then they'd vanish, and all would be black once more. Thus, in broad daylight, the church was dark but for the soft yellow glow of the wax tapers and the multicolored lampadas that shone like little globes of red and blue and green.

One large icon was decorated with autumn flowers, while several others had ribbons and streamers around them or finely woven towels embroidered by hand. This time the women were predominant, and only a few gray and white masculine heads rose above the feminine crowd. The Mass began, and

satisfaction to have my name read in your church, it's all right with me. A woman's business is her own, funny as it may be, and no one should interfere with it or tell her what to do.' Yes, he was good to me all through those years that we were together, and I don't know how I'll live without him. Life will never be the same—it's finished. Oh, to be sure, I will go on with my work and live from day to day, but what kind of existence is that, compared to life with one's own man and the thousands of little things that bound us together? It's empty now. It's finished. It's gone. I haven't any children to turn to and I'm too tired and not young enough or strong enough to begin all over again. If I could, I'd gladly be a *partizanka* and hurt them the way they've hurt me, but I can't do it. My spirit is willing but my flesh is too weak. The doctor tells me not to cry so much or I'll go blind. But how can one stop crying when everything has been taken away and one's heart is broken forever?"



"Why aren't you in the Army?"

the small choir of women sang softly and well. Presently, the service came to the part where the old priest prayed for the health of the warrior Ivan, the warrior Peter, the warrior Alexei—while the women, attentive and tense, waited to hear the names of their men, which they had written down on slips of paper and handed to the priest to mention aloud in his prayer. But when the familiar names had been duly pronounced, and in response the women had bowed low and crossed themselves fervently, they relaxed and rested for a few minutes, either on a step beneath a large icon or on one of the wooden benches that lined the frescoed walls.

At the part of the service where the dead are mentioned, again the women fell to their knees, now weeping softly and touching the floor with their foreheads as the priest intoned the prayers for the eternal peace of the warrior Stepan, the warrior Sidor, the warrior Ivan . . . who had given their lives for their country.

"My husband was not a believer. He was an atheist," a thin, pale-faced woman told me sadly, as I sat beside her on the bench after Mass. "But he never forbade me to go to church, and I know he would not mind that I had his name mentioned in the prayers for our dead. If he knew about it, he would probably laugh and hug me and say, 'Do just as you please, Manulia. If it gives you

Her eyes were sunken and dim and, as she spoke, the tears rolled slowly down her thin, weary face.

"Yes, that's what that Hitler has done for us. May he roast in hell!" sighed another woman on my left. "Look at me! Both my sons are at the front, and I have not heard a word from my youngest since January, when he must have fallen into the enemy's hands. I keep hoping against hope that he's alive and will come home some day. But then when I hear of the horrors of the German camps and the way they torture and torment the prisoners and throw them rotten meat and worms to eat and make them sleep in the mud and beat them and hurt them and humiliate them in every conceivable way, why, then I pray that my Vaniusha may be dead."

### A Russian Mother's Lament

"You won't believe me. But do you know that actually my body feels his suffering when I think he's being hurt. If I think they are beating him, my back hurts. If I think he's cold, I'm cold. If I think he is burning with fever, I burn, too. And with it all, my womb aches steadily all the time, day and night, doubtless for the babe Vaniusha it once carried. Then he was safe and warm, and I wish he was back there again."

She sighed and passed her hand over her eyes and was silent for one moment.

"Now that little girl over there," she continued, pointing to a sad-looking child of about eight, "she saw her mother killed right in front of her eyes. When the Germans came into their village, the mother did not want to let them into her house, so they killed her. And do you know that child has gray hairs from the horror she saw? She hardly ever talks just yes and no, and even that reluctantly. The brutes could not even spare a child's soul."

"Then take my sister-in-law—she has not heard from her parents for months and months, not since the Germans occupied the town they were living in. Of course, they are dead. They were old and weak. How can they be alive? How can anyone be alive where Hitler the Antichrist passed with his satanic hordes?"

At the head of the Russian church now stands the Metropolitan Sergius whose official status is also guardian of the patriarchal throne. Since the death of the Patriarch Tikhon in 1925, there has been no patriarch in Russia, and Sergius governs in his stead. Glancing back into the history of the church, we see that when in the year 1700, the last patriarch died, Peter the Great appointed the Metropolitan of Raizan, Stefan Yavorsky, guardian of the patriarchal throne, and then in 1721 declared the patriarchate of Russia nonexistent, creating in its place a ruling body called the synod.

### Church Under Government Rule

The synod was subordinated to the czar, and, according to the code of laws of the Russian empire, the reigning emperor became the head of the Russian church. "Thus it was not the synod that ruled the church through the medium of the temporal power, but the government that ruled the church through the medium of the synod."

In that year of 1721, the independence of the Russian church ended, and so it was until the revolution, when once more the church was separated from the state. In 1918, Tikhon was elected patriarch. When he died, Metropolitan Sergius took his place.

As soon as the war broke out, the entire church came forward in a body to offer what aid it could for the defense of the country. Special prayers were written for the victory of the army, and special services were offered at the end of each Mass, while members of the church communities all over the country began to work in their spare hours for the men at the front, and money was donated in a constant flow. For instance, on the day of the Red Army, the churches of Moscow alone contributed a million and a half rubles to be used for presents at the front, while the Trotsky community in Gorki collected a million rubles and several hundred thousand rubles' worth of warm clothing, and thus the donations came in from all over the land. There were even cases of priests whose parishes had fallen into the hands of the Germans, and who joined guerrilla units taking active part in the war. When in October, 1941, Hitler threatened Moscow, the Metropolitan Sergius addressed the orthodox communities with the following words:

"This is not the first time that the Russian people have lived through a foreign invasion, not the first time that they have received the baptism of fire for the purpose of saving their land. The enemy is strong, but patriotism has arisen like a mighty wave, and the hour will come when that wave will sweep away the foe from the face of the earth."

THE END





"Get in!" Tom yelled at Mrs. Lowe. She was a shapeless, frightened woman. "Lowe's gone! I got to stay and keep a light burnin'!"

## DEEP WINTER

A SHORT STORY BY ERNEST HAYCOX

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK STREET

**The strong man of the settlement was Kertcher. The weak one was Lowe. But there was need for both of them**

ONE night the snow came, drifting soundless out of a sky that lay gray and close upon Ingrid settlement and the four hundred homesteaders scattered across the flats. By the fourth morning all fence lines were dark wrinkles dimly showing on the snow's crust, and drifts lay against homestead shanties four feet high. Breaking road between his quarter section and Ingrid, Tom Kertcher noticed how straight the smoke rose from shanty chimneys, through the very thin air.

He had mounted a wagon bed on homemade sled runners and had fashioned a sort of leathern snowshoe for his horses; even so the going was labored, the horses now and then plunging into the snow's soft spots.

He came into Ingrid, passed Mrs. Rand's hotel and Solomon's store, and drew up before Brewerton's blacksmith

shop and house. Letty Brewerton had seen him approaching and was at the shanty door, smiling for him. Kertcher said, "Sort of an American Siberia," and got off the seat. He was plain and solid, an easy and practical man with coal-black hair above a strong nose and mouth, and not much of a hand to give his feelings away. But when he looked at her she saw how pleased he was to be with her—there was that unreserved approval in his eyes. "I'm breaking road," he said. "Maybe you'd like to go for a ride."

She said, "Wait until I get my coat," and disappeared. Brewerton, Letty's father, worked in the adjoining shed, the sound of his blacksmith hammer very harsh in the thin air. Letty's mother appeared at the doorway to say a few words.

Kertcher said, "Likely to have a norther. You have plenty of wood?"

"It is piled beyond the shop," said Mrs. Brewerton.

"Not close enough. In a real blizzard you couldn't walk that far."

Letty came out and stepped into the sled and he tucked a blanket around her.

Mrs. Brewerton called, "Keep warm, Letty," and cast a curious glance at them as they drove away, never quite certain how things were between these two.

Letty said, "Miss me?"

"Four days is a long time"

"That's nice," she murmured. She bent her shoulder so that it touched Kertcher and thus they drove along the road, two calm and reticent people who had reached some kind of an understanding without ever speaking of it. They passed Swenson's house at the junction of the schoolhouse road; they continued south, coming by Ben Lowe's place—a small shack and attached tent, housing Lowe and his wife and four children. A mound of snow in the yard indicated where Lowe, the most shiftless of men, had left his plow and cultivator to rust away. Letty said, "I don't think they've much wood or food."

"He sat around all fall, cryin' about hard luck when everybody else worked."

"I can't think of his family being hungry."

"Put him in the middle of a store and he'd be too lazy to reach up to a shelf."

They moved on, following the first

ruts cut by Kertcher and, five miles from Ingrid, they turned into Kertcher's quarter section and stopped before the shanty.

He sat still for a moment, staring straight before him. He said slowly, "If I take you into the house, Letty, I'll kiss you—and maybe we shouldn't be hiding a thing like that behind four walls." He turned to her, drew her against him and looked down at her so that she saw the sharp angles of his heavy mouth. She lifted her head and knew she provoked him into the kiss and was glad of it; she was smiling when she pulled away from him and got out of the sled and waited for him to open the door.

He had built larger than most homesteaders, and he had built with more care. The house had three rooms, all of them sealed in with finish lumber. A rear door connected to a shed which was filled with wood. Beyond the shed was a small lean-to barn.

She knew the house had been built for her; it was one of those unsaid things between them. But she also knew he would not ask her to marry him until fall had come and he had put away his

(Continued on page 63)





Shorty and Freda Lewis (Kay Walsh) pose for their wedding picture with relatives and friends. In *Which We Serve* has its gay, bitterly tender scenes but they remain subservient to the ship and the Torrins emerges the star of the film

Noel Coward, wet and covered with oil slick, takes off a few minutes from acting to give orders to his cameramen. Coward, in addition to writing the film and playing in it, also produced and directed it, and wrote the music for





# WHICH HE SERVES

BY QUENTIN REYNOLDS

The sensitive Mr. Noel Coward, who found inspiration in the terrible London blitz makes his first film on the life and death of a ship as seen through the eyes of her men. Critics are calling it the most brilliant picture to come out of this war

SOME DAY a book or a play will be written about Titch's Bar. It was a small room on the Embankment side of the Savoy Hotel. During the bombing of London it was quite impossible to sleep, and the Savoy opened this all-night bar and restaurant for residents of the hotel. Titch was the bartender and we all became very fond of the little redhead who kept smiling no matter how close the bombs dropped. He was only annoyed once. A land mine dropped just outside, shook the whole hotel badly and knocked a dozen glasses off his bar. Titch was so mad at the Germans that he enlisted the next day as a mechanic in the R.A.F.

There were always a dozen correspondents in Titch's Bar during a raid. We had phones installed and had typewriters there and cards and chips. The herd instinct is strong when bombing comes, and none of us felt comfortable alone in our rooms. We were usually a rather gay and noisy group at Titch's Bar. One night we had a very silent visitor who didn't join in our gaiety. His name was Noel Coward.

Coward had just arrived in London and, to put it mildly, he was no dream prince to the local citizenry. A combination of circumstances over which he had no control had put Coward directly behind the eight ball and, being a sensitive man, he suffered. We were all on his side. We knew that since the war began he had done his best. First, he had

done an anonymous job with Naval Intelligence in France, and when France fell he had gone to explain Britain's cause to the United States and Australia. Whether he had done well or badly was not the question—he had tried.

A picture appeared in London newspapers showing Coward in evening dress being entertained by Hollywood stars, and people didn't like that. Sure, the affair was a British benefit—but they all missed that point. They only saw Coward in his white tie and with champagne bottles on the table. People going through a nightly blitz are apt to lose their sense of perspective and they lost it about Coward.

Questions were asked in the House and never satisfactorily answered. "Who was paying Coward's expenses? Who had sent him on this mission? Why wasn't he back in Britain where all Britons belonged?" So Noel Coward came back. He came back just in time to be the defendant in an income-tax case. Oh, he was given an absolutely clean bill of health by the court, but what of it? The stigma remained.

Noel sat there, a very unhappy man. It was a nasty night, May 10, 1941, the worst bombing we'd ever had in London. It was Coward's first experience with the blitz. He got up and reached for his hat.

"If you're going out, that hat won't help you," I suggested, never believing that he'd be idiot enough to leave the building.

Stuff was dropping all around, and even if a bomb fragment didn't get you, bits from our own anti-aircraft shells might.

"Take a look with me," he said, and I did. We walked out of the Savoy and stood on the banks of the Thames. What we saw was an unbelievable sight. Warehouses across the river had been fired by bombs, and a solid sheet of flame stretched for nearly a mile. Futile streams of water thrown by the river fire boats hissed above the roar of the flames, and from above, cutting through it all, whined the uneven drone of the German bombers. They were too close for comfort.

"Let's get out of here, Noel." I grabbed his arm. "Only suckers stay out when they drop this close."

"I'd like to see it all," Coward said, and then added apologetically: "It's my first blitz, you know."

I ran back sweating into the Savoy and into Titch's Bar. I ordered a drink and told the boys about Coward. He was still

out there, I said, and I'd bet anyone even money that he'd be dead in ten minutes.

"He's either a fool or a very brave guy," someone said.

"No one ever called Coward a fool," someone else reminded us.

I phoned Coward the next day and very much to my surprise he was still alive. We had lunch and he wasn't the discouraged, hurt man he'd been the night before. That experience had done something to him. He was part of it all now, part of the London he grew up in and loved. Now, having been through the worst blitz of all, he could feel that he was one with the citizens of London, and in those days that was no mean distinction.

"I've got an idea," he bubbled over, "it's foolish for us to attempt to do things for which we aren't trained. My job is the theater and I've been away from it too long. I'm going to write a play that will entertain people—not a war play. I'll go away and do it right now."

He came back a week later with the manuscript of *Blithe Spirit* which is still running in London and in New York. Bombings became part of his daily life. He played benefits wherever he was asked. Long Island, Newport, New York night life, wouldn't have recognized this Noel Coward. He was brisk, direct, he was, in short, part of Britain's war effort. In his own way he was serving.

## Death of H.M.S. Kelly

In London we all knew the story of H.M.S. Kelly, the ship that died three times. The Kelly was a destroyer commanded by Lord Louis Mountbatten, who now heads Combined Operations. Twice she had been hit badly, and each time Mountbatten's genius and courage had brought her back to a British port. Then he took her to the Mediterranean, and the Kelly received her death blow off Crete in May, 1941. Mountbatten survived, but the Kelly died.

In London we had begun to think of the destroyer as a human being. Each of us felt a sense of personal loss when the ship was finally sunk. We knew that Mountbatten was heartbroken too, for he loved this ship that died so hard.

The story especially intrigued Coward. He often talked about it and of how Mountbatten and the Kelly should be immortalized. And then one day Noel went to the country, locked himself away from the world as he does when he's working, and then emerged with a rough

The destroyer, H.M.S. Torrin, has been sunk off Crete and some of her survivors cling to a raft. One of them, "Shorty" Blake (John Mills), lies wounded, strafed by a German plane. Three of the men, feeling that death is near, keep flashing back to episodes in their lives and recreate the story of the ship and their own memories of home

"Captain D" makes the last moments of a gunner peaceful by telling him that he has been a hero. Previously the boy, gripped by fear, had deserted his battle station and had been pardoned by his understanding commander

from the aftermath of Dunkirk was never more realistically and grimly filmed. The Torrin is loaded with men of the B.E.F., their faces empty with exhaustion. Seaman Blake tries to cheer the weary survivors as he passes out hot cocoa and biscuits







Before the Torrin is hit she surprises an enemy convoy in the Mediterranean. German soldiers abandon ship when the Torrin's guns blast the heavily laden transport

manuscript which he called *In Which We Serve*.

The news broke that Noel was about to begin production of a film based on the career of the Kelly and Mountbatten. He had written it, would produce it, direct it, write the music—and play the part of Mountbatten. Noel's choice of Coward to play Mountbatten invoked a storm of criticism. What right had he to play the part of Britain's greatest sea hero of this war? The *London Daily Express* was most vitriolic in its denunciation. Coward made a mental note of that and later put into the film a sly dig at the *Express*.

Coward didn't listen to the criticism. He went to the Admiralty and begged the use of three hundred sailors. He could have them—if he could use them when they were on leave and if they wished to appear in the film. To get three hundred willing sailors whose leaves coincided was a production problem never faced by a Hollywood producer—but Coward persisted.

He had actually to build a destroyer on his set at Denham some twenty miles from London. Of course it was only a wooden shell of a destroyer and it was hard to get the wood. All wood had long since been allocated to war use. He borrowed the wood and promised to give it back after the film was made. Every prop and bit of furniture used had to be obtained the same way.

This was the first film Coward had ever made. He had once appeared in the Ben Hecht—Charles MacArthur film, *The*

*Scoundrel*, but that had been his only picture experience. Warder Street (London's film headquarters) chuckled and waited for this crass amateur in picture-land to stub his toe. Coward plugged away, and when Noel is plugging away, it means he is working twenty hours a day. He said that the picture would take three months to film. It did, despite delays.

The delays were caused by German and British aircraft. The sound of an airplane motor can penetrate any studio, and half a dozen times a day, Coward had to halt until the planes flying above had gone away. He finished the picture in three months.

Then he cut it—usually a long laborious task. He cut it in a week and only cut 750 feet of film out of the 10,000 feet he'd shot—a miracle according to Hollywood standards, but in Britain you can't waste film.

When it opened in London, the picture was given rave notices. Even the *Daily Express* went completely overboard on it, despite the dig Coward took at the *Express* in the picture. When war comes, the screen shows a three-day-old copy of the *Daily Express* floating in the water and then sinking. The headline reads: "There Will Be No War."

I did not see the picture in London. I saw it the other day in New York at a private showing and I think it's the greatest picture ever put on celluloid. It is the story of the Kelly and of the man who commanded her. The picture could loosely be called a tribute to the Royal

Navy. This would be misleading because this is no artificial tribute—it is actually the story of the men of the Royal Navy and of their wives and girls. The titles comes from the prayer read by the captain at ship services: "Be pleased to receive into Thy Almighty and most Gracious Protection the persons of us Thy servants and the Fleet in which we serve."

#### History in the Filming

This established, the picture gives you a sense of awe and humility in the presence of great events: it presents, in fact, the religion of the sailor. This is a strange theme for a story which must pass the ungodly portals of the box office—and yet the story does just that.

Coward shows the British Navy as it is, not glorified or coated with sickening cinematic mock heroism. This film makes history, not simply because it is so sensitive, so expertly made and so imaginative—but because it is history. Considered as a work of fiction (which it is not), it would be superb. Considered as a factual document, it achieves greatness. And it presents us with a Noel Coward no one knew existed.

Coward was not very good at presenting Britain's cause to America two years ago. He was working in a medium foreign to him—the lecture platform, the public rostrum. In an element no one thought to be his at all, he now does what he tried to do then. He does it so magnificently that even the most carping critic of the British war effort must

reconsider and acknowledge that the armed forces of Britain must be exempt from such criticism.

The behavior and lives of the seamen in the picture reflect the behavior of their families at home, and this is shown strikingly.

The film critics will rhapsodize (they have after viewing private showings) about the acting of Coward, who falls so completely into the part of Captain Edward Kinross or Captain D (so named because he is in command of a destroyer flotilla designated by the letter D) that you absolutely forget that this is Noel Coward on the screen. They will praise the direction and the underplaying of great emotional scenes which so easily might have become mawkish and sloppy. They will tell of the deft comedy touches—comedy lifted straight from the decks of a thousand destroyers.

They will not perhaps tell (unless they know him well) of the Noel Coward who emerges from the stress of creating *In Which We Serve*, as a patriot who, in presenting Britain as Britain really is, has done something which no Britisher or American has been able to do convincingly to date.

The new Noel Coward was, I believe, born that dreadful night of May 10, 1941—the Noel Coward who had no fear of bombs or of fire; the Noel Coward who by going through what his countrymen had been going through for so long, became one of them. This Noel Coward deserves the title "Citizen of London."

THE END

Shorty Blake meets Freda (center) for the first time on a train. John Mills, who plays Blake, almost steals the picture from Coward



Time off for a well-earned cup of tea. Seated in the raft is C.P.O. Walter Hardy (Bernard Miles), whose acting won critics' cheers





# All or Nothing

By Nancy Titus

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

The story of a man and a girl who found out that there are no exclusive rights to love

THE big black convertible sedan stopped for the light. The top was down and the hot, blazing sun in the intense September sky beat down on the man and the girl in the front seat. The few people waiting for the bus turned to look at them.

Wherever they went, people looked at Rory Carr and his daughter; in a shoddy world they were so gratifyingly perfect, so handsome and assured. They were laughing together now, easily and intimately, not noticing that they were being observed, for they had long ago learned to take such attention for granted.

The light changed and the car rolled smoothly forward.

Brigid was saying, "Well, I never *am* going to be married."

"Oh, aren't you?" Rory grinned. "An old maid, eh? Lumpy cotton stockings and a cat?"

"I won't be the cat sort," she said. Her thick dark lashes lifted mischievously. "I'll be a *femme fatale*—I'll lure men into my net—and then laugh at them."

"I see," Rory said. "So that's what you're doing to young Baldwin, is it?"

Brigid said, "Oh, *Phil*," in a tone of dismissal.

"He's been hanging around enough since last spring. I've an idea you're not my girl any longer."

He was teasing, but there was hurt beneath his voice.

Brigid said, "I'm not anybody else's."

He rumbled her hair. "Go on with you, Brigid Carr..." he said, but she knew he was secretly pleased.

They pulled into the drive by the stables, and Morse, the old stable hand and chauffeur, with a face like a knot of wood rubbed to a glossy mahogany sheen, came to put the car away.

"We'll ride when it's cooler," Rory said. "Do you want to ask Phil to go with us?"

Brigid shook her head. "No. It's not the same when anyone else is with us." It was true. She could not explain it, even to herself—but Phil was Phil. Rory was Rory. Somehow she wanted each exclusively to herself.

Rory said, "All right, man-hater," as they climbed out. He was laughing, but as they went up the drive and saw Brigid's mother on the terrace, his smile disappeared.

Helen saw Rory and rose, very tall and slim in a dark green dress. She put a hand to her hair that was black and soft as the under feathers of a raven's wing, and turned her back and went into the house. Rory's lips tightened against his teeth. Brigid saw the shadow of pain that crossed his face.

She thought suddenly, and with the sickening sensation that always accompanied the thought, "I hate her. I can't help it; I hate her."

Then she heard a whistle and turned. Phil was coming across the wide lawn. She forgot everything—Rory—her mother—everything but Phil's light hair shining in the sun and the strong set of his shoulders.

"I'll be in later, Rory," she said casually. She did not let him see her eyes.

"Hello, Stupid." Phil leaned against an elm.

"Hello, yourself."

"Where you been?"

She brushed a moccasined toe over the grass, lightly bowing the blades. "Wouldn't you like to know?" She smiled a small, secret smile. Within, she was trembling.

She did not know what was so different about Phil. He was nineteen, a sophomore in Princeton. She knew any number of boys like him. Yet a special quality was there. She had discovered it that night last April when he took her in to the city for dinner. For



Phil and Leila had their shoes off and were standing in the water just where it lapped the white sand. They had been wading but they weren't wading now



first time in her life a date became more than a date. Miraculously, over a berry sherbet in a silver dish, she looked at Phil—and *this* date turned into a date.

They had been together constantly all summer and none of the wonder had worn off. Yet when he looked at her like this, with his heart in his eyes, even though she was so crazy about him, she had a curious desire to taunt him.

"I've just been around," she said. "What'd you want me for?"

"I just wanted to see you," he said. "Not for anything?" Her eyes widened.

"You know what for—don't you ever want to be with me for no particular reason?"

She dropped down in the grass, locking her hands under her head, and stared up at the jigsaw pieces of sky through the leaves of the elm. "Oh, I don't know." He sat down beside her, cross-legged, frowning. "Last night you said you did. You said you'd rather be alone with me than anything."

Brigid's lashes veiled her amber gaze. "What was last night?"

"Oh, Brigid." He leaned on his elbows. "Sometimes I don't know—if you love me." It was still hard for him to say the words in broad daylight. "Do you?" He leaned closer and she kept her eyes on his face.

"I'll tell you tonight," she said. "I'll tell you tonight at the dance."

"Why can't you ever tell me when I want to know?" he persisted.

"Because you ask me at the wrong times."

Phil turned a deeper shade of red under his sunburn. He leaped up. "You make me sick! I'm not going to hang around forever, letting you do anything you want to with me."

HE saw he was angry and at once she was frightened. She put a hand out to him in a gesture of complete appeal. "Oh, Phil, please don't be mad. I'm just teasing." She smiled, and the sun slanted down on her hair and her face and on her bare brown arms.

Phil said, "You get me all mixed up." But he sat down next to her again. . . .

As Brigid climbed the wide stairs to change into her riding clothes she heard the voices coming from her mother's room. They were quarreling again, her mother and Rory.

She stopped, her face raised and frozen, and all the excitement of being with Phil was swept from her.

"For Pete's sake, don't sit there like that—don't look at me like that!" Rory was shouting. "You're not a woman—you're made out of ice."

"You'd like me to tear my hair, wouldn't you, Rory? Scream."

"Anything!" he cried. "To know you were human. I'm wrong; you aren't even ice. Ice melts. Or are you waiting for Major Brunner to come back, to melt you?"

"You're very funny, Rory," Helen said coolly.

Brigid wanted to turn and run but she couldn't. Her feet had turned to lumps of lead so she had to stand there, listening. . . .

It was worse than a quarrel because it was so terribly one-sided. Brigid knew. To fight when no one would fight back was to be a fire consuming itself because fuel was denied it. When she fought, she wanted to yell, to strike out. But Helen would not. Always she kept her serenity.

She heard her mother say now, softly, "There is no point in these scenes of yours, Rory."

There was no answer, but a moment later there was the slam of the door into Rory's room—and as though chains had

fallen from her, Brigid was free to go on upstairs. . . .

They thought she did not know—or perhaps hoped she did not. But she had been behind Rory that day when they had come from the stables last February and she had seen what he saw, though he was not aware of it. She was tall and she had looked over his shoulder into the library—at her mother in the arms of Major Brunner.

He was kissing her and her hands were white and tight against the tan of his uniform. In that moment, Brigid felt like a lost and terrified child. Major Brunner was Rory's friend—Helen was her mother.

Rory strode into the room, and Helen stepped away from the major.

She smiled her slow smile. "David and I were saying our goodbys."

Rory said, "So I see." He stood squarely before them and Brigid crept down the hall.

The quarrels began after that. Brigid could not help overhearing scraps of

way. Lashing their tails and gnashing their teeth."

He grinned. "Let's lose some more, then. I'll race you when we get to the golf course."

And, as they rode boot to boot toward the open space, in easy companionship, the thought came unbidden to Brigid, "I'm not really sorry it's the way it is with Helen and Rory. It's terrible of me, when it makes him so unhappy. But it's much more fun having him alone."

BRIGID danced with Phil in the club pavilion. Lovely, lovely dancing like this, her cheek close to his, the motions of their bodies fluid. Lovely, lovely place to dance. The pavilion was octagonal, open at the sides. The fresh salt air drifted in off the Sound, tinkling the prisms in the lanterns hung under the ceiling, and now when Phil turned her she could see a black stretch of water with its silver smear of moonlight and the beaded lights of Long Island.

"Wouldn't it have been awful if there'd

the table. "But I don't know—it's so degrading dancing with your brother, isn't it?"

She was still looking at Phil. And as though his hand were not around Brigid's, he leaned forward toward her vivid face. "How about me?"

"If you're sure it's not just pity," she said brightly.

Phil loosened his fingers from Brigid's. "You don't mind, Brigid?"

"No." But she did. She was furious. Furious at the girl and even more furious at Phil.

Gordon Baird, turning a drink in his hands, looked at her. "Be a little more subtle," he said wryly. "Lee's a man-trap. But aren't you all?"

"It's not that—" She stopped.

"You could dance with me," he suggested. "Degrading as it is, isn't it better than sitting on the side lines filing your teeth?"

She cast him a dark glance. "Thank you just the same."

"Just as you say," he laughed.

She looked away, angrily, back at the floor. Leila's hand was against the back of Phil's neck and she was dancing close to him.

THE others were all on the floor but Brigid and the girl's brother. He touched her arm. "Look here, Brigid—isn't that your name?—if you won't dance with me, come for a walk. You can push me off the pier for bringing her here."

"All right." Brigid's lips were trembling with hurt and anger.

They walked out along the pier that ran from the club lawn, above the beach, out into the water, and stood in the summerhouse at the end, looking down at the drowned and wavering stars. Gordon lit a cigarette and leaned beside her.

"They gave you the wrong name, Brigid," he said. "They should have called you Circe."

For the first time she looked at him with interest. "Why?"

"What was Circe's forte?"

She could not help smiling. "Turning men into pigs. Is that what you mean?"

"Not exactly. But she turned men into pigs so they couldn't leave her island. Remember?"

"Yes."

"But men into pigs aren't much good," he said. And then before she could understand what he meant, he added, "Now that I know you can talk, I want you to go on."

They both laughed and then he began to talk more seriously about himself. He was in a law office, but waiting for his commission as a lieutenant junior grade in the Navy; he had moved out to Crestwood with his sister because she hated the city. He talked amusingly about his law-school days, gave her caricatures of people in his office, anecdotes about his difficulties over the commission.

She was beginning to like him, but she couldn't tell whether he liked her. She was not sure whether he was being kind to her—or making fun of her. That uncertainty piqued her.

Finally, as they moved to return, he said, "Brigid, I wonder what you would do if I put my arm around you?" His voice was teasing and yet there was something else in it.

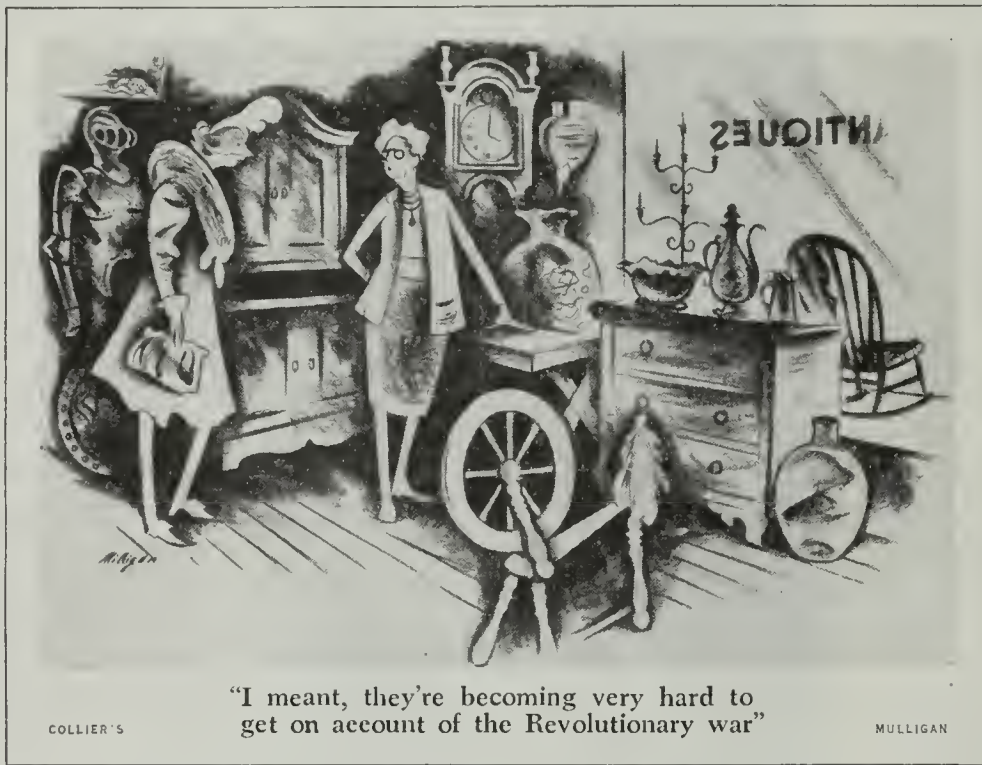
"I wouldn't let you," she said so vehemently he laughed as he had before.

"Don't worry. I wasn't going to. I was only wondering—"

She said, "If you're in love—you couldn't be—be tempted. You couldn't want to be."

"God help the man who marries you!"

But she was not listening to him. It swept back over her what Phil had done to her tonight. How could he?



"I meant, they're becoming very hard to get on account of the Revolutionary war"

them. And she sided so passionately with Rory that she knew, even were it all right between him and Helen again, she could not forget. . . .

When she met Rory half an hour later he was dark of face and silent. She longed to say something to comfort him, but there was nothing she could say. They rode in silence the two miles across the back pasture, down the macadam road to the beginning of the bridle path.

Once on the dappled path, Rory turned to look at her. "Feel like some good riding, my girl?"

"Sure."

HE BROUGHT his crop down smartly against the flank of Mona, his young chestnut mare, and she reared once, then plunged forward down the dirt way. Brigid spurred on her roan and was after him. They rode like that for an hour. Hard. Fast. Through the woods, across an open field, and onto the path once more.

Rory did not slacken the pace until they came to a rough wooden bridge crossing a noisy brook. He reined in then and waited for Brigid. His shirt was sticking to his back, his face was wet and his hair, but he was laughing, and the line of his shoulders that had been rigid was relaxed.

"Brigid," he said, "there's only one way I know to drive the devils from you—and that's to ride 'em out."

Now he was her Rory again. "I know. They were jumping out of me all the

been a blackout tonight?" she said against Phil's ear.

"I'd like to be in a blackout with you."

"It sounds like a song," she said as she leaned her head far back, so her hair brushed her shoulders, and laughed up into his face.

He pulled her tighter. "You do love me, don't you, Brigid?"

"Yes." Now she wanted to tell him.

They went back to their table and the others in their crowd when the music stopped. Another couple had joined the group. A dark young man, older than the rest, in a business suit, and a small dark girl in scarlet linen, a sports dress which, instead of appearing out of place, had a distinction of its own among the pastel evening gowns.

Someone introduced them: "They're new—Leila Baird—her brother, Gordon. They didn't know about the Saturday dances."

"It's disgusting," the girl said, making a grimace with her bright lipsticked mouth. "I had to meet Gordy at the train when he came back from work and we drove right out here for dinner—if I'd only known, I could have worn the right thing. I stick out like a bandaged toe on the beach."

"Lee, I can take you home any time and let you change," her brother said. His smile was amused.

She shook her head. "And miss everything?" She glanced around the table and her eyes fell on Phil. Instinctively Brigid's hand tightened over Phil's under



They retraced their steps, and then, as they came to the section of the runway that went above the beach, Brigid's hands clenched hard. Phil and Leila were down there. They had their shoes off and they were standing in the shallow water, just where it lapped the white sand. They had been wading, but they weren't wading now. Phil was kissing her.

Gordon reached down and took one of Brigid's tight hands, trying to force the fingers open. "It's all right," he said.

She snatched her hand away. "I'll never forgive him," she said through her teeth. She broke away, running.

"I DON'T know why I did it. I just couldn't seem to help it," Phil said miserably.

They stood on the walk to her house.

"Don't talk to me. Don't tell me," Brigid said fiercely. "I don't want to hear. I never want to see you again."

"Oh, Brigid, please. It's you I'm crazy about. She's—she's just that kind of a girl. And she isn't like you. She acts as though she likes a person. Half the time I never know, with you. She wanted to go wading—I knew you'd be mad—but, honest, Leila's the sort of girl you—"

"I don't believe you," she cried. "If you loved me you'd never have done it."

"Brigid, if you'd only be—"

"Get out," she cried. "Go away!"

She went sobbing up the walk and though he called her name she would not turn around. He was the only boy she would ever love and he had broken her heart.

When she came into the hall she heard her parents again. They were in the library. But their voices stopped when they heard the door close. Rory came out into the hall.

"Hello, honey. You're home early. Have a good—" He saw her face. "Brigid, what's the matter? What happened?"

She ran to his arms, burying her face against his shoulder.

"What's wrong, Brigid?"

She was telling him. She hadn't meant to let him know the way she felt about Phil, but she couldn't keep it back. "He danced with her all night—they went wading—I was walking with her brother and I saw them, and Phil was—kissing her. Rory, I told him I never wanted to see him again."

"There, sweetie, of course you don't. He's just a kid. He doesn't matter. You show them they can't do that to you, Brigid. I'd like to tan the young—"

"Brigid, stop that crying."

She had never heard her mother's voice so sharp. Helen stood in the doorway in a white housecoat.

Rory said warningly, "Helen, can't you see the kid's—"

Helen ignored him. "Brigid, are you crying because of what the boy did? Or because of what you have done to him?"

Rory flushed. "What do you think she should have done?"

Helen said, "Brigid, I don't want you to be hurt. But I don't want you to do any hurting." Her eyes were on Brigid's face. "I don't want you to take things lying down. But I don't want you to be cruel. I know your heart is broken, but you've got to learn to understand, or you'll break too many hearts yourself."

Rory said quietly, still holding Brigid: "That's for me, isn't it?"

"No," She put her hands together. "It's for Brigid. She's my child, too, but you want her yours alone. You're making her in your image—I wish for her sake she could learn another pattern."

Brigid pulled from her father's arms.

"Mother, how could I just let him say he was sorry—and act as though he hadn't done anything? I'm right. You know I am."

Helen stood looking at the two. "You're both right. So terribly right."

She went past them, up the stairs.

She left the next morning. She came into Brigid's room before she went. She wore a sheer black dress and a hat of flowers, and there was a faint scent of perfume about her. She sat on Brigid's bed, pulling on lacy black gloves. Brigid stood stiffly by her desk.

Helen said, "Brigid—" For a moment her voice lost its calm. "Brigid, I'm leaving."

There were no words for Brigid to say.

Helen worked at the fingers of her gloves. "Parents keep their differences from their children as long as possible. I don't know why. I suppose we think of our children as our last line of pretense." She smiled briefly. "But you aren't a child. You know that your father and I no longer understand each other. I'm sorry, because I've loved him—and I love you. But I know how you feel about Rory. I wish I could justify myself to you. Any mother would. You're old enough now so that I could talk to you if—"

She got up and went to the window looking out over the lawn and the bright beds of zinnias and marigolds. "If you were my daughter; but you're Rory's. Maybe I should have tried harder. But some people can't. Some of us don't show emotions easily." She faced her daughter again. "Brigid, I hope when you're older you'll remember this—there are some people whose feelings are complicated, who don't see everything in black and white, but see the gray as well—people who know they have to be wrong at times."

Brigid said, "Mother," in a strained voice, "I don't know what you mean."

"I know you don't," Helen's eyes were glittering as she left the room.

The phone rang while her heels were still clicking on the stairs and Brigid was still standing by the desk in the clutch of an emotion she could not understand.

It was Phil. "Brigid, won't you let me come over? Won't you let me talk to you about last night?"

"I don't want to talk to you." She pressed her finger down on the bar, and his voice was abruptly gone from her ear.

Then she put her head down on the phone table. She did not know why the tears came spilling from her eyes and dropped over the backs of her slim brown hands.

THE confusion that had shaken her that afternoon by the phone table was with her all the week after Helen went. There should have been relief but there was none, any more than there was satisfaction in viciously slamming down the receiver whenever Phil called.

Over and over Brigid told herself, "It's right—it's right. Both things are right. He hurt me and I'll never forgive him, and I'll never forgive Mother, either, for what she's done to Rory."

She and Rory would ride together and laugh over meals and talk. But he was strange and sullen even with her. He stayed late in the city and when he came home she knew he had been drinking—and Rory never drank. He rode with her evenings, but he was silent throughout the rides and he rode too hard, too fast. He was bad-tempered and when he talked to her, he talked to her as though

(Continued on page 61)



Students of TWA's school for aircraft mechanics also train in Commando tactics, crawling through sewer pipes being only one of their many ac-

## WING TALK

EVERY day now finds one group or another completing a training course in some specialized branch of the armed services, as the stepped-up program reaches greater momentum for a perfectly balanced fighting force on land, sea and in the air. But few, if any, of these graduating classes will equal the record of a class of sixteen which recently completed a specialized aircraft course in Kansas City.

No member of that group could even imagine, upon receiving his diploma that seventy-two hours later he would be on the other side of the world, in the midst of real action, doing the things he had been taught to do. But it happened.

The graduates were no more surprised than certain high-ranking officers were pleased. The progress of the plane on its long flight was followed closely by the higher-ups. It was a precious cargo of aircraft mechanic specialists, vitally needed at the front to keep warplanes flying.

There is nothing so worthless in a war zone as a fighting plane that cannot fly. Sometimes it is a simple operation to get it back into the air, but in most cases a specialist is required.

The young men selected for these post-graduate courses in the maintenance of aircraft are from every walk of life. Many had started in careers as professional or business men when they suddenly found themselves as selectees or enlisted men in the Army. They are the above-the-average type—keen-minded, alert, ready to adapt themselves to this new job of taking care of Uncle Sam's most important weapon, the airplane. But the specialist phase is just one of many branches of the Army Air Forces Technical Training Command, under the able guidance of Major General Walter R. Weaver. The boys who graduate from Army Air Corps technical schools play a much more important part than most persons realize. They know how to get a damaged plane back quickly into service, be it transport, fighter or bomber. They make up that important "ten" of the famous 10-to-1 air force ratio—ten men on the ground for every one in the air.

Every sixty days a new group enters the specialist school operated by Transcontinental & Western Air, Inc., in Kansas City for the Army Air Forces. Early next year, this one school will send forth

highly trained men to all parts of the world at the rate of several hundred a month.

During their eight-hour day of room work, they learn to tear minor assemblies, study the function of every working part. Some specialize just the air frame; learn how to mend a damaged wing. In order to teach students to be resourceful, the instructors sometimes take away half the tools, deny the use of benches or other equipment.

"That's what you will run up against on the African desert or on some island in the Pacific after the enemy has made a raid," the instructor warns.

WHERE dads and mothers used to admire nice new cars in showrooms on "motor" days, their sons are now learning to be aircraft mechanics or specialists. In Kansas City, as in many other cities in the nation, buildings formerly used by car agencies are serving as schools for these students. The TWA specialist school is housed in the four-story building—the veteran of the age—at the head of Kansas City's famous river row.

In keeping with the changed nature of buildings on the nation's motor days, many used-car lots (which, of course, are now conspicuous by the absence of cars) are playing a part in keeping aircraft students fit. They have become school playgrounds for a Commando type recess.

Training-school contractors or some cases, municipalities, have obstacle courses on these lots. Between classes, students may be seen running around a course with the same aim and spirit that mark those who specialize in Commando warfare. Over low hurdles they go, across a wide trench, over a seven-foot wall, through narrow ziplines, up one side and down the other a high perpendicular ladder, up a rope to leap eight feet to the ground, and end up by crawling through a section of sewer pipe.

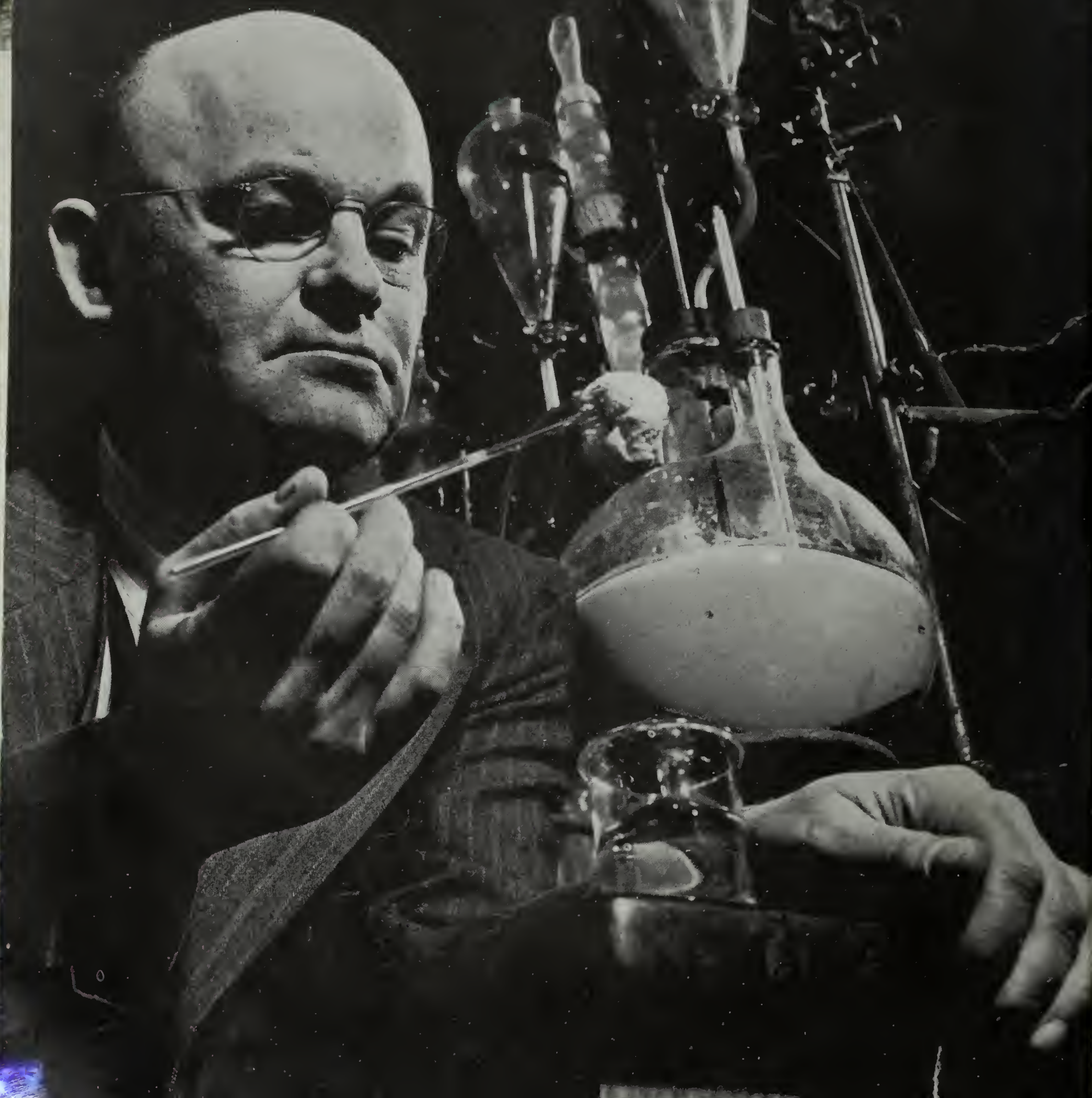
It is a far cry from adjusting a carburetor, finding a "short" in a complicated wiring system or repairing hydraulic landing gear of a plane, even the aircraft specialist, still a soldier, must be prepared to take care of his plane as well as of a fighting plane. . . . J.



# TIRES

## FROM THE TEST TUBE

Y J. D. RATCLIFF





**The fascinating story of Thiokol, the easy-to-make synthetic that will keep your tires in retreads for the duration. All because of a lucky accident in a laboratory thirteen years ago**

**T**HE chances of obtaining tires for the average automobile seemed utterly remote six months ago. We were going to have to find other ways of getting the kids to school, doing the marketing, riding to work. This has changed. It now looks as if we are going to have tires—not for vacation trips or for casual gadding about, but for *necessary* travel. Thanks are due a piece of brilliant chemical achievement—magic performed while the smoke of Pearl Harbor was still clearing.

This work created a completely new synthetic rubber. It is called Thiokol N and it has some overwhelming advantages. It is made from relatively plentiful materials. Unlike the other synthetics we have heard of—the bunas, neoprene, Ameripol—it requires no elaborate plant equipment. In a pinch, it would be possible to make Thiokol in a bathtub—if the tub were specially equipped.

Speed of manufacture is another point. It takes five years for a rubber tree to produce latex. Thiokol can be made in five hours. While this new material isn't good enough for the rigorous demands of the military, it is a godsend to the civilian motorist. Recaps made from it give 5,000 to 10,000 miles. More important at the moment, this new rubber is already in large production; and this production will be stepped up tremendously in the next few months.

The story of Thiokol N begins in Kansas City—with an accident. Doctor Joseph C. Patrick, fifty, is a medical man. He is small, bald, intense; has the flat voice of the plains. He was born in Jefferson City, Missouri. He went off to medical college, off to France to war, off to Argentina to work for Armour & Company. Somewhere along the way he lost all interest in medicine—and replaced it with an interest in chemistry.

After spending two years working as a packing-company chemist in a small town outside Buenos Aires, he came home to Kansas City to start a laboratory of his own. It was the kind of laboratory usually found in any city. Patrick analyzed fuels, studied meat preservatives, acted as an expert witness in court—all for hire.

On the side, he carried on a line of research with problems that interested him. He was particularly interested in ethylene gas—a waste material from oil-cracking plants. Not knowing what else to do with this gas, refiners burned it under their stills. A pity, thought Patrick. Here was a potentially valuable hydrocarbon—if anyone could find a use for it. Maybe it could be made into an antifreeze solution for automobiles. If so, people would buy it—and thus a chemical ideal would be satisfied. He would have converted a waste product into something people would pay for. Such ideas always interest chemists.

He was thinking along these lines one afternoon when he poured two chemicals into a beaker: ethylene dichloride and sodium polysulphide. He put the beaker under a mechanical stirrer and went on about his business. From time to time he'd look at the mixture—and he saw that it was beginning to thicken. This wasn't a very hopeful sign to a man looking for an antifreeze. But he left the mixture under the machine. We can all thank our stars that he did.

That night he set the mixture aside. When he came in next morning, a thick coating of something was on the bottom of the beaker. Patrick fished it out and washed it off. He felt it with his fingers. It was spongy. He didn't know that chemical history was being written or that he had got one of the luckiest breaks any chemist ever got.

This was strange stuff, this spongy mass. Sirupy things are ordinary in chemical research. So are crystalline things. But rubberlike substances are rare. Still,

Patrick held any enthusiasm in check. Chemistry is a tricky science. Something may start off as a rubbery substance—then end up a few hours or a few days later as a sirup. So Patrick put the amber-colored blob aside and waited, while he went back to the dull but money-making business of analyzing a sample of coal.

Days passed, and that ball of spongy amber stuff didn't change. He put it on the window sill to see what effect sunlight would have on it. It did no harm. Then he sliced off pieces and soaked them with solvents—oil and gasoline among them. Still nothing happened. This, too, was odd. Gasoline and oil tear natural rubber to pieces. Things were beginning to get exciting. Patrick scratched his bald head and waited. He knew something of the history of synthetic-rubber research, particularly about the costly flops on which Germany had lost millions of marks.

Things were at this stage when Patrick got another lucky break. He was puttering around the lab one day when a husky, athletic-looking man walked in. This was Bevis Longstreth. Longstreth had gone to Princeton, where he was on the football, track and wrestling teams. After the war, he came home from France to take over the family business—salt mines in Kansas.

The mines were a major headache. For years they had produced a good income—as long as Kansas City packers bought their salt. Then the packers opened mines of their own, and Longstreth's business evaporated. But he didn't come in to see Patrick about this headache. He had a more personal problem.

He explained. He was having a party next night, he said, and had bought some whisky. This was during prohibition. Well, he explained, he didn't want to take any chances on poisoning his guests—a thoughtful person, in other words. He wondered if Patrick would run an analysis.

#### Beginning of a Friendship

Patrick said he was sorry; he didn't do that kind of work. Then, for some reason, he changed his mind. Longstreth seemed to be a nice person. Patrick, being softhearted, didn't want to see him and his friends poisoned. As a favor, he said, he would do the job. Everything turned out all right, and a few days later Longstreth dropped in again. This time he wanted to talk about salt.

Was there anything, he asked, that a chemist could do with a salt mine? Any chemicals he could get out of it or anything like that?

Not much, said Patrick. If you had cheap power, you could break salt down into chlorine and caustic soda. But there was no cheap power around, so that was out. But you might be able to combine salt with hickory smoke and make a compound which you could rub on hams—and thus cure them without having to bother about a smokehouse. Longstreth was interested, so Patrick started work.

As the work progressed, the friendship grew. Patrick showed Longstreth the dozens of samples of the spongy stuff he had been making, that looked like rubber. It wasn't much good, he explained. At zero, it cracked. At the boiling point of water, it was a gooey mass. It had no tensile strength and little resistance to abrasion, and, as Longstreth could detect, it smelled to high heaven. Held close to the eyes, it gave off some gas that brought tears.

Could anything be said for it? Yes, said Patrick. Quite a lot. Oil, gasoline, and many acids didn't touch it. These were good properties. Such a material should be able to find uses. Hoses for gasoline pumps, for example. And gaskets for engines, linings for pickling vats at steel mills, and in making boots and gloves for chemical workers. Oh, there were lots of places where its peculiar properties should find uses.

As time passed, Longstreth got more and more interested. He took a sample of Patrick's rubber to Akron—and found that city notably gun-shy. Akron had been burned too many times by starry-eyed people who had found ways to make rubber at home on the kitchen stove. One of these fellows had been on a selling spree only a short time before. He had a process that was completely baffling—for a while. He threw all kinds of assorted chemical junk into a big tank, passed a few words over it, and pure latex flowed out of a spigot. The rubber people were ready to throw the bankbook at him until they discovered his secret: a pipe line running to a tank car of pure Sumatra latex.

But Longstreth managed to get some good advice from one of the Seiberling brothers, with whom he had gone to college. Seiberling felt the rubber,



Worn tire, above, is "buffed," or ground down to form rough surface, as first step in recapping process. Below, Edward Williams, then applies the "camel-hair" brush to any unvulcanized rubber stock. That used here is Thiokol N.



Tire recapped with Thiokol comes out of mold vulcanized and good for another five to ten thousand miles.

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ALBERT FENN-PIX



Dr. Joseph C. Patrick fishes the rubber-like mass of Thiokol from the bottom of a beaker. Hunting a use for ethylene gas some thirteen years ago, his discovery of the synthetic made chemical history and may keep civilians on rubber for the duration



...wed at it and gave his verdict. This was interesting, no doubt about that. Longstreth should hire a rubber chemist and get busy on it.

In the end, Longstreth sold his mines, and Patrick sold his laboratory. Together, they set up in business to make synthetic rubber.

They rented a small, abandoned building in East Bottoms—Kansas City's industrial district along the banks of the Missouri River. They bought vats from an old brewery and started out to make rubber.

That was in 1929. They had no hope of competing with natural rubber, which was selling at the time for 20 cents a pound (and was diving toward the all-time low of 3 cents reached in 1932). Thiokol cost 50 cents to make. Therefore, it had to do jobs that natural rubber couldn't do. And it did.

The business wasn't a howling success at first, as Patrick puts it, "We didn't miss meat." Jobs for the new rubber turned up everywhere—with the help of Longstreth's probing. He arranged dinners. After possible customers were fed, he would give them a couple of vials of chemicals, an old-fashioned glass, and a stirring rod—and let them make synthetic rubber at the dinner table. The endless talk about the properties of this rubber followed.

The petroleum industry found dozens of uses for Thiokol: in hoses for loading and unloading tankers, in hoses for gasoline pumps. It went into boots, shoes, and gloves, and it found jobs in steel plants. Painted on the inside of tennis rackets, it made an airtight cell that gave longer life to the balls. The auto industry found scores of specialty jobs—in hoses, gaskets and so on. Today, almost every recent-model car on the road carries a certain amount of the stuff. The printing industry used Thiokol for ink rollers and press blankets, and it was used in tubing for paint sprays.

While business wasn't exactly booming, everything was going nicely. Production outgrew the little Kansas City plant—which neighbors suspected of being a synthetic halitosis factory—and it moved nearer to its raw materials. The new plant was at Yardville, New Jersey—a suburb of Trenton. Demand still increased and the Dow Chemical Co. of Midland, Michigan, took over the manufacture of Thiokol. This left Longstreth to handle sales and promotion, and Patrick to boss a growing research staff. Things stood this way when Pearl Harbor went off.

### Thiokol Goes to War

Up until then, Patrick had wasted little time thinking of his synthetic as a possible competitor of natural rubber in making tires. Pearl Harbor put him on a new course. We were cut off from our supply of natural rubber in Java, Sumatra and the Malay States. Anything that would bend became potential tire material. It was evident from the outset that every ounce of Thiokol then in production would be needed by the Army and Navy.

What was needed was an entirely new material—a synthetic with the basic properties of Thiokol, but one that could stand the heat and abrasion of road wear. It had to be made from plentiful raw materials—in plants which could be constructed simply and quickly. Patrick went back to juggling his chemicals—and came up with Thiokol Type N.

He tested it in the lab and it looked good. Then he ran up a batch, took it to a Trenton tire shop, where it was applied to an old tire carcass. Patrick bought a test car and ran the retread day



and night. It stood up for a little better than 5,000 miles.

About that time—this was last spring—the rubber and motor industry set up a committee to study any materials with tire possibilities. They gave Thiokol an enthusiastic okay as the most promising thing brought before them. Last summer the Baruch Committee went over the same ground. It decided that, as a nation, we were flirting with a breakdown by allowing America to roll to a stop. Our whole life was geared to motor transport and cars had to keep moving. On what?

### Synthetic Keeps Us Moving

There wasn't enough crude rubber in the stock pile to fill demands. All the synthetic buna rubber would be needed by the Army and Navy. The military also put tremendous demands on available scrap; at best, civilians couldn't tap this source for more than 6,000,000 tires a year. How, then, was the country to keep moving? There was a ready answer—Thiokol. The Baruch Committee recommended construction of an industry to provide 60,000 tons of Thiokol a year—enough to retread 24,000,000 tires.

Patrick and Longstreth, a little dizzy,

went to work. Up to this point, production of Thiokol had never exceeded 2,000 tons a year. Now they had a large part of the responsibility for keeping America on wheels.

They checked over necessary raw materials. Type N was made from salt, sulphur and ethylene gas. There were no priorities on salt, and we have over 90 per cent of the world's sulphur. Ethylene, however, was another problem. A bottleneck had developed here—but one that was quickly opened.

Ethylene is one of the basic building blocks of tetraethyl lead—the antiknock fluid added to gasoline. Since people were driving their cars less, the demand of ethyl fluid had diminished. Lowering of octane rating had further decreased the demand. As a result of these things, two plants of the Ethyl Gasoline Corporation were available to produce ethylene. Two plants at Baton Rouge could produce enough to meet almost 90 per cent of the demand. This solved the raw-material problem. The question of plants came next.

Du Pont had a large chemical plant at Deepwater, New Jersey, which they could spare. It was equipped with vats which could be used to make the new tire rubber. Work began immediately

on the minor alterations necessary—and it is now in production. It will make 24,000 of the 60,000 tons recommended by Baruch. A plant to produce the remaining 36,000 tons should be under way by the time this article appears.

Other products of Patrick's wizardry are playing a big part in the war. There are eight commercial types of Thiokol. One of them is ground to powder, then applied like paint with a spray gun. This one is being used to cut corrosion on propeller shafts and exterior supports of Liberty Ships. This same product is used on tanks that will fight in the desert. A sandstorm has been known to cut paint off a tank in as little as three minutes—leaving a mirrorlike surface which makes a perfect bomb target. The new material can stand the worst sandstorm for ten hours.

Still another type of Thiokol is being used to coat the inside of self-sealing gasoline tanks for planes. The Navy is finding Thiokol invaluable in coating concrete tanks used for gasoline storage. When exposed to concrete, the octane rating of aviation fuel drops dangerously. But a layer of synthetic rubber stops this loss.

Fabric impregnated with rubber allows the passage of air. Thiokol doesn't. This feature is finding scores of applications. The synthetic is being used on the Mae West life jackets, gas masks, life rafts, blimps and barrage balloons.

### Collapsible Tank Cars

One of the most striking features of this new substance is that it can be sprayed on ordinary burlap sacks to convert them into emergency storage tanks for gasoline. This same idea makes it possible to use ordinary boxcars as tank cars. The cars are filled with collapsible cloth and latex cells. When the gasoline is delivered, the cells are collapsed—and the car can haul freight on the return journey.

Another projected application of Thiokol has fascinating possibilities. Oil and gasoline storage tanks along coastal regions are prime bomb targets. Why not sink great sacks of oil and gasoline in harbors where they would be safe from bombs? Pressure at the bottom of the harbor would force the fuel up through a tube to the surface—where planes, subs and ships could refuel.

Such uses as these make every pound of the older type of Thiokol precious. But the Type N for tires is a program entirely apart.

Huge production of the new tire rubber should cut costs radically—perhaps to 25 cents a pound. Patrick has no illusions about the new product as it stands today. It isn't as good as natural rubber. Still, he has a nice point to make:

"The auto tire of 1910 was good for two thousand miles. Today's tire runs for twenty thousand. But both contained the same rubber. The only thing that has been added is brains. Today's tire is a mixture of brains and rubber. To say that today's synthetic tire isn't as good as a tire of natural rubber is foolish. Of course, it isn't as good. But I would hate to get down on paper with the statement that it won't be as good—or better—twelve months hence."

However this turns out, one big comforting fact remains: The lucky accident that happened in a Kansas City laboratory will rank as one of the outstanding chemical achievements of our day. It paved the way for rubber plantations in New Jersey, Michigan and other states. If we are still driving our cars on necessary errands a year hence, we will have that accident to thank.

THE END



"I met a boy who won the Congressional Medal of Honor and he wasn't at all good-looking. That's what I like about democracy!"

COLLIER'S

JEFFERSON MACHAMER





# Not So Dumb

By Struthers Burt

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD

Old Man Erth had a way of dealing with his new hand. And it wasn't appeasement

THE young man had appeared out of nowhere, down the road to the ranch, over the hill through the timber, asking for work. And because all the young men of the valley, the neighbors' boys, the boys you hired first, were away at the war, and also the drifting cowboys who each spring made their appearance, coming north from Arizona and New Mexico, John Erth, Jr., who had managed the outfit since his father's injury six years before, signed the young man on.

"We can fold the dude end of it up," he said, "for the duration. But cattle can't take care of themselves, neither can horses—and then, there's the haying."

He was a tall, lean, dark man of forty, John Erth, Jr., sunburned, with straight gray eyes like his father's, and his father was proud of him, although he would have died rather than admit it.

For the most part, John Erth, Sr., praised his son in his own way. "He's a good rancher," he would say, waving a huge gnarled hand dismissively. "Yes, sir, a good rancher and a good hand. Good with horses and stock. Although he's kinda puny"—John Erth, Jr. weighed a hundred and seventy pounds—"he favors his mother. But he's a good rancher. That there college education don't seem to have hurt him none. Took him a couple years to get over it, but he come through all right."

This particular speech amused John Erth, Jr., greatly. He knew how his father had skimmed and saved to send him to an Eastern university. "None of these here jerkwater cow colleges," the old man had said. And he also knew how his father had felt about both the appearance and character of his dead wife. John Erth, Jr., having got into the tail end of the last war had wanted to go again, but his wife Lola, who was as small and blond as he was tall and dark, and who had even more determination, put her foot down.

"Don't be a fool," she said. "You've done your job once, and now you're a mature man with a wife and three young children and a crippled father."

John Erth, Sr., sitting in a wheel chair on the front porch of the ranch house, his great arms and hands spread out along the arms of the chair, quiescent, the way he always sat, had seen the young man come down the road out of the timber, a stick with a small pack tied to the end of it, over his shoulder. It was a quiet, warm afternoon early in July.

For a moment, the young man had paused and looked about—he was only about seventy yards away—before setting out for the corrals where John Erth, Jr., and two of his hands were injecting the horses against sleeping sickness. Presently John Erth, Jr., had come up to the porch and had sat down on the edge of it, fanning his perspiring face with his sombrero.

"That young fellow's looking for a job," he said, reaching into the breast pocket of his blue denim work shirt for a cigarette. "Shall I take him on? You saw him?"

"Yes," said his father. "I seen him."

He did not take his eyes off the sharp snowcapped peaks, fifteen miles across the valley, but he was pleased that John Erth, Jr. had consulted him, as always, even about so minor a detail as this. He didn't have to; he didn't have to consult a useless old hulk who had been that way ever since the October dusk six years before when, getting out house logs in the timber, a thickheaded Swede had felled a tree across his legs.

John Erth, Jr., inhaled his cigarette thoughtfully. "He's an Austrian," he said. "Refugee. Been in

Hans got abruptly to his feet, still pointing the automatic at John Erth, drew himself together and clicked his heels. At that moment he no longer looked like a blond young ranch hand, but like a hawk against the sun



this country four years. Born a farm boy, he says. Has a couple of good letters from dairymen he worked for in Wisconsin." He laughed deprecatingly. "It isn't fair," he commented, "is it? There are plenty of good ones, of course, but I've got so that their accent gets on my nerves. Makes my hair bristle. But it isn't fair."

"No," said his father, "it ain't fair, although I feel the same way myself. But it ain't fair. Some of the finest men I ever knew was of that blood. But they're kinda different nowadays—got a new idea. Still it ain't fair."

He barked suddenly, his deep, rare, slightly contemptuous laugh. "But what's that got to do with hiring a ranch hand?" he asked. "We need labor. In fact, we got to have it. And what could that feller get away with here? He might try to steal a horse or a saddle but he wouldn't get far. There's eleven men on the ranch, counting Domingo in the kitchen and not counting me who's helpless, and two women and three children. No, sir, he'd have hard sledding. I'd hire him, son, and forget it. But as for them letters, they don't mean nothing. Never did. Any fellow can write 'em to himself."

John Erth, Jr., stood up. He seemed relieved.

"That was the way I was figuring it," he said. "Well—I'll be seeing you at supper."

JOHN EARTH, SR., sat for a few minutes longer staring at the sharp snow-covered peaks showing above the green of near-by ridges of pine and fir.

He had got to know those peaks intimately in the last six years. Before then he thought he had known them, but he hadn't really. But now he knew every changing shadow of them; their acid sharpness against the blue of the morning, the way they seemed to grow as the afternoon waned; their violet immensity and unreality at dusk. And they had come to mean something to him.

He looked down at his two huge hands, lying so quiet and outspread on the arms of the chair. He had been the strongest man in the valley until he had been hurt; he had been famous for his strength. He raised his eyes to the peaks again.

Well, if they could take it—all the storms and weather and snows—he guessed he could, too. Which was foolish, he knew, because they were mountains and he was merely an old man, but nonetheless it was comforting. They were mighty solid and upstanding, anyway. Unquestioning. And then his thoughts changed. Queer, wasn't it, mighty queer the way this thing reached out—this war? The last war you knew where it was, but not this one. It was like a creeping forest fire—this present war—burned underground and then flared up in the most unlikely places. Imagine having to figure out whether you'd hire a ranch hand or not because of his accent!

John Erth, Sr., reached out his left hand and grasped the huge gnarled stick that was resting against his chair, an aspen stick John Erth, Jr., had whittled and polished for him. It wasn't much good, he could only walk with his crutches, he was pretty much confined to his chair and his bed, but the stick was useful for summoning Domingo. He rapped three times peremptorily on the boards of the porch.

A distant and annoyed voice answered him:

"What you want?"

"It's five minutes to four, you dumbest fool," bellowed John Erth. "Wheel me in so I can hear the news."

"Awright! Awright!"

Almost every morning when it was fair, John Erth, Sr., sat out on the porch looking at the peaks across the valley, and in the afternoons he did the same until the mountain chill drove him in at dusk. Five or six times a day he summoned Domingo, usually to hear the news, and it was always as if he had interrupted Domingo at a crucial moment. John Erth loved Domingo, and he knew that Domingo loved him, but as a rule they exchanged no more than thirty words at a time.

Domingo had been with John Erth for years. He puzzled John Erth—it must be lonely up here for a Filipino, but Domingo did not seem to mind it. For eleven months he cooked for the J E Bar, and for one month went to Salt Lake City for his holiday.

our native streams, golden as our sunsets." A small chime rang softly three times and another voice spoke, a more matter-of-fact one: "It is exactly thirty seconds past four o'clock, war time. This is KUK the intermountain West's most powerful station. You will now hear the latest news of the world."

John Erth sat huge and immobile, his face as still and carved as one of the peaks at which a little while ago he had been staring.

Hans—that was his name—Hans Halfner, turned out to be a pleasant surprise. He was a tall, graceful, slim young man, blond, with ice-blue eyes, but he had a slow ingratiating smile and good manners, and he was especially nice to Jackie, ten, Ellen, eight, and "Piper," whose real name was Peter, five—Lola

John Erth, Sr., was deeply touched and pleased.

"Like old times," he commented. "Like a real ranch again. None of them dumb dudes that John and Lola brought in. A man can savor his victuals." But he did, every now and then, probe in what he thought was a sly manner into Hans' political mind. Hans satisfied him. He realized that Hans didn't want to say much; he had a father and mother, brothers and sisters, still in Austria, and he was a silent young man, anyway, but in answer to direct questions he was explicit enough.

"What I can't understand," John Erth would say, "is the way them people of yours like to take orders. I've taken orders all my life and given 'em. You can't run a ranch otherwise, but they got to be reasonable. If they ain't, you move on."

Hans would flush and his ice-blue eyes would be expressionless.

"They arnd't my pee-pul," he would answer in his soft guttural—he spoke fluent English and without too much accent. "I'm from Vienna. I'm taking out my first papers."

"Now?" asked John Erth, Jr.

"I'm doing my best. Maybe you help me?"

"Sure."

"What really do you think of that fellow, Hitler?" asked John Erth, Sr., once.

Eddie Hickok raised his head.

"That son of a ———, Excuse me, Lola."

"Crazy," murmured Hans, looking down at his plate.

JULY, hot and abundant, paced toward August. The hay was cut and raked and lay ready to be stacked when it was sufficiently cured. John Erth, Jr., took advantage of this interval of a few days to drive downcountry two hundred miles to a convention of cattlemen, and he insisted that Lola and the children go with him. "It may be the last chance of a trip together for a long while," he said. "What with this tire and gasoline situation." John Erth, Sr., sitting on the porch, watched the car go up the hill and disappear into the timber. John Erth, Jr., grinning, had turned the ranch over to the old man.

"Think you can take care of it for three days?" he asked. "I've left the money in the safe. There's around a thousand dollars. It'll save you writing out checks. The bills can wait until I get back. Think you remember the combination? I've put it on this slip of paper."

"Combination? What's that?" asked his father with mock gravity. "Run along, boy, and don't drink too much liquor. I ran ranches when you was still wet behind the ears."

He sat on the porch looking at the peaks across the valley. Despite war time . . . it was only three although the clocks said four . . . the peaks were beginning to take on the softness and height of late afternoon. "By golly," thought John Erth, "they been there a long while, and they'll be there a long while still, after all this mess and runnin' around killing people is over. Yessir, a long while."

The ranch was very quiet now that the children were gone. There was no one down by the corrals. Bill Cassidy and Butch Reynolds had gone to a neighboring ranch to see about a bull; two of the boys were out looking for horses; and Eddie Hickok and the rest were beyond the north fence cutting poles. Presently John Erth rapped on the porch for Domingo. "Five minutes to four" he bellowed. "What about that radio?"

(Continued on page 40)

## BUTCH

by CPL. LARRY REYNOLDS



"Lady, will yah gimme th' recipe for this delicious pie I found in your refrigerator?"

Domingo appeared in the doorway of the porch, his shoebutton eyes expressionless, his cook's cap set at a rakish angle on his black, close-cropped hair. Without a word he seized the back of John Erth's chair and wheeled him through the dining room, and the sitting room beyond, into the small neat ranch office. He stepped before the radio and without a word went back to his kitchen.

THE office, not much used during the summer months except once a month when the hands were paid off and the accounts made up, was severely functional. At one end was an open fireplace for the intermediate seasons, and in one corner a stove. Against the east wall was a large neat desk with many pigeonholes filled with letters and papers. On the desk was a telephone. Across the room from the desk was a table reserved for the radio. Back of the table, reaching halfway up the log wall, were homemade bookshelves filled with volumes and pamphlets on cattle breeding, agriculture, and the diseases of horses. The most imposing feature of the room was an iron safe with the ranch brand painted on it. John Erth turned the dial of the radio. A mellifluous male voice spoke.

"And so," it said, "in these times of stress, when it is important to plan and to save all you can, you can do no better than to use Aspen Maid Butter, that strictly intermountain product, pure as

and John Erth, Jr.'s, children. He seemed to understand children and they understood him. He had a direct way with them and treated them as equals.

Often after supper he would sit out on the porch and, with long, deft small-boned fingers, carve chains and little ships and small men and women from strips of board. The children watched him wide-eyed with admiration. Even John Erth, Sr., had to admit that he seemed a pretty good fellow, and John Erth, Jr., said he was surprisingly good with horses and quick to learn about other forms of ranch work.

"He's all right, I guess," he decided. "Most of these Austrians are."

Since the dude business was in abeyance for the duration, the entire outfit ate together, John Erth, Sr., at the head of the table, as was his right, and stretching away from him down the long board, his son, and Hans and the children, and Eddie Hickok, who had been with the J E Bar for years and was its foreman, and Bill Cassidy, and "Butch" Reynolds, and four newer hands, and a couple of pink-cheeked and slightly moronic boys of sixteen, who, because of conditions, had been hired to do, very badly, a man's work. Every now and then the two cowboys, summer-herding the cattle back in the hills, would drop in for a meal. Lola sat at the other end of the table.

There was hardly any conversation. The country had gone back to the old-fashioned Far Western idea that food was to be eaten, not talked over.



# FIVE WHO VANISHED

By George F. Worts

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

he Story Thus Far:

WAKENING one night in his San Francisco apartment, Jason Amboy—inventor of a revolutionary airplane engine—finds a girl in his bedroom. The girl has a flashlight; a handkerchief is tied around her face. Jason says, "Who is that?" The girl responds by knocking Jason unconscious. When he awakens, he is trussed up and gagged; and, after searching the apartment, the girl goes away. She takes with her only some letters from Jason's brother.

A few seconds later, Flack, Jason's manservant, finds him, releases him, and rushes out to see if he can find the intruder.

In Hawaii, Jason has some powerful relatives—the Grazzards, who own extensive plantations. Wayne Amboy, Jason's brother, has a job with them. After Flack departs, Jason's telephone rings. Jason answers it, and Peter Durkin (in Honolulu), a former employee, informs him that Wayne has disappeared, and his wrist watch, smeared with blood, has been found!

The war with Japan is on. Nevertheless, Jason decides to go to Hawaii. Meanwhile, Flack has found the girl, followed her and learned that her name is Luana Topping and that her home is Kokala, Kauai Island, Hawaii (headquarters of the Grazzard clan). Investigating further, Jason learns that Miss Topping is a famous island beauty, who is employed by Mrs. Grazzard, widow of old Hiram Grazzard, Jason's uncle.

Flack, on the telephone, begs to be permitted to accompany his employer. Jason says that he cannot go. Whereupon, the man announces that he is changing his name to "Rodney K. Kitchener," and that should they meet again, "Mr. Kitchener" may be wearing a disguise! Jason demands an explanation. Flack hangs up on him.

Jason goes to his boat. There he encounters—Luana Topping. She has lost her money and cannot pay her taxi fare. Jason pays it for her. Later—after he has visited his stateroom—he sets out to find her. And find her he does—on B-deck, where they have a pleasant chat. They are interrupted by a loud-speaker announcement, instructing the passengers to wear their life jackets at all times, to observe the blackout and so forth.

Miss Topping listens to the end. Then, looking at Jason—"If anything happens," she says, "I think I'll decide to be near you. You're so efficient."

## II

THE Tasmania, aided by tugs, backed out of her slip, turned slowly and started toward the Golden Gate. There was no hesitation. She would evidently not anchor. The convoy was made up and ready to sail.

Luana Topping was gazing at the city. She looked sad.

"I suppose," Jason said, "you love San Francisco as all good little islanders do."

"Yes, I adore it." Her eyes were still slightly blurred, but they were dry, and she was quite controlled again. "I always cry when I'm leaving either San Francisco or Honolulu."

"I've forgotten Honolulu," Jason said, and he was wondering what sort of man her fiancé Lorrin Grazzard was. "It's been so long, and I never saw much of it, anyway. You see, I lived on Kauai—until I was ten."

"Not really!" Miss Topping cried. "Why! How exciting! I live on Kauai—Kokala." Her eyes were glistening into his with what appeared to be unaffected excitement and pleasure. And he wondered if she had the remotest suspicion that he recognized her as the girl who had climbed in and out of his bedroom window that morning at a scandalous hour.

"I suppose," she said, "we should really introduce ourselves. My name is Luana Topping."

"Yes," Jason said, "I'd gathered that. Mine's Jason Amboy."

She sent him one of her narrowing sidelong glances. "Yes," she said.

Jason decided that she was more mysterious than ever. Either she was sure that he hadn't recognized her, or she didn't care a hoot if he had. He decided to try a straw in the wind.

"You know, Miss Topping," he said with a thoughtful frown, "it will sound terribly banal, but it seems to me I've met you before. At least, I'm sure when I look at your eyes. I'm not quite so sure about the rest of your face, but I'm certain about those eyes. They're eyes that a man wouldn't forget very quickly."

"So many men have told me that," Miss Topping said sweetly. She was scrutinizing his face, his eyes, his nose, his mouth. She slowly nodded her head. "It's very funny," she said. "It's very, very funny, but I have the same feeling about you."

"Oh, here you are, honey," a man's deep voice said.

Jason glanced away from her face to the man who had come up. He was a tall, dark-skinned man of about thirty in light brown (Continued on page 41)



The shadowed figure of a man sprang up. "I seem to have the habit of opening wrong doors," Jason said



# CANINE CORPS

By Avery Strakosch

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S  
BY W. EUGENE SMITH



Today even dogs are jumping at the opportunity to serve their country. What's more, after being put through the training hoops described here, they'll be a credit to any man's army

**T**HERE are those who say no good can come from cocktail parties. Let them forever hold their peace. For it was at a cocktail party, with several dog-lovers present, that the non-profit organization, Dogs For Defense, was born. Today, with Mr. Harry I. Caesar, its president, and several other well-known canine fanciers also volunteering their services, DFD is giving many a dog the chance to have his day and at the same time serve his country. Many women, like Mrs. Bradley Martin of Old Westbury, L. I., and Miss Marie

Leary of Greenwich, Connecticut, are hard at work as amateur trainers on their grounds, at established kennels, and even in the limited space of back yards.

If you don't believe it, visit DFD's central office at 22 East 60th Street, New York, or one of the training centers, or talk with a regional director. Ten to one, if you haven't a pooch to donate, you'll dig down in your perhaps already depleted pocket to contribute toward expenses for maintaining this canine militia during its preliminary training period. That is, before it is sent to the dog finishing school at Front Royal, Virginia, to become the property of the U. S. Army for the duration.

With the DFD officially recognized by the War Department last April, it was in July that Quartermaster General Edmund B. Gregory decided to make the DFD recruits a section of the Remount Division. In this military establishment at the northern boundary of the Shenandoah Park, dogs who have successfully

passed training tests, together with soldiers trained by experts to handle them, leave daily for active service. Many coastal stations, inland camps, munitions and defense factories, and plants where food, medicine and clothing are stored for the Army or Navy, are protected by sentry teams, animal and human.

In early August, Major General Gregory wrote DFD, requesting 125,000 dogs as soon as they could be trained. Some will go overseas for use in both Army and Navy. Even Scotties and other self-important little dogs can do their bit. They are useful in barking warnings at such places as naval supply warehouses.

This demand for so many dogs has not surprised American and English dog lovers. During the past ten years, they've been reading between the lines of foreign kennel reports. They figure that Germany, in that time, trained approximately 200,000 dogs for police and military duty.

The dog fancier also found out that

Ricky, a Doberman, being trained for sentry duty, rejects the friendly advances of Assistant Instructor Quigley. Seaman 2d Class Olejniczak of the U. S. Coast Guard is holding the leash

some 25,000 animals were shipped to Japan several months before December 7, 1941. Information has since come, through escaped prisoners from Hong Kong, that that city was won largely by snipers, many of them with trained dogs. The dogs could scent an enemy and give the Japs the second's warning that meant the difference between their death and that of their foe.

Since Pearl Harbor, the owners of some 17,000 dogs in the Hawaiian Islands have offered them to DFD. Trained under the direction of Mr. Harold Castle, long a resident of Honolulu and a noted judge of dogs, more than 3,000 recruits are already in service.

Army officers say that, after dark, the well-trained canine guard is equal to half a dozen or more human sentries. A single dog may save thousands of lives through his alertness. In a West Coast city one black night not long ago, a polka-dotted Dalmatian, pacing a wharf with his soldier-handler, suddenly came to attention, emitting a low growl. A search was made of the pier without result. Yet the dog grew more and more insistent, and the soldier finally decided that the trouble was beneath the pier. He quietly signaled a passing harbor patrol. In no time they routed out a Jap in a rowboat, well supplied with the tools of a saboteur.

It's a simple matter to prove the efficiency of a well-trained sentry dog. Try wandering into a proscribed military or defense area some moonless night, where a soldier with a sentry dog stands guard, say 200 or 2,000 feet from you. Before you know it, the animal will have you spotted and will instantly give the signal he has been taught.

In its early stages, DFD promised that when the war was over, your pet would be returned to you, his disposition unimpaired. Now official orders rescind this promise. The plan is to have always on hand a large reliable unit of war dogs. So, when you take him for induction, you had better steel your heart to a parting that may be final.

To get into the K9 (for canine) Corps your dog must learn within eight or ten weeks to obey four commands. The lesson is taught daily and should last from one and a half to two hours. But some dogs tire quickly and lose interest. Others are too enthusiastic at first, then suddenly refuse to concentrate. But more often, a dog's intelligence increases as training goes on. Never bore your dog with training. If he seems to lose interest, stop and let him rest. Right-thinking dogs require constant encouragement and even extravagant praise when they do well.

Here are the commands in the order they are taught. The dog's name should always precede the command.

1. **HEEL.** Whether sitting, standing or walking, the dog remains close to the left of the handler, on or off a lead. (Left side, to keep the soldier's right hand free.) This is taught by pressing down on the dog's head or neck and repeating "Heel" over and over, until he understands.

2. **STAY.** After the dog has learned to heel, he is taught to remain motionless, standing or sitting. This is also taught with a firm pressure of the left hand to keep him in place. He must remain where he is whether the handler stays by his side or goes away.

3. **OUT.** The dog should range in any



direction indicated by the signal—a wave of the hand and the word “Out” repeated. All dogs naturally like to range, but the trainer, in exceptional cases, may have to push the animal forward and encourage him.

4. COME. The dog, at any distance from the handler, under any circumstances, must return to him. This is sometimes taught by putting the dog on a long leash, yanking the leash and patiently repeating the word “Come.”

At school, a dog first wears either a light chain or a leather slip collar with lead attached. This enables the trainer to control his pupil without undue severity. The lead varies in length from six feet upward, according to the command being taught. If the pupil goes too far forward, a light jerk will bring him to correct position. If he lags behind, the collar tightens. All commands are finally given under various distracting conditions, including gunfire.

It seems to be natural for most dogs to wish to warn their masters of possible danger by growling or barking. In training DFD dogs, danger is simulated. Boy Scouts and others often serve as the enemy. At night classes, they hide behind bushes or buildings until the dogs scent them out.

If you've decided to donate that smart hound of yours to DFD, and he is a warmhearted fellow who has been petted a lot and likes it, better give up the idea. It's hard enough to turn an unfriendly dog into a friendly one. But as any trainer will tell you, it's next to impossible, as well as unfair, to make a dangerous, suspicious beast out of an inveterate tail-wagger.

#### Bird Dogs Go A.W.O.L.

The canine training camps are strictly co-educational. Any smart, medium-sized, pure-bred dog or bitch, physically sound, between one and four years old, with a natural instinct for guarding, should qualify for the Army. Bird dogs are politely requested to stay home, for in spite of their wonderful noses, their sharp ears, and almost catlike eyesight, hunting dogs are temperamentally unfit for the set responsibilities of military life. Even the best-trained hunting dogs can't resist sneaking off whenever they get the chance.

The Army has needed medium-sized sentry dogs so badly that the giant type of working dog is only now being called up. Newfoundlands, Great Pyrenees, St. Bernards, mastiffs and their like will do the job that is instinctively and traditionally the large dog's—rescue work. As in England, these dogs will also be trained by professional teachers to do messenger work, to carry water and supplies, and to lay telegraph wires.

Don't think the Army was being snooty because in the beginning they asked for purebred dogs only. The reason is sound. When you know a dog's antecedents, you can better judge his reactions to discipline, and that saves time in training. But now crossbreeds as well as purebreds are eligible.

Crossbreeds and even the progeny of champs will find themselves out on their ear if they don't show an aptitude for military routine within three weeks after their induction. A trainer worth his salt can decide in that time whether a canine recruit is too casual, too stubborn, or just too plain dumb. So far, less than 10% of the dogs donated have been sent back to their owners.

One of the most dependable MP dogs on an inland post, a tough pink-eyed English bull terrier with a canine I.Q. which puts him in the genius class, was a problem dog from the day he first

sniffed about a DFD training center. Butch barked every waking moment except when eating. In spite of his good field record, the trainers decided to toss him out.

The day he was to leave, Butch piped down—almost. His pincushion jaws went through the motions, but the sounds were ludicrous.

“Acute laryngitis,” said the vet.

“Uproariously funny,” said everybody else and doubled up with laughter.

At first, Butch looked puzzled, then ashamed. Finally he realized he was ridiculous and shut up for keeps, except when it was his job to give warning.

In the first World War, British war dogs under the direction of the internationally famous trainer, Lieutenant Colonel E. H. Richardson, saved the lives of countless men while on sentry duty along the Aisne in France. Heroic four-footed messengers at Amiens kept up communications between outposts and batteries during heavy bombardments when telephones became useless and human runners couldn't get through. But man's memory is short, and in September, 1939, in spite of Colonel Richardson's warnings, countless British dog-lovers, in a panic over food-rationing and encouraged by their government, had their dogs “put to sleep.” According to reports received by Mr. Warren W. McSpadden, director of the American S.P.C.A., approximately 750,000 dogs and cats were destroyed in England in the two weeks after war was declared.

Less than a year later, prominent and coldly furious members of Parliament were demanding to know why dog power wasn't saving manpower in the war effort. Rex, a five-year-old Airedale, employed to trace leaks for a London gas company before the war started, was cited as an example and symbol of what could be done, and is now the most popular dog in England.

Since then, many dog-training schools, their locations a military secret, have sprung up throughout the United Kingdom. Thousands of graduates guard the invasion coast from Sheerness to Lands End. Among the best are Alsatis, generally called, in this country, German Shepherds.

The effect of the good work of Dogs For Defense has already gone beyond its military program. The youngsters are showing a keen interest, and many letters from girls, as well as boys, imply that they would like to learn how to train their pets themselves. Regional directors encourage them and often invite them to watch dogs at work.

One day, before the Army ruled to accept crossbred dogs, a boy stopped outside a kennel on the outskirts of New York City. Curiously he watched a fawn-colored boxer, a silver Alsatian and a black, unclipped poodle going through their lessons. Suddenly he disappeared. In a little while, he was back proudly leading a worried-looking yellow-and-white hound of sorts.

“I'm too young for the war,” he said. “but I want my dog to do his part.”

Obvious ancestral confusion then barred the pup from a useful military life. The kennel owner kindly explained.

The boy thought a moment. “Then may I learn the rules?” he asked eagerly. “I don't see why Sport shouldn't have manners even at home.” ★★★

In last period of sentry training, dog is allowed to get his man—if protected by padded suit. Perfect dog always gets the gun arm. Right. Doberman Barney of Ballanka and Coastguardman Robert M. Gats



In advanced training period, dogs must learn to broadjump, hurdle. Sca-man 2d Class Neil Robinson helps Alva, German Shepherd, over the bars



A Newfoundland, Bedau, pulling a machine-gun carrier. Large dogs are traditionally best for rescue, messenger work, hauling water and supplies







DE ZAYAS

These are Mexican infantrymen. Mexico could raise an army of 2,000,000 men if she had the facilities to train and equip them. Her present army, consisting of 70,000 volunteers, is undergoing drastic modernization. She has, in addition, 65,000 trained reserves, 20,000 militarized workers, and 57 battalions of civilian militia who must train with broomsticks

Mexican cavalry is a crack outfit is proud of its good horses. These at Monterrey, largest training ca

STEINHEIMER-PIX

## MEXICO PITCHES IN

By Alice Leone Moats

Mexico is doing a fine job of training on her tiny army of 70,000 men and her practically nonexistent air force. It's the best she can afford, but it's not nearly enough, considering her problems. It seems to be up to the U. S.

IN THE last couple of years, whenever there has been a scarcity of news in Mexico, the story of the Axis caches and hidden airfields has been dusted off and refurbished. Recently these rumors have been concentrated on Lower California, and one of the Mexican army's toughest assignments there has been tracking them down.

According to General Rico, the commander of the peninsula zone, his reconnaissance parties have combed the countryside without finding any traces of enemy supply depots. With the topography what it is—high mountains and big

stretches of sandy desert—the parties of soldiers have had a difficult time, and several men have been lost through hunger, thirst and exposure.

One group of seventeen ran out of food before reaching their objective. Just when it looked as though they were going to face starvation, the men killed two wildcats and lived on them for two days. Another party, consisting of four privates and an officer was sent forth to investigate a ranch far back in the mountains which was said to be an enemy cache. They were gone for so long that General Rico ordered a plane out to search for them and to drop food if they could be found. After three days they were sighted. One had died of hunger; another had gone mad. The remaining three finally reached the ranch and made a thorough search. There was no sign of any arms or ammunition and no suspiciously large amounts of food and gasoline.

That is the kind of discipline there is now in the Mexican army. When soldiers are sent out to reconnoiter they





don't turn back until they have carried out their orders. The same sort of discipline keeps small detachments of men at lookout posts that have been set up all along the coast. They have radios to communicate with headquarters in case they sight anything out of the ordinary. Otherwise they are completely on their own. They have to get their food and water where they can find it, and that usually means walking miles to the nearest village where, with luck, they may be able to buy a few grains of corn, some beans and rice.

The morale is just as good as the discipline; so good, that no one ever thinks of discussing it or doing anything to improve it. It is doubtful if most of the soldiers have even heard the word. General Rico, who has made several visits to the United States and been left open-mouthed by the living quarters, food and amusement provided for our Army, finds that American troops are coddled and spoiled. The same cannot be said of Mexican troops.

The officers in Ensenada live, by chance, in unusual luxury because the only place big enough to serve as headquarters is La Playa Hotel. This means that they even have a lot of bathrooms, but there is no hot water because it would be too expensive to start up the heaters. The kitchens are not open for the same reason, and the officers eat in the restaurants in town at their own expense.

They work all day and most of the night. It was nine o'clock in the evening when I happened to arrive at the hotel and, handing a letter of introduction to an orderly, was told that General Rico would receive me immediately. After stumbling through several dark patios (electricity is being economized on also), I reached the general's quarters. I passed the officers of his staff sitting at desks in a long hall and was finally ushered into his office, furnished with a table and two chairs.

A man about fifty years old—short, slightly bald, olive-skinned and with a very reserved manner—rose to greet me. For a moment I was uncertain whether or not I was to address him as "*Mi general*," for he was dressed in an ordinary sack suit. Apparently, he seldom wears a uniform except when he is out with troops.

At first he wasn't very forthcoming and expressed surprise at the idea that the American public should in any way be interested in the Mexican army.

"We are a poor nation, you know," he said, "and we can't afford a big, well-equipped armed force; all that is possible now is to do the best with the little we have on hand."

"That is the point," I explained. "It is important that the American public should know what efforts you are making and under what handicaps you are laboring."

#### Praise from the General

After that, he answered all my questions quite frankly, exhibiting a simple realism and shrewd humor. "I can complain of the quantity," he ended, "but not of the quality of my men. They have an enormous amount of work to do, and all leaves have been canceled, but there is no grumbling." That, from General Rico, was high praise, since he is noted as an officer who knows his own job thoroughly and is extremely exacting with his subordinates.

By this time it was midnight. The general suddenly said, "I haven't had any supper. Have you?"

I admitted that I hadn't, so we picked up his aide, put him in the back seat of the car and, with the general at the wheel, drove into Ensenada where we had chocolate and rolls at a fly-blown café in a somewhat doubtful quarter of the town. It was the only place open at that hour of the night. By then, we had exhausted the subject of the Mexican

army and we began discussing the larger issues of the war.

General Rico is a graduate of the military academy and a career officer who did not enter the revolutionary forces until after the defeat of Villa. He, like the other career officers I met, surprised me by the range of his knowledge. With the magnificent command of language and the gift for colorful phrases which characterize every Mexican, he talked of the various battle fronts of the war, of international affairs and economic systems, and he ended by propounding an extraordinary theory for a Mexican: That men had made such a mess of the world it was up to the women to take over now and see what they could do with it.

At two-thirty he dropped me at my "bungalow court." His working day wasn't over; he had to go back for conferences with his officers, who had waited up for him and, a few hours later, he left by plane to meet General Cárdenas in La Paz.

The troops stationed in Ensenada are living under canvas at present, while they build their own barracks. When I went out to the camp I found them, stripped to the waist, making the bricks. General Rico's chief of staff (formerly military attaché in Madrid), General Hajar, tall, handsome and very neat in his olive-green gabardine uniform, apologized for the men's appearance, explaining that they wore their old clothes when they worked and that they were really quite well dressed at other times.

I had already noted this, with surprise, for the last time I saw the Mexican army on a war footing was during the revolution when it was made up of men who, though brave, were undisciplined and ragged. More often than not, they wore sandals and rolled their breeches above their knees. Now, they have good uniforms—shirts and breeches of khaki cotton drill for warm climates; of wool for cold climates, with brass-buttoned tunics

and long overcoats. They all wear Sam Browne belts, lightweight shoes, leather puttees and visored caps. Their steel helmets are in the French style.

Usually, their breeches are a bit baggy in the seat, for Mexican soldiers have too many other things to do to devote much time to style. They are working troops and must have plenty of room in their clothes for stooping. Aside from putting up their own barracks, they work from reveille at five-thirty in the morning until roll call at six in the evening, laying out new roads and improving old ones, building up radio stations, installing new telephone lines, deepening harbors, improving port facilities and constructing breakwaters. While all this is going on, military training obviously has to be reduced to a minimum of an hour or two a day.

#### The Army of Camp-Followers

By evening, the men are too tired to walk several miles into town in search of amusement. They remain at the camp and, when I was in Ensenada at least, had feminine company, for, next to their camp, was another occupied by the *soldaderas*—the wives and girl friends who accompanied troops even on campaigns.

Until just recently, the *soldaderas* have been an indispensable part of the Mexican army because it was they who marketed for and cooked the food which the soldiers bought out of their pay (two pesos a day, now increased to four pesos—about eighty cents—in zones on a war footing). Without the *soldaderas* the army didn't eat.

The commissary system is now being introduced into the Mexican army to do away with these women, who presented a problem when troops were moved.

To make sure that the *soldaderas* will completely disappear, married men are no longer being accepted into the armed

(Continued on page 52)

Mexico's small air force has the big job of patrolling 5,000-odd miles of coast line. She has 300 pilots, mostly U. S. trained, plus 100 aviation cadets and 300 commercial pilots. Biggest need is for light patrol bombers



All Mexican soldiers are working troops and have only a few hours available for training each day, at present. Men below made the bricks with which they are building barracks. They also build roads, radio stations, port facilities



A gunner practices with a light antiaircraft machine gun. The shortage of guns of all kinds, big and small, and the lack of facilities for making them, is the greatest handicap to the expansion of the Mexican army







# THE HUNTERS

By Mary Hastings Bradley

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

mits that she is unhappy with her husband. But Bob refuses to discuss the matter.

Michael is a veteran hunter. In the days that follow, he does everything better than Bob; and Bob is jealous—he mistrusts Michael, suspects that Claire is far more interested in him than she should be.

Claire is circumspect in her actions, except when she is alone with Michael—and she permits him to take her in his arms, kiss her. . . . One night, Michael suggests that he show "Mrs. Winston" some hippo, in a near-by river. Claire gladly accompanies him to the hippo colony.

Michael puts his arms around her, kisses her. She responds rapturously. But, when he asks her to marry him (after the needed divorce) she refuses even to consider the idea! . . . Alone in his tent, that same night Michael—who now knows Mrs. John Winston for what she is: a shrewd, unscrupulous flirt who is out to get a title—wonders just what his feelings toward her are. He should, of course, avoid her in the future. But can he? He flinches from answering that question.

V

MICHAEL needed a drink. He'd like to drink himself blotto. There was a bottle out there in the mess tent, before their tent. If he went quietly and didn't clatter about . . .

He wanted that drink. His nerves screamed for it. Just a quick one. Two, maybe. No more. . . . Don't be an ass, Michael, said a cold little voice of wisdom in him. You'd be a drunk tomorrow and what a pretty sight that would be to the glamorous Mrs. Winston.

Mirthlessly, he grinned into the dark. The great romance of his life! Romance was dead. That ghost would never walk again. Now to carry on, through the rest of the safari, playing up, playing the happy Casanova to show her he'd not felt let down. . . . There would be a wry satisfaction in worrying Bob.

"Good night."

"Good night."

"Quaheri."

"Quaheri mzuri."

The threesome was breaking up. Tommy had stuck it out to the bitter end. That "Quaheri" was from Claire—tourists loved to use the Swahili they picked up. And the "Quaheri mzuri"—lovely farewell—from Bob. He sounded happier. His voice was briskly cheerful, calling to the porters, ordering no more talking. "Hapana kilali." Michael closed his eyes for fear his wife would bring a light into the tent.

Some minutes passed before she came in. Evidently she had walked on to Mrs. Winston's tent with her. Now she was coming, slipping through the mess tent. She moved softly, getting to bed with as little noise as possible. He heard her tucking her small belongings into the wall pocket of the tent above her cot—neat little Tommy! Then she stretched out, pulling up the covers and lay still. He could tell she was not sleeping. He felt her lying there, wakeful, staring up into the dark as he was doing.

He spoke suddenly: "Having a good time?"

"Oh, I waked you!" Her voice was startled. "Sorry, Michael."

"No, I was awake. . . . Planning that boma . . . We must get the boys at it, tomorrow. Can't waste another night of moon. Not if we want a lion."

"Oh—the boma." She sounded as if she had forgotten about the lion hunt. Then she said, hesitant but resolved, "Let Bob engineer it, Michael. He's her host, you know."

Astonishing creatures, women! Sensitive for Bob's pride even when he was throwing her over. . . . Or perhaps she was afraid only for the peace of the camp. A little of both, perhaps.

Michael grinned to himself. "Right-o. He can engineer it to the last thorn." He said, deliberating, "You get your lion, too. If two come in. Don't give her both."

"Oh, I'll get one."

"Having a good time, Thomasina?"

"A lovely time, Michael."

That cheerful, convincing voice! He wondered why the sadistic devil in him wrung that effort from her.

She must be suffering the tortures of the damned. She might not believe, though, that she was damned; she might hope there would be reprieve. There wouldn't be. Claire would be Lady McNare. She'd put Bob in her pocket and walk off with him. Her money would make a new life for him. London. Nairobi for part time, perhaps. A big place there, with racing stables. You could do yourself well in Nairobi on half the money it took in England.

And he had thought to save Tommy's hope for her. . . . The dashing lover diverting the siren, giving the unloved wife her freedom—freedom in which she was to console Bob McNare. Neat little plot.

Everybody happy. Everything for the best.

Only it hadn't worked. A pity. They didn't come any better than Tommy. Bob McNare was going to be a sorry man, once he had his eyes opened.

How about opening them now? It might be done. Claire was canny, but she thought Bob was thicker witted than he was. Bob was no fool. If he could be made to see what Claire was like—

It wouldn't hurt Claire. She'd find herself another baronet. Well, it was a thought.

BOB McNARE was up before his boy brought the early morning tea to the tents; he liked to wash and shave outdoors, at the back of his tent, where he could splash comfortably, and as he shaved he kept his lathered face turned alertly toward Mrs. Winston's tent, so he could disappear if she emerged.

His ill-humor had vanished but a residue of unease remained. Mrs. Winston—quite innocently, of course!—was treating Michael with too much intimacy and Michael Garrick, very definitely should not be encouraged by moonlight strolls and a gay, "Méchant!" flung familiarly at him.

There was a certain irony in this seriousness of his, coming from a man who had been taking moonlight strolls with Michael's wife for some five years but that was altogether a different affair. He and Tommy—

He was sorry about Tommy. She was so good and so gay and she worked so hard on that infernal farm, looking after the natives, the crops, managing, economizing, putting up a good show—well he had done what he could, these five years, to make things easier for her and it was not his fault if he could not go on forever.

No use looking back. He had to look ahead, to decide. He had not seen Mrs. Winston alone since their long talk; he had wanted time to think, and he'd had time, yet he didn't quite know what he was going to say or do.

If only he knew exactly where he stood! He hesitated to put it bluntly to her, to ask, "Can I be sure of you, if I give up my life here, and have a go at politics?" because she might not be sure herself, she might very well want to see whether he was a success or not before

The snarling lion tore out of the thicket, straight at them . . . a vast, oncoming circumference of mane. Claire fired. Then Bob fired almost instantaneously

## The Story Thus Far:

IN AFRICA, Michael Garrick learns that his fiancée—Claire Alloway, who is in England—has jilted him to marry a wealthy older man: John Winston. Terribly hurt, he becomes a hard drinker; then he marries and settles down on a coffee plantation in Uganda.

Among the Garricks' neighbors is a young Englishman: Robert ("Bob") McNare. Inheriting a baronetcy, Bob goes to England to claim it—not, however, until he and Michael's wife, "Tommy," have admitted to each other that they are in love.

Tommy awaits his return impatiently. When he finally arrives, he is "Sir Robert McNare;" and he is accompanied by a fascinating blond widow—Mrs. John Winston!—with whom he is very much in love.

Tommy accepts the situation as philosophically as she can. And Michael, a shrewd judge of human nature, wonders if Claire (who gives no indication that she had ever seen him before) really loves Sir Robert and his title—or Michael Garrick. . . .

The four—the Garricks, Bob and Claire—start on a long hunt, a safari arranged by Michael, in the Congo. They have hardly reached their camping place when Tommy—watching everyone carefully—realizes that dangerous undercurrents are all about her. Once, in a weak moment, when she is alone with Bob, she ad-



she committed herself. But he felt he ought to know what his chances were and he tried to think how he could put that. There was always the possibility that she had been counseling him out of friendship, that no promise was implied, except said in his election.

Abruptly he ducked into his tent as a slim figure in a blue dressing gown came out into the dawn.

ALL four of them went out that morning for another of those futile hunts—especially exasperating with a lion roaring in the distance—and then they searched for a good place for the *boma*.

They chose a spot about two miles from camp, a scattering of thickets encouragingly strewn with antelope bones, where a big thornbush faced a grassy stretch of plain. That bush, the men decided, would be good protection for the rear, and they set their two gun boys and a couple of porters they'd brought along to cutting thorn and stacking it in a circle before the bush.

"We'll make room for steamer chairs," said Bob. "Might as well sit as crouch."

The notion of steamer chairs in a thorn *boma* tickled Michael. "What price sport! A bally promenade deck."

"The chairs can be close together—they won't take too much space," Bob explained. "I dare say no more than three of us will want to go out at a time."

"Right as rain, my lad," Michael showed no sign of offense. "Bomas are no treat to me. You may sit with the ladies."

Chairs would be splendid, Tommy said. She listed the things to bring out—blankets or coats, for the nights were chill, and a water bottle and a spirit lamp with some supplies, so they could have a spot of tea before starting back in the morning.

"I'll send the porters out early," Michael told them. "To carry in your lions. If I hear shots." . . .

The making of the *boma* was inspiring; they sat in the shade of a thicket, smoking companionably, watching the natives pile up the thorn circle. This was jolly, thought Bob McNare; this was the friendly way he had thought it would be. He felt happy, very conscious of the lovely lines of Mrs. Winston, sitting relaxed beside him, of the charm of her low, lazy-sounding voice. The *boma* grew fast, looking astonishingly natural; the thorns were hard to handle and the blacks grinned and guffawed at one another's mistakes.

"Cheeriest beggars in the world," said Michael. He gazed out across the plain and added musingly, "The last dwelling place of laughter."

It had a slightly lyric ring and Claire Winston said, "Still writing poems?"

Abruptly her face stiffened to absolute expressionlessness, her dropped lashes unstirring on her cheeks.

Michael looked oddly at her.

*"A thatched roof is no shelter for your head,*

*Matting would scarcely serve your slender feet;*

*For Africa your beauty was not bred,*  
*I know too well—but Oh, my Very Sweet—"*

She had been married when he wrote that, and he did not know it. The poem must have reached her sometime on her honeymoon. He had never put rhyming words together, after that. . . .

Tommy began, "Why Michael never—"

then stopped. Michael said, serenely, "Oh, I became inspired on this trip. Lake Bunyoni started me off. . . . Mrs. Winston quite liked a little thing I did there."

He smiled, impudently, at Mrs. Winston, who, very slowly, began to smile back. She murmured, "Some of your later efforts were better, though."

"Think so?" said Michael interestedly. "With encouragement, you know, I could surpass myself."

She made no answer to that, except a subtle deepening of her smile. There was an awkward silence. Then Tommy said, with forced enthusiasm, "Why, Michael, that's splendid. There's been almost no poetry about Africa, has there? You might write a book of poems." Her eyes turned to McNare, who had contributed no comment on this discovery of talent, and found his look quite as aloof as she had feared.

Bob was digesting his unpleasant conviction that Michael had been writing poems to Mrs. Winston—just the presumptuous, troubadour sort of thing that Michael would do. Lake Bunyoni. He recalled that Michael had been insistent about having Mrs. Winston in his car at the approach to Lake Bunyoni. Perhaps he already had a poem in mind. Blue of the lake—blue of her eyes. You say a lot in a poem you could not say in a conversation. Michael must have been

shoot before the lion got away with it!"

"You might not see. Cloud over the moon and all that. You can't always count," said Michael, in a very innocent voice, "on having as bright moonlight as we had for our hippo."

"And you can't always count on it, either," said Mrs. Winston with a vicious inflection.

"I don't always want it."

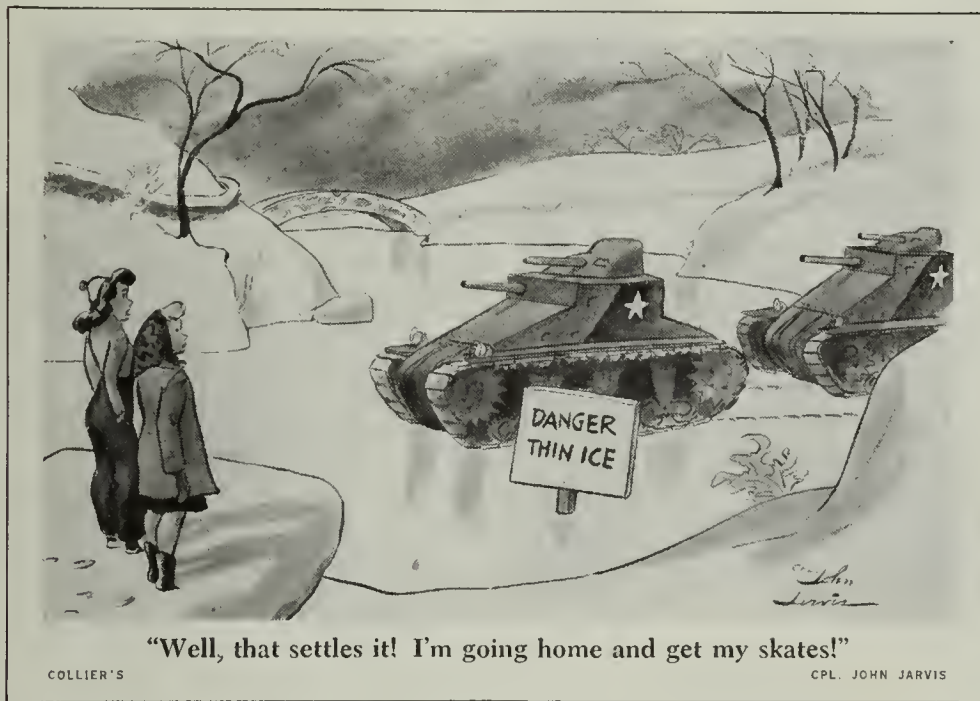
Claire Winston laughed, as if in spite of herself. Then she glanced toward Bob McNare. "He's incorrigible, isn't he, Sir Robert?" she said in a gay voice.

"I?" Michael looked at her in black-eyed amazement. "I'm a blameless husband, my dear lady. It's Sir Robert who's the devil-take-it incorrigible."

TOMMY felt her cheeks burning. Michael was in one of his moods when it amused him to toss out verbal bombs, and she had a terror, not new to her, of what he might say next.

"It's hot," she said. "Let's start back."

Bob jumped to his feet, holding out a hand to her. "Come along then." Her fingers clung a moment to his hand; in her eyes was an anguished and mortified



scribbling things ever since and handing them secretly to her. . . .

A good deal seemed to have been happening behind Bob's back. There had been too many conversations broken off at his approach, too much sudden laughter for which there seemed no reason. All the pleasantness which Bob had been experiencing was gone. The unease of the morning returned to him, and a new, indefinable distrust.

HE STARED fixedly off at some antelope, grazing on a distant rise, and remarked, "I think I'll go get one of those cobs. For a bait for tonight."

"Too soon," said Michael. "Get it last thing in the afternoon and have the blacks drag it in. You want a fresh blood trail."

Michael knew so damned much! But he was probably right, this time. Bob's judgment concurred, and he relinquished his sudden impulse to get away by himself.

"And have it well staked down," Michael added; and Claire asked, "Why stake it?"

Michael told her, "Lions have a way of walking off with things. You'd feel damned silly sitting there all night without a bait."

There it was again, that too-familiar tone! Michael had no business telling Mrs. Winston she'd look "damned silly."

Mrs. Winston was saying, "I would

entreaty to disregard Michael's mockery.

There was familiar kindness in his answering glance and she felt better. They left the natives to carry on with the *boma* making and started back to camp.

It was hot. The sky was a burning brightness from which the sun had drained the blue, and the air above the plains was dancing with the heat. No one had much to say.

Michael was thinking, "Suppose I said to Bob, 'She let the cat out of the bag then!' and told him all about us—would that put him off? No. He wouldn't turn against her for having thrown me over sixteen years ago. Nor for keeping quiet about it now—she'd find some pretty explanation, consideration for my feelings and all that. No, there's nothing to be gained by that. That wouldn't show her up. . . . But wouldn't he burn up if he knew what she meant by her, 'Some of your later efforts were better, though!' Gad, she's a sly-tongued minx! 'My later efforts.' . . ."

Bob was thinking, "What did Michael mean—? 'The blameless husband!' That seemed to say, 'I shut my eyes to you and Tommy—now, hands off!' But he knows there was nothing wrong—only what we felt. He said it to make me uncomfortable because he was uncomfortable at having his poetry brought out in the open. . . . What sort of poems were they, anyway? She must have liked them or she wouldn't have let him go on. . . ."

Why did I bring him—? Oh, to hell with him! He spoils everything. Good thing he won't be along tonight."

At tiffin, everyone was rather elaborately polite. Then Mrs. Winston went off for a siesta, to fortify herself, she said, and Michael went to his tent. Tommy had things to do. You couldn't trust the boys to have the water boiling when they filled the canteens; you couldn't trust them not to add unboiled water, if the boiled supply was not enough. You had to stand over them and watch.

She saw to that; she saw that the big, felt-covered canteens were filled, then dipped in water so the evaporation would cool the contents; she gave out soap to the wash boy and charcoal to fill his hollow iron, so clothes could be washed and pressed; she checked over supplies, she bought chickens from a native who drifted into camp from Heaven knows what distance with a pair of wretched fowls dangling, feet foremost, from a stick, she bandaged the cuts and sores the porters were always presenting for the white man's *dawa*.

As she went to and fro she smiled at Bob, who was cleaning and oiling the rifles before his tent. He smiled back at her, and an illusion of happiness and companionship buoyed her. Michael, coming out of his tent, caught the look in her gray eyes, and his own narrowed in sudden calculation.

He strolled over to McNare. "Haden't you better be after that buck? May not be as easy to find as you think."

"Plenty of time," Bob squinted at the sun. "Want to make sure these are all right."

MICHAEL glanced at the sun, then at his wrist watch, then at Mrs. Winston's tent. He lit a cigarette, walked away, then came back.

"I'll finish these if you want to go."

McNare looked rather hard at him. Michael had changed to a fresh white shirt, of fine Chinese silk, open at the throat, planter style; it was a style that flattered his dark, piratical good looks.

"Thanks," said Bob shortly. "I'm about done."

In a few minutes he put down Mrs. Winston's rifle, picked up his own and shouted for a couple of porters. Michael was near him again. He said casually, "You don't need to come back, you know. The chairs and things are all sent out. I'll start the girls along to meet you there at sundown."

"I'm coming back," said Bob, stowing cartridges in his pockets.

"Most unnecessary. Miles more walking. Save time if you all meet out there."

"I don't want it that way. I'll be back for them."

Michael shrugged. He looked at the sun. He said, "It's about two miles out—" He was not arguing, now; he seemed to be estimating the distance.

Bob looked sharply at him, his brown eyes suspicious, then strode off, the two blacks at his heels. Michael, looking very pleased with himself, strolled over to Tommy who was sorting half-depleted chop boxes. "Stop your housekeeping, Tommy, and go get some shut-eye. You have to stay awake tonight."

When Bob got back to camp, hours later, hot with haste and exertion, Michael and Mrs. Winston were finishing what appeared to have been a very leisurely tea off under a little thorn tree. Tommy Garrick was nowhere to be seen. Michael explained negligently that she was napping.

It seemed to Bob that Mrs. Winston would have been much better off to be napping, too: tea was unnecessary when dinner was to be so early. In fact din-



ner was ready then; the boy was already calling, "*Chakula tayari!*"

Tommy came out from the back of her tent, buttoning her khaki jacket; its pockets were bulging with cartridges, jackknife, electric torch, matches and cigarettes. The four ate a hurried dinner, for the sun was sinking fast. "We rather took the edge off our appetites," said Michael smilingly, as Mrs. Winston declined the yams.

The hunters started off with their attendant porters, Claire Winston in the carrying chair. "We'll change off," she said to Tommy, but Tommy shook her head, declaring she preferred to walk. You couldn't talk much, going single file at a fast gait, a guide ahead, a porter behind, but it was like old times, trudging after Bob, and there was happiness in it for her, even with the reflection that it might be one of the last times.

Darkness was on them when they reached the *boma*—the swift, sudden dark of Africa when the sun goes down. It would be black as the bottom of a well until the stars came out. The native who had been left to guard the buck crawled out of the thorn shelter to hurry off with his returning mates, and the three whites crept into it, Bob blocking the entrance with brush.

They settled themselves with cautious flicks of their torches, with little smothered laughs at the cramped quarters, Claire Winston in the middle to have the widest field of vision. A small peephole in the thorn had been made before each chair, and the hunters put their rifles through the holes, letting the barrels protrude as little as possible, sighted them on the dead buck with the help of the electric torches, then settled back in the darkness, waiting and listening.

THE night was vibrant with the thin, high shrilling of insects that starts up the instant the sun is down, a shrilling so incessant in the African night, so accepted, that their ears paid it no heed; they heard the call of a bellbird, clear, melodious, precise as a mechanical toy, they heard the snarls of two small creatures in a bush, they heard the far-off chatter of angry baboons, roused at some alarm. They heard a lion grunting, far out on the plains. It was a wilder sound, heard in the open, than when heard in camp.

They sat, tense and alert, peering into darkness, but the grunts came from farther and farther away and then ceased altogether. There was a silence in which nothing happened at all. The stars were out now, unbelievably bright, throwing a pallor on the plain in which the dead antelope before them and the occasional shrubs and thickets were revealed as blurs of darkness.

Minutes went by, minutes that added slowly to an hour, to two hours. Mrs. Winston sat watchful and alert. She was a good sport, Tommy owned; she had not behaved at all as Tommy had hoped. Yet Tommy had no faith in her.

She had very complicated feelings about Claire Winston. She was achingly jealous, but she was not resentful that Mrs. Winston was preferred—she felt humble before Claire's beauty, a candle to a rush light. The resentment in Tommy Garrick was that Claire had no appreciation of the man she was appropriating.

Bob was not showy like Michael; there were no glittering facets to Bob, but he had an endearing charm all his own, and he had strength and kindness and sincerity. It enraged Tommy to have Mrs. Winston so insensitive to his worth, yet she was forlornly glad that Claire was not warm and sincere, for then it would have been too meanly selfish to hope against the match. Now she could say

stoutly to herself that Claire was not good enough.

So she thought, sitting there in the night, trying to fight off the sleep that would not come last night but that now made her head heavy.

The moon came out; the light was not as brilliant as the night before, for a thin haze of cloud gave a diffused and misty aspect to the whiteness of the plain, but it was moonlight, making the world visible, and the lion sounds started up again. There was quite a chorus of them now, off to the right and others out ahead, hoarse, menacing vibrations telling of hungry lions going implacably about their business, the age-old, nightly business of their food getting.

"Ugh, ugh, ugh—ugh, ugh, ugh!"

That was out ahead, ahead and to the left. It sounded nearer than it had before.

It came again, growlingly louder. "He's

## NOT WANTED for the Duration

0013



## SHARPER

Ex-supersalesman of shoddy nonessentials who is still clawing around in the Lost World of sucker lists and quick dough

coming closer," Bob breathed, and the three exchanged excited glances. They could see each other now, for the moon was almost overhead. Noiselessly they leaned forward to their peepholes.

"Ugh, ugh, ugh—ugh, ugh, ugh!"

The lion was coming in, along the blood scent apparently.

"Got your safety off?" Bob articulated.

Claire nodded, crouching forward to peer along the barrel.

"Watch your sights. . . . Go for the brain or else the heart."

She nodded again. Then he applied himself to his own peephole. He had wanted to fire after Claire, to second her shot, to make sure of the lion, but she had said she did not want that—she wanted the lion to be actually her own.

They waited, tense with excitement. Then the sounds stopped. Minutes went by. They listened, keyed up for a time, but ultimately the tension relaxed and expectation ebbed.

"He got our scent," Bob whispered. He said, hearteningly, "But he may come on, though."

They listened; there was no more

sound from the lion. Apparently he had decided that the buck smell plus the scent of humans was not worth the risk and that an antelope or a wart hog would be a better idea. The other distant sounds of lion, to the right, grew farther away and infrequent and died out.

Claire leaned back disappointedly, and Tommy closed her eyes. Bob stayed resolutely at his watch hole, staring fixedly at a dim, empty world of shifting light and dark.

Then slowly, soundlessly a shadow moved in from the left. Bob nudged Claire and she leaned forward, looking out, and Tommy roused at the faint stir and looked out, too. The shadow was vast, formless, unstirring, then another silent movement brought it against a patch of moonlit plain and it became the silhouette of a lion, a gigantic-looking silhouette, like something cut from monumental cardboard, a dark projection of a great head and mane and swell of shoulder. It looked larger than any lion could possibly be.

Claire fired. Her rifle shot rang out, shattering the stillness, reverberating like thunder across the plain. The lion roared and vanished. They heard a hard, galloping sound, like the galloping of a horse.

For a moment no one said anything, then Claire breathed, "Gone!" in furious chagrin.

"I should have fired," said Bob under his breath. "You should have let me fire."

"No! If I can't hit a lion myself—"

"You'll get the next," he encouraged.

That wasn't quite fair, Tommy thought. Claire had had her chance. You took your turn, in a shoot. After all, she and Michael were paying their share. . . . But this was a different sort of shoot; this was especially to have Mrs. Winston get a lion, Tommy reminded herself.

She heard the whispering beside her going on.

"What did you shoot for?"

"The brain. You said the brain."

"Take the heart, next time. The brain is a tricky shot—all that meat and muscle. I shouldn't have advised it."

"No, it's not your fault, Robert."

"He may be hit at that. He may lie up and we'll find him tomorrow."

"How can you find him?"

"Vultures. They sit and wait."

"How gruesome! . . . Do you really think he's hit?"

"No, I don't," said Bob honestly. "He went off too fast."

Claire sighed.

"You'll do it, next time," said Bob.

The warm sympathy in his voice was bitter hearing for Tommy. They seemed to have forgotten her, but she thought she ought to say something, so she murmured, "There's bound to be another. It's early yet."

THEY waited, silent again, motionless at their watch holes. The hours seemed endless. Once a lion called, far out on the plain, but only once. They heard a hyena's laugh, appalling as the laugh of an idiot, and when the moon went under a cloud they heard noises near the buck, and Bob flashed his torch and a hyena scudded off. Nothing else happened. Nothing but sitting and staring into shadows and moving cramped muscles as soundlessly as possible.

Tommy's head slid back against her chair and she slept. It was light when she opened her eyes, and she saw that Claire had slept, too, leaving Bob at the watch. Claire was just rousing, yawning sleepily. Bob looked across at them and grinned, a smudge of darkness on his unshaven face.

"There's the porters," he said, grimly ironical. "Michael heard that shot a right."

Half a dozen natives were squatting patiently outside the *boma*, shivering in the morning air, their arms folded across their chests, hugging themselves for warmth.

Bob dragged the brush away and the three crept out, glad to stand up, to move their cramped bodies. "I feel extremely disheveled," said Mrs. Winston, languidly, pulling out her compact, and red dening her lips. Even being disheveled was becoming to that hair of hers. Tommy thought critically, though she thought, too, that Mrs. Winston looked a bit heavy-eyed.

Tommy hurried to make tea, and Bob told off a couple of porters to stay to guard the buck from jackals and hyena. "It will do for tonight," he told them. He grinned. "It will speak with authority, but so much the better."

"Tonight!" said Mrs. Winston.

After a moment she smiled ruefully at Bob. "If I hadn't been such a poor shot you wouldn't have to come back to do this all over again."

"Oh, yes we would," said Bob. "Tommy has to get her lion."

"How stupid of me!" Claire gave Tommy a charmingly apologetic glance. "I'm terribly forgetful."

"Of other people," thought Tommy grimly, pouring out the tea.

THEY drank their tea, munched biscuits, lighted cigarettes and started back, Bob scanning the horizon hopelessly. The sun was up, sending a lovely level light across the plain, bringing out color everywhere—the blue-green of the dew-drenched grass, the pale pink of tiny plains' flower, the gold on a heron's crest as it sprang into flight.

The path wound through a shallow depression, studded with thickets. Ahead of them three topis dashed off, strung out like race horses, their clumsy-looking bodies stretched in panic, their beautiful maroon-bright skins glinting like watery silk in the sun.

They were looking after the topis when they heard a snarl and stopped dead in their tracks. Bob was carrying his gun; he raised it and Tommy and Claire reached swiftly for theirs from their following porters. The snarl came again; it came from a thicket a little ahead, the thicket from which the topis had just sheered away. One of the natives pointed excitedly, calling, "Simba!"

"Your lion!" said Bob, his voice taut. "Keep close to me. . . . He may be wounded."

Step by step they moved forward, the three of them, their guns leveled. The natives had promptly vanished from sight. The snarling sounded again, menacing, peremptory. Then came a succession of snarls, like a crackling of furious firecrackers, Tommy had just time to think, when the lion tore out, straight at them.

For a split second he was a streak of lion, close to the ground; Tommy saw that streak, then she saw a lion in the air, a vast, oncoming circumference of mane, and all the time she heard the fearful, bloodcurdling sounds a lion makes when charging for the kill, and it was as if she could do not to fire, not to press the trigger her finger was curling about, to remember that this was Claire's lion, that Claire had the first shot, that Bob was there to bring him down if Claire missed.

Claire fired. Bob fired almost instantaneously. The lion seemed to rear, to throw himself backward. Then he was on the ground, roaring horribly. The roaring stopped. He lay motionless.

(To be continued next week)



# LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO:

"Scouting the crop before auctions open." Painted from life on a Southern farm by Georges Schreiber



FOR VICTORY  
BUY  
UNITED STATES  
WAR  
BONDS  
AND  
STAMPS



## Not So Dumb

Continued from page 30

"Awright! Awright!" answered Domingo impatiently.

He wheeled the old man into the office and turned the dial for him. Then he went back to the kitchen.

"Aspen Maid Butter," said the mellifluous voice, "pure as our mountain streams, golden as our sunsets." John Erth raised his head and looked over his shoulder. A shadow had fallen across the floor. On noiseless feet young Hans Haffner had entered the room and was standing by the door. He was smiling. "Meester Ert," he said. "I haf something I would like to consuld with you about. May I come in?"

Looks like he had trouble on his mind, thought John Erth. He turned off the radio.

"Sure," he said. "Come in. Sit down. I thought you was out with Eddie Hickok. . . . Only make more noise, will you? I don't like fellers coming into a room that way."

Hans shut the door softly behind him and crossed the room with his noiseless catlike tread and sat down opposite John Erth. His blue eyes were curiously brilliant and smiling. "So-o!" he said comfortably, and reaching into the hind pocket of his overalls, pulled out a small automatic and pointed it at the pit of John Erth's stomach.

"Now ve can talk. . . . No—don't call. If Domingo comes in, I shoot him. Meester Ert, I go away from here—just now, these minute. You vill gif me the money you haf in this safe." He jerked his head sideways.

A RIPPLE of light passed across John Erth's eyes and was gone, leaving his eyes gray and expressionless.

In the silence a bluebottle fly buzzed angrily against one of the closed windows.

"Well," said John Erth genially, "so you're a stick-up man, are you? That's interesting. But you ain't very smart, Hans. All you had to do was to come and ask for your time and I'd have opened that safe. How'd you know I had money in it?"

Hans' smile was deprecating. He shrugged his shoulders.

"I vas in the dining room when your sohn vas talking. You are all very simpul, you pee-pul. You Americans talk too much."

"I guess we do," sighed John Erth. "but we ain't used to hiring gunmen and bandits. It's unusual." The corners of his mouth lifted slightly under his heavy mustache. "What you want the money for? I could lend it to you and that might keep you out of the pen."

The ice-blue eyes boring into his were thoughtful for a moment, and then Hans got abruptly to his feet, the automatic still pointing at the pit of John Erth's stomach, and drew himself together, and clicked his heels and bowed. He was dressed in his work pants and heavy shoes and a plaid shirt, open at the neck, and at that moment he no longer looked like a blond young ranch hand, but like a hawk against the sun.

"John Ert," he said, "you stoopid old man . . . you conceited, stoopid old man, you leetle king in your poor leetle kingdom, you haf the honor to be addressing Oberleutnant Hans von Broeckner of the German Luftwaffe, captured a year ago of London, until two months ago a preesoner in Canada. Now I go back where I come from and return to bomb your beeg and foolish country."

He stood straight and menacing, his

blue eyes as dark as the inner recesses of an ice cavern, and then he laughed dismissingly, and relaxed, and sat down again.

"I vaste my time," he said. "Open the safe."

"Well—!" John Erth said in the same genial, surprised voice.

When he spoke again it was in a fatherly fashion.

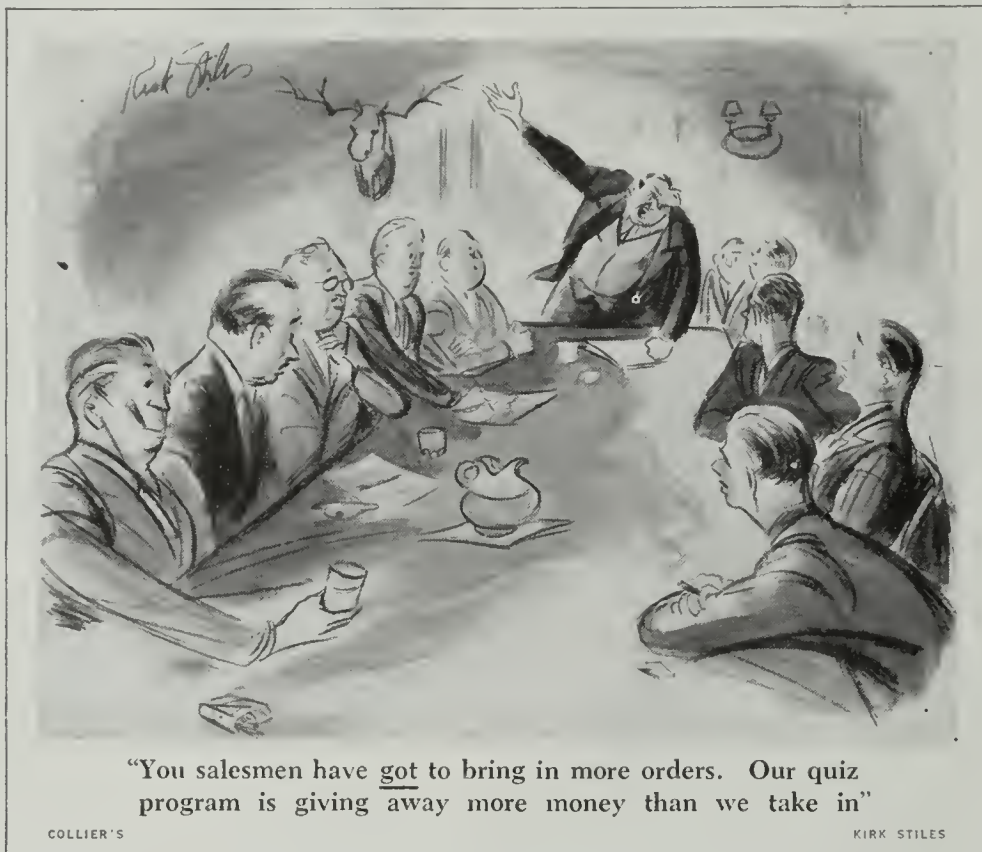
"Why are you telling me all this, Hans?" he asked. "It ain't bright. I'll open the safe and give you the money because I can't do nothing else—you got the drop on me—but they'll catch you sure as I'm sitting here. And now it's even worse than a stick-up. You won't go a hundred miles. What are you telling me for? It ain't healthy, no, sir, not nowadays, not from the Atlantic to the Pa-

you? And you talk pretty good English, too. How'd that come about?"

"I lived in this country four years," said Hans. "I vas a boy. I vent to school. My fader vas a banker."

"That's what gets me," said John Erth reflectively. His eyes staring at Hans were puzzled. "It sure does. If you'd never known better, it'd be clearer. But you had your chance and missed it. We've got our faults, sure we have, lot's of 'em, but look at us, Hans, look at us. Lord Almighty, we're free men, we're going somewhere, and if we're not too much interfered with, it'll be somewhere a whole lot better than we are now, but what you fellows want is to make slaves of yourselves and everyone else."

He shook his heavy, maned head. "I don't understand it," he said regretfully,



cific, to be what you say you are. Why are you telling me?"

Hans smiled faintly and shrugged his shoulders.

"Why am I telling you?" His eyes were for a moment withdrawn and thoughtful. "Because for two months now I haf no von to talk to and I get lonesome. Now I can talk and no von vill efer know. Besides—" He threw back his head. "I pay you back, John Ert. For three weeks now I sid at supper and hear you insuld my pee-pul and my Fuehrer, and I take it. Now I tell you."

"NO ONE will know?" inquired John Erth, mildly.

Hans shook his head.

"No von. Look!" He held up his left hand, the long, delicate-boned thumb bent. "See? I take both thumbs so and press them under your jaws—you are dead. No sound, no struggle, no mark. They find you; it is nadural, you are an old man. By then, I am four—five hundred miles away. I haf Eddie Hickok's car. You are so careless, you pee-pul. He leafs his keys in. And the other cars . . . they are oudt of commission, even the trucks. I see to that. I haf cut the telephone, too. Someone walks or rides a horse twenty miles to gif the alarm. Not so far away I haf friends, but where do I go—nordt, south, east, vest?"

John Erth's voice was admiring:

"Well, you ain't so dumb after all, are

especially with someone like you who's had his chance. It looks to me plain dumb. Yessir, plain dumb." His voice changed and became matter of fact: "I'm going to open the safe and then you're going to kill me. Is that the idea? If you're going to kill me anyway, why should I open the safe?"

Hans shrugged his shoulders.

"It makes no difference. Suidt yourself. In the pocket of your shirt is a paper with the numbers. I get it anyway. But I can hurt you bad or not before I ged it."

"All right," said John Erth abruptly. And as if he were tired, "You win. I know when I'm licked. And you're right—I'm an old man and a crippled one. It don't make much difference You couldn't have done this to me ten years ago, Hans."

"No?"

John Erth had shrunk into himself. His eyes were half closed as if he had reached the limit of his endurance. His head, with its mane of white hair, had fallen against the back of his chair.

"An old man and a weak one," he repeated. "What time is it?"

Hans consulted his wrist watch.

"Egactly thirteen minutes past four." "Mind if I'd turn on the radio. It'd be more cheerful. I always did like music."

"No, it would be better—more noise."

John Erth, leaning back in his chair, his eyes still half closed, reached out

feebly. His huge gnarled hand was trembling visibly.

"There!" he said weakly.

The mellifluous voice poured into room.

"In these times of stress," it said, "we not both eat well and save? Aspen M. Butter, pure as our intermountain streams, golden as our sunsets. And now in the absence of Bart MacDonald, your regular announcer, I'll introduce Son Masters and his orchestra myself. It's exactly a quarter past four, war time. The first number on this daily program is the deservedly popular piece, Swing. Gi Swing." Without any introduction, screeching, roaring, breathless, it ripped apart the comparative silence.

"Awful, ain't it?" murmured John Erth. He reached blindly into the pocket of his shirt and brought out the slip of paper with the combination of the safe on it. His hand dropped to his side. "Here," he said, "come and get it. I'm too bad to open that safe myself. I'd better think over that killing. If I give you my word, I won't tell. I say you were mad and drew your paper that is, until you get a head start."

"Phut!" said Hans contemptuously.

HE STOOD up, the automatic pointed, and crossed the room gingerly, and standing off as far as he could reached down swiftly to pluck the paper from John Erth's hand. For an instant his head was on the level of John Erth's shoulder. "You damn' fool!" said John Erth, and with his huge gnarled hand caught the back of Hans' neck and pressed him toward the floor. With the other hand holding the paper, he struck upward and out, throwing Hans' right arm up until the muscles cracked. Hans gave an exclamation of pain as the automatic flew across the room and exploded. John Erth caught the injured arm by the wrist as it fell and held it with a grip of steel. With his other hand he continued to press downward.

"Kneel," he said grimly. "Kneel. I don't like you. Get down on your knees. You got bones like a girl. And the next time you're a-going to kill a man, don't talk about it, don't savor it, do it. No, don't bite! I'll break your neck. What did you think you was with, anyway?"

The door opened and Domingo stood regarding John Erth with wide, rebellious eyes.

"What you shootin' for?"

"Fun," said John Erth. "Here—don't stand there aping. Get a rope and hang this fellow. You're always talking about your jujitsu and the knots you know. Why didn't you come when that music begun? You know that's my signal. I hate that there jazz. I could've killed when I had him, I suppose, but I like like fooling them fellers—they think they're smart."

Three more figures stood in the doorway: John Erth, Jr., and two well-built young men in civilian clothes.

"I thought you was heading south," said John Erth. He was holding Hans while Domingo, having taken the ancient lariat from the wall, was methodically and expertly tying him up.

"I met these gentlemen on the highway," said John Erth, Jr. "They're federal agents. They had Hans located. He's a bad actor. I was scared to death."

"About me?" asked his father contemptuously. He looked down at Hans bowed head and then up.

"You hired him," he said.

THE END



## Five Who Vanished

Continued from page 31

He had dark brown eyes and thick, curly hair. He bent down and kissed Jason on the curve of her cheek. "You're beginning to think you'd like the ship," he said without humor. "I suppose," Lorrin Grazzard said. "He was undeniably handsome, in a sort of way. He looked as if he was big-boned and slow and powerful. He seemed to Jason, who acknowledged that he was prejudiced, that the man radiated arrogance. Miss Topping glanced at Jason and said, 'Do you know each other? Jason and Lorrin Grazzard.' Lorrin reached out to shake Lorrin's hand. Miss Topping's fiancé gave him a lazy, speculative stare, and then he shook hands briefly. "I think Mr. Amboy's the man who built the airplane engines," the girl said. Lorrin Grazzard said heavily, "Oh, I just heard you sold your engine to the British." "There's nothing to that rumor," Jason said. "Well, I don't know anything about engine. Is it a radial?" "No. An in-line." "Well, I prefer the radial myself," Lorrin Grazzard said. "I have a Wasp on one of my ships and a Whirlwind in another." JASON could not decide whether this silence was deliberate or not. His face was growing warm. "Oh, yes," he said, "those built-in wind jobs." "Some people," Lorrin Grazzard said, "seem to prefer them. I used to do a great deal of over-water flying before the war and I like an engine that's got the bugs worked out of it." "There seems to be a slight difference of opinion," Miss Topping said. "Well, maybe it will all be settled by the time the war is over." "It's settled now," said her fiancé. "I don't see you from the islands, Amboy? It seems to me I've heard you were." "Yes, Grazzard. I used to live on the islands a great many years ago." "About twenty," Miss Topping said. "That makes you thirty, and you're not thirty. Tall, thirty and terribly efficient." Lorrin Grazzard's dark eyes were fixed on Jason's. "You two are related, you know," Miss Topping said. "Really?" said Grazzard. "Yes, really," she said. "Third cousins." "There's a great deal of that in the islands among the old families," Jason said. "I've heard it's a bad thing," Miss Topping said. "Luana!" Grazzard said sharply. She looked up at him with innocent green eyes. "What, Lorrin?" "Stop trying to be so funny." She took his arm. "Come and help me find your mother, Lorrin." "Well, what are we waiting for?" he said. Jason wondered if Lorrin Grazzard was chronically disagreeable, or whether he was peevish at the moment at having found his fiancée talking with another man. He was inclined to suspect it was both. There seemed to be a tension, perhaps the result of an unresolved quarrel, between the two, and Jason had

the curious impression that, although Luana Topping was in love with this darkly handsome young man, she either disliked him at the moment or was rebellious about something.

"You really must have her meet Mr. Amboy," she said. "And I'm sure Mr. Amboy would enjoy meeting her. They would get along like doves."

"Stop it, Luana." Lorrin Grazzard's face was red. He appeared to be losing his temper.

"By the way," she said, "I had to borrow a dollar and a half from Mr. Amboy to pay for my taxi. Will you pay him?"

"With pleasure." Grazzard took some

sure, left it unlocked, and he supposed that his room steward had locked it. He unlocked and opened the door.

Only one dim light was burning. It was shaded with green silk and it filled the room with a curious sickly glow.

The shadowed figure of a man seated on one of the beds lengthened as the man sprang up.

"I beg your pardon," Jason said, and laughed. "I seem to have fallen into the habit of opening wrong doors." He started to close the door, then glanced at the number. It was 327. It was his stateroom.

"This is your cabin," the stranger

"I saw you come aboard. I knew something about you. So I decided to take the chance and hide in here. I knew your room number and—"

"How?" Jason stopped him.

"I got it from the man who brought your luggage aboard. As you've probably guessed, Mr. Amboy, I'm a stowaway and—"

"How did you get on this ship?"

"I carried luggage aboard. I just stayed."

The man's voice was rough and jerky with nervousness.

"Who," Jason said, "are these fellows who are after you?"

"They're wearing shabby clothes. They must have got on as defense workers—at the last minute."

"But," Jason protested, "you can't get away with this. You'll have to explain yourself to someone."

The stowaway was stubbornly shaking his head. "No, Mr. Amboy. Now that we're under way, no one will question me. From now on, I'm just another defense worker."

The quick way the muscles about his eyes contracted and the expression about his mouth when he talked rapidly reminded Jason more and more of Wayne.

"I see," said Jason. "So you just came down here and walked in."

"Yes, Mr. Amboy. I had to hide in a hurry. I knew something about you and I hoped you wouldn't mind helping out a man in a very bad jam."

"Who are you?" Jason said.

"I'm Arthur N. Garson, Mr. Amboy. Perhaps you've heard about me. Until this recent election, I've been the assistant district attorney of Los Angeles."

ARTHUR N. GARSON was something of a comic figure in southern California politics; something of a modern Don Quixote who used newspaper headlines as lances with which to tilt at the southern California gambling ring.

"So you're Garsie," Jason said.

The man managed a feeble grin. "That's right, Mr. Amboy—I'm Garsie. As you know, my crowd was defeated in the last election. And as you may also have read, the gang of hoodlums I was fighting got into my office on election night, beat up a watchman and got away with all the records I've been collecting on them and other crooks ever since I've been in office."

Jason nodded.

"I've got enough on that gang—five of them—to hang them," Arthur Garson went on. "In my head. And no one else has it but me. You see?"

"I'm beginning to see," Jason said. "So now you're on a spot."

"I'm on a very hot spot, Mr. Amboy. Two attempts were made on my life before I left Los Angeles."

Jason said, "Well, what do you expect me to do about it, Mr. Garson? You certainly aren't planning to hide in this stateroom all the way to Honolulu."

"Why not?" the stowaway said.

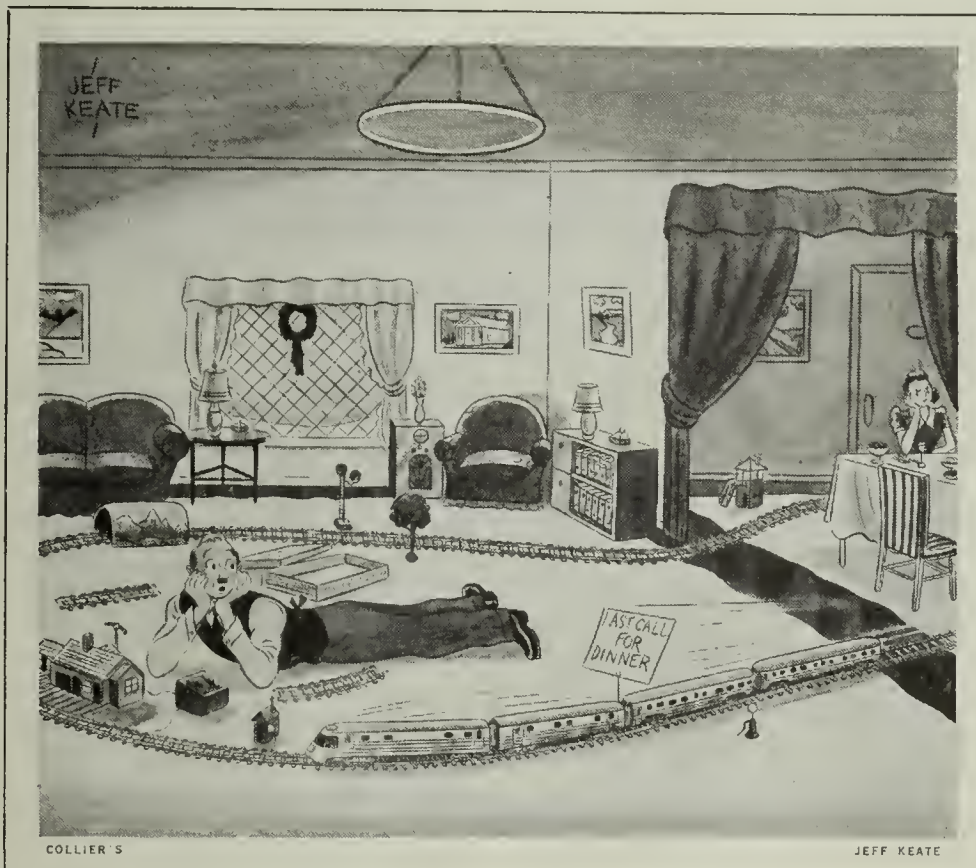
"Because you couldn't get away with it," Jason replied.

"I could if you'd be willing to co-operate, Mr. Amboy. All I want is to hole up until we reach Honolulu."

Jason gazed at him steadily. "Are you dead sure—Mr. Garson?"

The man who reminded him of his brother met his eyes with equal steadiness. "Yes, Mr. Amboy. Dead sure."

Jason was still undecided. He was sorry for this man, and he was intrigued by his resemblance to Wayne. But he



change out of his pocket and held out three half dollars to Jason.

"Thank you so much, Mr. Amboy," the girl said. She was smiling at Jason and her green eyes were large and dark and bottomless. "Goodbye," she said with finality.

"I'm apt to recall at any moment," he said, "where it was we met."

"Don't hesitate to give me a ring, will you?" she said, and laughed softly, as if they shared a joke.

JASON wondered if they did. He had been aware of strange undercurrents in that conversation. She and this dark, heavy-handed man to whom she was engaged either had had a bitter quarrel recently or were about to have one. It had almost come to that. And the crux of it all had seemed to be Lorrin Grazzard's mother. Jason recalled very little about Mrs. Hiram Grazzard except that she was a domineering woman, as all the Grazzard women had been since the first of them, Faith Grazzard, the wife of the dying Captain Ebenezer Grazzard of the brig Sweet Hope, had stepped ashore on the little out island of Kahuna, in her stout Massachusetts boots, some hundred and twenty years ago.

The Tasmania was passing under the Golden Gate Bridge. Navy planes were flying near by. Ahead, two small black trawlers, mine sweepers, were trolling a net.

Jason went below to his stateroom. The door was locked. He had, he was

said, "if you're Jason Amboy. Are you?"

"Yes," Jason said warily.

"Will you please close the door, Mr. Amboy?"

Jason flipped the toggle of the wall switch near him, and a strong light in the ceiling glowed. He had been thinking of his brother, and the tall lean man standing between the beds reminded him of Wayne. He had a narrow dark mustache and that, with his height and leanness and the slope of his shoulders, created this illusion that was instantly gone. He had light blue eyes and sandy hair that was now disordered. There was a smudge of soot or black grease high on his left cheekbone. And he was pale and he looked frightened.

"Why?" Jason said.

"I must not be found here, Mr. Amboy. Will you please lock that door? I'm very anxious to explain."

Jason closed the door and put his back against it. The man was staring at him. He was trembling.

"I assure you, this was necessary, Mr. Amboy. I've got to throw myself on your mercy. There are two men on this ship who will kill me if they find me."

He stopped and stared rather wildly at Jason and Jason stared steadily at him.

"I was up on the boat deck when I saw the pair of them come aboard. They've followed me from Los Angeles and I thought I'd shaken them. After we'd sailed, I slipped down and saw them on deck. So I came down here and hid."

"Why here?"



knew that the man was lying. He had once met Arthur N. Garson—"Garsie"—and the stowaway was not Arthur N. Garson. Jason was tempted to let him stay, at least for a while, at least until he found out why the stowaway had selected this stateroom as a hiding place.

Jason shrugged. "Well, all right," he said. "If you can fix it with the room steward, it's all right with me."

Arthur Garson took a deep breath. His face became red. He grinned with relief. "Thank you, Mr. Amboy. You can't realize what a relief it is to hear you say that. You've given me a chance at staying alive—and I'm not exaggerating. I'll never forget this. Some day I'll repay it."

The telephone rang. Jason started to answer it.

"Wait a minute!" the stowaway cried.

"You're having the jumps," Jason said. "Relax." He answered it.

A man's muffled voice said, "Mr. Amboy?"

"Yes."

"Kitchener reporting, sir."

"Who?"

"Kitchener, sir. Rodney K. Kitchener."

"Flack?" Jason cried.

"Kitchener, sir."

"Are you on this ship?"

"Yes, sir."

"HOW in—" Jason began. "So that's what all that mysterious talk was about! How did you get aboard?"

"I'm sorry if it upsets you, Mr. Amboy. At least five times I've been within a few feet of you, but you didn't recognize me." Flack chuckled softly. "I wanted to test my disguise, sir. It must be very effective. I've been circulating about in a quiet way and inspecting the groundwork, so to speak."

"For what?"

"For what's going to happen, sir."

"Is something going to happen?"

"I'm definitely sure of it, Mr. Amboy. Can you meet me at once at a rendezvous I have selected?"

"Where?"

"On the boat deck, sir. Just abaft the after funnel is a paddle-tennis court. It is reached by a short flight of steps on either the port or the starboard side."

"But how will I recognize you?"

"Mr. Amboy," his valet said stiffly, "I have something of serious importance to tell you."

"I'll be right up," Jason said.

The boat deck was a cold and eerie place. The fog drifted past in a swirling white mass. Beyond the second of the fat funnels Jason found the paddle-tennis court. He climbed a short flight of steps and opened a door of heavy steel net. A dim glow in the west gave the scene an appropriately dim and misty illumination.

A short man was standing near the net in the middle of the court. He wore a gray hat and a gray suit. He was gray-haired and gray-mustached. In the foggy twilight, he looked like a respectable middle-aged bookkeeper.

"Flack!" Jason said.

"Kitchener, sir."

"I'm sorry, Kitchener. I would never have recognized you. . . . How did you get on this ship?"

"I shipped as a defense worker, sir. You will recall that before I became your valet I worked for a time as an operating engineer."

"A rig operator," Jason corrected him. "A crane operator."

"Yes, sir. They need operating engineers in the worst way on construction jobs at Pearl Harbor and on the outer islands, Mr. Amboy. When I showed the personnel man at the contractors'

employment office my union card and expressed my willingness to go anywhere, he secured me a 1-A priority without delay. It got me instantly aboard this ship, as I had hoped."

"Why did you want to be aboard this particular ship, Flack?"

"To be of service to you, Mr. Amboy. Look at you, sir. It's just as I said. The captain issued the most explicit instructions for you to wear your life preserver at all times. Supposing this ship were torpedoed now!"

"Do you mean," Jason said in a marveling voice, "that you went to all this trouble to get aboard this ship, merely to keep reminding me to wear my life preserver?"

"Not entirely, Mr. Amboy. After all, I am bound to you by law. I am still under parole to you. And I feel it my duty to see you through this present very dangerous situation. I am not referring now to the possibility of torpedoes from a wolf pack of Jap submarines, or a pos-

"Well, I'll confess I've been entertaining that idea myself, Flack, but did you know that she's engaged?"

"If you'll pardon me again, sir—what of it?"

"Yes, I see your point," Jason said. "At least, you've given me something to think about."

His valet laughed. "I don't believe I have, Mr. Amboy. I've served a great many large and small dinner parties for you in my time, sir, at many of which beautiful women were present, and I've had an excellent opportunity to observe your reactions, but I've never seen the expression on your face I saw while you were chatting with Miss Topping on deck."

"Were you there, too?" Jason exclaimed.

"Yes, sir. To quote my own words, if you'll permit me, I think she has only to crook her little finger to lure you to your destruction. *She is a dangerous girl, Mr. Amboy!* I'm beginning to see a pat-

tern—a bright dark pattern, sir, of intrigue and danger. And she's at the heart of it. I'm convinced she's up to much more serious mischief than we've given her credit for. I'm convinced she knows about the murder of your brother."

"Did you learn definitely that my brother was murdered?"

"No, Mr. Amboy. Not definitely. But I learned that this party of five people—the Grazzard party—left Kokala just two days after your brother was murdered—I mean, vanished, sir. He vanished on the night of December third. They left Kokala on the morning of the fifth—not quite two days—and sailed from Honolulu on the afternoon of the same day—two days before war started."

"What else did you learn?"

"That this same party—these same five people always make an annual trip from Kauai to the mainland early in June. They made their usual trip this year. They've been doing so for the past eight years. This present trip is unusual and exceptional."

"Yes, Flack, but let's not draw important conclusions until all the evidence is in."

"I have a curious sense, a sort of sixth sense, about such things, that has never failed me, Mr. Amboy. I am convinced that one of the five members of the Grazzard party killed your brother and that it all has to do with a plan of such intricacy, such terrifying cold-blooded-

ness—"

"Flack, you're running wild."

"I insist, Mr. Amboy, that these five

people are sinister. I've seen and

ied them all. Mrs. Grazzard is a

of fifty-five—a grim, cold, for

woman who rules those about

a rod of iron. You've met her s

"Next—the Maces—Mr. an

Channing Mace. Mr. Mace is th

ager of Kokala plantation—a p

man with tremendous shoulders,

thin mouth and eyes I would nev

His wife is a very attractive blon

woman. She is possibly very tr

ous. The fifth member of the p

Miss Topping. And I have the

feeling," Flack said with a cert

fiance, "that underneath what w

or suspect, there are the most sin

ugly forces in motion. I have th

nite feeling that these people are

and dangerous and that they're a

on some black scheme. And I'll

all up by saying one thing more

own life may be in grave danger. I

your brother may have been mu

by one of this party. If he was, th

not relish your investigation. Ple

extremely careful, Mr. Amboy. Ar

going about this ship without yo

jacket, sir!"



sible bombing from planes from a roving carrier. I am referring to the Grazzards, sir."

"All right," Jason said. "Let's have it."

"Yes, sir. I've checked up on all the members of the Grazzard party. I've had an opportunity to scrutinize them and to form an opinion of each of them. And I searched Mr. Grazzard's room, hoping to find those letters. There wasn't time to search the others. Incidentally, sir, all their rooms are on C deck."

"FLACK," Jason said with alarm, "you're going a little too far. There's a war on. The discipline on this ship is very strict. You're apt to land in the brig."

"I'm not afraid of landing in the brig, sir. I know my way around. And it's necessary that we have all the available information on these people. I've reached some important conclusions and I'm anxious to compare notes with you. The personalities of these five people are a very important part of the pattern that's taking shape, so, if you don't object, sir, shall we take things up in their natural order and begin with Miss Topping?"

"Very well, Flack," Jason said. He was impatient but he was delighted by these bold new blossoms that Flack's humble personality was putting forth. "Tell me about Miss Topping."

Flack coughed gently. "She is that rarest of all jewels—a truly beautiful woman with character, intelligence and cleverness. If you'll pardon me, sir, there's the girl for you."

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JASON entered the dining room and found a table for six at which was an empty seat. He was hardly seated when a steward said, "Are you Mr. Amboy?"

"Yes."

"Mrs. Grazzard sends her compliments, Mr. Amboy, and requests you sit at her table."

Jason was surprised and more than a little mystified.

The steward conducted him to Mrs. Grazzard's table. On the way over Jason identified two of its occupants: a girl with the remarkable copper-colored skin was Luana Topping. And the woman with the black hair, the thick brows and the dark skin on her left hand was her fiancé Lorrin Grazzard.

Then Jason discovered a third person whom he had seen before—a blond girl who sat beside the empty chair he was to occupy. She was the girl into whose stateroom he had walked by mistake. She was smiling slyly at him with a little corner of her mouth.

The man on her right was about thirty with dark red hair, a narrow dark mustache, small gray eyes, a thin-lipped mouth. His ruddy face was square and his shoulders were those of a wrestler.

But none of them impressed Jason so much as the woman who would sit on his left. She was Mrs. Hiram Grazzard. Everything about her suggested strength—her large, slightly yellowish face, its firm mouth and its capable chin, her shoulders which were heroic, her capacious broad chest, even her thick black hair touched with gray at the temples.

Mrs. Grazzard was appraising Jason with dull amber eyes, coolly and thoroughly. She reminded him of portraits of Queen Victoria. There was the same solidity about her, the same confidence in her powers.

She tapped the arm of the chair beside her. "Sit here, young man," she said in a deep voice and with an authority that could not be questioned. She introduced him to the others. The blond girl was Mrs. Channing Mace. The man next to her was Channing Mace.

Miss Cudlip, who sat almost across from Jason, and was evidently not one of Mrs. Grazzard's minions, resumed what Jason suspected was a monologue about paddle-tennis. She was a homely, freckled woman, a strawberry blonde, with magnificent shoulders and sharp green eyes.

Jason seated himself between Mrs. Grazzard and Mrs. Mace, who was smiling slyly. He glanced across at Luana Topping and met a green-eyed gl





## For Instance ...

... from Hawaii came news that Lieut. Gen. Emmons was to discuss maneuvers and defensive plans with officers and men by radio. Brig. Gen. Boyd commenting in a radio broadcast said: "The use of commercial radio by the commander to contact his troops spread over many square miles is a new and important means of communication." (news item)

... one of the objectives at Dieppe was "destruction ... of a radio location station which plays an important part in German attacks on ... channel convoys." (news item)

## Interesting!

Watch for radio use in the war news—you'll find it in the air—an the ground—and at home.

WITHOUT radio, the movement of war would still be anchored by telephone lines—the physical hazards of the courier and visual signals.

Now war moves swiftly over the whole face of the earth—instantaneous radio communication thru the ether instead of over copper wires has blasted the barriers of space and time.

So today all our radio production centers on war use.

But what of tomorrow—what effect will this have upon the future—after victory?

One thing is certain—it will revolutionize and speed the great new future form of transportation.

Radio has never been universally necessary in transportation before. In automobiles—on trains—it has been entertainment—in boats it has been a great aid but not an essential.

But today for the future, in that great new universal transportation that is forming itself—the airplane—radio is essential as the engine itself.



Zenith's leadership in the radio industry has been established by a constant achievement of "firsts." Repeatedly, ideas "brand new" when Zenith "first" introduced them, later became essentials on all radios. And that same "forward thinking" of engineers and factory and organization now concentrates on war production of the thing we know—radio—exclusively radio. We are progressing—we learn every day—and this new experience will inevitably reflect itself when Zenith again produces for peace.

For over seven years Zenith Radio Corporation has advertised on short wave sets—Europe, South America or the Orient—every day or your money back. It has never been called upon for a refund.

—a Zenith Radio Dealer near you is giving reliable service on all radios—regardless of make. ZENITH RADIO CORPORATION—CHICAGO



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was steady and unfathomable. She wasn't smiling.

"I wanted to talk to you, Mr. Amboy," the formidable woman on his left stated. "My son tells me you used to live on Kauai. Just where on Kauai?"

"Kokala," Jason answered.

"Have you an older brother?"

"Yes, Mrs. Grazzard."

"And you are Jason?"

"Yes, Mrs. Grazzard."

"I shall call you Jason. Your father my cousin. He was my mill superintendent for eleven years at Kokala. Your parents left with you and your brother the mainland in nineteen-twenty-one. What is your father doing now?"

"He died less than a year after we went to the mainland."

"The dull amber eyes, in their heavy black pouches, were watching him steadily."

"Where is your mother now, Jason?"

"She died six months after my father's."

"Who brought you up?"

"I did."

"Where was your brother Wayne?"

"Wandering."

"H'mm," said Mrs. Grazzard. It seemed Jason that her mental processes were slow but as sure as a heavy Army tank.

"He was a very formidable woman, but she had the feeling that she was not necessarily a cruel or even an unkind woman, at least according to her own lights. She might be merely a middle-aged white queen on a tropical island, strong of character, imperious in viewpoint."

"Where do you live, Jason?"

"In San Francisco."

IT WAS evident that she did not intend to ask him where Wayne was. With her penetrating curiosity, it would have been a natural question. Jason deliberated mentioning Wayne's mysterious disappearance—weighed the advisability of dropping it as an experimental bomb. He decided against it. If Mrs. Grazzard or any of her party had had anything to do with Wayne's disappearance, nothing would be gained.

She was playing with a long, thin gold pencil which she carried on the end of a long, rather heavy gold chain. She was tapping on the table with the tapering end of it and he saw that the top of it was crowned with a sapphire.

"What do you do, Jason?"

"I've been working for the past two years on an airplane engine."

"You mean, you're an engineer?"

"Yes, Mrs. Grazzard."

"Does your engine work?" she asked dryly.

"The Army's been testing it all the past week," her son said in his heavy voice, "and they rejected it."

She considered him. "What's wrong with it?"

"Bugs," said Lorrin Grazzard. "It's full of little bugs, isn't it, Amboy?"

"That means," Luana said, "he hasn't quite perfected it, Aunt Bertha."

"I know what bugs are," said Mrs. Grazzard firmly. "Two years should be long enough to perfect any airplane engine."

"My engine," Jason said, "is perfect except for a few very minor details. A child could get rid of them."

Mrs. Grazzard resumed eating. Jason supposed that he was, for the time being, dismissed. Miss Topping was gazing at him with dark and thoughtful eyes. Miss Cudlip was telling Mr. Mace about tennis. Miss Topping said, "Mr. Amboy, what do they do about stowaways?"

Jason glanced at her quickly, but her expression was innocent. He said solemnly, "They lock them in a dungeon and throw the key away."

"No, really," the girl said. "How do they find them on a ship as large as this?"

"The old-fashioned stowaway who used to hide in lifeboats and such places has gone out of style," Lorrin said. "And the war has put an end to stowaways."

"Has it?" Miss Topping asked innocently.

"There is a new law," Mr. Mace said, "under which a stowaway is punished for his sins with a six months' sentence."

"I suppose," Miss Topping said, "that also applies to anyone giving aid and comfort to a stowaway."

"It does," Mr. Mace agreed.

"Now, getting back to Tilden's backhand—" Miss Cudlip began determinedly, and Channing Mace gave her his attention.

"So you left Kauai when you were a little boy," Mrs. Mace said.

"I was ten," said Jason.

"Remember it much?"

"Not much."

"Well, it hasn't changed much."

She had her head turned so that she could see his eyes. For a moment, their eyes were mutually exploratory. Jason thought he saw shrewdness and liking in the blue depths. And he became aware that he had not really looked at Mrs.

Channing Mace before. In her blond way, she was very pretty.

"I suppose," Mrs. Mace said, "you'll be going to Kokala sooner or later?"

"I may," Jason said.

"But you must!" She spoke very softly. "When you do, we'd love to have you stay with us. We've a perfectly huge house and we'd love to show you around. It would be fun to take you to the scenes of your childhood."

"I'm afraid I've forgotten most of them," Jason said.

"Even if you once lived there," said Mrs. Mace, still watching him with her shrewd, friendly eyes, "you'll still be a malihini."

"I'm afraid I've forgotten all my Hawaiian, too," Jason said.

"Malihini means tenderfoot," said Mrs. Mace. "And a tenderfoot in any language gets himself so easily into pilikia."

"Pilikia?"

"Trouble."

"But I'm not looking for pilikia."

"Aren't you?" she drawled. "I thought you said you were coming to Kokala."

"Does that mean the same thing?"

She laughed. "I don't know, I'm sure. I'm afraid I'm just fishing."

"And I," said Jason, "am just trying to find my way around."

She nodded. She said in so low a voice that it was almost a whisper: "I don't want you to be opening any more wrong doors. I think you need a friend."

JASON glanced quickly about the table. Lorrin Grazzard was staring at him. Mrs. Grazzard was not eating. She had put her fork down and was tapping the edge of the table with her gold pencil. Miss Cudlip was talking with vivacity about the last match she had seen at Forest Hills. Channing Mace was gazing at Jason with gemlike eyes. And Luana was looking at Jason with dark, clouded eyes.

"Jason," Mrs. Grazzard said, "will you be going directly to Kauai?"

"I haven't decided that, Mrs. Grazzard," he answered.

"When you do," she said, "you're to be my guest, of course."

The strange air of tension about the table delayed Jason's answer a little too long.

Mrs. Mace's faint whisper just reached his hearing: "The queen has spoken. And you'd better acknowledge it, you dope."

Jason said, "Thank you, Mrs. Grazzard. You are very kind."

(To be continued next week)

## Christmas Investment

Continued from page 8

anywhere they choose to send you, by anybody?" his mother asked in a challenging voice.

"Well, not quite that," Phil answered, troubled and yet amused. "It means that we don't have to do anything else to get him into the service, Mommy. He's in."

"I see." She was beaten and she knew it but she would not make a scene.

Two days later Sid's mother and Violet, the maid, put his room into perfect order, closed the windows, drew the shades, and went out of it, Adele Cazavant coming out last and carefully shutting the door. She made no comment to Violet, no complaint to any other member of the family. Outwardly she showed nothing. Inwardly she was conscious of a sensation as if her heart had swelled up and grown strangely heavy, but she did not speak of it. Life on Garden Hill must go on.

And immediately there was easement,

if not relief. For presently Sidney was at home for a day and a night; gone but back again in ten days for another flying visit—Sidney enthusiastic and brown and well; Sidney very much humbled as to the services he might render the country, but confident and willing; Sidney dearer than ever to father and mother and sisters.

"There is no reason for us to get excited and change everything," Adele persisted. "Things in this house are going on exactly as if the world was not at war."

"BUT I honestly think that this whole family is going crazy!" she added in bewilderment, when Topsy, on a certain November morning, turned her about with a wild embrace, indulged in a gale of laughter, and asked if her mother had any objection to her announcing her engagement to Arthur Atkins."

"You mean the—the—that little—engagement—" Adele stammered. She caught Topsy's shoulders and looked into her daughter's dancing dark eyes. "He didn't have the audacity to—he wouldn't—he hasn't asked you to marry him?" she said.

"Oh, but he has!" Topsy chanted. "And I said 'yes!' I'm going to help him and his father with the horses, and his mother will teach me to cook, and I'm going to have babies!"

"That is ridiculous!" Adele said.

The bright eyes met hers; slim, small, red-cheeked, rebellious, Topsy looked like the child she had been only yesterday.

But it was not a child's voice that spoke. It was a proud, resentful voice: "May I ask why 'ridiculous,' Mother?"

"Because it is, dear." But this would not do; Adele supplemented it: "Why, darling, what will all the other girls



think? It means no graduation at Castilleja next June—it means—”

“Mother, it's my life!” Topsy put in passionately. “Do you think I'm going to tell Art that I can't announce my engagement because of what the girls at school will think?”

“No; but I would suppose it would matter what Dad and I think,” Adele said, conscious of losing ground. “I am going to ask a promise of you, Topsy,” she went on, as the girl sat grimly staring into space with half-closed eyes. “I want you to promise me that you will graduate before there is any talk of an engagement or any announcement of an engagement,” Adele said.

“I know that Art is a very attractive fellow. Even I can see that. I mean he's clean and smart and amusing and friendly; I grant all that,” she pursued. “But I am sure Daddy never would consent to it. And in time to come—”

“In time to come, what?” Topsy asked, as her mother stopped. “You mean if he's killed in the war?”

“I mean that *if* in time to come you changed your mind,” Adele recommenced, more mildly than she had yet spoken, “it would be so much easier to free yourself. But I think we needn't consider that. All I want to impress upon you now—all I ask today is that you promise me to wait until you graduate. And then if you feel the same way, we'll see!”

“That miserable old ‘we'll see!’” Topsy grumbled childishly. And Adele knew that she had won.

“Promise me, darling,” she said.

“Oh, I promise!”

“No engagement, no talk of engagement, until after graduation?”

“Promise. Cross my heart.”

“You see,” Adele said, inwardly trembling at the magnitude of the triumph, “you see, I want to keep things here exactly as they've always been, for Daddy, and Sid when we can get him, and all of us.”

“But, Mother,” Topsy said, still smoldering, “everything has changed!”

“Everything elsewhere has changed,” Adele conceded. “All the more reason why our home should not. I want this one little spot in the troubled world to be all family love and peace.”

“Oh, yeah?” Topsy said under her breath. But this sauciness was so unlike her that her mother decided not to hear it.

IT WAS in mid-December that Philip told her seriously that he feared they would have to change their way of living. The manufacture of some of the staple articles in his business was no longer possible—priorities and WPB rulings. The handsome dividends to which they were accustomed were bound to dwindle in the coming years. Except for occasional glimpses Sidney was away; Diana stayed more and more often at night with her fellow airplane observer, Mary Clements, who had a small, romantic apartment hung like a nest above the docks and the shipping on Telegraph Hill. But Adele carried on, as did Wong in the kitchen, Violet upstairs, and Grace with her silver polishing, her progress with the vacuum cleaner through the library and dining room and halls.

“We could let Violet go,” Adele conceded doubtfully, on this occasion, when she was momentarily impressed by Philip's anxious earnestness; “but putting one poor girl out of a position at this particular moment in our national affairs, does not seem to me economy. . . . Are things really very bad at the office?”

“No; things aren't really very bad at the office,” Philip said. “They're not really very bad at the office because

they've practically ceased to exist at the office. We're shutting down.”

“You're—” Adele couldn't say it. “You're shutting down?”

“We're closing the Petrero plant,” he said, “and on the first of the year—if I get the Seattle order—I'm going to combine forces with Brandt and Tucker.”

“CHARLIE TUCKER!” Adele cried. “Why, he was your office boy!”

“Same Charlie,” Philip said. “He came to see me the other day—he knows how things have been going with us. He asked me frankly if we had the Seattle order. I said yes, it was in the bag. He asked how were we going to handle it, with so many of our men drafted and Davis sick most of the time—and unable to get the things we need.”

“Nerve!” Adele breathed.

“Well, I told him I didn't know, but that I'd scare up some men somewhere, and then he put his proposition to me. There aren't any men to get; he knows

next week and see what you can do about that order. Tell them your difficulties and see if perhaps one of them will make some suggestion that will straighten it all out. When's your lease on the city office up?”

“First of the year. We've told them we wouldn't renew.”

Adele's stream of helpful suggestions was silenced. For a moment she wore a daunted expression. She had a disturbed impression that Phil looked not merely tired, he looked old. Philip old! Well, she would do something to cheer him up—have his favorite dishes on the week-end menus.

But Wong's famous crab creole and vanilla soufflé did not seem to have their usual effect, and it was a weary, quiet man to whom Adele said goodbye when Philip started on the Seattle trip. She left him at the train and went home with a certain soberness of spirit settling upon her; her heart was heavy.

Well! There must be something to do

of the long drawing room. They came toward her.

“Did Topsy go into town to stay with you last night, Di?” the mother asked with her welcoming kiss. “Pat just me she wasn't at the house.”

“No; I know she wasn't,” Diana surprisingly. But Adele had no time to be surprised, for her older daughter went on with a little deliberate effort: “I know where she was, Mom. She's coming here now, any minute. She wants me to sort of break it to you. She's married.”

“And what do you know about this?” Sidney said cheerfully. But he was watching his mother keenly. Adele looked steadily at her son. She swallowed once or twice, but she did not speak. “She beat us to it, Di,” Sidney went on, with a grin for his sister.

“She certainly did!” Diana patted her mother's hand. “Don't you care, Mom, they love each other,” she said.

“Oh, please—” Adele whispered, for a full moment they were all silent. “Who—who told you?” she said then.

“Topsy telephoned. They were married yesterday afternoon,” Diana replied, glad to end the silence. “I wanted me to get here first and sort—well, break the ice!”

“BREAK the ice,” Adele repeated automatically. Her baby Topsy running away with a little jockey, a stableman, ruining her life, making it impossible for any really fine man to want to marry her—but no, it was thinkable! “Your father will have it nullified,” she said with white lips, “and—”

“Mrs. Arthur Livingston Stephen Akins to see Mrs. Philip Jaynes Cazavan announced a joyous young voice, a following it, Topsy rushed in. She flung herself first into Sidney's arms, twirling from him to Diana, and ended by a revolving, dancing embrace of her mother that left her laughing, and her mother indignantly flushed, and both of the breathless.

“Topsy—” Adele began in an awed voice. But she could say no more. Sidney seated himself on the arm of the divan, put an arm bracingly about her shoulders, and said, “Now, now, no Miss Adele!” in a half-coaxing, half-warning voice, and Diana, now in a deck chair with Topsy on a hassock at her knee, had opened a quite different type of conversation with her: “Topsy, if ever anyone *didn't* look like an old married woman, you're it!”

Topsy needed no encouragement to rush into the story. She had promised Mom not to announce an engagement, but she hadn't promised not to get married, had she? A gale of giddy laughter here.

“Art's apt to be called any day, Mom, and he felt horrible about not even being engaged, and I was crying Tuesday afternoon, and his father said we oughtn't to see each other any more, so we just flew up to Reno yesterday and were married, and today we telephoned it into the papers, so it'll be in tomorrow—”

“Topsy,” Adele said, faintly, “what your father will say I can only imagine, but as far as I am concerned you are dead—you are exactly as if you were dead—”

“Luncheon is served, Mrs. Cazavan,” said Grace, at the door.

“Mother, cut out the drama,” Sidney said. “Come on and let's have lunch.”

It was much later in the afternoon that Adele remembered that she had promised old Mrs. Mitchell that she would investigate the Kinney case—“In all this war work we can't let our regular responsibilities go,” Mrs. Mitchell had said. “I understand the husband's been drafted



that as well as I do. His plan was to have me see the Seattle people, shift that job to Brandt and Tucker, and go in with them.”

“As a partner. You a partner of little Charlie Tucker!”

“No; as manager of their shipping room.”

“A clerk!” Adele gasped.

“Head of a department at three thousand a year.”

“What utter nonsense!” Adele exclaimed, losing patience with the whole thing. “Why, we pay our servants more than that!”

“Did,” Philip said, stressing the word.

“If things are as bad as you say, Phil,” his wife began, after a pause during which she had looked at him steadily, with a faintly knitted brow, “there are ways in which we can cut down, and we will! Diana will have to give up that air-warden work of hers, and stay at home to help me. Wong and Grace can both go, after the Christmas excitement, and Topsy'll stop her riding lessons. I'll be glad of that, anyway. Violet and I'll do the cooking and Topsy can very well help; it won't hurt her socially.”

“Now about Tony,” Adele added, wrinkling her brow thoughtfully, “that's a problem. For do what we will, we can't handle a garden and grounds this size. He cleans the cars and brings in the wood. I'll tell you, Phil,” she broke off to say hopefully, “you go up to Seattle

about this! She would get the leaf rake and clear up under the oak trees. Hard exercise would be good for her. And at noon Topsy would come in full of school gossip, Diana would come down from town with a forty-eight-hour respite from lookout duties, and—who could say?—Sidney might have a few hours' leave. It would be silly to act as if anything disagreeable had happened, because it hadn't. Everything was exactly as before, except—

Except for possibilities and worries and fears, and in those she simply would not indulge.

And as if to reward her for her heroism, here was her sailor boy home for lunch, instantly stirring up an atmosphere of excitement and pleasure everywhere. Wong and Tony beamed at him; Violet and Grace went smiling about their work; Sidney was home!

ADELE telephoned the school to ask Topsy to be sure to come home for lunch. Topsy wasn't there; on her way home probably, Topsy's roommate Patricia Curran suggested.

“Didn't she sleep at home last night, Mrs. Cazavan?” asked Patricia.

“I don't—no, I'm sure she didn't. Unless she slipped out to an early class,” Adele said. She turned from the telephone to see that Diana had arrived, and that she and Sidney were talking together with rather grave faces at the end



nothing, and the woman is expecting another baby—anyway, a neighbor has an application for some baby clothes, and I wish you'd look into it and

first Adele, heartsick and dazed, felt she could not possibly make a charcoal this afternoon. But she had a pride in obeying orders from her or officer, and Jones' Gully was more than ten minutes' walk from home. It was merely a matter of adding the hill at the rear of the house, and crossing the bridge that in a sense divided the desert from the Garden Hill was the most aristocratic neighborhood in the town; Jones' the poorest.

However, Adele knew fairly well the little rambling lanes in which the packing plants were tangled, and out too much trouble she found the eye house.

Children, dogs and goats were holding high carnival in the yard; Adele led her way to the kitchen door, and d Kitty Kinney busy over her ironboard. A small child toddled about floor, and a neighbor, seated, and a baby, but still panting from recent employment, looked on.

The woman of the house answered Adele's questions quickly and brightly; that she was not asking any charity evident from her first word:

"I've seen my new washing machine? It's a blessing itself that Tom paid it before he went?"

Your husband has been drafted? But three little children and another thing—?" Adele left the sentence unfinished.

Indeed, he wasn't drafted then!" Kitty wiped her electric iron on a child's skirt. "He was in defense work, I there wasn't a week he didn't make a hundred of eighty dollars," she said. "But he's a master mechanic and he's a good shot, and he wasn't satisfied with being out of it. He enlisted."

"But now—now," Adele said, in her title, deprecatory, how-can-I-help-you voice, "you'll not have very much money. Aren't there three children?"

"There are," said Kitty heartily, "and other little duck in the oven, as my old father used to say. But—Mrs. Vecchio and me were just saying, you can't expect to live in wartime the way you do her times. I've moved into my mother's place here, and I've two or three children I'm boarding. Their mothers work for defense."

YOU'RE boarding children?" Adele asked faintly.

"The Murray boys and the little Mulrigh girl. This is hers." The microscopic dress was finished now and hung up to dry. "And they'll all be piling in for bread and jelly," said Kitty, "so I'll stop for tea and take a rest."

"But you had your own home?"

"Oh, I had a nice place. I had two bathrooms, and Tom had given me my stove and my machine here." There was no regret in her voice. "But it's little to do until it's all over," she said. "We know how it'll end, but we don't know how soon, and we've got to see it through. It was only Tom's going—it was only Tom's going—" Her voice thickened, and she went quickly into the pantry.

"No, I don't need baby clothes," she said, relaxed and resting, when the children had stormed in and stormed away again. "There's only one thing I'd like to have, and that, you can't give me. I wish—" And the young, thin, weary face wore a very sweet look as Kitty Kinney turned to Adele Cazavant. "I wish—sure we all do here in the Gulch," she said, "that we could give our children

what yours have. We're all Americans, we know that. But when I went to the All American Exhibition you had last summer, and saw the Washington letter, and the samplers, and the Indian things, and the quilt Mrs. Anderson's mother made when she was crossing the plains in 'forty-nine, and the gray uniforms and the blue—those things made me wish that our men had had a chance to fight for America before—show her they knew what it meant—all that she's trying to give them. I don't mean washing machines and radios and movies, but them, too. I wished—and Tom wished—that he'd been at Yorktown—or his grandfather had, when Washington rode up—"

She stopped, dashing tears away from her smiling eyes.

"I say it so badly," she apologized. Adele Cazavant, rising, for the afternoon was almost gone, looked at her steadily. She had to clear her throat before she spoke: "You don't say it badly, Mrs. Kinney. But whether you do or not, it's a good thing to say."

TEN days later, on a grim, cold, rainy Christmas Eve, Philip Cazavant, carrying his suitcase, descended at the station to find his wife and the old blue car awaiting him.

"Did you get the order?" she asked, after their greeting kiss.

"Oh, yes; there was nothing to it. I hope Charlie Tucker will be pleased. I know darn' well he will," he finished.

"But no kids?" he asked with his next breath, looking at the empty seats of the old car.

"No, no children," Adele answered cheerfully. "Di's on duty. Sid was here yesterday for an hour or two but he had to go back, and Topsy left me only an hour ago. We're dining with them tomorrow."

"At—at—?" He left it unfinished, his look trying to read his wife's face. "I didn't know how you felt about that Topsy business," he began again cautiously. "I—it makes me feel very badly. Seventeen, you know. Only a child. And I was afraid you—my first thought naturally was for how you'd feel—"

He stopped with an inquiring look. Adele, driving steadily through the rainy dusk, flashed him a quick smile.

"Why, Phil," she said, "she's mature for her age. She's always loved horses and the out-of-doors and that wild gypsy sort of life, and she really loves—Arthur. It isn't what I'd choose for her, but after all, if she'd married some impeccable youth in the real-estate business and settled down in a city flat with all her wedding presents, I'd miss her just as much. As it is, she flashes in on me every day—"

"Dell!" the man interrupted, in a sort of shout of relief, "if you feel that way, dear, I'm perfectly satisfied! The draft will get Arthur; we'll have her home again! We can't live their lives for them, after all."

"No; we can't live their lives for them." She had stopped before a broad, roomy old shingled brown house that stood beneath dripping trees. "Mrs. Pine wants to see you, Phil," she said. "D'you mind coming in a minute? No; bring your bag, we may have dinner here."

"Listen, Dell, I'm all muddled and dirty—" But as she did not appear to hear him, he followed her around a deep, dripping porch, and into a large room that had perhaps once been the dining room for a large family. It was a sitting room now; he recognized in a sort of dream the big chair beside a smoldering open fire, the painting of three children that hung above.

Adele did not speak or turn; she went to a door and opened it upon a comfortable bedroom with a glimpse of bath be-

yond. She put her hat and coat on one of the beds and reached her hand for her husband's hand, leading him back through the big room.

"Look in here, Phil, a nice little kitchen with a breakfast nook; our own front door and our own scrap of back yard. Heat and hot water and gardener thrown in. This is all we have left, Phil. Sit down here—that's it. This is home."

"What are you talking about?" he said.

"About a man and woman whose children have grown up, Phil. About a nation at war. Last week," Adele told him, her face all smiles, but her eyes wet, "last week I saw Chet Miller, and rented the Garden Hill house for two years at two hundred and fifty. They keep Wong and Grace; Violet has gone to her brother. And we're here for the duration at forty-five a month. Ah, now, stop it!"

For he had bent his body forward and covered his face with his hands.

"Your home that you loved!" he said in a whisper.

"My home nothing!" she retorted. "My home is where you are. Our home is here, with your old first cook taking care of you!"

With a young movement that made her seem a girl again she was on her knees beside him, her arms about him.

"Look here," she said, "we're not young any longer. Our children are grown; they've solved their own problems! We've given them Christmas dinners and New Year's parties for twenty-five years—now let them give us some! Phil, do you realize what a relief it's going to be, just to have these snug little quarters, not to be expected to make an effort any more!"

"Relief!" he echoed dazedly. "Dell, you mean the big house is off our shoulders, and the pay roll—"

"And the gardener and the telephones and the furnace and the cars!" she supplemented it. "And, Phil, I feel so free. No housekeeping responsibilities! Tomorrow we're supposed to be lunching with Topsy and Arthur's family at the Riding Academy."

"Well, all right!" he said stoutly, his smile matching her own.

"TOPSY'S happy," her mother said, "and they adore her. You'll not mind. It's very funny, but you'll not mind. Then later we're to go into town, and Mary and Diana are cooking us a turkey, in the studio."

"On that two-burner stove?"

"I don't know how they propose to do it. I don't for one instant suppose there'll be cranberry sauce or dressing," Adele said. "But that Englishman Di met on the steamer years ago has turned up again, and I believe he's to help, and there's a chance Sid may be there."

"Sid?" The father's eyes brightened. "Well," he said with a rueful smile, "it isn't quite the old homestead with the snow fluttering down and the Yule log burning, is it? But it seems to me it won't be such a bad Christmas."

"Christmas is always Christmas," she said steadily. "You go have your bath now, and change, and get comfortable, and I'll finish up dinner. The children are all following roads we didn't plan for them, Phil, but at least they're doing things, they're living and feeling and glad to be alive, and that's all we ever wanted for them, isn't it?"

He caught her as she passed him and locked his arms about her, and they smiled at each other through a dazzle of tears. "That's all we ever wanted, dear," the man said.

"And it still seems to me—seems to me a good investment," said Adele Cazavant.

THE END

## Slap-Happy Driving is Out!



Now that we're limited to one spare tire, and buy gas by coupon, and treat the old car like a rich aunt, we've changed our driving habits.

We slow down before we have to slam on the brakes. We try to start smoothly, too—to save rubber and gas. We don't rub good rubber off against the curb when parking. We're tire conscious.

And millions of us want Weed Chains this winter for different reasons such as to save tires, gas, towing bills, hospital bills, painful injuries, lost working time, and damage to our car.

We know that winter doubles driving accidents and this is no time for accidents. There's too much wartime work for every one of us to do. Besides, there's a shortage of doctors and nurses.

So, we all want Weeds. But so does the Army, too. The Weed Chain factory is making tire chains for every type of army vehicle, and if we have early snowstorms, the available supply of Weed Chains may soon be exhausted.

Therefore, see the Weed Chain dealer right away if you are going to drive this winter. For the best buy in tire chains, ask for Weed American Bar-Reinforced whose special features result in more than double mileage. If he has no Weed Americans, ask for Weed Regular, the standard of value for 39 years.

If you have serviceable used Weed Chains, let your service station examine and recondition them against the day when you may need them very much.

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WEED AMERICAN BAR-REINFORCED TIRE CHAINS



## Torment in Japan

Continued from page 13

Presbyterian missionary from New York City who had been in Japan twenty-eight years, volunteered to broadcast, "if the police will permit it." Walser apparently had failed to recognize that the East Asia War Relief Committee was nothing but a group of masquerading police and Foreign Office propagandists.

Walser was assured that the police had no objection, provided he followed instructions. He then addressed a statement to Americans in which he said that Japan and America were "too highly civilized" to be at war. He said peace should be negotiated immediately, implying that we should forget Pearl Harbor and give Japan the world domination she seeks. He obeyed the order to say he was being well treated.

Walser was among the 140 passengers of the Swedish evacuation liner Gripsholm, who were taken to Ellis Island and held for investigation by the Federal Bureau of Investigation immediately upon arrival in New York.

The newspapermen present, however, stated that they appreciated the opportunity to communicate with friends and relatives but added that it would be impossible for them to broadcast without permission from their home offices.

An embarrassing silence fell over the luncheon table. The faces of the Japanese flushed with a puzzled anger but they said nothing. Their program had not gone according to plan. We dabbled nervously with our dessert.

Finally the Japanese spokesman rose to his feet. He directed a menacing glare at each of us individually. Slowly, however, an actor's smile returned to his face. For the third time in as many hours, he recited word for word his speech on Japanese-American friendship.

"We know," he added, "that all of you are concerned about the Americans who must remain behind after the first evacuation ship leaves Japan. This relief society also is interested in obtaining better treatment for them. Unfortunately we are handicapped by lack of funds, but we know you will be anxious to do what you can to help us bring relief to your fellow countrymen."

### An Assignment Declined

He then told us his scheme. This relief society, he said, had arranged with all newspapers under Japanese control in the Far East to buy articles which we newspapermen would write for them. The money raised would be used by the relief society to improve the treatment of the Americans remaining in Japan. Of course, the articles would have to be pro-Japanese, but the money paid for them would help Americans.

I replied for the correspondents after we had conferred among ourselves. Our answer was this:

"We, perhaps more than anyone else, realize the need for improving the treatment of Americans held in Japan. Therefore we are very anxious to do whatever we can to aid these Americans who will remain behind when we are evacuated.

"Unfortunately our writing services are exclusively engaged by our respective American companies. Therefore we cannot write for Japanese newspapers, but we would be glad to donate all our money toward the care of Americans not being repatriated with us. If given time and opportunity, we are certain we can raise as much money among the American community of Japan as we can by writing for the Japanese newspapers."

The Japanese chairman crushed out his cigarette and jumped to his feet. His eyes flashed angrily at me. He started to raise one of his clenched fists in my direction but dropped it when the head of the police, standing off in a corner, shouted an order at him.

After a few seconds of silence, the stage smile returned to his face. Again he recited the speech on Japanese-American friendship.

"And now," he concluded, "I want to tell you of the high light of today's program. I know all of you would like to take a good hot tub bath."

He was right. There was nothing we wanted more than a good tub bath. For six months, the fifty of us in the Tokyo concentration camp had been offered one bath a week in a single tub of water which had been used before us by thirty policemen.

"At considerable expense," the chair-

means—the firing squad or the executioner's block. Think of what that would mean to your wife and children."

I was left alone to think it over. In two months, there had been sixteen foreign suicides. The newspapers had announced additional "natural deaths" among imprisoned enemy nationals—one of them in an insane asylum. The threat was something to think about.

But after an hour, I informed the chairman when he returned that I had decided I would not write. He did not say a word but left the room on the dead run. In a few minutes, he was back with the head of the foreign section of the Home Office—a shaven-headed, strong-arm type of Japanese in an artificial khaki uniform.

"You will not leave this room until you have written," he shouted. "You will not be allowed to sleep and you will get no food."



"How far is it? They made a mistake and gave us an 'A' card!"

COLLIER'S

ED GRAHAM

man continued, "we have arranged a private room and bath here in the hotel for each of you. You will please go to those rooms now."

He then detailed two policemen to escort each of us to our private rooms. Once in them, we heard no more of a bath. In the room, there was a typewriter and a stack of paper.

The chairman of the meeting came into my room with the remark that he wanted to "talk things over for your own good."

"There is no use being smart," the spokesman said. "Japan already has defeated America. You are at our mercy. Soon our troops will be in Washington. I would advise you to write."

I recalled for him the admission Kikuchi had made about the good treatment being received by Japanese in the United States.

"We don't care about that," he said. "Naturally you Americans will treat our people well because you know you have lost the war and are afraid to treat us otherwise."

He then leaned across the table and began shaking his fist.

"Your refusal to write," he shouted, "has become a political issue! You are trying to obstruct Japan's plans for a New Order in East Asia. We will have to turn you over to the military police for court-martial. You know what that

means—the firing squad or the executioner's block. Think of what that would mean to your wife and children."

Calling for the room girl, he ordered her to remove the bottle of water and drinking glass from my room.

"And," he added with a smile, "you will get nothing to drink, either."

The chairman then drew from his pocket a handful of small slips of paper. He handed one of them to me. It said, "Sino-Japanese Relations." My name had been written on it in pencil.

"I don't see why you have brought us here and treated us this way," I told him. "Why don't you write anything you like to and just sign our names to it? Why torment us this way?"

"But that would not be honest," he said seriously.

The Home Office official, who obviously could not understand half of what we were saying, suddenly lost patience and went into a rage.

### Threatened with Death

He started walking around the room, swinging his fists wildly and yelling repeatedly, "You'll never leave Japan! You'll never leave Japan! I am going to kill you! I am going to kill you!"

Suddenly he grabbed me by the necktie and jerked my head back so sharply that I thought my neck would break. Still clinging to my tie, he threw me against the wall on the other side of the room. When I started to get up, he and the

spokesman slapped my face repeatedly. Then they grabbed me and threw me into the chair facing the typewriter.

"Are you going to write?" the Office man shouted.

I did not reply. I felt his clammy fingers close around my throat. As he struggled, I could not prevent him from cutting off my breathing. Six months of Japanese starvation fare had weakened me far more than I had realized.

Everything went blank. The next I knew, I was being slapped violently apparently to bring me back to consciousness.

"You slapped the typewriter key as you were passing out," I heard the chairman saying. "I have saved you by telling this man that this indicated willingness to write. Now write! If you prefer that we go ahead with what we were doing to you a minute ago."

I could not see any good coming to anyone from continued resistance. It occurred to me that definite good might come if I could survive this day and return to America to relate what had happened to us.

I said I would write. My plan was to make my article so violently pro-Japanese that anyone outside Japan knew me would readily realize that I had not written it under ordinary circumstances. This plan I carried out, using many Japanese clichés as I could recall: "sincerity," "the august virtue of His Imperial Majesty the Emperor," "co-operation with Japan," etc.

### The Subterfuge Succeeded

When the spokesman translated my article into Japanese, the chairman beamed.

"I am glad we do not have to kill you," he said to me. To him, the article sounded like jingoistic Premier Gen. Tojo haranguing the army.

Meanwhile, similar scenes were being enacted in the other rooms where Americans were being held.

Joseph Dynan, of the Associated Press, had gone from his room to the hotel lobby when he was left alone to face over the threat of execution. In the crowded hotel lobby, the Home Office official stopped him and, without warning, struck him several severe blows on the face, knocking out Dynan's brains.

He was then roughly hustled to his room. There he was given a writing topic, How Well I Have Been Treated by the Japanese in Wartime.

The Reverend Walser also was publicly humiliated in the lobby by the police who cursed him violently before a large crowd of Japanese. He was hustled back to his room and forced to write an article entitled, Japan, the Land of the Gods. In it, he was forced to say that Japan would supervise the religious Orientals in the future.

Leo Chamberlain, manager for National City Bank in Japan, was compelled to write an article recommending "close economic co-operation between Japan and the United States after the war."

When we were finally permitted to leave our "private rooms with bath," the hotel clock said 5:30 P. M. We had arrived at the hotel at 9 A. M. We were an exhausted group as we gathered in the lobby.

We were driven back to our concentration camp for a dinner of half-rotten whale meat and boiled alfalfa a few minutes later.

THE END



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# Open for business

Somewhere today between Tokyo and Tulagi ...or Naples and Narvik...bomb doors of hefty Vega Venturas are opening for the business of hitting the firm of Adolf-Beniro-Hirohito where it hurts...*plenty*.

Just where...and just how...communiques will tell—in stories of advance Jap air bases demolished, of vital Nazi shipping sunk.

For these are jobs Venturas were designed to do...the kind of Axis-smashing jobs their veteran brothers, the Lockheed Hudsons, have long been doing. And these Venturas... bigger, doubly-armed...are more than keeping up the family tradition. They're improving it! Lockheed Aircraft Corporation, Vega Aircraft Corporation, Burbank, California.

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Former Minnesota gridder Bruce Smith, now with Great Lakes N.T.S. team, is rated by Col. Bernie Bierman as one of the greatest backs he ever saw or coached

Texas Tech gave Georgia Preflight School a tackle of All-America rank in Bill Davis



Buddy Jungmichel of Texas U. won high honors with San Diego N.T.S.



Jacksonville N.A.S. found former Duke and Bear ace George McAfee (below) very useful in its backfield



# The All-Navy All-America

By Grantland Rice

THERE have been seventy-three years of American football since Princeton and Rutgers gave the game its start in 1869. Thousands of teams, many hundred thousands of players and countless millions of spectators have helped to make it America's greatest game. But it remained for Commander Tom Hamilton and his assistants in the Naval Cadet Preflight and Naval Cadet Training schools to give a bunch of football players the finest competitive training ever seen.

Most of the Naval Cadet teams were drawn from professional ranks or from featured stars on college teams but many of them were young cadets with little experience. The big handicap was that football was only a minor part of a rough-and-tumble ten-hour training day.

In addition to football, they had to face the grind of boxing, wrestling, swimming above and under water, cross-country running with heavy packs, obstacle climbing and every detail that would have them mentally and physically fit for their great work as naval fliers.

The football players from these Naval Cadet schools had to carry an extra burden. Spared in no manner from their daily routine, they were called upon to play ten-game schedules against the pick of college teams—such teams as Ohio State, Michigan, Boston College, Wisconsin, L.S.U., Fordham, Missouri, Pennsylvania, Minnesota, Iowa, Notre Dame and Indiana being among their opponents. Facing by all odds the hardest schedule in the country, leading Middle Western teams still added Naval Preflight games to a hard season's play, knowing these Naval Cadets at their best were wrecking forces.

It was agreed that no Naval Preflight team could use more than five officers. The remainder of the squad were drawn from cadets who might be available for three, four or five games as they graduated and moved along to active war service. There were occasions when such coaches as Bernie Bierman at Iowa Navy, Jimmy Crowley at North Carolina Navy, and Ray Wolf at Georgia Navy would lose three or four men between games.

## Weary Gridiron Warriors

There is no question that the pick of Preflight teams could have mopped up all college teams and beaten the best of the pros, which is all the strength any one would care to meet. They had the advantage in material, but they were handicapped by the almost body-wrecking physical program and the shift in men. As a rule, they were weary and battered, worn down, and far from any football sharpness at the end of a day's work. But in spite of this, they had enough left to beat such teams as Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, Auburn, Duke, Illinois, Harvard, Iowa, Pennsylvania, Indiana and other strong outfits.

There were times when they had nothing left in the way of football, such as the Georgia Preflight and Iowa Preflight games against L.S.U. and Notre Dame—teams they could have wrecked under normal conditions. These were lapses that came from sheer physical and mental weariness, plus sudden loss of key men. When you consider the handicaps

they faced, the showing of the Preflight and Navy teams was nothing short of phenomenal. Concentration, after all, a major factor in any sport, and the Navy teams had their entire concentration on the much bigger job somewhere ahead.

These men were not in any sense football specialists. They used football as a morale builder for their mates, and was all extra work. There were no concessions to a fine ball carrier, a stunner, a passer or kicker, a famous blocker. The playing officers were platoon or squadron leaders, who lived and suffered with their cadets, who shared with their mates on an equal basis all the minor headaches and heartbreaks a war can bring.

## All-Army Teams' Fine Records

The selection of men for the All-America Navy ranking was difficult because of the wealth of good material. There can be no All-Army team, since this group finished its play back in September, after battling the best of professional teams on even terms under the skillful coaching of Colonel Neyland of Tennessee and Lieutenant Colonel Wallace Wade of Duke. Both All-Army teams, with limited practice, turned in excellent jobs against such teams as the Bears, Giants, Green Bay Packers and other leading professional opponents. Both Colonel Neyland and Lieutenant Colonel Wade, under rush conditions, fought to a finish. But these games were only early skirmishes, compared to the Navy's contribution to condition and morale.

In selecting this All-Navy training team, I would like to make acknowledgment to all the head coaches and Commander Hamilton's aides.

On the opposite page are the All-America All-Navy selections plus the All-America All-Navy Preflight Cadet team.

Each man named here has starred in college or professional ranks. Curly Lambeau, the Green Bay Packers' coach, rates Svendsen as one of the best centers of his time. Kovach from N. C. Navy Preflight wasn't far behind, a sixty-minute hustler.

The line strength of this squad from end to end was a striking feature, with Buddy Jungmichel, Steve Hudacek, Bill Davis and Joe Ruetz, flanked by such fine ends as big Jim Poole, late of the New York Giants, and Ed Frutig from Michigan.

Another feature was the wealth of backfield material that included Bruce Smith, George McAfee, Frank Albright, Dick Fisher, Frank Filchock, George Franck, Vic Bottari, Nello Falaschi and others, who combined hard, fast running, brilliant kicking and passing, plus terrific blocking.

Any defense called upon to stop Bruce Smith and George McAfee would have a rugged engagement to meet. Bernie Bierman has rated Smith as one of the greatest backs he ever saw coached, and no extended memory required to recall McAfee's dazzling play with Chicago's Bears a year ago.

These are men who came from professional and college ranks to fight Germany and Japan, not to play football.



all which to them was only an extra  
 but—added work piled on long, hard  
 day of war training. If the pick of this  
 group had nothing but football to fol-  
 low where would have been the one team  
 that could have been equal in might and  
 speed to the Chicago Bears. You can  
 stand the scoring force of a back-  
 field that has Frankie Albert, late of  
 Stanford, at quarter, with Bruce Smith,  
 George McAfee and Dick Fisher; and  
 near like Filchock and George Franck  
 in reserve, as well as Nello Falaschi and  
 one Eshmont.

More than a hundred men from the  
 Army and Marine groups came from pro-  
 fessional ranks; others from the colleges.  
 The Army drew an equal quota that isn't  
 listed here, Standlee and Kimbrough  
 being them. The Army list ran to over  
 a hundred football stars, a small part of the  
 assignment of football talent. But  
 the teams played no schedule to  
 block in the Navy's all-season play.

Most of the members of the first team  
 were well-known to the football world.  
 George Svendsen was a star center at  
 Minnesota and later with the Green Bay  
 Packers. Curly Lambeau gives him a  
 rating. That also goes for such en-  
 vied as Jim Poole of the New York  
 Giants, McAfee of Duke and the Chi-  
 cago Bears, Bruce Smith of Minnesota,  
 Ed Frutig and Frankie Albert. But who  
 is the name of Buddy Jungmichel  
 of San Diego and Texas, rated as one of  
 the best guards of the year?

In the brief space of time they were  
 together, there were few unknowns who  
 could crowd out college and professional  
 players, but it might surprise you to know  
 how many could have made the grade  
 in only a few weeks more in the mat-  
 ter of training and picking up a few  
 fundamentals.

How would this team make out against  
 the college All-America? It would  
 be a contest worth traveling a long way  
 to see. ★★★



A fine pass-catcher, Jim Poole,  
 ex-Giant and "Ole Miss" star,  
 won All-America ranking at end  
 of the season with the Georgia Preflight team



Ginger Rogers presents a football to Ed Frutig (left) of Michigan, and  
 George Franck of Minnesota—both members of Corpus Christi N.A.S. Comets

Stanford's standout Frankie Albert—one of the smartest of all college  
 quarterbacks—now devotes his football talent to St. Mary's Preflight

## ALL-NAVY ALL-AMERICA FOOTBALL TEAM—1942

PLAYER	NAVAL CADET TEAM	COLLEGE
JIM POOLE	GEORGIA PREFLIGHT	MISSISSIPPI
STEVE HUDACEK	N. C. PREFLIGHT	FORDHAM
BUDDY JUNGMICHEL	SAN DIEGO N.T.S.	TEXAS
GEORGE SVENDSEN	IOWA PREFLIGHT	MINNESOTA
JOE RUETZ	ST. MARY'S PREFLIGHT	NOTRE DAME
BILL DAVIS	GEORGIA PREFLIGHT	TEXAS TECH
ED FRUTIG	CORPUS CHRISTI N.A.S.	MICHIGAN
FRANK ALBERT	ST. MARY'S PREFLIGHT	STANFORD
GEORGE McAFEE	JACKSONVILLE N.A.S.	DUKE
DICK FISHER	IOWA PREFLIGHT	OHIO STATE
BRUCE SMITH	GREAT LAKES N.T.S.	MINNESOTA

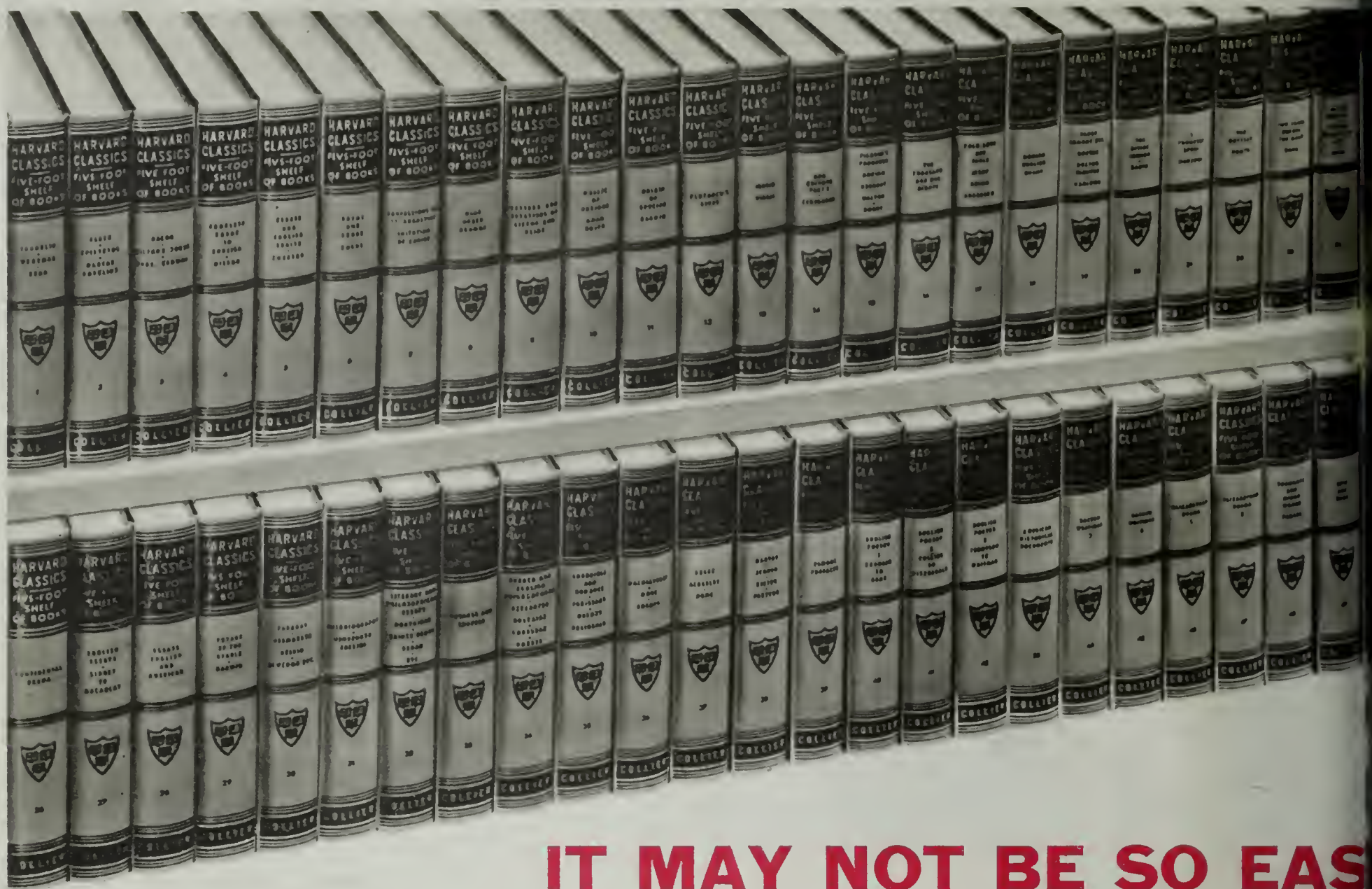
## NAVY PREFLIGHT CADET ALL-AMERICA TEAM—1942

Selected from the cadet personnel at the four Preflight schools by the members  
 of the Preflight and Physical Training Section. The men who selected  
 them have seen all the Preflight squads in action during the 1942 campaign

PLAYER	PREFLIGHT TEAM	COLLEGE
GORDON ENGLISH	GEORGIA	TULANE
STEVE HUDACEK	NORTH CAROLINA	FORDHAM
FRANCIS CRIMMINS	GEORGIA	AUBURN
JOE KOVACH	NORTH CAROLINA	FORDHAM
TOM SMITH	ST. MARY'S	IOWA STATE
BILL KOLENS	IOWA	ILLINOIS
BUDD RINGER	IOWA	MINNESOTA
GEORGE BENSON	IOWA	NORTHWESTERN
BOB KOCH	ST. MARY'S	OREGON U.
BILL SCHATZER	IOWA	NORTH CENTRAL
JOE MARTIN	NORTH CAROLINA	CORNELL







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# City Under the Sea

by Harold Lamb

ILLUSTRATED BY HARDIE GRAMATKY

The Germans had turned their searchlight on the driftwood. Yarak heard the crack of a shot. Water sprayed beside him

UNCLE YARAK sat on a sandbank overlooking a river that flowed into the Black Sea. Trouble lay heavily upon his Cossack spirit and he did not know what to do about

He had to think of something to do. A plan—that was it. But how could he think of a plan without lighting his pipe? To strike a match in that clear, starlit night might be to draw a shot from a German patrol along the opposite bank. A drink of brandy would be helpful in making a plan, but brandy had not refreshed his throat in the ten days he had spent wandering to this jumping-off place.

"Ekh ma," he sighed. "There's nothing to help."

A shadow appeared on the surface of the water, and he heard a humming sound above the rush of the current over the shoals. Abruptly he sat up, the wiry steppe grass cutting through his shirt sleeves. Something was coming up from the depths of the narrow river.

"The city—" he muttered.

Never before now had the old Cossack laid eyes on the long line of the sea, or the ships that plied the waters hereof. Yet he knew the legend of the city. In bygone days, on an island somewhere in this same Black Sea, good people had lived in a city that was attacked by pagan Turks. The people of the city prayed to the Lord for deliverance from their peril. And when the Turks swarmed over the island, it settled and vanished beneath the sea with all its people. Even now, on holy days, the bells of that city could be heard ringing beneath the waters.

Yarak watched the shadow in mid-channel hopefully for a moment, and then spat. "Tfu! There are no bells."

Luck, undoubtedly, had deserted him for these last ten days. All because he had spoken to a strange woman. The next time he would cross himself and spit three times before speaking to a strange woman. And he peered morosely at the woman curled up asleep in the sand beside him.

Her tawny hair stretched over her arm, her smart chamois jacket was wrapped tight about her small body. She breathed evenly, as if unconscious of hunger and danger.

"Shepheardsismailiahaleptaganrog," Yarak repeated softly to himself. That was where she said she had come from. It didn't make sense. She couldn't speak intelligently—not a bit of Ukrainian, the Cossack speech, and only enough Russian to ask for things like water and watermelons and the sea. She had been able to make Uncle Yarak understand that she wanted to go down to the sea.

Be-ty she called herself, when the sergeant of the guerrilla patrol had turned her over to Yarak, explaining that she was dumb, being a foreign woman. She had lost her way, getting around the Kharkov lines, and she said her car had broken down. The sergeant, who had other matters to attend to, had made Yarak promise to take her where she wanted to go.

Well, he had done that. He had brought her to the sea, because she wanted to go to the sea. It had not been easy, because German forces happened to occupy that section of the coast through which the Cossack had had to

make his way at night, scavenging food where he could, with the foreign woman following obediently behind.

And when, at last, he had shown her the dark line of the sea above the sand hillocks, she had sat down suddenly, not smiling any more. She had wiped at her eyes. Something had gone wrong. Be-ty would not follow him any more. Probably she was sick, and possibly she might be dying. Yarak did not want that to happen. The dumb woman was young, and lovely when she smiled.

But what was he going to do with her here in this sandy waste, without food, with only German patrols watching the empty river?

YARAK chewed his cold pipe, peering into the haze of starlight. He heard a splash upstream that might have been a fish. Up there something moved, looking like a pair of tree trunks, drifting. It did not, however, swing out with the current when it approached the sand bar. Yarak's eyes, accustomed to darkness, were keen.

"Ghar," he whispered at the blond woman. Then, remembering that ordinary speech meant nothing to her, he laid his fingers against her throat, waking her quietly.

"Whatstheshow?" she whispered, her eyes opening. With his hand on her mouth, he pressed her head back into the sand. Then he started down to the water's edge.

Bending his six-foot-three of height, to keep himself below the skyline, he made his way out to some rocks in a clump of rushes, without a sound. For a moment he studied the drifting logs

which had navigated the point upstream. Two and perhaps three men lay stretched on the raft, and the starlight above picked out a rifle barrel.

"U-u-haa!" he called softly, close to the water, watching the rifle. The logs hesitated and turned in, with a faint splashing. "Eh, rivermen." Yarak grinned at the clumsy way they handled their raft. "Eh, say."

"You say," a voice grumbled.

The men on the logs were investigating the river. They wanted to know where the German posts were. Yarak explained that a field hospital had been set up three versts away at Chovno village, and that the Germans patrolled the vicinity on foot. "Where are you heading?" he asked, hopefully.

"None of your business, Cossack."

The men on the raft would only say that they had holed up along the river. They were trying to observe what the Germans were doing. Earlier that night they had found a foreigner.

Yarak pricked up his ears. "What kind of a foreigner?"

"How do we know what kind? A foreigner."

"I thought you were *burlaki*—rivermen."

"Sure we're from the river. The Amur, brother."

"Where's that?"

"District of Siberia."

Yarak swore. He did find out where the stray Siberians had their quarters—in a ravine behind the third point, upstream. There they had left the foreigner.

When they had floated on, Yarak  
(Continued on page 58)



## Mexico Pitches In

Continued from page 35



## Picture of a Railroad

Believe it or not, this is a railroad going full speed ahead—for Victory.

Inside that brightly lighted "factory"—the Erie locomotive repair shop at Hornell, N. Y.—tomorrow's transportation is being made ready tonight.

The Erie and other American railroads own and operate 416 such "war factories" plus over 1100 smaller shops, which were in "full production" long before Pearl Harbor.

Railroad workers were then busy improving the whole railroad "plant"—terminals, yards, tracks, and equipment. And, for that purpose, an average of \$1,402,000,000 a year was spent.

Now these men are on the job night and day keeping *existing* equipment rolling. For it takes all of America's 44,300 locomotives, 45,200 passenger cars, and 2,000,000 freight cars to move our war materials, consumer goods, service men and other *must* travelers.

That the increasing demands of wartime transportation have thus been met without confusion or delay is a tribute to these railroad workers. They are doing their job well, with practically no new equipment. What's more, they'll still be on the job when peace comes—to help make this world a better place to live in.



# ERIE RAILROAD

forces, and a clause in their contracts requires volunteers to agree not to marry while they are in the army (they used to sign up for three years, now it's for the duration), and not to set up any permanent extramarital relationships.

It is no military secret that the Mexican army is both small and badly equipped. Its size has now been increased from fifty thousand to seventy thousand. With a coast line of some 5,000 miles to guard, that means spreading the men out rather thin. Even if the United States were prepared to assist in the defense of Mexico by sending troops across the border, the Mexicans would never agree to such a step. This has been made very clear both by the military authorities and by the people themselves.

At present the army is made up entirely of volunteers. Military conscription was decreed some two years ago but has not been put into effect except in the state of Jalisco, where boys of 18 have been called up. Mexico cannot afford the armed force of two million men which could be raised. The country's trained reserves number 65,000 armed peasants and militia. In the Federal District, there are about 20,000 army-trained militarized workers; in Michoacán, the peasants have formed fifty-seven battalions of civilian militia, and in the northern states, men of military age are forming more battalions. They have to train with broomsticks, and a cry has gone up all over the country: "Give us arms! We know how to use them!"

### A Lack of Munitions

That is where the big hitch comes. There aren't enough arms. The factory which manufactures pistols, Mauser-type rifles, and machine guns is already overtaxed trying to produce enough weapons for the regular army. Above everything else, Mexico needs planes for coast patrol and big guns for use against submarines and possible enemy ships. The small navy certainly can't do that work. Even with Lend-Lease facilities, Mexico is not going to be able to order necessary modern equipment. Working with a national budget of one hundred million dollars, the president refuses to plunge the country into ruin by contracting a debt that couldn't be paid off for several generations.

There are three hundred pilots in the Mexican air force (mostly trained in the United States), one hundred cadets in the Aviation School and three hundred commercial pilots who wish to join the air force. They want one thousand planes. According to General Fierro, some of these planes could be built in Mexico with money donated by the various states, and with the assistance of American industry, which would sell Mexico planes and motors to be used as models. The general figures that heavy bombers are not within Mexican means; what are needed are light bombers for reconnaissance.

General Gustavo Salinas has taken over a small factory where he builds patrol planes of his own design. The model, which has been thoroughly tested and has met all requirements, is made of wood and is fitted with two air-cooled Franklin motors. It costs between seven and eight thousand dollars. Due to the limited facilities of the factory, the parts are farmed out to small carpenters. Even with that system, an output of twenty planes a month could be averaged. It

isn't an impressive total but it does show what can be done in Mexico with very little.

What it boils down to is that some way must be found of equipping the Mexican forces without bringing financial ruin to the country. That, more or less, puts up to the United States. If American weapons couldn't be spared, it might be possible to provide the necessary capital to set up arms plants in Mexico, sending technicians at first to teach the local men how to operate them. Most of the materials are available, labor is cheap and the workmen learn quickly. It is worth an effort, since Mexico does lack human material for a good army. The soldiers could be counted upon for courage and endurance. Anyone who saw them in action during the revolution can testify to those qualities.

In the meantime, the best is being done to put the country in a position to defend itself with the facilities on hand. Use is being made of every man with military experience, even including the ex-presidents and one defeated presidential candidate: Cárdenas, Rodríguez Calles and Almazán. There have been rumors that Almazán had been put in charge of an important zone in the southeast, but so far there has been no way of verifying these reports. No announcement has been made of the position Calles will occupy. The return of Mexico's former strong man from exile caused little excitement, and the stories in the newspapers were devoted mostly to amusement over the fact that the man who led the religious persecutions was celebrating his saint's day and that he was dyeing his hair to conceal the passage of the years.

Abelardo Rodríguez, who has been put in command of the Gulf of Mexico zone, began his career in 1912, as a second lieutenant, fighting in a battalion by Obregón, which had been sent out to put down a revolt against Madero. A year later, he was a captain serving the same battalion which formed part of Carranza's guard. Later, he distinguished himself in the campaigns against Villa and rose to the rank of colonel. By 1921, he was a general and became governor of Lower California.

The fact that he served ably and gained his experience with Obregón—one of the most brilliant commanders Mexico ever produced—would indicate that his training fitted him for a big command. Aside from this, his record shows him to be a shrewd and efficient business man.

### The Spot for Invasion

From the American point of view, of course, vital to have Mexican defense well organized in the Gulf zone because of the submarine menace, but as far as the United States is concerned, the Pacific Coast is the real Achilles heel of the American continent. It is there that the enemy would be most likely to try to effect a landing to set up bases uncomfortably close to our territory.

It wouldn't be easy to invade Lower California as there are few good harbors and the coast line is precipitous, but it would be possible. At that, it would serve the Japs right if they were to land on the peninsula; it is barren, dreary and thinly populated. Even the parts that aren't mountainous or deserted are all and uncultivated. There are no rivers worth mentioning—which means a scarcity of water—and most of the food has to be brought from the United States.



Stes. A careful check is kept on all imports and their distribution to make sure that no enemy supply depots can be set up there.

There is just one road running from Tijuana in the north to La Paz in the south. It is narrow and rutted as far as Ensenada. After that, it grows worse and there are sections where it is nothing more than a dirt track. It takes eight days to cover this road in a car. In this case, poverty has turned out to be an asset, since those are scarcely ideal conditions for an invasion.

The Pacific has been divided into seven zones, with a general heading each zone and Macías Valenzuela in supreme command. Macías Valenzuela, who until just recently was secretary of defense, is about fifty years old. He began his military career with the Fourth Battalion Sonora, which was organized in 1912 by the then Lieutenant Colonel Obregón, to fight the Orozco revolt against theadero government. By 1913, Macías Valenzuela was a captain, and in the following years he took part in the battles that epoch in Sonora and the north-west, steadily rising in rank. Just before being named secretary of defense, he was chief of operations in the state of Chihuahua with the rank of general of division.

#### West-Coast Defense

The defense of the Pacific coast was organized by General Lázaro Cárdenas, who has just been named secretary of defense. The people, referring to the agrarian reforms he carried out while president, used to make jokes about him when he was in command of the Pacific zone. The two favorites are: "The west coast is safe now; we have sent the biggest destroyer in the world there." And, "Let the Japs land. It won't matter. Cárdenas will immediately expropriate them."

Now that the defense of Lower California has been organized, the commander's headquarters have been moved from Ensenada to Mazatlán. Offices have been set up in the hotel annex, a brick-walled building with rooms facing out onto a big whitewashed patio. The atmosphere is very informal, as the small desks of the top-ranking officers have been placed in the colonnade around the patio.

When I visited Mazatlán a short time ago, Cárdenas was still in charge there, with a naval officer as chief of staff, Comodoro Gomez Maqueo—who bears an amazing resemblance to Supreme Court Justice Murphy, both in appearance and manner. The assistant chief of staff was Colonel (now General) Alamillo, who has since been named military attaché at the Mexican embassy in Washington. Alamillo is alert, intelligent and marked out by those in the know for a great future. He graduated from the French *Ecole Supérieure de Guerre* and was military attaché in Paris at the time of the fall of France. He told me that what he saw then convinced him that one of the principal reasons for the French defeat was the lack of complete trust between England and France.

"That is the one thing that the United States and Mexico must avoid," he said. "We must have absolute co-operation."

Much has been accomplished already in this line. American ships have been given permission to use Mexican waters and harbors, American planes may land on Mexican fields, American troops may pass through Mexico in case of necessity. There is now talk of arranging for an exchange of officers for training in the different tactics and for knowledge of the territory and conditions in both countries.

According to a new decree, all Mexican officers must learn English. When I was in Mazatlán, the classes were already organized. Most of the men were doing pretty well, as Mexicans have a facility for languages, but I met one poor lieutenant who, though struggling manfully, was waging a losing battle.

"Your spelling makes no sense," he said. "I have had five lessons and I still cannot learn to count. My teacher gets furious because I always start 'oh-nay.' That's the way o-n-e is pronounced, isn't it?"

One great service being rendered by the army in force along the coastal regions is promoting civilian interest in the war. The attitude of the people in places like Ensenada and Mazatlán is entirely different from that of the inhabitants of the central regions, who are apathetic, to say the least.

In Ensenada, for instance, where there is a population of six thousand, one thousand men of all ages have volunteered to serve in the civilian defense corps.

After working hours, groups can be seen in the public squares learning to march under the instruction of an army officer and trying hard to stick out their chests instead of their stomachs. A great number of young men have signed up for flying lessons and, while I was there, money was being raised to buy a training plane.

Everybody in those regions talks about the war and the role that Mexico will be expected to play. "Everybody" includes the soldiers. When General Rico assured me that his men really understood why Mexico had declared a state of war and why they would be fighting if they should ever go into the field against Axis troops, I was frankly skeptical.

I was remembering the revolutionary days when a soldier, if asked "For whom are you fighting?" more often than not replied quite simply, "For Captain So-and-so." But now things are different. By making the requirements for entering the army more stringent and by teaching the soldiers the three R's, illiteracy among the troops has been reduced to ten per cent. They can read the newspapers and get an idea of what is going on in the world.

#### They Know Why They're Fighting

Aside from that, the officers give their men weekly talks on the world situation and international affairs. At other times, they are invited to listen to debates between officers, which they later continue spiritedly among themselves.

Going about on my own and talking to some thirty privates, I discovered that the general had not misinformed me. All of them knew what the war was about, what the Axis stood for, and for what the democracies were fighting. They expressed indignation over the sinking of the Mexican ships and said, "We are ready to fight for freedom and liberty."

One whom I spoke to while he was trying to buy some fish off one of the boats that had come in that morning with its catch, showed the admirable realism which characterizes his race.

"For a soldier," he said, "war is the best condition. Our job is to fight, and besides we get better pay."

I asked him if he thought there would ever be a Japanese invasion of the peninsula.

"Oh, no," he answered. "The Japs would attack us only if the United States were licked, and we know that could never happen."

THE END



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# MISS CASEY JONES



"I've done housework in my time," says Miss Edna Keepers, above, "and that's all this really is, except it's on a much larger scale." She's shown here using steam and a chemical solution to clean the moving parts of a locomotive preparatory to an overhaul job in the Southern Pacific shops at Eugene, Ore.

Miss Alta Lee, below, likes her job of sorting used spikes at the S. P. scrap yard at Sacramento. Straight spikes are stockpiled for immediate re-use, and crooked ones are straightened and put back on the job. This is part of an extensive salvage program.

PHOTOGRAPH FROM SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY



**T**HEM dames in airplane plants, bending them little tubes, fiddling with them tiny wires, playing with them puny riveters and doing that dainty welding—phooey on them! Let 'em come out to the roundhouse and manhandle a two-hundred-ton freight hog and find out what work is!"

That's the sort of talk you get from thousands of railettes who are running steam hammers, wrestling locomotives, helping blacksmiths, operating turntables and doing fifty other tough jobs to keep freight and passenger trains rolling to victory. They think the girls in airplane plants are all right, you understand, but just a bit ladylike.

On some roads, notably in the West, on the Southern Pacific, crews of girls have taken over train inspection and servicing at division points. Since the war started, this one road has hired more than a thousand women, in addition to those it already employed. In most cases, they're wives or sisters of railroad men, and often a girl has stepped right into the job vacated by father, husband or brother.

Railroads for years have employed women as clerks, telegraph operators and station agents. Now the girls are taking over tougher jobs. They aren't firing locomotives yet, but they may be if the war lasts long enough. . . . J. M.





...s Lily Hill, who learned blacksmithing from her father when she was a girl is Henry Kohl's helper. She says it's fun to swing an eight-pound sledge. Kohl says she knows her job



This attractive railroader is Mrs. Grace Black. She just filled the tank of a Pullman car with water and is closing the valve



...of the important jobs which women have taken over on the Southern Pacific is that of fire-  
...er. Mrs. Vivian Gatherer, above, is demonstrating how it's done in an S. P. roundhouse



Packing journal boxes is pretty messy if you're not expert at handling oily waste. Mrs. Pauline Schaffer, above, shows the proper technique

...Elizabeth Barnes, below, handling the controls of an 1,800-pound steam hammer. Her partner is Blacksmith Mike Puga, who signals her how hard and fast to hit a white-hot piece of steel



Cutting scrap with an acetylene torch is hot and difficult work but Miss Joyce Ennis, below, seems to know what it's all about



## The Turn of the Tide

Continued from page 12

LOGGY LOWERED VITALITY  
TIRE NO PEP JUMPY NERVES  
GROVE'S VITAMINS HELP ME WORK FOR UNCLE SAM!  
GONE STALE PRODUCTION FATIGUE WAR  
FAGGED OUT


For Vigor—Vitality  
GROVE'S VITAMINS

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## Calling You!

PERHAPS you have great need for extra money these days. You know it is urgent to set aside a certain sum to help Uncle Sam keep the "wheels of defense going around and around."

The Pin Money Club has in time of peace and war helped thousands of girls and women to earn extra money in their spare moments.

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Margaret Clarke, Secretary, Pin Money Club  
Department 183, Collier's Weekly  
250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Kidneys Must  
Clean Out Acids

Excess acids, poisons and wastes in your blood are removed chiefly by your kidneys. Getting up Nights, Burning Passages, Backache, Swollen Ankles, Nervousness, Rheumatic Pains, Dizziness, Circles Under Eyes, and feeling worn out, often are caused by non-organic and non-systemic Kidney and Bladder troubles. Usually in such cases, the very first dose of Cystex goes right to work helping the Kidneys flush out excess acids and wastes. And this cleansing, purifying Kidney action, in just a day or so, may easily make you feel younger, stronger and better than in years. An iron clad guarantee insures an immediate refund of the full cost unless you are completely satisfied. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose under the money back guarantee so get Cystex from your druggist today for only 35¢.

Pindar looked around. The few stars that had been in sight were blotted out. Alone in the blackness, he kept moving automatically, rising and falling on the deep sea swells, streaking a path of phosphorescence behind him in the warm water. Gradually he was tiring. His arms were beginning to feel heavy, his legs had lost their snap and vigor. Tingling cramps swept across his back and shoulders. Hopelessness overpowered him. What was the use? Exhausted as he was, he'd never be able to swim back to land against this current.

How easy it would be to stop now, sink down, down, into those dark blue depths. All the struggle, all the heart-aches, all the striving against life would be over. And then he gritted his teeth with a grim determination. The spark of life burned hot in him, and hope was a flame that urged him on. With but the fierce power of his will, he drove his aching arms up and back, kept his head above that warm, briny water that seemed to be sucking him down.

It seemed ages later when, low down on the horizon, he fancied a faint gray streak smeared a smudge against the curtain of the night. That streak lightened, started to turn pink. Daylight would soon break. But John Pindar never saw the sunrise that morning, never saw the round hot rim push its edge up over the horizon.

DIMLY and half unreal, a sound rose above the regular slush and hiss of the waves. It was the hollow thump of water striking solid. He turned his head. There, not over a hundred feet away, something rose up and then sank into a valley between the waves. Perhaps it was but born of his own imagination. Perhaps—but then he saw it plainly. Wet and dripping, a big gray mass emerged from the gloom of daybreak, emerged to the splash of running water pouring into the sea. John Pindar never remembered dragging himself toward it, never remembered his hands feeling the wet wood as with the last desperate ounce of his strength, like a wounded seal crawling onto a half awash rock, he feebly hauled himself out of the sea.

Hours later, a sound hammered at his consciousness. He opened his eyes. He was sprawled out on the deck of a vessel. The sun was halfway up to the zenith. A loose block hanging from a rope, bumped against the rail just above him. He propped himself up on an elbow, looked around. He was on what was left of a two-masted schooner. The foremast was gone, cut off as clean as though a cleaver had done the job twenty feet above the deck.

Her bowsprit was broken off short at the stemhead. A bundle of sodden canvas draped over her forward. The fore-castlehead was a litter of splintered wood and a snarl of steel cables, above a yawning hole. The mainsail swayed in bagging folds, the peak of the gaff hanging down along the mast banging monotonously. The peak halyard was adrift. The mainmast had a big chunk torn from it just above the deck. The cabin top was a mass of jagged plank ends. From overside, the broken foremast, held by its shrouds and stays, bumped heavily against the hull.

John Pindar wiped the back of his hand across his eyes, stood up looking around him. He took a few tentative steps. All one side felt stiff and sore. From his knee to his shoulder, his body was marked where he had lain on the

rough deck. From beneath him came hollow rumblings and gurglings. He realized that this must be the vessel he'd heard about. A week ago and a hundred miles to the eastward, she'd met a raider during the night. The crew had deserted her, had been picked up by a steamer next morning.

The raider had put a couple of shells into her, then, certain that she would sink, had steamed away. But the schooner—the Mary Jones—had not sunk. He looked down through the hatch, the cover of which had been torn off and was gone. Her hold was packed with seasoned lumber. His gaze swept all the far horizons. East and west, north and south, there was no sight of land.

He had no idea how far he had been carried out. As he looked at the stump of the foremast, at the loose rigging and spars that swayed and groaned at every roll, at the splintered decks, suddenly an idea was born in him. He'd wanted a ship. He had one now. But single-handed and alone, could he bring her into port? The salvage, aye, it would be no small sum. The salvage on that load of lumber—he put that from his mind. If he planned to save her, he'd better get at it while the weather was good, for he had heavy work to do.

Just aft of him, the doghouse where the cook had once held forth was lashed to eye-bolts in the deck. John went in. On a shelf behind the stove in the rack, there was a row of screw-top tins. As he opened one after another, his eyes lighted. Enough provisions were here for a man to make out with: rice and beans, sea biscuits and flour, dried fruit, sugar, salt and matches. A barrel in the corner proved to be almost full of water. That was a welcome find as were a few tools he discovered when later he waded through the flooded cabin and felt a chest on the floor in the corner.

He dragged the box to the companion-way stairs, hitched the end of the main sheet through a handle and hauled it up on the ragged beams of the cabin top. The saw, the planes, the chisels had already begun to rust. But they were serviceable. He reached over, turned the wheel. By its tug, he knew the steering gear was undamaged. Now to get rid of that trailing mast held by its steel shrouds

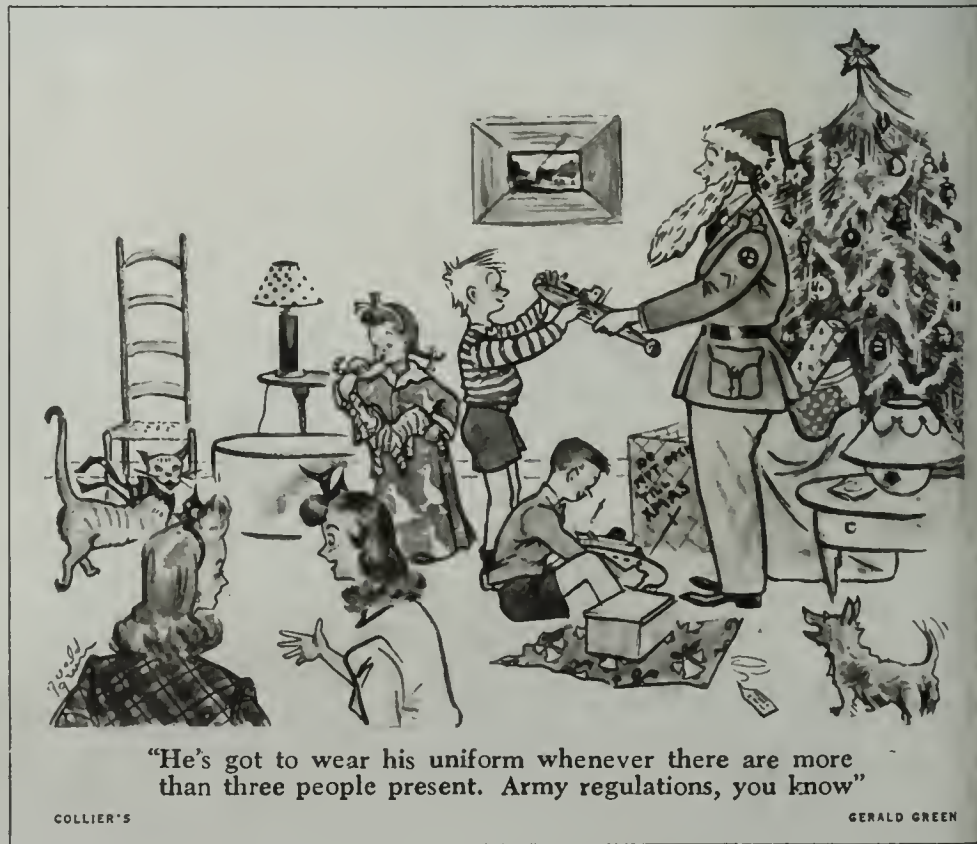
alongside. It would smash against the hull like a battering ram and hole it again if a storm should arise.

That day John Pindar began cutting loose the mast. When the sun went down in a riot of color and was quenched by the sea, he had the satisfaction of seeing that jagged-ended spar drift slowly astern.

He slept that night on a pile of old canvas and when morning came, he was awake before daylight broke over the dark waters. A steady southwester sprang up at sunrise, scarce a ten-mile breeze that barely rippled the sea's face and made but little pocket handkerchiefs crest the blue of the waves. He was being set farther and farther away from land.

His next job would be to clear away the hurrah's nest of tangled shroud and stay, sail and rope up forward. There covered a gaping hole where rail and deck and part of the planking had been torn away. Before the day was over, his hands were cut and bleeding from the sharp ends of the plowshare steel wire. When night fell, he seemed to have made little impression on the wreckage. Next morning with hammer and chisel, pick bar and ax, he again hacked and cut and pulled. The throat tackle on the mainmast furnished the purchase by which he dragged the foresail out of his way. The staysail followed, then the jib was hauled dripping out of the water and spread on the deck.

NIGHT followed day; a week passed. A week in which the wind gradually worked the Mary Jones to the north and east farther and farther offshore. Finally he uncovered the vessel's bow. Close below the stub end of the bowsprit, he could now get to the place where the planking was torn away in a jagged hole. Working with pieces of decking, he framed the hole, got a soft patch of canvas over it. Then he labored at the handle on the suction pump that was set on the deck just forward of the mainmast. A big stream of water gurgled out as the diaphragm rose and fell. He knew there was many a gallon in that hold. Perhaps she was leaking in other places besides the hole he'd closed on her bow. He would soon find out.



COLLIER'S

GERALD GREEN



Perhaps this job was too much for one man. He had food and water aboard. Sooner or later, he'd be sighted. The regular southeaster that prevailed in the latitudes would make up and drift him back into the steamer lane. His hands were stiff and sore. The salt water had inflamed them. His calloused palms were cracked till he could scarcely clutch his fists. When his day's work was done, he would fall asleep like a dead man and barely stir till morning broke.

One day, after two hours' work at the pump, his eyes lit up. He fancied the water in the hold was lowering. That night he was certain of it. He'd gained a few inches. Naked and sun-varnished, he was tanned the color of old mahogany. Driven on by a fierce urge, he did not take the time to prepare proper meals. He became lean and hard; the knotted knots of muscles on his shoulders and back rippled with every movement of his powerful body.

After each spell at the pumps, the ship rose a few inches more out of the water. She'd come up till the lower edge of the patch on her bows was scarce immersed a foot. The timber below no longer rolled and bumped around in the hold. He had hitched several of the steel poles together, run one from the mainmast head over the stump of the foremast and down to the stem. Another ran from the main to the foot of the foremast. That would keep the mainmast from going over backward.

One by one, he bent on the torn sails to stay and spar, a crazy-looking rig staysail and reefed foresail sheeted close-footed to the rail, since the foremast was broken. In the small triangle between the broken foremast and the mainmast, he set a jib on the wire stay. If he'd had a dead run back to Abaco he might have saved himself a lot of work. The mainsail alone would have been efficient off the wind. But he knew he'd been set to the northward by the westerly and he'd need headsails to work up to windward. The regular southeaster would soon set in.

Awakening one morning, he felt a gentle breeze blowing. It was out of the right quarter for him at last. With a sickle shifted alternately from peak to peak of the halyards, he hoisted the deep-reefed mainsail. The Mary Jones was no longer a thing of splintered wood and ragged canvas, a derelict floating aimlessly on the ocean, but a buoyant vessel capable of directed movement. With her makeshift canvas drawing, she headed off to the southwestward.

For the first time since he had come aboard, John Pindar had a square meal. Down in the cabin aft, uncovered by the water that had lowered to the suck of the pump, he opened a locker. Here was the captain's private store of canned goods. With the wheel lashed to hold the vessel on her course, Pindar started a fire in the galley stove and boiled a handful of rice, dumped it into the big pot on top of a couple of chunks of corned beef, adding enough water to keep it from burning. A can of pork and beans followed, another of corn. He thickened it with broken ship's biscuits, sprinkled on salt and pepper and could scarce wait till the whole was heated. With his back against the wheelbox and a big bowl of his elaborate lobsouse before him, he sighed contentedly as the Mary Jones jogged along toward the setting sun.

Night fell and John Pindar dozed in cat naps beside the wheel, steering by the stars. The soft patch he had put on the bow was holding. There was only a small leak in her now. By working but an hour or so twice a day, he could keep

her free of water. The warm night passed.

When morning broke, he looked around him. Low down on the horizon astern, a faint smudge of smoke showed. That was the first sign of a steamer he had sighted since he had come aboard. The Mary Jones was sailing back into the sea lanes. He had but a vague idea how long a time had gone by since that evening when his dinghy had smashed and he had been thrown into the water. What mattered it now? The sea was calm. The steady southeaster blew a gentle fair wind as the schooner forged along breasting the waves. The little flap of water striking her bow, the small rumble of it sliding along her bilge, the faint rustle of the wind on the sails, were as music to his ears.

He drowsed half asleep, keeping her on her course automatically. Then he jerked wide awake as he became aware

and he told them so in no uncertain terms. The steamer moved ahead, crossed in front of his bows, swung in a circle, came up alongside again. A heaving line sailed through the air.

"Take in slack!" someone bellowed. John Pindar grabbed the line, flipped a few quick coils in it, slung it into the sea and again told them to be on their way. They were reluctant to leave, however, and kept pace with him for several miles before they speeded up and drew ahead. He knew they'd report him. Even now their wireless was probably crackling out the message.

THE steamer dwindled into the distance off to the southard. He saw her change course and make the turn to round Abaco. Her superstructure, then her funnels eased down beneath the sea. The gray plume of her smoke dissipated and John Pindar was again alone. He knew



of an alien sound, an ominous clumping that seemed to be growing in intensity. He turned, looked astern. The steamer whose smoke he had seen on the horizon was coming up on him, coming fast, and had laid her course to pass close to. Inside of ten minutes, the rust-streaked tramp lay a hundred yards off to starboard. Evidently her captain had noticed Pindar's jury rig and the splintered foredeck and had seen the name on the stern. In all likelihood he had heard of the Mary Jones. The crew lined the rail. The officers stood on the wing of the bridge deck, gazing curiously at the sun-bronzed man, his sole covering a piece of frayed canvas held around his waist with a belt. One yelled through a megaphone, "We're coming alongside! Get ready to take a line!"

John Pindar shook his head vigorously, motioned them off. Either they did not understand him or did not want to. If they towed him in, they'd claim the greater share of whatever a prize court awarded. He did not need help

his position now. The tramp had come from Europe, was heading up for the south end of Abaco and the Northeast Providence Channel bound for the Straits of Florida. He was not far from shore. By midafternoon, there were other signs that he was closing in on the land. A flock of sea pigeons went past him, winging their way low and fast over the water. A couple of sooty terns flew close overhead making toward the westward. And then a little shadow appeared, a shadow that darkened and slowly rose on the sky line.

As he sailed along at a four-knot clip, the familiar contour of his home island began to etch itself against the pale blue of the sky. He saw other things. Off to the southward, a sail, a little triangle of canvas showed above the horizon. It grew larger till he could make out a three-masted schooner that changed course and headed directly for him. Just astern was another vessel, a two-master that followed in its wake. As they approached, he recognized them, a couple

of ships engaged in hauling lumber from a sawmill on the western side of Abaco. The operator at the wireless station there must have picked up the message the steamer sent, and these schooners had immediately set out to intercept him.

He was not long in doubt about their intentions. With their booms broad off and sailing fast, they headed at him, swung up into the wind one on either side. The falls creaked as each lowered a boat. Their sculling oars flashed in the sunlight. The small boats drew up alongside the Mary Jones. A man stood in the bow of the nearest one, leaped, scrambled up on the rail. As he jumped down, John Pindar wasted no words on him. He grasped him around the waist, heaved him up and overboard, ran across the deck and treated another fellow who had come from the opposite side the same way.

Then he jerked an iron belaying pin from its rack, stood on the wheelbox, brandished the weapon and threatened to use it on the next man who boarded him. The bobbing dinghies dropped astern. The crews fished the two men out of the water and the boats went back to their respective vessels. The sun disappeared into a thick bank of clouds over the land. The southeaster began to go fluky. The wind took on a body. The mainmast on the Mary Jones trembled at each succeeding puff, the rigging creaked ominously. She was straining at her sheets, coming up fast on the fringe of cays off the coast of Abaco.

Just astern, port and starboard, the two schooners kept pace with him. Occasionally a yell would echo across the water. John Pindar soon realized what they were up to. When night fell, and there was no chance of their being seen from shore, they'd board him in force. He wouldn't stand a chance of keeping them off. This vessel was his by rights. He'd found her deserted; he'd brought her in this far. If they took her away from him, he might argue the matter out before a prize court months later. The case might drag on for a year. It would be his word then against dozens of others. They'd all swear they found him helpless, that he'd asked for assistance. They'd claim the prize money. It was little that he'd receive then. She probably was insured and if he brought her in himself, he could settle with the insurance company in short order. He must elude his pursuers somehow.

THE edge of the reef was close to, the grumble of the surf plainly heard. In the twilight, John Pindar passed a rock just awash off to starboard. He noticed by the level of the swirl around it that the tide was coming in fast. This was almost the peak of the flood. Just ahead of him the island made up into a steep rounded hill with the little tower of the beacon on its crest. When that bore due west, the deep water of Ragged Channel would be abeam. His pursuers would think he was heading around the end of Abaco. They'd never suspect he'd try to take this vessel through the reef.

The twilight deepened. The light on the hill winked into being. The wind was coming in gusts now, each a bit harder than the preceding one. If John Pindar knew how deep this craft was in the water, there might be a chance for him. He had a way of finding out. He rolled the wheel up. Slowly the bow turned and the Mary Jones headed into the wind with flapping sails.

Evidently the crews on the two vessels near by thought that he was stopping for a parley, for they swung and hove to. Slowly the Mary Jones drifted along. In the fading light, a dark green patch showed in the blue of the sea. She was



easing over a shoal. John Pindar dove overboard. He swam down below the hull, felt his way to the keel, grasped it with one hand, groped with the other. He did not have far to reach. His fingers touched the slimy rocks hardly a foot below. Bobbing to the surface, he swung himself over the rail, ran back to the wheel, got her on her course again.

He was certain now of what he wanted to know. That rocky shelf he had just crossed was a foot or so deeper than the shoalest bar in Ragged Channel. With the incoming tide helping him along, he might make it. No easy job, that, to take a vessel through the dog-leg turns with the sharp rocks close abeam on either side. Few men would attempt it in daylight save with a fair wind, fewer in the night under any circumstances. The gray clouds overhead turned to black shapeless masses and night shut in. The passage of Ragged Channel lay scarce a mile ahead. It wouldn't be long now before they closed in on him. But how could he keep them off till he got there?

A SLOW smile crossed his face. They were too certain they had him trapped. He slipped a loop of line over a spoke to hold the wheel, went down the companionway stairs into the cabin. A lantern hung on a hook to the wall. He'd examined it before. There was hardly a spoonful of kerosene in it. But that was enough. Up on deck again, he hurried to the galley. The matches were in a glass jar. With work-stiffened fingers, he fumbled with the lid, got one out, lit the lantern.

The schooner was off her course, dangerously close to the reef before he had the wheel again. The lantern burned dimly on the deck in front of him. To the eastward, he could see the lights of the two other schooners although the vessels themselves were lost in the gloom. He knew they were even now preparing to board him. The wind had hauled east and was blowing harder. It would take them but a few minutes to run down on him. He'd have to work fast.

He dragged a section of the broken foreboom across the deck. With a piece of line, he hitched a length of old anchor chain to one end. To the other, he lashed the lantern. Raising the weighted end

of the spar, he lifted it over the rail, gently slid it down. He had scarcely gotten it overside when he saw the lights on the schooners change direction and head toward him.

He glanced back. The chain had hit bottom. The lantern held six feet above the sea by the floating spar was anchored, swaying back and forth. Ragged Channel was less than a half mile ahead. Would he make it? Astern, the lights were nearing the bobbing lantern. A howl, the sound of many voices yelling came wind-borne down to him. They'd discovered his trick but not before he had gained a little time. They no longer were up to windward of him, but dead astern.

A few minutes later, he glanced back again, fancied a dim shape was taking form in his wake. Then he was certain of it.

The Mary Jones was sailing hard, her canvas bulging with the weight of the wind. The mainmast head was swinging in a five-foot arc, taking up on the slack rigging at every roll. It wouldn't stand the strain much longer. From the place where the chunk had been torn, long cracks were running upward. The jib popped. Then with a noise like a shot, the canvas went streaming from the bolt ropes. With its going, the wheel tugged hard as the schooner tried to head into the wind. Up to windward, the loom of a ship increased and the three-masted

schooner, the white of her sails plain visible, swung, headed toward him.

John Pindar gritted his teeth. The light on Conch Cay was almost abeam. Another few hundred yards and he could turn and drive through Ragged Channel but the big schooner was angling down toward him. Quickly he rolled the wheel up and headed directly at her as though he intended to ram. He heard a starry yell from her decks and she sheered.

John Pindar rolled the wheel down hard, slacked off his main sheet. The light on the hill was dead in line. Barely hearing the lurid curses and bawling cries from astern, he listened for another sound. It came, the sickening crunch of coral under the keel. His ship hummed over her back, hesitated. He held his breath. Her bow went down, her stern arched. The ominous gurgle of water pouring into her hull up forward grew in intensity. He'd washed off the canvas panel on her bow.

But with the wind shoving her against the mainsail broad off, she gathered speed and down the deep-water channel that marked on either side by gleaming lines of breakers. Just as the Mary Jones rounded the point that made out from the pond before the village of Conch Cay, a heavy gust struck her. With a loud crack, the crash of splintered wood, the ripping screech of torn canvas, the mainmast pitched over the side. Coasting on her momentum, moving slower and slower, she carried her way across the pond and grounded on a sandy beach just before the little group of houses under the clashing coco palm.

JOHN PINDAR glanced overside. The white tip of the mainmast was inching back along the hull. The tide had turned and would be running out like a race through Ragged Channel now. He'd made it to safety with little time to spare. Ashore the sight of the bobbing lights, as they converged toward the place where the schooner lay aground, caused his grim, lean face to wrinkle into a grin. He hoped the crowd on the vessels offshore would come in with their small boats. He had plenty of help to handle them now.

THE END

## MR. FALA OF THE WHITE HOUSE

by ALAN FOSTER



COLLIER'S

"I don't think it will come to gas warfare"

ALAN FOSTER

## City Under the Sea

Continued from page 51

started upstream along the bank. He thought: If these Siberian soldiers had a foreign man, and he, Yarak, had a foreign woman on his hands, he could lead the man to the woman. The man would know what to do for her. Then the blond woman would get over her sickness, and what was more to the point, Yarak would be relieved of his responsibility. . . . At the edge of the upstream ravine, he went slowly, calling "U-u-haa!" No answer came.

At once Yarak stopped, pulling out the Turkish knife that he had acquired in his wandering. Carefully he listened to the faint-humming that was made up of the murmur of the river, the buzz and chirping of insects. He caught a *swish* of the air, and ducked. Something rattled against the slope above him, and he heard the sharp thud of feet.

The Cossack rolled over on his back, kicking up and slashing with the knife. His booted foot jammed against the hurtling body, but his knife blade cut only air.

Rolling to his feet, Yarak prepared to strike again. Something harder than a fist smashed against his cheekbone.

Flashes of light spurted before his eyes, which watered, blinding him. "Dog's tail!" he yelped, startled.

Nothing more hit him. Instead, after a moment's silence a voice spoke curtly: "You're Russian?"

"No—Cossack!"

By now Yarak could make out his assailant—a shorter, slender man holding a cudgel. This foreigner spoke Russian quick enough, but with an accent. He kept his distance from Yarak's long arm.

"Who are you and where are you from, brother?" Yarak asked, quieting down.

"Did you see the sun set, Cossack?"

"Yes."

"Well, that's where I'm from. Part of my name is Jan."

Evidently this foreigner did not want to say much about himself. So Yarak explained how he was in trouble with a woman. "She's a foreigner like you. Maybe she's dying. How can I tell?" And he added craftily, "She's pretty as a sunflower—a regular girl!"

The stranger listened without any emotion. "Sounds fishy. What's she carrying?"

"Carrying? A handbag. And a handkerchief."

"What color's her hair?"

"Like ripe wheat."

"All right. Hand over that butcher's knife."

JAN, the foreigner, would not move until Yarak laid down the curved knife. Picking it up, he reached under a bush and pulled something out. Yarak caught the *clink* of glass. "Vudka?" he cried.

"Cognac." Jan put a bottle in each pocket of his tunic without offering the Cossack a swallow. "Good French cognac, fresh from Chovno. Take off!" He picked up something else, resembling a sledge hammer. "And if you're taking me anywhere except to that *dushenka* you describe, Cossack, you'll feed the birds."

Yarak felt both thirsty and angry. "Het! I'm not lying, Jan. I'm Yarak—in the last war *essaul* of the Terek Division. The Savage Division."

For the first time the stranger laughed. "The Savage Division of the last war would be the school children of this one."

Morosely, Yarak stepped out. He recognized what Jan was carrying in his hand. A German stick grenade, undoubtedly looted with the good liquor from the stores at Chovno. Jan had a hard soul—he had a devil in him.

To his great relief he found Betty sitting alone in the waste of sand, waiting patiently.

At sight of her Jan stopped instantly. "Marya!" he breathed. He said something Yarak did not understand, while the girl only stared up, puzzled.

Certainly these foreigners had a strange way of greeting each other, with Jan trembling as if he were stepping on a grave, and the girl as silent as a statue. Presently they began to talk, but not in Russian.

"What is she?" Yarak asked curiously.

Jan kept staring at her hair, until she brushed it back with her hands uneasily. "A nurse," said he. "An English nurse, named Betty. But she can speak some German." He had ceased to think about Yarak. "She came from Sharm, heard's, in Cairo, through Ismailia, Halep to Taganrog, last winter—or she says."



"What kind of sickness has she?"  
 "No kind. You've walked her for a  
 week, with only black bread and barley  
 soup, down to this wilderness."  
 "Is the sea where she wanted to go?"  
 "Not much it isn't. There's more than  
 one sea, Cossack. She wanted to go  
 toward the Kavkaz, to the Caspian."  
 The muscles twitched in Jan's face, as  
 he was frightened. The girl watched  
 him quietly. When she spoke and  
 touched his arm, he pulled away.  
 Be-ty smiled and drew a cup from her  
 bag. And Jan uncorked one of the  
 bottles, to pour into the cup. The sharp  
 smell of strong cognac struck Yarak's  
 nostrils, and he moved over. Jan pushed  
 the cup away. "Not for you, *stiepnik*. The  
 girl needs it."  
 He called her lady, now, and not *du-  
 ka*. "But there are two bottles."  
 Yarak's throat felt dry.  
 And plainly Jan thirsted for the good  
 drink as much as Yarak.

The girl seemed to know that, because  
 she sipped at the cognac she held  
 in the white cup to Jan. He took it,  
 and sipped. "Captain Jan Slowycky," he  
 whispered, "escaped from Czersk prison.  
 I'll show you my forehead to you, lady."

LIVING up hope of the bottles, Yarak  
 wandered off toward the river. This  
 he reflected, who was no older than  
 Yarak, had a black devil in him. It hap-  
 pened that way with men who had been  
 in prison. Jan's mind was sick, and  
 Yarak did not know what he could do  
 but that—  
 Suddenly he stopped and spat. The  
 shadow beyond the sand bar had changed.  
 A shadow along the surface was ris-  
 ing and coming up.  
 Something like a house took shape,  
 and a cannon on top of it. Then out of  
 the house the figures of men climbed.  
 "Ekh!" Yarak muttered, the back of  
 his neck feeling cold. Mirrored above  
 the gleam of the water, the monster of  
 the unknown, vasty deep drifted closer  
 to the steep bank opposite, and stopped.  
 The men on it lowered what seemed  
 to be a mattress to the water, and four  
 of them climbed into it, rowing into the  
 middle of the land across from him.

Fascinated, the Cossack watched, at  
 the end of his sand bar. If these specters  
 were bells, they must be denizens of the  
 underworld. Instead of bells,  
 Yarak heard Jan's voice. Singing.  
 As he scrambled back, he heard the  
 words: "When the bread is hot from the  
 oven, dear girl . . . you will burn your  
 fingers. Wait!"

Within the screen of grass, Jan was  
 emptying the cup. "When the kiss is  
 on your lips, dear girl . . . you must  
 never wait. Hurry!"  
 Beside him Be-ty sat silent.

"Shut up and listen, Jan," the Cos-  
 sack exclaimed. "In the river a city is  
 coming up, with men climbing out."  
 "In a pig's eye!"  
 Jan laughed and poured himself more  
 cognac from a bottle that Yarak judged  
 to be more than half empty already.

"Ghosts on the water," Jan said. "Cos-  
 sack, I used to sit like this on the stone  
 steps, while Marya made tea. At her  
 house, you know—or you don't know.  
 She used to drink tea! She had hair like  
 gold, and she looked into my eyes—not  
 afraid. I'd kiss her hand. Like two kids."  
 "Stop licking the drink. It's the girl's."  
 "Not this girl's. She's alive, isn't she?"  
 Jan filled his cup carefully. "When I  
 was out of Czersk, I got down to the Tat-  
 ars to look for her at the old place. The  
 Armenian people told me about Marya. She'd  
 had typhus, and before she was well, she  
 had been sent with the family out of their  
 house, north to the swamps. For the  
 water sports, the Nazis said. You know,

cutting timber in the bogs, poling rafts.  
 I didn't find her. It was like chasing a  
 ghost over the swamps—"

The girl Be-ty had been watching his  
 face in the starlight, and she took the  
 cup away from him. Jan stopped talk-  
 ing.

"There's a gun on the river now, Jan,"  
 Yarak insisted.

He took Jan's arm, leading him down  
 to the sand bar. For a long time Jan  
 stared at the shape on the water. "Un-  
 dersea boat," he said. Leaning close to  
 the water, he listened. "It's not Russian  
 they're speaking over there."

"Four men rowed ashore. Without a  
 boat." Yarak pointed to the far bank,  
 hidden in the murk.

"They're Germans, all right. Probably  
 going to communicate with Chovno."

The thing out of the sea was an enemy  
 warship, Jan insisted.

"Impossible," Yarak grunted. He  
 knew that ships sailed on top of the  
 water; they did not emerge from the  
 depths like a sturgeon coming up to feed.

Jan peered at him curiously. "You be-  
 lieve in a city of dead people coming  
 up out of the water, but you balk at a  
 submarine."

"Oh, crickey!"

Quietly the girl Be-ty had come up be-  
 hind them. And she knew more than Jan  
 about the black shape moored in the  
 river. She said it would have a search-  
 light and machine gun on the little house  
 that she called a conning tower, and a  
 small boat made of rubber, blown up so  
 it would float. In this berth at the river  
 mouth it could lie hidden for the night,  
 and it would be off by daybreak. It  
 showed no lights, to prevent observa-  
 tion from the air.

"Tfu!" Yarak shook his head. A *ma-  
 chine* such as that to swim around in the  
 water like a fish. It could not be.

Jan, squatting down close to the water,  
 did not move. He was like a man bound  
 tight with wire cords. "There are only  
 four of the water sporters on deck," he  
 whispered, "and, I think, two on shore  
 over there."

THEN Yarak heard a sound that sent  
 him crawling back hastily through  
 the grass. Heavy feet were moving in the  
 dry growth about the camp site, and his  
 sharp ears caught the *clink* of a glass  
 bottle. As he suspected, he found the  
 Siberian guerrillas there, nosing about.  
 They had found the cognac and the girl's  
 bag.

"Hi, *kunaks*," Yarak hailed softly,  
 "those are the foreign lady's bottles.  
 Look here—there's a German *machine*  
 lying like a fish in the shallows of the  
 river."

Invitingly he pointed down at the  
 bank. A short, stocky figure stepped up  
 to him. "We aren't blind, Uncle. Sure  
 it's there. Only we haven't any *kriga*—  
 any net traps big enough to catch that  
 fish."

Those Siberians had the bottles, and  
 Yarak counted eight men with four  
 long, old-fashioned rifles among them.  
 He did not argue with the stocky man,  
 the section leader called Kem by the  
 others. Then Jan appeared with the girl,  
 and Jan picked up the stick bomb from  
 the ground. He spoke with the ring of  
 command in his voice:

"Army men, can you find your way  
 through to your lines?"

"Yes," said Kem, "when we're ready  
 to go."

"Well, it's time you took off, with this  
 lady. She's a nurse and she'll end up by  
 getting killed here. See that she's put on  
 a train to the Kavkaz, to Tiflis. There'll  
 be other English people in Tiflis. You  
 won't want to stick around here."

"Why not?" demanded Kem. "And

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what makes you think you can give the orders?"

"It will be too hot around here for you, after an hour. I'm through giving orders. I'm going over to the other bank to give them this cocktail."

Jan's voice was flat, as he showed Kem the stick bomb. The Siberians crowded around, muttering. No use throwing one bomb. The Germans had sentries on shore, and a party coming back from Chovno. And their searchlight could show up all the bank there.

Kem hesitated, and put down the cognac. "We have some dynamite, from Chovno, but we couldn't find any detonators. We're keeping it for the roads."

"Well, you can't worry a submarine by exploding dynamite in the open air—if you could explode it."

"I know that." The Siberian seemed angered. "Didn't I graduate at the Ural Kuznetsk chemico-metallurgical combination?" He laughed. "For cultural upliftment."

"May the dogs bite your cultural upliftment!" Yarak pushed up to them, snorting. It had taken a long time to convince him; but if the soldiers also believed the leviathan from the deep to be a warship, it must be so. Although it seemed to him something of a miracle that such a ship could be. "You didn't learn much on the Amur. You've got a raft, haven't you, Kem? Then hand over the dynamite and I'll take it down alongside that machine."

"The forehead to you, Yarak! So you'll cripple the submarine by yourself."

"Tfu! I was doing things like that when you were still wet behind the ears." Yarak felt provoked. First the officer Jan had slighted the Savage Division of the real war, and now this man from the Amur made a jest of him. Yarak felt hot under his skull. "I've taken a log down a river at night with Tatars watching. And they don't need searchlights to see at night."

**H** E EXPLAINED how it was done. Not by splashing around like the men from the Amur, but by drifting with the current. Not by lying on the logs but by swimming behind them.

"Only one thing is needed," he added. "A diversion. If you Siberian fly killers can get up on the bank over there, throw in a stone for the boat boys to look at."

"What did you say?" Kem asked.

"A diversion. To make them look the other way."

For a moment the officer and Kem stared at the gaunt Cossack. They seemed to find much to think about in what he said. Jan shifted the bomb in his hand, and Kem breathed hard through his teeth. "Uncle," he said, "will you try your luck like that?"

"Stop talking, and fetch the dynamite."

They were starting up the river, when Jan put out his hand. The girl was waiting there, not knowing what they meant to do. Yarak saw the officer go up to her and talk, strained. It was as if Jan had been pulled toward her.

"She wants to come with us," he explained quickly. "She says she wants to share our luck."

His voice was glad, and he took the girl's hand, bending over to kiss it. Betty moved unexpectedly. She brushed back the tangle of her hair and she smiled at Jan, putting her arms around him. Tight she held to him, whispering.

When he lifted his head, Jan's face was not hard as before. He looked like a boy, troubled and determined. His fingers held to the girl's hand.

Yarak thought that Jan was no longer afraid of a ghost. This girl had some-

how driven the black devil out of him. Well, that was how it happened, with a girl.

The Pole held his body straight in the torn tunic. Taking the lead, he walked fast, motioning Kem to keep up with him. Yarak could hear them talking, low-voiced, up at the guerrillas' hide-out.

And there they lost no time rooting heavy boxes out of the brush. Lugging the boxes down to the shore, they worked over them, while Yarak inspected the log raft. Not satisfied, he searched out a dead branch and pulled up rushes by the roots. Kem came over to watch him curiously, while the others laid a half dozen dynamite boxes close together on the two logs of the raft.

Over these boxes, Yarak wedged the branch, and stuck rushes in between the logs. He noticed that the wooden boxes bore numbers and marking.

The others were wading across the river from shoal to shoal, Jan carrying

expected. From the water it loomed up, high. He caught a faint humming and a clank of metal as men moved about the house.

The current, he calculated, was taking his float near the outer side of the monster, and he did not dare, now, to change its course. Lowering himself down, he waited for the splash of a stone, or some diversion from the bank. Surely, he thought, the *kunaks* up on the bank, twenty paces away, could spot him by now.

**B**UT no diversion came. Yarak could make out the rubber boat tied to the shore ahead of him, and hear men moving there. No other sound broke the quiet of the river. And he was bearing down steadily upon the giant from under the sea.

"The brothers of a dog!" he thought bitterly, trying to swing the logs closer to the submarine.

Suddenly a flashlight blinked at the

the face of the bank. Nothing showed there except brush.

From aft the conning tower, a machine gun rattled and spat at the bank, following the finger of light. The German Yarak thought, were quick as devils shoot. And by now his dynamite would be drifting harmlessly out to sea—

He caught the splash of paddles coming out from the bank before he saw, the glow under the light beam, the rubber boat drawing near the submarine. Four men were hunched over in strange craft, racing toward the iron ladder under the conning tower. Yarak wondered if the officers had returned from shore. Then he stared, fascinated.

The men in the boat were not Germans. When they grasped the ladder, two of them went up with knives in their hands. The machine gun stopped, and the sailor with the rifle jumped for the ladder. At the same instant Kem jumped for the rifleman, and the two of them splashed into the water.

The two guerrillas following K swang heavy packs over their heads. Their packs dropped down the hatch. Another sailed in after them.

At the rail of the conning tower, a German officer stepped into the light, holding a revolver. Beneath him Jan held the ladder with one hand. The other hand swung the stick bomb up. It dropped after the bundles into the stream. And Jan let go his hold, to disappear back into the water.

"Ekh ma!" Yarak breathed. The machine gun cut loose again. And with the water shook around Yarak, and a blast shot up from the conning tower.

**T**HE submarine swayed, and vibrated around it, coming out of the hatch and the seams of the deck. The searchlight dimmed out, and smoke spread over the water.

Yarak found himself clawing toward the shoal across from him, shaking his head, to clear it. Looking back, he caught the splash of paddles, where the rubber boat was again in motion toward the high bank. Some of the board party, then, had got away.

The smoke closed down on him, and the reek of oil made him cough. Shivering with the chill of the river, the Cossack climbed out on the shoal. At once his bare legs laboring through the grass, he made for his camp site.

There lay the two cognac bottles where they had been left. Yarak shook the one that felt half empty. He took a long swallow, to drive the chill out of his body. "Eh," he muttered, "I was a diversion."

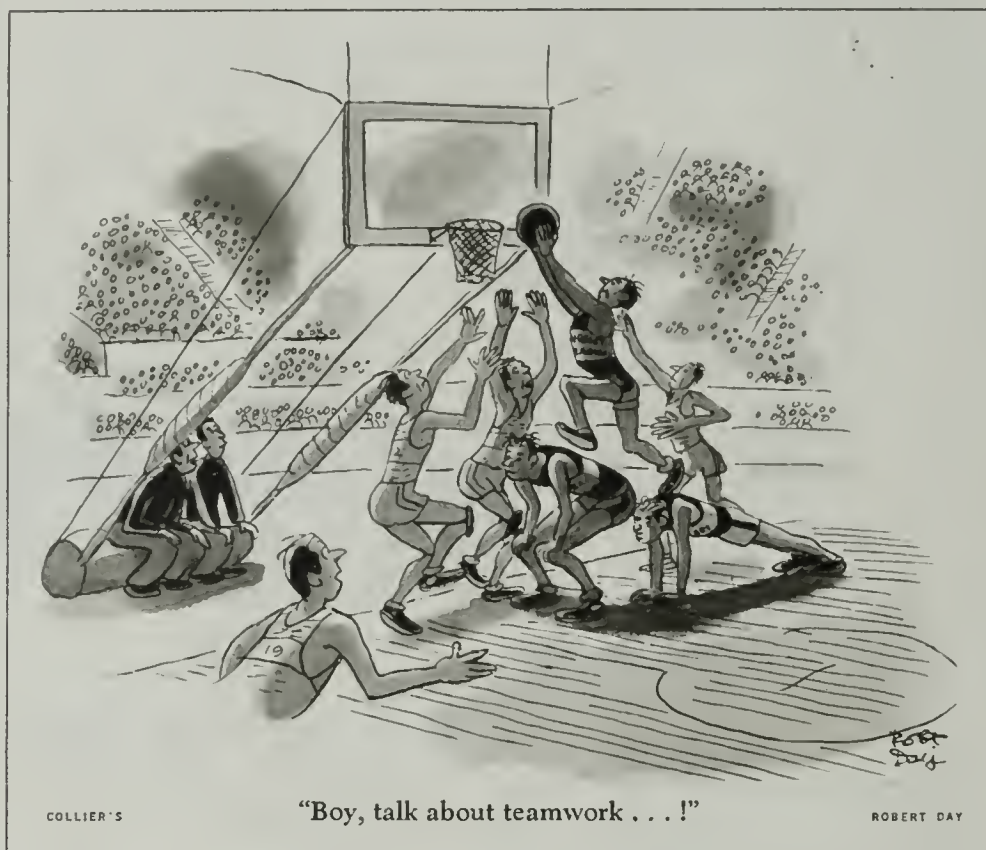
Immediately he felt warmed inside, but not outside, so he took another long swallow. "Eh, the firing from the bank was the diversion for the boat."

He felt comfortable, now that he understood everything. The dog brothers, he thought—they bit hard. They showed him the boxes and took the dynamite with them.

Upstream, when he sat down to put on his clothes, he saw the guerrillas making back across the ford. He counted nine, with the Polish officer and the wandering girl among them. He heard Kem telling the survivors to get their rolls together and start east to the next post. "Brothers, soldiers," Yarak called after them, "it was done like Cossacks."

Overhead the finger of a searchlight probed the sky to the west; a patrol fired down the far bank. Yarak felt a glow of contentment, and, crawling back into the rocks, he wrapped himself in his coat. Putting the remaining bottle in a convenient pocket of the coat, he dozed happily.

THE END



the girl. Some of the Siberians seemed to be carrying packs.

"Wait for as long as it takes to milk a cow," Kem explained. "Then shove off." He calculated a moment. "That gives us time to get around to the bank."

"Don't forget to make the diversion," Yarak warned. Then he thought of something. "How will the dynamite go off?"

He did not know much about the explosive qualities of dynamite, but Kem understood such chemicals. "Don't worry, Uncle. It will go off, at the submarine." He hesitated, watching Yarak. "Only you'd better get away from the raft before then. Understand? Well, that's all you need to know."

And he ran after the file, now lost in the gloom of the opposite bank.

**S**TRIPPED from his shaven forehead to his toes, Yarak shoved his driftwood raft out into midcurrent. When he felt the tug of the current, he spat three times and crossed himself, to ward off bad luck. After a while he let himself into the water, holding on to the end of a log, guiding it.

With his head screened by the branch, he watched the outline of the high bank, and peered ahead for the little house on top of the boat. He only moved his legs to guide his floating bomb.

When he lifted his head he sighted the leviathan of the deep closer than he had

water. Then a glow of light dazzled Yarak. The Germans had turned their searchlight on the driftwood, now only a stone's throw away.

Yarak kept his head still, swearing silently. He heard the crack of a single shot. Water sprayed beside him. A second shot from the conning tower ripped through one of the boxes. Yarak wondered again what made dynamite explode. And, hastily, he released the logs, letting himself sink into the water. Then he turned to swim against the current.

The glow faded from the water around him, and he came up to breathe.

Twenty feet away, the searchlight held on the logs, now almost at the submarine's bow. Its glow showed a man in a jersey out on the runway aiming a rifle at the suspicious floating mass. An officer climbed out of the tower, and shouted as if angry. The rifleman held his fire, while the others clustered around him, peering at the boxes which they could see plainly now.

Then the quiet of the river was shattered. Four shots flashed from the bank above the submarine, and Yarak recognized the roar of the heavy Russian Trokhlini rifles. Another volley cracked down, bullets whining off the steel decks, and some of the crew tumbling down where they stood.

The survivors jumped away from the light, and again the officer shouted. The searchlight swung around and up, across



## All or Nothing

Continued from page 25

...were not really with him—as though  
...ere speaking to shadows.  
...knew she'd go sooner or later—I  
...ot know why she stayed. But I don't  
...rstand her—I thought I did. I never  
...anything to her—never. And before  
...if I had I'd have been down on my  
...s swearing I'd never do it again!"  
...igid tried to make things as they  
...been with Rory, but she could not.  
...Friday of that week she did succeed  
...tting him to the club for dinner. But  
...night she was never to forget.  
...rough the meal he was the old Rory,  
...ng her, gay, but while she was eating  
...ert he excused himself. He did not  
...e back. After twenty minutes she  
...to look for him. She did not want  
...t alone for fear Phil would come by  
...try to talk to her.

RORY was in the men's bar. He called  
...to her, waving a glass. "Be right with  
...Brigid," and she went back to the  
...e and signed the check. She took a  
...azine to a dark corner of the lounge  
...waited. Half an hour. An hour.  
...grew nervous and an odd appre-  
...sion filled her.  
...he went back to the doorway of the  
...and looked in. Rory was leaning  
...talking to the bartender.  
...D'you have devils, Joe?"  
...nother man was trying to draw him  
...y. "Come on, Rory. We all have  
...n, man."

A tight lump came to her throat.  
...me flooded her.  
...He's drunk," she thought.  
...he did not know what to do. For a  
...t moment she wished desperately  
...Helen were there. Helen, who al-  
...s knew what to do.  
...cheerful voice said beside her,  
...illo, there, Circe."  
...he turned and saw Gordon Baird  
...ling down at her. "Hello—"  
...his eyes searched hers. "Is anything  
...ng?" he asked quietly. His cool eyes  
...s suddenly a haven and a relief.  
...Rory—my father's in there," she said  
...and quickly. "I—he—"  
...his eyes went past her and under-  
...od her need at once.

"Wait a minute." He walked into the  
...and up to Rory. She could not hear  
...at he said, but Rory clapped him on  
...shoulder. Gordon signaled to the  
...tender for a drink. Brigid was wor-  
...—he seemed to have settled down  
...r Rory. She went back to the lounge.  
...n a few moments the two men came  
...together. Rory walked steadily  
...ough, but when he looked at her his  
...s were queer. "Honey, I'm sorry—  
...got you were waiting for me—we're  
...ng home now—Baird's coming with  
...D'you know this fellow, Brigid?  
...s a great boy—we'll have a drink,  
...ird—my wife's away—we can do what  
...damn' please." He laughed, and in-  
...ctively Brigid drew back.

They went out through the lounge and  
...wn the wide front steps across the  
...vel drive to the parking space. Gor-  
...n smoothly said, "I'd like to try your  
...t. My tires are gone and I'm afraid  
...h out of luck for the duration." With-  
...t a word, Rory handed over the keys.  
...As Gordon was unlocking the door,  
...il came running from the direction of  
...ennis courts.

"Brigid—hey!"  
...Then he saw Rory stumble as he  
...mbled into the rear seat of the car.  
...hat's the matter? Is he tight?"  
...Gordon said, "Shut up, Phil."  
...Phil looked at Brigid's stricken face.

"Well, ye gods, don't look like that. My  
...old man gets tight every Saturday."

Brigid climbed in beside Gordon with-  
...out a word.

When they got to the house, Rory got  
...out first. "I tell you what I'm going to  
...do, Baird—I'm going to ride. You wait  
...for us—Brigid, we're going riding. Tell  
...Morse to saddle up."

"It's late to ride," Gordon said. "How  
...about that drink you promised me?"

"All the fixings are there—or you can  
...ask the maid. We're going to ride,  
...Brigid. We're going to drive out the  
...devils." He laughed, that harsh laugh-  
...ter. He was soberer now, but there was  
...a light in his eyes that frightened her.

"No, please, Rory."

"You can do what you like. I'm going  
...to ride."

Morse had come out and stood in the  
...stable door. Rory put a hand on his  
...shoulder.

"Saddle Mona for me, Morse, I'm go-  
...ing out."

"Mr. Carr, you can't ride Mona to-  
...night. You rode her too hard yesterday.  
...She's been limping on that right foreleg  
...all day."

"Her leg be damned! She puts it on.  
...You know she does. She's just trying to  
...get out of exercise."

Rory pushed past the man and went  
...into the stable.

"Don't, Rory, don't!" Brigid cried. She  
...ran after him, Gordon and Morse close  
...behind.

But they were too late. There was a  
...loud whinny in the barn and Mona  
...plunged out, Rory astride her bare back,  
...riding her with just the lead rein Morse  
...had been using. The two men grabbed  
...for the reins, but Rory struck their arms  
...away with a whip he had snatched from  
...the wall and kept on across the stable  
...yard and through the gates to the pas-  
...ture. In a moment Morse was back in  
...the stable, leading out the roan.

"I'll get him, Miss Brigid. Don't you  
...worry. Mona can't take him far with  
...that leg."

THE tears were streaming down Brig-  
...id's cheeks though she did not know  
...it. There was nothing she could do but  
...lean against the pasture fence, watch-  
...ing Rory on the mare, laughing back to  
...Morse. She was conscious that Gordon  
...had put his arm across her shoulders  
...and the warmth of his hand steadied  
...her somewhat.

She said, needing somehow to tell him,  
..."Rory's not like this—he isn't like this  
...at all—he's so swell—"

"I know, Brigid."

Then to her surprise, Rory wheeled as  
...he came up to the road end of the pas-  
...ture, and turned the mare back. At once  
...she saw what he meant to do. He was  
...going to put her over the jump on which  
...Morse had that day been training Lucky  
...Boy. But the bar was set too high for  
...Mona. She'd never make it.

Again Brigid cried, "Rory! Don't do  
...it!" And Morse shouted.

Rory was coming straight at the fence.  
...He was urging on the mare; Brigid could  
...see he was talking to her. She was all  
...right on her leg now. Rory was still  
...laughing.

They were at the jump. Brigid held  
...her breath, praying. The great muscles  
...of the horse rippled, gathering under  
...her glistening hide for the spring. Rory  
...touched her lightly with the whip and  
...she left the ground.

They arched in the air against the twi-  
...light sky for one flashing second. Up,



## ...and YOU TALK OF "SACRIFICES"!

Maybe you've heard some of them...

The people who complain because  
they can't always get their brand of  
coffee—or because the right cut of meat  
is scarce...

The man who "sacrifices" an extra  
week's vacation to buy a War Bond or  
two, and the woman who "gives up" a  
new hat to put the money into a War  
Bond.

Next time you hear such talk, an-  
swer like this...

"Sacrifice? Is there *anything*  
you can do to match the bravery of our  
fighting men? Is there any 'sacrifice'  
you can make to equal that of a man  
who gives his *life*?"

"You don't 'sacrifice' anything when  
you buy a War Bond. You get back \$4

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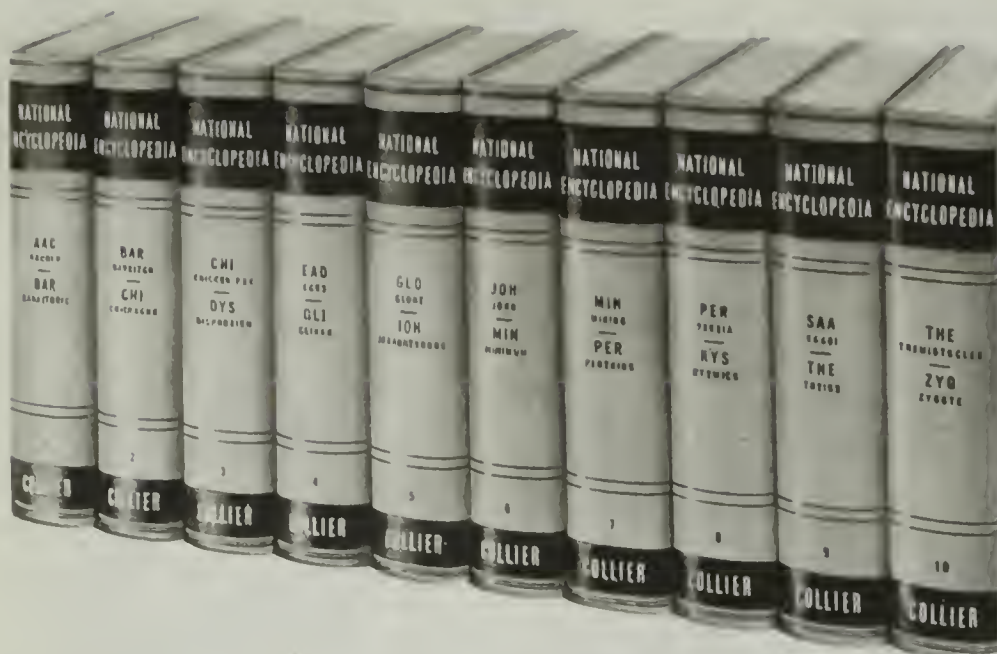
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up. . . Her forelegs cleared. But Rory was sitting too loosely. Too far back.

They were over. The heels of the mare just cleared.

"Lord, that was beautiful," Gordon said and Brigid heard Rory shout with pleasure. Her breath came out slowly—and was caught again. The mare stumbled on the bad foreleg. She righted herself. And stumbled again, knuckling under.

Rory was off, crumpling in the aster-starred grass.

When they came up to him, Morse was already on the ground beside him. The mare was trying to struggle to her feet. There was blood around Rory's mouth and his face was paper white.

"He's dead," Brigid whispered, falling to her knees.

"No, he ain't. Just busted something," Morse said quickly.

Gordon said, "Don't move him. Help the mare. Brigid, go call the doctor. No, don't lift his head."

Rory's eyes opened. "What did I—do to Mona?" he asked with difficulty. Then he shut his eyes.

And Morse said, "He's gone off again."

"I haven't," Rory said in a hoarse whisper. "I'm thinking—Brigid—call your mother—tell her—I wouldn't have the nerve—to pull a deathbed on her—I'm not dying. But—damn it—it hurts."

BRIGID came slowly down the stairs. It was late now, crickets singing somewhere. . . . The clock on the landing was whining in its gears, its hands poised before the hour, like hands palm to palm in prayer. The doctor had come. And Helen.

She had come, pale, her hair wildly blown (the first time Brigid had ever seen it out of place) running up the stairs.

"He's all right, Doctor?"

"Oh, he's right enough, Helen, child. Just a broken rib and he's done that before. But he keeps asking for you."

Helen didn't see Brigid in the shadows of the hall. Brigid heard her low cry as she went into Rory's room. "Rory—Rory—you poor idiot—"

Rory said, "I didn't know whether you'd come—"

"You knew I would. Oh, Rory, why do you have to do everything the hard way?"

"I didn't mean to—Helen. I've been crazy ever since you went—I've been trying to get away from myself. I couldn't—I wanted to hide from what I've known all along— What have I done to you?"

"Nothing, nothing. Don't talk, Rory. Does it hurt much? Oh, my poor boy."

"Yes, it hurts. But I'm not a boy, Helen—I hope to heaven I'm not— Forgive me, can you?" His voice sounded as though he were crying.

"It's better if neither of us does any forgiving."

Strangely, she seemed to be laughing, and Rory was, too. There was hurt and bewilderment in Brigid's heart.

"Forgive me," he had said. But her mother had been the one who had hurt him. And still he asked for her. He hadn't wanted Brigid at all.

She stopped on the stairs. She could see through the arch into the library, and Gordon was there, smoking a cigarette. He glanced up and saw her. He crushed out the cigarette and came into the hall.

"I didn't know you'd stayed." She came to meet him. "You needn't have."

He smiled at her. "I wanted to. I wanted to see you again before I went."

She said, unexpectedly, "I'm glad. I didn't thank you."

"I didn't wait to be thanked. I wanted

to see that you were all right," he said. "All right?"

He put a hand on her shoulder. "You're a funny kid. You take everything the hard way."

That was almost exactly what her mother had said to Rory.

He was still smiling at her. "You know, you're a lot like your father."

"But tonight my father—"

"I know what he's like. I think he's really quite a guy."

She was grateful for that.

"And I think you may be swell—when you grow up."

There was a look in his eyes she had seen in eyes before. She knew what meant and knew, too, with a flash of insight, that he did not intend her to know. With simplicity she put her hand out and lifted her face, and he bent and kissed her. She had not expected it to be that kind of kiss it was. Her fingers tightened on his arms.

But he disengaged them. He said on "Good night, Brigid," and was gone.

She remained standing there, increasingly amazed at the unlooked-for emotion of the kiss which she had offered.

"Brigid." Her mother was at the stairhead. "Rory wants to see you."

When she went in he was lying back against the pillow, his face the color of the linen, and a bruise purpling along his cheekbone. But he grinned at her the familiar way.

"Well, Brigid, I caused you a lot of trouble tonight. You, and that you fellow."

"I guess you did," she grinned back at him. He was close to her again.

He took her hand, his fingers hanging around it. "Brigid—don't live one hour of your life before you learn how not to be a damned fool. Let that boy of yours tell you he's sorry." He looked up at her. "You've got to start some place—the sooner the better. We're selfish, you and I, Brigid—we've got to hold on, we've got to be always right. But it doesn't work out. We think we're on the side of the angels, but we're not. We're the devils in ourselves. Remember that. And cut that boy—"

"I will, Rory," she promised—and was amazed at the lightness the promise gave her.

AFTER a moment she went out. Her mother was still in the hall. "We let Rory sleep, Brigid. Let's get ourselves some iced tea and sit on the porch."

She smiled, and her smile was the answer to what Brigid wanted to say: never hated you—I missed you so—wasn't any good with just Rory and me.

"Who was that boy downstairs, Brigid?"

"His name is Gordon Baird."

And when she said his name, something happened. Gordon. The way used to be Phil. But different. She thought, "I needn't forgive Phil now."

Because she knew now. She was in love with him any more. He had wounded her because she loved him. Only because she couldn't bear to hate him. Tonight—he hadn't understood that she was hurt about Rory—

"So I needn't."

But she did. There was something which she wanted to go on, but she had first to be reconciled with Phil. Rory wanted her to do that. She had to be kind to Phil first. It was too easy to be kind. It was too easy to be right.

Someone—like Gordon Baird—would have to know she could be kind, before he would come back.

"But I can never tell him."

Her heart said, "He'll know."

THE END



# Deep Winter

Continued from page 19

first crop as a demonstration that he was able to provide for her. He was that way. But when she thought of how close they were, and how many good days they were missing, and of how much she could do for him, she had an instant when she wanted to cry.

She looked at him and he saw something of what she felt, for he drew a long breath. "We'd better get out of here before I—"

"Why shouldn't you?"

FOR a moment they stood staring at each other. Presently he dropped his eyes. "I think," he said, "we ought to start back." Once more on the sleigh seat he paused to fill and light his pipe and he brought the scene to safer ground. "Dirty weather coming. I wish the people on the flats had better shelter."

Going back down the road, her own thoughts still confused, she realized how natural it was for him to worry about the homesteaders; he had a streak of responsibility in him that people felt, and because of that he had come to be somewhat of a leader on the flat, without his asking. They followed the waggling ruts of their previous trip as far as the Lowe shanty and turned into the yard.

Mrs. Lowe opened the door for them, a heavy, shapeless woman—unkempt and complaining. She made an ineffectual swipe at her hair and invited them in, using half of the same breath to condemn the weather. "Nobody can do anything. It ain't any use even to try. We've all got chills."

The four children, from three to nine, were underfoot in the single room of the shanty and the place was a complete confusion. A stove and table crowded one side, a bed occupied most of the other—and Lowe lay covered with quilts on the bed, smoking his pipe. A doorway without a door led into a tent which formed the second room. Mrs. Lowe's eyes saw at once that both Letty and Kertcher were unfavorably impressed with Lowe's idleness and she sprang to her husband's defense: "He ain't been well all fall. He never got over a sprain to his back durin' the summer."

"You ought to put a door against that tent," said Kertcher. "You're burnin' wood to heat the whole outside world."

"I'll get to it," said Lowe and seemed contented enough with his pipe.

Letty's quick glance meanwhile noted the cupboard and saw nothing much in the line of food. She turned to the door with Tom Kertcher, speaking casually to Mrs. Lowe:

"There's always a few neighbors in at Mrs. Rand's during the evenings. Come over."

"If I can get my chores done we may come," said Lowe.

Kertcher spoke with an irritated disgust when they drove away: "Too lazy to get up and walk half a mile to get his kids warm."

COMING into the hotel that evening, Kertcher found the usual round-about group gathered—the Brewertons, Mrs. Rand and her daughter Tara, old Solomon who had recently built the store, the Swensons and Judith Prescott—the teacher who boarded with them. The Jacksons had come in from the school-house section, riding with Curtis Kilrain and Elizabeth Marsh. Andy Pierce had made the trip from his Oxhead ranch, and Charley Graves was just in with mail from Virgil, five hours late on the trip, bringing the sheriff with him. The Lowes

came in with their children shortly after Kertcher arrived.

The sheriff, going his rounds of duty with an eye for new friends as well, was an excellent storyteller, and the sharpness of the weather put everybody in excellent spirits. The men more or less grouped together while the ladies went into the kitchen to help Mrs. Rand, who presently came out with a tray of sandwiches and a pot of coffee. Kertcher noticed that Letty made a point of serving the Lowe youngsters; and he noticed too, how Ben Lowe's eyes came over to observe that. When Letty offered Lowe a sandwich, he refused it. "Just ate—not hungry," he said. The man was lying, of course, yet Kertcher saw something in Lowe then he had not seen before, which

plain intimation that it was he who conferred the favor.

Kertcher expected Lowe by eight in the morning, but it was beyond nine when the man showed up in the barn. "Long walk," he explained, "and I had some chores to do first." He was prepared to spend another half-hour in conversation, but Kertcher gave him an adz and set him to the chore of dubbing the end of a six-by-six timber; all this was indoor work, in preparation for spring-time when the barn frame would be lifted into place. Promptly at noon, Lowe dropped the adz and followed Kertcher into the house, sitting by while Kertcher turned out a bachelor's meal. There was no end to the man's self-esteem or his assurance. He had a firm

feel. When he got as far as Mrs. Rand's he observed Ben Lowe coming from the back of the hotel. "Ben," he said, "watch out. Storm coming."

"Been through a lot of them," said Lowe and moved homeward.

Kertcher noticed both Harriet Rand and Letty at the back door, and left his sled to join them. There was a pile of wood scattered around the doorway, recently chopped. Mrs. Rand said uncertainly: "Is that as much as a man should chop in a day?"

Kertcher said, "You hired him to do this? How much did you pay him?"

"Four dollars," said Mrs. Rand. "Was that about right? He needed the work."

Kertcher studied the pile of wood, holding himself strictly under control. "Harriet," he said, very quietly, "better to feed him outright than be bilked like this."

"He has pride," said Letty. "He wouldn't stand charity."

"He'll stand that before he'll stand starving," said Kertcher. He thought of his original purpose in coming here, warned the two women of the storm and turned back to his sled. He caught up with Lowe at the latter's front door.

"Ben," he said, "you figure that a day's work you did for Mrs. Rand?"

Lowe gave him an affronted glance. "She didn't have to hire me."

"Well," said Kertcher, "that's pure gall. You sting a woman hard up as you are and then you stand there and say it was her fault. What's the matter with your mind?"

MRS. LOWE flung open the door and stood behind her husband. "You stop talking like that to my husband, Tom Kertcher!"

Lowe reached around with an arm and pushed his wife into the house. He reared up and tossed his shoulders back. "If that's the way you people think about a few stinkin' dollars—" he yelled, and clawed his pocket, brought out the four silver pieces and flung them into the snow. He shouted, "I don't need the dirty stuff!" and wheeled into the house.

Tom Kertcher went down the road, half ashamed of himself. He thought, "Darned fool really believes he's a big man stoopin' to small chores." He looked back, and at the moment saw Mrs. Lowe on her hands and knees in the snow, digging for the money Lowe had thrown away.

Mrs. Lowe found three of the four dollars and went back into the house. "Ben, you shouldn't of done that," she said. "We won't find the other dollar until spring."

He had put himself on the bed; he lighted his pipe and slapped out the spilled tobacco burning against his clothes. "She didn't have to hire me."

"We need the money," said Mrs. Lowe in her complaining voice. She lighted a lamp and set about dinner. The young ones played around the cramped quarters, behind the stove and under the bed.

"Pete," said Lowe to the nine-year-old, "go bring some wood into the tent."

"Never mind," said Mrs. Lowe, "I'll do it myself later. Come on to supper."

He got up, moved two paces and sat down to the table, the youngsters crowding around him, Mrs. Lowe standing. The meal was bacon, beans and coffee; even the youngest one had his share of the coffee. Lowe ate what he wanted, and drank his coffee and lay back on the

ALFRED

by FOSTER HUMFREVILLE



"Oh, just look at Alfred's horoscope! It says a person born on the fifth of June is fearless, determined, unyielding and masterful!"

COLLIER'S

was pride. Meanwhile, the talk went on, weather and crops and roads and politics and babies. During the tag end of the evening the sheriff drew Kertcher aside.

"I can't cover all this county," he said. "Should be a deputy down here. It's only worth thirty a month, but among you homesteaders that's helpful money. I thought of you, naturally."

"I don't need it."

"Then I give you the disposal of the job," said the sheriff. "You pick the man."

"I'll get you somebody," Kertcher said.

"Done," said the sheriff, and moved toward the ladies, having some sort of a word for each of them. The Lowes, late arrived, were first to go; and as they moved toward the door Kertcher caught an expression from Letty. She came by him, murmuring, "Give him some kind of work, Tom."

Being a hard-laboring man, Kertcher had no stomach for the suggestion. Nevertheless he walked toward the doorway, stopping Lowe. "Ben," he said, "I could use some help tomorrow. I've got some timbers to fit in the barn."

Lowe studied it. "I got a lot of chores of my own," he said. "But maybe I can do it for you."

He walked into the night, leaving the

opinion on any subject; and one by one he brought these subjects up, settled them and went on to another. At one, they returned to work; at four o'clock Kertcher said, "That'll be all, Ben," and found three dollars in his pocket.

His temper was sorely strained by the manner in which Lowe accepted the money. "I've made better wages, Kertcher—but if that's all you feel you can give I won't argue."

"Fine," said Kertcher, and watched Lowe depart. The man, he thought, had no knowledge of his own failure.

THE following morning was biting cold, and the air had an extreme thinness but the woolly clouds remained low, obscuring that monument of outlawry half a mile across the river—Brazil Mullan's long cabin and barn. Kertcher thought, "Storm around the corner," and spent half a day bringing water up from the river, two buckets at a time. He cooked himself a noon meal and began to think of his neighbors, most of whom were city people with no knowledge of real bad weather; and around three o'clock he hitched and started for Ingrid. He dropped a warning at Swenson's and touched as far as the Jackson place. There was a dull streak in the north and the air, damp as it was, had an electric



bed, smoking. "Libby, help your ma with the dishes."

"Libby, go to bed," said Mrs. Lowe. "I can't be wipin' your nose all winter."

Lowe watched Libby go through the blank doorway into the tent. He said, "I'll put up a door tomorrow. Maybe bank a wall of snow all around the tent. That'll be warm—way the Eskimos live."

"Don't hurry about it," said Mrs. Lowe. "Spring's only four months away."

She finished the dishes, chased the children to bed and undressed by the stove. She fed the stove a last time, turned the damper not quite shut and blew out the light. The weight of her body, when she settled into bed, lifted Lowe's side a full six inches. He got up and took off his shoes and pants and shirt; he sat crouched on the bed's edge, smoking his pipe in the dark. "I always had a fine pen hand. I could put Solomon's books in fine shape. Or I could run for sheriff. I could beat that fellow. I'm the only man with an education around here."

She reached out with a rough but affectionate arm and pulled him flat. "Get under the covers, you fool."

He ate his cornmeal and drank his coffee at breakfast. He went outside and circled the house. He yelled, "Pete, bring in some wood for your mother," and he came back to the kitchen. Mrs. Lowe said, "Keep out of my way this mornin'. I got to wash."

He stood still in the front room, watching her. "Emma," he said, "you think that's what people think about me?"

"I know all your old tunes, Lowe. Don't start no new ones and upset me."

He got his rifle and sat on the bed and oiled it; he put four cartridges into his pocket and struggled into his big coat. Mrs. Lowe gave him a sharp look. "What you got on your mind now?"

"I hear there's antelope down by the river."

"Ah," she scoffed, "you couldn't hit a barn."

"But," he said, "I can provide for my family. They can't say I can't."

He went out the door and slammed it behind him.

KERTCHER stood in the yard and studied the morning sky and saw the sheet of blackness in the north; the wind, also from the north, would be bringing that blackness on. The air was perfectly still, and as thin as he could ever remember it being. Turning into the barn, he hitched the sled and threw in such rope as he could find and drove it to the front yard. He got all his blankets off the bed, he put on an extra shirt and an extra pair of socks; he took a bottle of whisky from the cupboard and he slid a compass in his pocket and started for Ingrid.

All of the homestead shanties were flimsy enough, but some of them were so loosely thrown together that a seventy-mile wind would tear them apart unless they were guyed to the ground; and that meant a family wiped out within half an hour of exposure. He turned immediately east. He stopped at Pilkington's, Rath's and McCory's, saying the same thing each time: "Real blizzard coming. Pile wood up against the side of your house for an anchor. Get some water inside in case your chimney catches fire. If you burn out you're helpless. Don't try to go anywhere once it hits. You couldn't walk a straight line and you couldn't see. Warn your nearest neighbor."

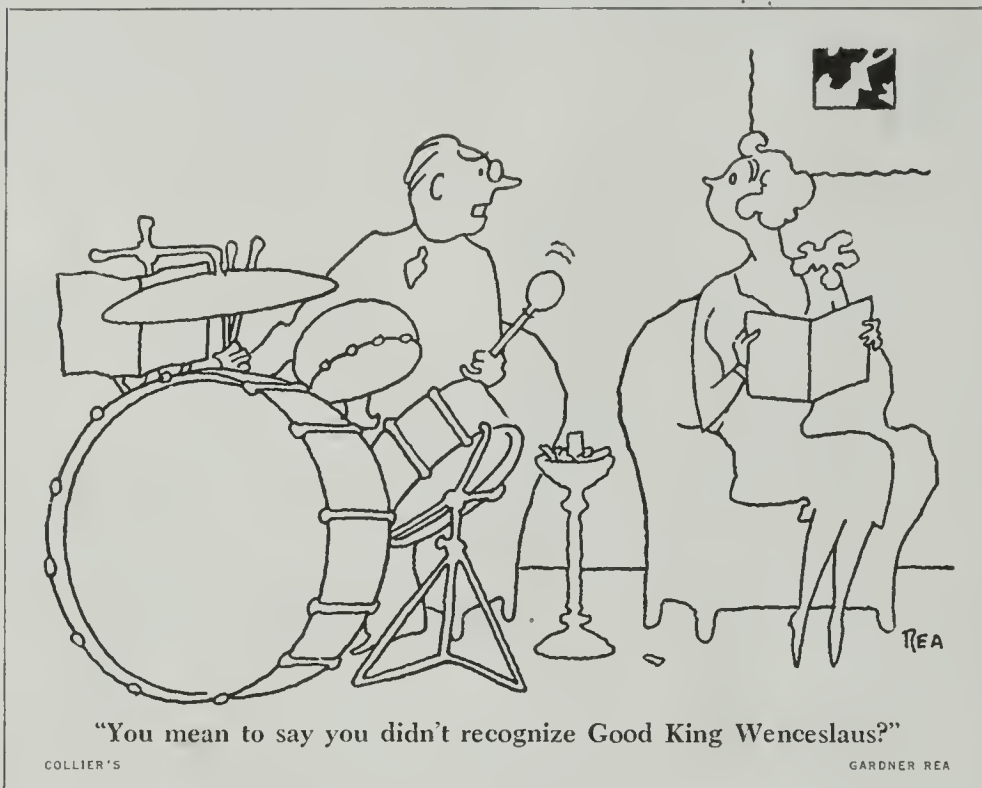
He circled Charley Morlett's place, a mile east of the school, and went on to Parch Cobbin's, with the black wall of weather bearing down fast.

"Get your place tied down," he called

to Cobbin, and headed for Ben Lowe's.

Half a mile from Cobbin's, he felt a warning breath of wind; and then the silence broke and he heard the distant rumbling and sighing and shrilling of the blizzard. He had the horses pointed straight upon the small vague shape of the Lowe shanty; in the semidarkness closing around him he took out his compass and got his bearings on the Lowe place. Half a minute later he looked up to see something lift and sail like a giant section of paper through the sky. That would be the Lowes' tent.

The horses veered from the wind and in one great transition from half-light to smothered dark, the Lowe shanty faded from sight. He was then less than a quarter mile from his target and by instinct he pulled the team constantly to the north but even so, when he looked at his compass he found he had drifted.



He said to himself, "Bad night," and listened to the words rip away from his mouth. "If I miss the place—" He caught it as a shadow on his right and swung the sled hard by the door. He yelled at the door and saw Mrs. Lowe open it. He said, "Get in!"

She was a shapeless, frightened woman with her hair blowing over her face, her children crowded close around her. "Lowe's gone! I got to stay and keep a light burnin'!"

He jumped from the sled and seized the children one by one. He pulled at the reluctant woman, one eye constantly on the restless horses. "Your house won't be here in half an hour!"

She fought with him and she began to cry. "I told him not to go! He'll die!" When he drove away he had to hold her from jumping out. She was a big, loose woman and hard to hold; so that he finally had to beat her will down with strong language: "Don't be a fool! You want the kids to die?"

He pulled the team into the drive of the blizzard and held them into it, searching for Ingrid's lights. He tried his compass again and saw the vague swinging of the needle. He heard Mrs. Lowe cry something at him and afterward she climbed back into the wagon box with the children. Forward he thought he saw a wisp of a gleam to the left, and the sled runners grated over some kind of metal. He turned left, caught the light a second time and used it for a beacon, drawing up before Mrs. Rand's hotel. Lowe's wife climbed out with her children and hurried inside. Kertcher swung the team between the hotel and the store

and beat his way back to the hotel.

Half the settlement had collected here and Mrs. Lowe was crying out her story, her big face homely with despair: "Lowe's gone—"

Kertcher said, "When did he leave—which way did he go?"

"Nine o'clock. He said there was antelope by the river."

Andy Pierce and Charley Graves, both cowmen who knew the country well, gave Kertcher grave side glances.

"He'd follow the road," surmised Kertcher, "because it is easier walkin'. He might have smelled trouble and ducked into my house."

Andy Pierce used that as reassurance for Mrs. Lowe. "Sure he did."

But Kertcher doubted it. He drew Pierce and Graves aside. "The fool's lost. I've got to go look."

"Don't be a sucker," said Pierce. "It'll

Charley. When he opened the door a great wind and a great crying rushed in. The two men bent against it, closed the door and beat their way to the sled and team parked between the two buildings. The wind's terrible force keeled both men on the seat when they swung out of that shelter and turned south. Charley Graves yelled, "Now, ain't this silly?" For a moment Kertcher saw Mrs. Rand's hotel lights dancing in the flutter of snow; twenty feet onward he looked back and saw only blackness. Charley Graves shouted: "Keep the wind centered on your tail bone—that's north kickin' at you."

The storm was a hard, steady push on Kertcher's shoulders. When he turned his head, wind drove breath into his nostrils, making him open his mouth to catch air, and the drive of snow stung his cheeks like small buckshot. It was, he guessed, two o'clock in the afternoon with the blizzard's darkness pressing down and the tumult of the blizzard making its wild, polar confusion all around him. He tried to sight Lee Gantry shanty, slightly short of the schoolhouse turn-off, and found nothing; and then, looking upon the smothered blankness in front of him he felt the complete futility of seeking one man in a blind area of perhaps fifty square miles.

Charley Graves cried, "That big off mare of yours has got a longer reach than the other mare! Pulls you to the left!" Kertcher felt a sharper bite on his left cheek and headed the team rightward. The sled's runners scraped metal and bumped against wood. "Fence!" whooped Graves. "Still on the road!"

KERTCHER bent over to take the pressure from his shoulders. He had a scarf wound around his face, but the wind got beneath it and crashed into his ears. Working with the wind in this manner he felt as though team and sled were coasting down a steady hill and the feeling tricked his judgment of distance. The horses were going at a boosted walk, better than three miles an hour, at which rate he should reach his shanty in about an hour and a half. He pulled out his watch and handed it to Charley. "We left Brewerton's at ten minutes of two. What time now?"

Graves put his nose against the watch. He held it a long while. "Looks like a quarter after. Don't seem that long. You're swingin' left again!"

Kertcher pulled right. Snow began to build up a drift in the fore part of the wagon box, chilling his feet. He stamped his feet and he thought of Ben Lowe, visualizing the man's heavy, self-satisfied face; and irritation built a heat in him. The sled runners sent back a different sound and the horses fiddled as they walked. "What's that?" yelled Charley Graves.

Kertcher stopped the team, and Charley Graves cautiously left the sled. There was a steady crying roar over Kertcher's head, a vast dismal yell coming out of upper emptiness. He boxed his hands together and felt coldness move through his clothes and through his bones, like oncoming sleep. Charley Graves came back. "Somethin' on the snow, like canvas! Petered out in my direction!"

Kertcher handed over the reins and went off his side of the sled. He dug his feet into something half solid and he got down and crawled; he struck a rope and he sat still a moment, trying to figure it and then remembered Lowe's tent that had blown away. He turned back at a slightly different angle, still crawling and reached a rolled-up section of the tent; something gave beneath him and something moved. He dug into the roll found a loose edge and put his head be-

blow your scalp off in another two hours."

"I can get as far as my place," said Kertcher. "Might find him on the road. He'll walk until he's all done in and he'll drop."

"Thin chance. How you goin' to get home?" Pierce asked.

"Wind at my back. Five miles exactly. Straight south and use a compass."

"That's two men dead instead of one. I'm telling you."

Charley Graves said, "Half an hour out in that stuff and you'll lose the ability to calculate distance. On top of that your horses may refuse to face the weather."

MRS. LOWE saw them standing together. She searched them with her eyes and seemed to see an answer, for suddenly she spoke at them in a dull, small voice: "I know what you think of him. But he's my man, isn't he?"

Nobody said a word. Kertcher looked at her and suddenly he smiled at her and turned toward the door. Pierce and Graves followed him and Letty Brewerton said, "Wait," and came up to him. There was a kind of hardness on her face, made by fear. She wanted to hold him back, she wanted to tell him of her fear. But all she said was: "Are you warm enough, Tom?"

"Yes," he said, and smiled again.

Charley Graves said, "Longer we wait the thicker it gets."

"Who's we?" asked Kertcher, and then noticed that Charley had borrowed Pierce's huge buffalo coat.

"Two fools are better than one," said



with it. A hand came up and struck him across the face and a voice said: "Who's that?" That was Lowe's voice. Then we said: "Pull down that edge—you're in 'cold air in."

Kertcher stood up and jerked the covering away, bringing Lowe to his feet, in the black. Kertcher pushed the sled onward toward the sled. He yelled at Charley Graves: "Here's Lowe! Drive a few feet!"

He heard Charley Graves' cussed-out admonishment as the latter drove the sled on; he turned back, intending to save the tent, but as he dropped to his knees the wind lifted the canvas and it saw it lift into the air, like a giant, and vanish. He crawled back to the sled and took the reins. The wind had been thoroughly into him and he was chilled through and began to shake; when he swung the sled around into the full beat of the blizzard he felt a kind of strained rigidity in his muscles. He knew then all three of them were in danger.

Lowe crouched in the wagon bed behind Kertcher's back. Lowe yelled: "A mighty foolish thing for you to do! It's warm in that tent! I could of stayed there all week!"

Kertcher restrained his answer; he heard Charley Graves yell back at Lowe: "How the hell did you find the tent?" "It just sailed through the air at me! I grabbed it and rolled into it!"

"The Lord sure protects some people!" howled Charley.

"No use my gettin' cold!" said Lowe. "I'm goin' to roll up in the blankets!"

The blast was hard to take, but Kertcher had to keep it directly against him to be sure he was traveling north. When he felt the force of it drop off from one side of his face he knew he was veering and pulled the reluctant team around. In this blackness it was impossible to find the compass.

"See anything?" yelled Charley Graves. "My eyes are full of ice!"

"No!"

The snow whipped against him, knife-like as it struck his exposed face skin; and sleet formed on his eyebrows. He jumped on the wagon bed to bring feeling back to his dead feet. There never was a moment when he didn't have to wrestle the horses back into the wind; they were taking a beating and they didn't like it. He got to thinking of how small a target Ingrid was—just a spot a hundred feet wide in a hundred-mile

distance—and he felt the runners scrape across metal again.

"Road fence!" said Charley Graves. "We're on the track!"

He wasn't sure. The constant flicker of mealy snow threw his vision off; it gave him a feeling of unbalance, and the constant rush and roar of the wind disturbed his judgment. He had, he realized, lost his sense of direction completely. That was probably why so many men died when they got caught in a thing like this. He thought he saw the shadow of a shanty on his left and he pulled over and found it only an illusion. He straightened again, but he felt the growing weakness of the horses. If they stalled on him there was only one thing left—tip over the wagon box and crawl beneath it with the blankets and hope to live out the storm. It wasn't much of a chance.

THE horses stopped and refused to go straight on, as much as he urged them. He hauled them half around, and got them started, but Charley Graves called, "Wait!" and slipped from the sled, disappearing. When he came back he yelled, "That was the big survey post! We've overshot Ingrid! Turn left! Half a mile to go! Feelin' a little cool?"

"Sleepy!" Charley Graves hit him a heavy blow on the back. "Wrong place to sleep!"

The horses were half-heartedly pulling; wind carried them sidewise steadily, so that Kertcher was pointing them back at every short distance. He closed his eyes to visualize the movement of the sled across that half-mile; far off he heard a sound, and then he felt a great wallop on his back, and opened his eyes to hear Charley Graves speaking: "I think there's a light off to the right."

He looked and saw no light; the constant lacing of the snow made a thousand vague points that looked like distant flashes. But he pulled to the right, and stood up to slash the rein ends down on the horses; they stopped on him and then he realized the wind no longer blew against him. It was a howling behind him and a roar ahead of him but here in this spot was a strange calm. "Must be losing my head," he thought. He gave the reins to Charley Graves, left the sled and walked straight into the black side of a building. He stood against it and he yelled; he pounded his fist against the building. A door came open and he saw Brewerton in the light—Brewerton and

Pierce and other people suddenly behind these two. It occurred to him then that the team had cut a complete circle around Ingrid and had drifted between the hotel and Solomon's store.

Graves and Ben Lowe came up. Brewerton said, "I'll take the team. You get in the house."

"Wait," said Graves. He bent and caught a handful of snow. He shoved it against Kertcher's face. "Feel that?"

"Yes?"

"Then we can go in," said Charley. Ben Lowe had gone ahead of them, lugging something in his arms. When Kertcher got into Mrs. Rand's kitchen he found the settlement group gathered there and he saw Ben Lowe standing before his wife with a quarter of beef. Lowe said, "Here's some meat, Mamma."

There wasn't a word in the room. Lowe's wife looked at him, long and straight and affectionate and it seemed to Kertcher she was a younger woman than he had guessed her to be. She said, softly, "Put that down, Lowe," and when he put it down she threw out her heavy arms and hugged him. "You're a fool," she said. "Such a terrible big fool. You caused so much trouble."

Lowe said, "I'm all right." He gave Kertcher and Graves a self-assured grin. "I'm warmer than those fellows. Think I can stand weather better than they can. Foolish of them to come after me. I was comfortable and in no trouble at all."

Charley Graves had been studying the quarter of beef. "Where'd you get that?"

"Shot it," said Lowe, and grinned at Charley Graves' shocked face. "But that's all right, too. I got to thinkin'. Here's people hungry and there's Brazil Mullan across the river—a thief and a rustler eatin' well off beef that ain't his. So I went over and shot one of his cows. He heard the shot and came out with a couple of men, but I drove them back just when the storm broke." He had an audience. And he felt big about it; he was the same old Lowe again and he spoke to Kertcher with his egotism beginning to show: "I don't know why people should be afraid of that crowd. I'd take my chances against 'em any day." Having said it he took his wife's arm and moved on into the big room.

He felt a relieved and exasperated group behind him. Charley Graves shook his head, repeating a former observation: "The Lord sure protects some people."

"Well," said Kertcher, "he believes he's as tough as Mullan—and I sort of think he means it. He's no good for some things but for some things he might do well—particularly the kind of a thing in which he feels big, and has to live up to it." He grinned at Charley Graves, at Andy Pierce. "There's your deputy sheriff. The thirty a month will keep him from starvin' and I believe he'll do all right."

LETTY was near him, watching him; and now he looked at her and forgot there was anybody else in the kitchen. But the others understood about this and somebody started for the big room so that presently Letty and Kertcher stood alone. He had some trouble getting his pipe out of his pocket because of the stiffness of his hands. He packed and lighted it and the smoke burned his wind-blistered skin. Letty stepped nearer him, looking up with her sweet, grave expression. He saw the warmth in her eyes and he felt the warmth of her voice: "A little bit cold outside, Tom?"

"Somewhat chilly."

That was the end of it, neither of them being of the talkative kind. He pulled his pipe down, cast a quick glance at the doorway, and bent and kissed her.

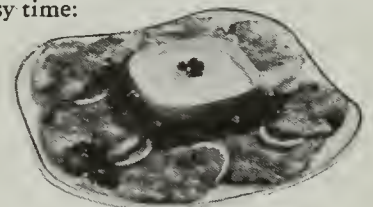
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# WARTIME COOKERY



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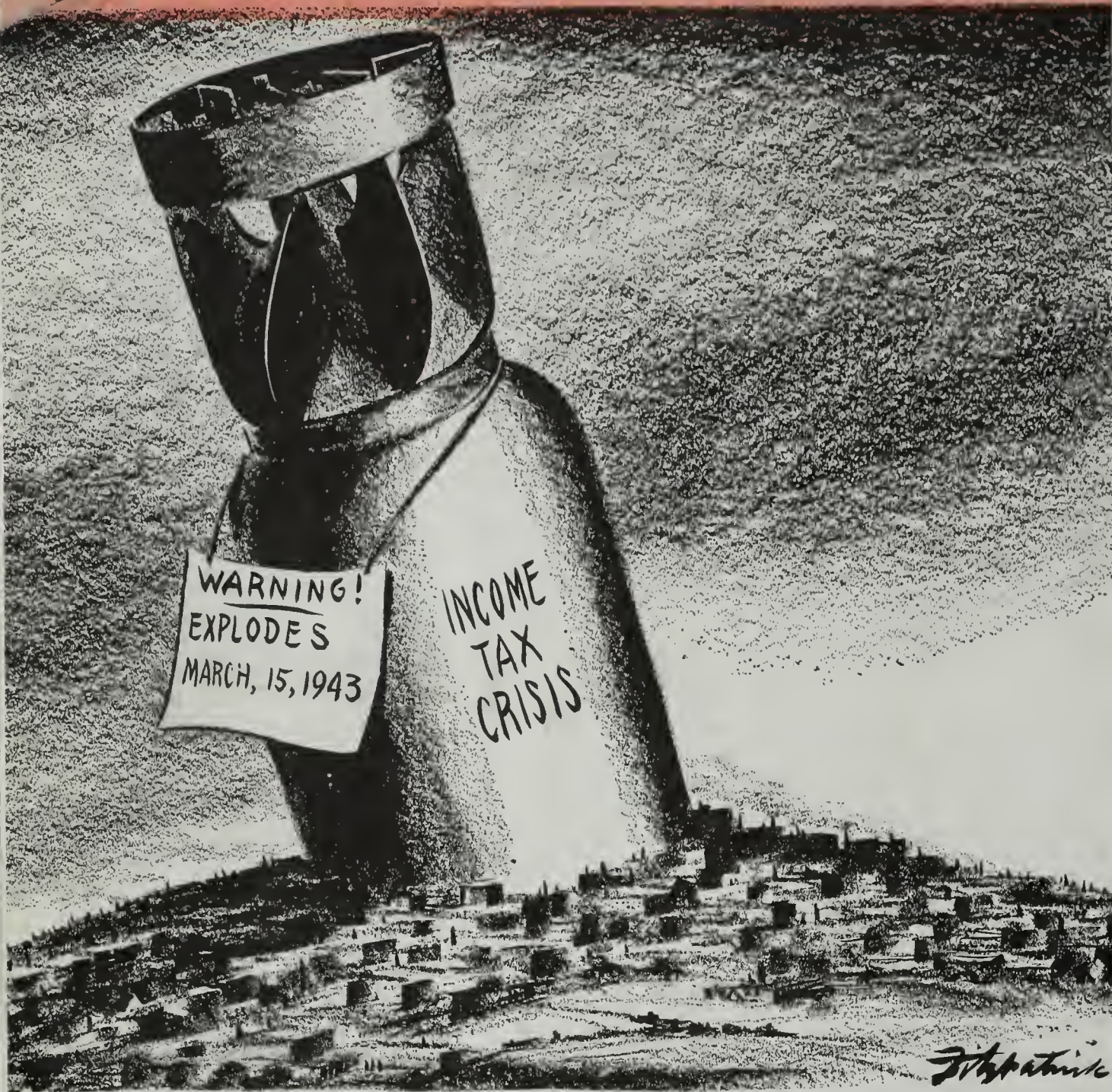


"But world events aren't all mixed up to me, dear. I read only one paper and listen to only one commentator!"

COLLIER'S

GREGORY D'ALESSIO





## Danger: Time Bomb

SENATOR WALTER F. GEORGE (D.-Ga.), chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, says that he can see no reason why Congress should not put some pay-as-you-go income tax payment plan into operation before next March 15th.

That impresses us as a masterpiece of restrained statement. A statement closer to the facts in the case would go as follows: If Congress does not put some pay-as-you-go income tax payment plan into operation before next March 15th, there is likely to be a nationwide explosion which will punch at the foundations of our entire federal income tax structure. The present income tax collection system has become a time bomb of blockbuster proportions, and it is set to go off next March 15th.

The main reason for this situation is that the new tax laws raise to about 50,000,000 the number of persons who will have to pay federal income taxes next year, and that 33,000,000 of these have never paid federal income taxes before. Many of these people, having only the vaguest notions of what their taxes are going to be, will be unprepared when the tax collector sends out his love call. In consequence, many of them will be unable to pay even the first quarterly installment due on March 15th.

It will do little good for the Treasury Department to make soothing sounds about how lenient

it intends to be with persons caught unaware. When you haven't got it, you haven't got it. That many people won't have it is obvious from the stiffness of the new rates and the widespread American habit of never troubling trouble till trouble troubles you. The effects can be anything from numerous simple tax defaults to organized taxpayers' strikes. This, in the middle of a most serious war.

The only hope for snatching order out of the oncoming tax chaos lies in the Ruml plan or some variant thereof. This plan, advanced by Beardsley Ruml, chairman of the New York Federal Reserve Bank and treasurer of the R. H. Macy department store, calls for putting federal income tax collections on a businesslike basis at one swoop.

Next year, we would all pay taxes on next year's income, not on this year's. This year's would be sponged off the record, except in the few so-called windfall cases. There is no other workable scheme for squaring the new tax rates with the American wage and income earners' ability to pay. Anybody who says we can successfully temporize with or dodge this issue is being blind or demagogic or both.

The thing to do is to adopt a pay-as-you-go plan without delay—as long before next March 15th as possible. If we had the arranging of the incoming Congress' calendar, we'd put this reform at the top.

## But Can We Lose?

RECENT developments in all theaters of war persuade us that the country has now had enough of the "We can lose the war" line of argument.

Have a look at labor and management all over the country and the way they are slugging it out together at the job of keeping the Armed Forces supplied—Kaiser's shipyards breaking records about as fast as they make them; the great mobile and airplane and locomotive companies slapping out weapons of such power and quantity so fast as to have given Hitler a standing ovation that began showing up in his speeches about last August; farmers, railroad men, truck drivers and factory workers slaving and saving and buying bonds.

Certainly we can lose the war, if we lose our character as Americans, our centuries-old quality of determination and courage and refusal to admit that anything is impossible, our insistence on running our own country to suit ourselves.

But we are going to lose none of those things. Which is to say that we cannot lose this war.

## Don't Ration Common Sense

WE'RE all dividing up the scarce commodities—gasoline, rubber, coffee, meat, etc.—under rationing systems, and the list of rationed items is sure to grow, as a part of the war effort.

There is one commodity which we wish our bureaucrats would quit rationing so severely among themselves. That commodity is common sense.

For example, it grows very tedious to hear from these people that if you make a statement on any government form, you'll get a \$5,000 fine or some fantastic jail sentence both.

Everybody knows that 999 out of 1,000 people would refuse, with Bronx cheers, to soak a fellow citizen in this fashion for a slip of the tongue or a little miscalculation of needed auto mileage or house space that has to be heated. Everybody knows that practically no judge would have the gall to impose such a sentence. Assorted attempts to enforce the late federal dry laws by cruel and unusual punishments are fresh in most memories. For those who came in late, we'll state that those attempts fell flat, with repeated dull thuds.

Why not, then, a change in the bureaucratic tone of voice when that voice discusses rationing? We mean a change to common-sense explanation of the need for rationing, and to candid, genuine requests to an intelligent, adult American public to co-operate. We mean an end to attempts to bully Americans with threats that cannot be carried out.

Administer these things through officials who have some sense, and the great bulk of us will go along sensibly. Try to administer them through doctrinaires, windy Willies and born bulldozers and we'll react like bucking broncos, as Americans always have done—praise the Lord!—whenever their leaders have insulted their intelligence.



# Collier's

JANUARY 9, 1943

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. . . dental science knows no more effective, safe ingredients than those which make up Pepsodent's patented formula. That's why Pepsodent is so good, so effective, so safe that only a little is needed to make teeth brighter, make smiles more sparkling.



**1. MOISTEN** your brush before applying paste. If you apply Pepsodent before wetting brush, it may wash down the drain. Finish brushing before rinsing brush.



**2. MEASURE** out only as much paste as you need. About three-quarters of an inch is enough. Always squeeze and roll tube evenly from the bottom. Replace cap.



**3. POUR** Pepsodent Powder into your cupped hand — enough powder to cover a 5¢ piece is plenty. *Do not* sprinkle it on the brush — this is wasteful.



**4. SHOW** children how to dab — *not rub* — moist brush in powder to pick it up. Always measure out the right amount of Pepsodent Powder for small children.



**5. HANG** tooth brushes up to dry after use. Bristles will stay firmer and last longer this way. Soggy, worn, wilted tooth brushes are inefficient, wasteful.



**6. YOUR DRUGGIST** is trying his best to serve everyone. Don't blame him if his Pepsodent stock is low and he has to disappoint you. Try again in a few days.



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MARTHA GELLHORN Articles  
JIM MARSHALL West Coast  
ROBERT McCORMICK Washington  
IFOR THOMAS Photographs

## THIS WEEK

JANUARY 9, 1942

## SHORT STORIES

THOMAS H. RADDALL  
The Golden Age. Courage for youth.

## MOSSER MAUGER

The Stars Came Down. Logical and in love.

## VICTORIA LINCOLN

Something Specific. Takes her cue from the

## PHILIP WYLIE

Flingding. Glamor is only

## ROARK BRADFORD

Miracle Come to Pass. U and Widow Duck are on angels.

## THE SHORT SHORT STORIES

The Outsider, by Elizabeth

## SERIAL STORIES

MARY HASTINGS BRADLEY  
The Hunters. The sixth of

## GEORGE F. WORTS

Five Who Vanished. Ten parts.

## ARTICLES

## DOROTHY KILGALLEN

He Makes Them Over. In hobby is making women

## COREY FORD and

## ALASTAIR MacBAIN

The Sky's the Limit. General Arnold doesn't believe possible.

## WESTBROOK PEGLER

Thieves with Union Cards. Laws permit unions to employers.

## VEREEN BELL

One Man's Dogs. Their peculiarities—just like h

## CHESTER MORRISON

"Complete, Absolute Victory. General Montgomery's 8th Army annihilated Rommel's Afrika

## KYLE CRICHTON

Hollywood Gets Its Teeth. The movies may be New War casualty.

## DAN PARKER

The Three Droll Dukes. Talking dictators, New War Commission.

## FRELING FOSTER

Keep Up with the World

## WING TALK.

## EDITORIAL

Year of Destiny.

## COVER

FREDE

## ANY WEEK

SINCE our guys landed in Africa we've had a lot of letters setting forth what the writers thereof would do if they were Hitler, Goebbels, Goering or any of those bull Nazis. The consensus is that they'd be taking it on the lam for England, yelling, "Move over, Rudy Hess, you old fox!" Several of our readers want to write articles on the subject. One of them, Mr. Ernest Trubody of Cleveland, Ohio, writes to remind us that he has evidence that Herr Hess took off for England after failing to impress Hitler with a dream he had, just before he became Britain's prize refugee. Mr. Trubody doesn't go into details. He merely says his facts show that Rudy went to Adolf and said, in effect, "Boss, these English are suckers for a sob story. Let's go!" But Hitler refused, saying that the racket was going good and that he didn't trust Hermann Goering. Anyway Mr. Trubody, backed up by Aunt Felicia's Dream Book and Everyman's Horoscope, wishes to write a piece. We have turned the idea over to our betters. From a Canadian sergeant major in Toronto we learn that Herr Hess is earning his "best of board and keep" by writing letters to lesser-known but very potent Nazi stooges telling them what they're missing and what's in store for them if they don't do a Hess. How the sergeant major knows this is of course the sergeant major's secret. Several letters assure us that the writers know nothing except that if they were Nazi politicians they'd light out for North Africa and have a nice talk with General Eisenhower. And so would we. Our mail is full of such stuff. From another soldier we learn that the Army can feed the opposition into surrender. It's his opinion that if we just throw the chow lines open to all who want to be on our side, we'll win the war before spring. Indeed, it's apt to become a little embarrassing. "Even the British will be enlisting in the American Army," says he.



WE'RE getting a little nervous. Every day for a couple of weeks we've been getting a post card from Tullahoma, Tennessee. On them there is a single sentence: "Some day maybe you will be wiser—if you live." The whistling you hear is ours.

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Don't say I didn't tell you!"}



AUL VON HINDENBURG was a professional soldier with little taste for politics—and little love for the upstart paperhanger whom he had to accept as Chancellor.

After the last war, the shrewd old Prussian put his finger on one prime reason for Germany's defeat, with these words: "America's brilliant, if pitiless, war industry had entered the service of patriotism and had not failed . . . They understood war."

Now history is repeating itself for Hindenburg's successor! America's war industry again is pouring out planes, tanks and guns—meeting production goals that seemed fantastic at first.

Back of this fast-growing military power is *electric power*—far *more* power than Hitler and all his henchmen have—turning the machines that turn out everything from bullets to battleships.

Behind the great bulk of this power are the electric companies under experienced business management—doing their job right around the clock and the calendar—delivering electric power in increasing, incredible quantities!

And back of it all, of course, is the American way of life at work—where free men are encouraged to invent, invest, produce, and

*everybody* benefits—a way of life the little rabble-rousing, rug-biting dictator will never understand—until, perhaps, in some shadowy hereafter, he hears his old commander mutter:

"I told you so."

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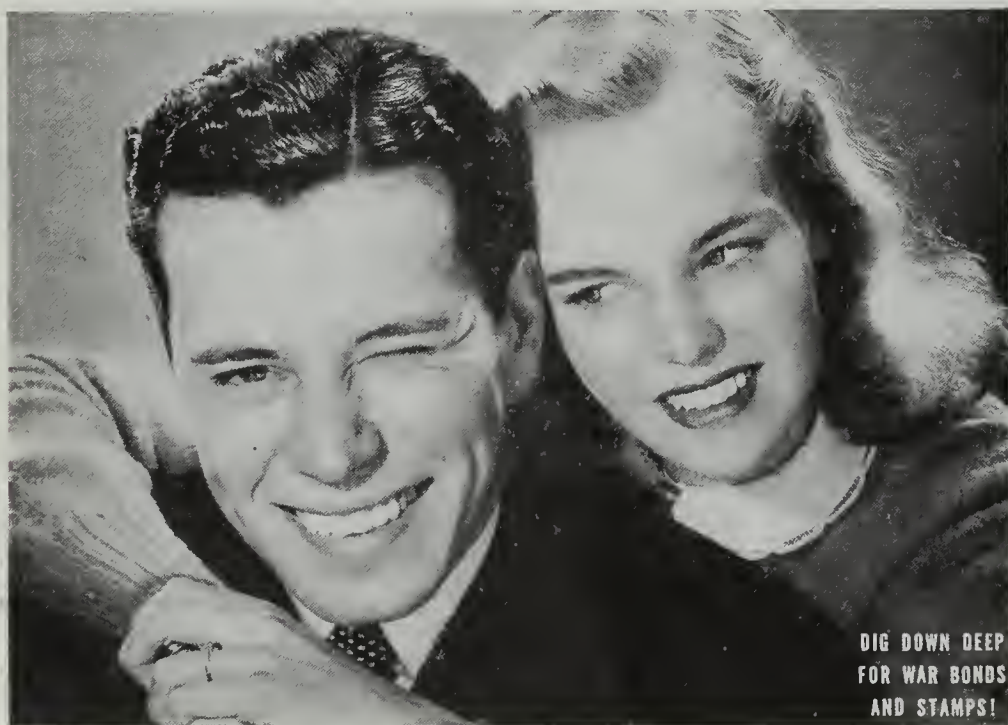
## GETTING THE COLD SHOULDER, THANKS TO DRY SCALP?



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## KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

**By Freling Foster**

One of the closest "friendships" in the marine world exists between the pearl oyster and the pearl fish, *Carapus affinis*, a small, eel-like fish occurring on the Pacific Coast of tropical America. Like an inseparable companion, this fish virtually spends its entire life curled up within the shell of the oyster, leaving it only for short intervals in search of food.

Only two expeditions in history have traveled the Northwest Passage, or between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans along the northern coast of America. The first was a westward voyage made from King William Land to Herschel Island by Roald Amundsen and six companions between 1903 and 1906. The second was an eastward voyage made from Vancouver to Sydney, Nova Scotia, by eight Canadians between June, 1940, and October, 1942.

*Combat*, an underground newspaper published in the Vichy section of France, recently became so widely read and powerful that government officials are now trying to counteract its influence with a paper of their own, which uses the same name, type and page size in order to delude the readers.

The Nazis, realizing that a ban on the sale of liquor in the vicinity of our Army posts would cause much bitterness and disunity among the soldiers, now broadcast on short-wave to America fantastic tales about widespread drunkenness in our military camps, thus trying, through such propaganda, to get mothers to demand prohibition for the men in the service.

The original copies of our Constitution and our Declaration of Independence have been removed from Washington to a secret vault where they are safe from bombs, fire, water, gas and enemy looters. Furthermore, their hiding place is known only to the Librarian of Congress and the Archivist of the United States.

The caffeine content of the bean taken from one coffee tree in a season may vary as much as 30 per cent.—By Georgia McKeon, Berkeley, California.

The new nickels will contain 56 per cent copper, 35 per cent silver and nine per cent manganese, while the present coins are 75 per cent copper and 25 per cent nickel. Incidentally, there probably will be the usual crop of unfounded rumors which follow the minting of new five-cent pieces—that they will not work some coin-operated devices.

Some freshly laid eggs are fresh. When frightened shortly before she is ready to lay, a hen is likely to retain the egg for several days. Consequently, after having been kept at her body temperature for such a period, the egg is actually stale when it is laid.—By Agnes Arbour, Fresno, California.

The occupational survey recently made by the Selective Service System for the third draft registration revealed that a large percentage of men do not work at the trade or profession in which they were trained and are skilled. Among those employed at other work were 8,200 out of 18,905 toolmakers, 22,600 out of 42,531 engineers, 58,105 out of 108,901 machinists, and 77,400 out of 128,245 electricians.

Giant flywheels in some stabilizing gyroscopes in large ocean liners require nearly three hours to reach their maximum speed of fifty revolutions a second, while the wheels in some turbines in hydroelectric plants will run on momentum, unless the brakes are applied for more than twelve hours.—S. B. Straus, New York, New York.

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# MIGHTY LUNGS

## *for Roaring Airpower*

WHEN A MUSTANG "KICKS" a Nazi troop train . . . when a Corsair dives on a Jap cruiser . . . when a Flying Fortress or a Liberator takes off on a 2,000-mile trip . . . and when a Thunderbolt strikes a Heinkel five miles up...their roaring engines must have lungs . . . lungs to supply the "breath of life" to do each job.

Providing this fighting lung-power are the mighty lungs of "The Invisible Crew" of Bendix equipment—"STROMBERG" Injection Aircraft Carburetors. For they breathe five tons of air an hour into every engine and mix it with fuel under pressure in exactly the right proportions.

Fully automatic, "STROMBERG" Injection Aircraft Carburetors make instant adjustments for the blinding speeds, screaming dives and climbs and "tight"

twists and turns that are bringing victories to our fighters. Precisely metering air and fuel, they are helping our bombers predetermine fuel consumption to fractions of a gallon and range farther with heavier loads. Supercharged, they're taking our planes higher into thin air for conquests in the sub-stratosphere.

The Bendix engineering mind has mastered complex problems of aerial carburetion to give our fliers an edge in flight and battle. And this is just one vital member of "The Invisible Crew." Others fly, roll and sail into combat with our Invincible Crews on every front. Tens of thousands of Bendix craftsmen are devoting their skill and hearts to precision production on a mass scale to help win the war and the peace to come.

### BENDIX PRODUCTS DIVISION

Back America's invincible crew . . . our fighters on every front. Buy War Bonds and Stamps regularly.



From Coast to Coast, 25 Bendix Plants Are Speeding Members of "The Invisible Crew" to World Battle Fronts

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### THE MIGHTY LUNGS OF "THE INVISIBLE CREW"



The "STROMBERG" Injection Aircraft Carburetor is new in principle. Air flowing into the carburetor at triple tornado speeds is carefully metered to actuate a regulator, which controls fuel discharge under pressure. It provides exact, automatic proportioning of air and fuel for varying speeds, loads and maneuvers. Its mixture control device automatically compensates for all altitude density changes. "STROMBERG" Injection Aircraft Carburetors are standard equipment on most American aircraft.







## More power to you, Soldier!

**Y**OU have the physical power it takes and the brain power and the fighting heart. Your country will see that you have the gun power and the engine power needed to win battles in this age. We at Sealed Power are mighty proud of you—and proud, also, of our assignment to furnish piston rings, pistons and cylinder sleeves for the tanks, trucks and jeeps on which your life may depend. Our engineers and craftsmen are working to insure the utmost dependability of your engines in every climate under battle conditions.

And more power to you folks on the home front who must get to and from vital war jobs! It is more important than ever for you to get every possible mile out of the gasoline and oil you are allowed and to protect the life of your engine for the duration. If you are not getting maximum mileage from your gas and oil, have a set of Sealed Power Piston Rings installed. Available in packaged sets individually engineered for each particular make and type of engine. Ask for them by name. Sealed Power Corporation, Muskegon, Mich., and Windsor, Ont.

# SEALED POWER

## PISTON RINGS

Pistons, Cylinder Sleeves



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Protecting Flying Fortress engines from moisture. Above: Wright Cyclone 9-cylinder job is lowered into its skin of Pliofilm. Below: Workers place silica gel on cylinders and in the oil sump



## WING TALK

**O**NE of the many results of the smashing victory scored by Admiral William F. Hale's warships over the Japs off Guadalcanal on November 13th should be an improvement in the morale of the Navy's surface-ship sailors.

Until that brilliantly fought battle, they had no adequate answer for the men of the Fleet air arm who liked to talk of the successes of the Navy's carrier task forces and the Jap ships sunk by dive bombers and torpedo planes. The airmen had an irritating way of rubbing in the fact that surface warships did not get into action in the crucial Battle of Midway.

They used to tell one story over the mess tables and club bars which got under the skin of many a battleship and cruiser officer. It concerned a Navy flier who was shot down in the sea west of Midway.

The flier, so went the tale, managed to get his rubber raft inflated and was paddling eastward, when over the crest of a swell came another rubber boat bearing a shot-down Nipponese pilot. Whipping out his revolver, the Jap opened fire on the American. The latter, caught by surprise, went over the side, and the son of the Rising Sun started to board the larger and more strongly built American life raft. By this time, however, the Yank had gotten his own re-

volver out, and coming to the surface coolly shot the Jap. He then reboarded his rubber raft and later was rescued.

At this point, the Navy airman telling the story would pause and then add, naming nastily:

"So you see, it is not true to say there was no surface action in the Battle of Midway."

**A**MERICAN chemists have given our war effort a notable contribution which will pay dividends in industry when the Axis is defeated and no life is resumed. They have developed "magic crystal" which prevents corrosion of metal equipment from corrosion during the long hauls to the fighting fronts overseas.

Formerly, whenever airplane motors, guns, tanks or other equipment with painted metal were shipped, they had to be packed in heavy grease to prevent rust from making them unusable. This prevented their being put into service immediately upon arrival at the front where often they were badly needed.

For example, officials say it took about 100 man-hours to clean a greasy airplane motor before it is ready for use. Moreover, there have been casualties when munitions lay idle for weeks because there was no solvent on hand to clean them.

(Continued on page 65)





# SKYWAY TO THE BATTLE FRONTS!

**International Diesel Power  
serves Pan American across Africa**

...NTY AND ON TIME!" With breath-taking speed Pan American Airways built the now-famous South Atlantic and African aerial life line for the Air Transport Command. Young, and plenty tough, the operation is a transportation miracle of the war.

...just 61 days, on Presidential order, Pan American got this new trans-hemisphere transport service in action, with planes winging across a vast expanse of ocean, dense jungles, scorching deserts. On board the Clippers speeding out from the American terminals are ever-mounting loads of war-vital supplies and materials . . . for the fighting fronts in Europe, in Russia and India, in China and the South Pacific.

...the forging of the vital chain of aerial bases to complete the routes across nearly 18,000 miles of land and sea will stand forever as one of the most in-

spiring chapters in aviation history.

It involved organizing a technical army of more than a thousand men, assembling a veritable mountain of materials, then transporting and spreading them over a route encircling half the globe. It meant anchoring marine and land bases in trackless territories. It meant coping with health hazards, braving submarine and aerial attack, and operating the ferrying services that pressed close on the heels of construction.

With the expert authority of the Air Transport Command and the unstinted cooperation of American manufacturers, the job was swiftly done. The way lay clear to great events. . . . *Here, as all the world knows, was a route destined to play hob with Axis strategy!*



**Says an Executive of Pan American:** "One might call the International Power Units the 'hearts' of our stations in Africa. We depend on the power from these plants for the lighting of buildings, shops and airports; the operation of pumps for the water supply systems; refrigeration of meats and other food supplies; electric ranges for cooking; ventilating fans; air conditioning units; laundry machinery; shop tools and equipment; the heating of water and other miscellaneous uses."

**I**NTERNATIONAL HARVESTER is proud of the part played by powerful International Diesel Units on the Pan American route to the Middle East and the Orient.

On many another life line in the global war, International Crawler Tractors and Power Units, and thousands of International Trucks, speed the way to battle. Like all International Harvester Products, known the world over, today they are devoted to war—dedicated to Victory.

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**POWER FOR VICTORY**

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## **"AN URGENT CALL FOR YOU"**

*"Please do not make Long Distance  
telephone calls to war-busy centers  
unless it is really necessary."*

That helps keep the lines open for war messages  
and war's on the wires these days. When we can  
get telephone materials again we'll give you all  
the wires you desire. Many thanks.



BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM





## THE *golden age*

BY  
*Thomas h. raddall*

ILLUSTRATED BY WENDELL KLING

It was her second war, and it brought  
her greater wisdom in the ways of men

AS THE train drew near Port Ballard, Marian was conscious of a delightful prickling all over, and was amused at herself. It was absurd to think that she was fifty-six and her husband nearly fifty. She felt like a bride. And it was all so like the first war, when they were young; the months of separation, the letters that arrived jerkily, in little envelopes, hastily scrawled in out-of-the-way postal ports, and at heavenly intervals the telegram cautiously worded for the censor's benefit with a curt and demanding—"This (or that) hotel, Plymouth (or London or Derry or Aberdeen) on or after fifteenth love John."

She had met him in Montreal in '16, a brand-new sublieutenant on his way overseas to join some sort of motorboat patrol about the British coast. He was tall and dark and lively and, in her eyes, handsome as all the gods in one. Marian was not so tall nor so slim, a matter which gave her some regret—you weren't supposed to have a bust in those days. But she was just as full of life, and they were made for each other and knew it. There was a week of dancing and tennis and swimming, always together, and at the end of it they were married and went overseas, John in a transport with a number of ratings in his charge, Marian in a lumbering old Allan liner.

They had taken a flat in London, the content but slightly delirious London of 1916, and there she had awaited those telegrams which drew her, palpitating and shining-eyed, half the ports of the Kingdom. And in London in 1918 young Robin was born, true child of love and war, in which all things are fair.

The war passed over them lightly. In two years of hazard John Hericot suffered not a scratch, not even a ducking in the cold English seas. And his luck carried over into the peace years. In a world where most men

Marian rushed past the porter. John saw her at the same time. They threw their arms about each other. Marian's eyes filled with tears. From the car windows, the sailors stared







"You—you didn't tell your husband," young Mrs. Raeburn asked. "How I—how very brave you are!" "No," John said slowly. "Courage is something that you have only when you're young."

the platform were smiling and he returned them with their dunnage. But suddenly a frost fell on them all; the life went out of their faces and left nothing but blank masks. A tall officer was walking toward them. He returned their salutes mechanically and as soon as he was three paces off they scrambled into the train, muttering. The officer was John.

The porter stood on the platform holding Marian's hand baggage. She rushed past him. John saw her at the same time. They threw their arms about each other and Marian's eyes filled with warm tears. From the car windows the sailors stared.

She drew herself out of his embrace and they stood apart a little, hands clasped, conscious that people were staring at them and not caring. Marian was secretly relieved to find that he was the John she knew. There was not uncomfortably changed about him. The war and weather had given his large features a brick color, that was all. He was not lean by any means; he had put on a little flesh if anything, the slight padding which had been the jest of their snuggly Montreal circle was, if anything, more pronounced; his uniform seemed to strain at the buttons. He had a plethoric look. There were folds under his chin which with wifely solicitude she had seen down to strain. His mouth tasted his breath smelled strongly of whisky.

She said lightly, "Oh-ho! And the war is not over the yardarm!"

He looked away, muttering something about all the rules being changed for war.

HE HAD a taxi waiting and he drove to one of the town's three hotels, a small wooden structure stuck to the hill to look like gray stone and with a front cut in false embrasures that gave an effect of height if not of solidity.

"The rooms aren't much but the food is good and there's a charming little garden at the rear," John explained. Marian took off her hat and went into the bathroom to freshen up. When she emerged John was pouring himself a whisky from a bottle on the little table by the window. She watched the stuff mount in the glass one, two, three fingers—three of John's big fingers.

"Isn't that rather a stiff one for the time of morning, dear?"

He looked up, surprised. "Eh? Well, I've got a stiffish day ahead of me. Most of my crew are off to spend the twenty-eight-day leave; my Number One's got another half-stripe and yesterday to take command of a corvette up the St. Lawrence, and the navigator and the engineer are taking command somewhere." And irritably, "Any excuse to get clear of the ship. I'm left to the show with three men and a boy while the shore crowd tears the ship to pieces."

He poured a little water from a carafe into the whisky, tipped up the glass and drank thirstily.

"I should have thought you'd refitted Halifax," Marian said.

"Halifax is a busy place. Little boats like mine must refit where they can. This is really a nice little town. There's a good movie show and a government liquor store and a very decent golf course a few miles out."

Marian flung out the question which had burned on her lips all the way from Montreal: "How long have you—when did you get?"

seemed to be out of work he found an opening in the insurance business in Montreal and, what is more, made money at it. As time went by they acquired a pleasant home in the plush surroundings of Westmount, and in a state of well-furnished ease they had slid placidly into middle age and sent young Robin to McGill to study for the law. Then, as if designed to upset their lives, had come the new war, setting the calendar back twenty years at a sloop, with John off to take a refresher course as an officer of the naval reserve and young Robin throwing up his studies to enter the navy himself.

It was rather a shock for Marian to find herself at once the wife and mother of warriors. It was asking a lot of a woman to play this dual role at forty-six. Of course, the mother role was easy enough. Rob was a sublieutenant in a mine sweeper on the East Coast; he spent short leaves with her in Montreal and, once or twice, when his ship was in Halifax she had flown down to spend a few days with him. She liked being seen with him, being introduced to worshipful young women as his mother. Rob was

handsome, the image of John at that age and in that uniform, and the sight of him sometimes gave her a queer pang, as if he really were John, as if time had stood still for John while she grew old.

In fifteen months she had not seen her husband. He was commanding a corvette in the Western Approaches and in all that time had been no nearer home than Iceland. But now, miraculously, he was back in Nova Scotia; he had brought his rusty and battered little corvette to Canada for a refit, and he had sent her one of those mysterious telegrams that were so like the old times, that somehow conveyed his need of her.

SHE was going to him eagerly enough but with a dismaying sensation of going into battle with obsolete equipment. Other naval wives of her age and acquaintance had told her with ill-concealed sighs how young their husbands looked after a few months back in the service; how lean and hard and brown they were, how full of restless energy; and she had seen in their eyes and noted in their voices the plaintiveness of women who find that nothing, not even the

magic of war, can bring back their own youth.

John was to meet her at the railway station in Port Ballard. It was a mixed train and the journey was slow. The line followed the coast and at every small inlet there were boxes of fish to be loaded and various sorts of freight to be put off. But these glimpses of the sea fascinated her, separated as they were by miles of dark forest where there was nothing to watch but the telegraph posts crawling past and the monotonous wires going up and down. She thought of the sea as John's and Robin's. This was where they played so much with death and thought so little of it. It looked very blue and peaceful and it was astounding to reflect that just outside the rocky headlands shimmering in the sunshine were lurking German submarines.

The station at Port Ballard was a small red-painted wooden chalet like all the others along the line. The platform swarmed with the usual small-town crowd at traintime, but Marian noticed a number of naval ratings about to get on the train. They were a merry crew. Some had been drinking, and people on



The job should take a month at least." "Marvelous!" She threw her arms about his neck impulsively. He put the glasses down carefully behind her and embraced her. He kissed that generous mouth of hers with a wholly pleasing vigor. "It's like old times," she whispered. She was glad she had kept her figure. "Old times," John said, and kissed her again.

FORTNIGHT went by on wings that if not golden were at least becomingly gilded. They played golf nearly every afternoon and spent their evenings at the movies or in one or other of the hospitable homes open to them in the town. It was a delightful place with an unshaded Main Street running beside the tidal river where the corvette lay and there were fine walks in the woods above the town or along the shore. After two days of her company John shed his comely, harassed air like a skin. He laughed a good deal and was full of ideas for her diversion. In spite of the flesh he had put on at sea he still made a fine figure in a uniform; people were attracted by his hearty air, and women turned to look at him.

Marian found herself buying a finger brassiere and painting her legs. She had always been rather vain about her legs, her one "good" point in the popular wartime fashion. She bought the shorter dresses and some quite voluous underwear and had her hair done in the new off-the-face style which made her look taller. A few years before she would have thought all this her bad taste and even now she had a small suspicion that she was making herself ridiculous. She had always held in scorn for women in the late summer or autumn of life who clung to the summer trappings of spring. But now she saw that what other women thought you did not matter in the least. You made yourself young for John.

And she succeeded. He became attentive to her person as he had not been in years. He deferred to her wishes in everything. She even persuaded him to drink less. She was very adroit about that, and when one day he confessed that he was upset his digestion and he would be better off without it, she concealed her triumph with a jolly laugh and said he was getting much too angelic. He must drink a whisky-and-soda now and then or he would become impossible to live with. She mixed him one on the spot to prove that she meant what she said.

There were whole days when she scarcely thought of Robin at all and sometimes, lying awake at night with John breathing against her shoulder, she had a sense of guilt. But again she relished, thinking how utterly marvelous was that at forty-six she could command the attentions of a lover and the veneration of a son. Surely this was the golden age for a woman! And to think that but for the war she would never have known it! It amused her to reflect that in the final analysis all the schemes that fire-eating madman in Germany had been designed to prevent Marian and her little friend from becoming a frump.

She had a favorite nook in the hotel garden, a green bench hidden in the scrubby where she could take a cushion or two and laze in the sun or read or knit a little on the sweater she had started for Robin.

She was sitting there one morning when she heard John's step on the gravel path. She looked up, surprised. He had invariably spent the morning at the repair company's dock, aboard the cor-

vette, checking up on the progress of repairs and wrestling with the documents and "signals" which officialdom required.

She had an instinct that something was wrong and when he appeared around the end of the syringa bushes she was sure of it. His face was dark with unhappiness and some other emotion she could not understand. She dropped the knitting and sprang up, her white heel grinding the cherished wool into the grass. She ran to him crying, "What is it?" and seeing the telegram in his hand, "Something awful's happened. What is it? Is it—Robin?" All the beautiful flicker of youth which had come to her so unexpectedly went from her at once. She felt old and ill. And while her knees trembled and her wide eyes watched every tremor of his lips he blurted out, "I'm to rush the refit. I'm to sail in three days!"

Marian's relief was so immense that she sank on the grass, cackling in a queer

"Quite a bear, I'm told," said the voice. "Oh?"

"Timmy McDaid was with him overseas the past year. Told me the man had a temper like a sick Alsatian. Lots of guts and all that, but nobody liked him—the men hated him. There was some sort of scandal about him kicking a signalman—hushed up, of course—but sailors have memories like elephants for anything like that. Hericot was hauled up on the carpet for it, I believe, and got a tremendous wiggling. Of course, the man drinks like a fish."

Marian's ears burned. She played with her soup for a minute and then left the dining room casually as if she had forgotten something. She went straight to the nook in the garden. She could not bring herself to face John, until he was himself. She wondered how many others knew the story. Did Robin know? Perish the thought!

The afternoon was an eternity. She

ship. She dressed slowly and thought with a pang that soon he would be going from her, perhaps for another fifteen months, perhaps forever—but she refused to let her mind dwell on that.

As she approached the dining-room door the desk clerk brought her a telegram.

THE steam whistle at the repair slip was sounding a shrill one o'clock over the town when John returned to the hotel. He was wearing his second-best uniform, the one he wore at sea. It was faded and sea-stained and the stripes of his rank were so badly worn that the yellow cord showed through the gilt. He had left the other at the tailor's on the corner to be cleaned and pressed.

He carried a brief case, and his pockets were stuffed with papers and documents. His eyes were bloodshot and his voice was deep and unnatural but he came up the hotel steps briskly. Marian was standing by the west window when he came into the bedroom. She had done her hair in the old low fashion and was wearing a prewar dress.

He said at once, "Hello, what you wearing that old thing for?"

Marian said gravely, "There's something I want to tell you, John."

He flushed and looked down like a guilty schoolboy, saying desperately, "I know. But—don't say it now, Marian. Let's go down to lunch. I want you to meet my new officers—they're all staying here and some have their wives with them."

The young group had just come from cocktails in the Raeburns' room and were chattering merrily when John and Marian entered the dining room. The chatter perished at once and one or two of the young men began to get up respectfully and instinctively. John waved a hand and they sank into their seats. There were introductions. The young women acknowledged John's polite how-d'ye-do's with polite nods and murmurs. They looked rather hard at Marian. Doubtless they wondered how much of their careless conversations she had overheard, but she had an indignant notion that they were pitying her.

She made her eyes as cool as John's and slipped a hand in his arm as he turned toward the corner table. She forced herself to eat and to keep up a sprightly flow of talk through a meal that seemed interminable. After coffee the young officers lit cigarettes and waited for John to rise and go, as if he and they were already a single company in the little wardroom of the corvette.

MARIAN took pity on the young women. There was so little time left to them to enjoy together with their men in the sunshine. She arose, saying lightly to John, "And now you must have a cigarette with me in the garden before you bury yourself in that brief case."

On the bench in the seclusion of the syringa, far from earshot of the sun-baked hotel, Marian said quietly, "John, I'm afraid..."

"Don't say it!" he begged. "I'm so sorry about yesterday. I made a perfect swine of myself. You've been a brick, Marian, please hear me first. I've got to tell you." He lit a cigarette with a shaking hand and puffed at it furiously. "I don't know quite how to tell you. I suppose I'd better begin at the beginning. It was all right at first. It was fine to get back to sea with a command of my own. There were a lot of fellows anxious to get into those first corvettes and I was among the chosen few. I tell you I was as proud of that little tin hooker as if she'd been a battleship. I wanted to

(Continued on page 52)



"You may blow the horn now, Travers"

high voice, "Oh, my darling, is that all?" He muttered, "You don't understand. I'd counted on a month at least."

She laughed and wept hysterically; she was scarcely aware when he turned on his heel and strode off toward the street.

When she entered their bedroom an hour later to get ready for lunch she found John lying across the bed. A half-empty whisky bottle stood on the floor at the bedside. It was a warm July day and the room was hot and breathless and getting hotter by the minute. Soon the sun would pour against the southwest wall of the hotel and the room would be an oven. Before that happened each day they usually fled in a taxi to the little country club for some lazy holes of golf on the fresh greens beside the sea. There would be no golf today.

BEADS of perspiration formed on John's large face and oozed slowly down his cheeks. The counterpane under his head was dark with it. Marian's eyes sought the silver-mounted photograph of Robin on the dressing table. How fresh and clean and wholesome he looked! She thanked heaven that he was in another ship and far away.

She went down to lunch alone and found the small dining room nearly filled with young naval officers and their wives. There was much laughter and banter back and forth, and Marian caught the name of the corvette and realized suddenly that these must be her husband's new officers, sent down from Halifax to take the ship to sea. She wondered what these keen-looking young men would think if they could see John now. In a moment she heard her husband's name.

had a healthy digestion and she missed having had her lunch. When the little bell rang its warning for dinner she went up to the bedroom resolutely. John was still on the bed; he was asleep.

She went down to dinner and ate an omelette whose every mouthful seemed to choke her. The officers and their wives were very gay, but there was a strained note in the voices of the young women and Marian pitied them from the bottom of her heart. She had been through all that in the last war. She wondered if their husbands would ever realize how much the light laughter cost these charming girls. For a man at sea in these times there was monotony and discomfort—and fear—but a prospect of adventure always. For the women left ashore there was only the monotony and the fear.

She saw them withdraw to the hotel veranda. From its worn easy chairs they could look down on the shady street where, in the first dusk, the sailors from the corvette were strolling and flirting with Port Ballard's housemaids. At ten o'clock the bell rang a few slow strokes in the fire-station tower and the solitary town policeman began his curfew round, sending giggling boys and girls home and casting a solemn eye upon the dim figures spooning under the elms.

Marian went up to the room. She turned on the electric fan and undressed in the dark. John was still asleep.

She crept into the bed and lay quietly, thinking over the years she had passed with John. Toward morning she broke down and wept—and slept.

When she wakened he was in the bathroom, shaving. She pretended to be asleep until he had gone down to the



# THE HUNTERS

By Mary Hastings Bradley

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

## The Story Thus Far:

JILTED by a girl whom he idolizes—Claire Alloway, who marries the wealthy John Winston, in England—Michael Garrick, in Africa, becomes a hard drinker. Then, a thoroughly unhappy man, he marries and settles down on a coffee plantation.

Disgusted with Michael's frequent sprees, his wife—"Tommy"—sees much of a young neighbor: Robert ("Bob") McNare; and when Bob leaves for England, to take over a baronetcy, they are in love. But when Bob finally returns, he makes no attempt to hide the fact that he is infatuated with a beautiful blond widow who has come out on the same boat with him—Mrs. John Winston!

Michael has never changed. Despite himself, he still cares for Claire Winston—who, when they are introduced, acts—as he does—as though they have never before seen each other. . . . At Bob's suggestion, the four—the Garricks, Bob and Claire—go on a long hunt, a safari, in the Congo lion country. And Michael soon learns that Claire still loves him, is delighted to flirt with him, but that, apparently eager to acquire a title, she is not willing to let Sir Robert McNare go! . . .

Michael is a veteran hunter. In the days that follow, he does everything better than Bob; and Bob, watching him—and Claire—closely, soon realizes that undercurrents are running that he does not understand. He is jealous and mistrustful. When Claire urges him to return to England and go into politics (she paying the bills), he is disturbed. Can it be, he wonders, that she merely wants to be the wife of a baronet? . . .

The camp is deep in the lion sector. But, try as they may, they are unable to bag one of the big beasts. Then comes the morning when, returning from their *boma* (a sort of thorn-walled structure through which lions cannot penetrate), Tommy and Claire and Bob get the chance for which they have been waiting—an enormous lion charges them, the one Claire had wounded at the *boma*.

As the animal speeds toward them, all three prepare to fire. Nearer and nearer comes the big brute—then, almost on them, leaps in the air. Claire and Bob fire, almost simultaneously. The lion, hit, rears, is hurled backward, falls to the ground, lies there roaring. The trio watch the brute. The roaring stops. The lion lies motionless.

## VI

LOOK out!" Bob's voice was sharp. Claire had started forward. "Stay where you are! You never know."

They waited while he went forward, his gun aimed. The vanished natives reappeared, clustering behind him, their eyes bulging, their white teeth beginning to flash in grins. Bob bent over the lion, then beckoned them to come.

"He's dead all right. Gosh, he's big!"

He was exultant; they were all exultant and a little awed, still shaken by the terror of that charge, by the feeling of danger narrowly escaped. They stood about the lion. He looked tremendous, stretched out there, but not as tremendous as he had looked when charging. Bob knelt and explored the tawny body.

"You got him—straight through the chest," he told Claire. "Mine was a shoulder shot—to bring him down." He looked the dead beast over carefully; he parted the mane and after an inspection he declared, "He's twice yours. He's the one you shot from the *boma*. Look—your shot went through his crest. You shot too high."

"I'm glad I did," said Claire gaily. "I wouldn't have missed this for anything."

Her color was coming back. She said, "A charging lion," in a delighted voice.

"That's why the topis had the wind up," said Bob. "I was wondering—"

"A lot of antelope will thank you," said Tommy.

She said it to remind herself to be glad, because the lion looked so noble, too noble to be killed.

"He'll make a marvelous rug," said Claire. "That's really a good mane, isn't it, Robert?"

"Topping. Not black, of course—you don't get black manes here in the Congo. But you couldn't have a better golden mane."

"It looks like gold." Claire reached to touch it but Bob said "Ticks!" warningly, and she drew back her hand. The bristles of the mane were alive with tiny ticks, like beads of amber. Wryly Bob was examining his arm. "We'll have the deuce of a time with those chaps, skinning him," he said. He beamed at Claire Winston. "Now for a picture."

"My camera's in camp. But that doesn't matter, does it?"

"Not a bit. We'll fetch him in."

They found a tree, finally, large enough to provide a strong pole, and with the lion slung on that, the porters singing, elated with hope of matabeesh, they made their way to camp.

There the excitement renewed itself; they told Michael the story, Bob voluble with gladness, his constraint of the day before forgotten, and the porters told the other porters the story, acting it out, imitating the snarls, the charge, the roars. The camp was a confusion of talk and laughter and good feeling.

To have brought down a charging lion was a triumph, Michael declared. He was pleased, he said, that Africa was do-

ing Claire so well with thrills—yest a buffalo, today a lion. He told "You had luck to have an actual ch They're not so frequent. Except books."

They were at table now, breakfast hungrily on coffee, bacon, toast marmalade, and Bob kept glancing to the lion which was stretched out patch of shadow beneath a thorn surrounded by jabbering natives. he looked suddenly about to Tom and told her hearteningly, "Now get you one. Tonight!"

"Good!" Tommy smiled back, face lighting. A lion was the least of cares, but to go after lion meant l with Bob.

"Tonight—?" said Mrs. Wi





lo, and seemed about to say more, but under the table Michael's foot moved swiftly and she was silent. "Let yourselves plenty of sleep tonight," Michael counseled. "I'll see to the killing."

"No, you won't," said Bob. "I'll take care of that before I turn in." Michael would only delegate the job and no name was to be trusted with that skin. "But we'll have to take some pictures."

"I'll go prettify."

Mrs. Winston went off to her tent. The boys appeared for orders and it was decided not to have tiffin except for Bwana. As the three hunters wished to stretch through the middle of the day. "Ad nothing much for me," said Michael. "Feel a bit seedy."

He smiled at the quick look the others gave him and strolled off.

Tommy looked contritely after him. "That wasn't very decent of us," she said. "To be suspicious."

"No, it wasn't," said Bob. "He's kept his word. Definitely."

"Yes, he has." Bob hesitated. He blurted out, "You know, if he can do

this now, why, things may be all right—"

Tommy's heart contracted. Bob wanting things to be all right with her and Michael! "They may," she said in a small painful voice, and began to look blindly into a jumbled chop box. Bob said uncertainly, "I'd better get my camera, too," and went to his tent.

MICHAEL sauntered about aimlessly. Bob came from his tent, went to the group about the lion. Tommy disappeared. Mrs. Winston emerged from her tent. Michael strolled up to her, offering a cigarette.

She shook her head. She had tilted back the brim of her wide felt hat so that it framed her face. Her eyes were like blue stars, their lashes subtly darkened.

"Very — photogenic," said Michael softly.

In an even lower voice he went on, "Let them plan to go out. Let them think you are going. At the last moment—get a headache."

"A headache—?" repeated Mrs. Winston, in the same lowered tone but with a questioning inflection.

"Yes. At the last moment. Say you can't sit up another night."

She glanced up. His dark eyes on her were charged with significance, with secret urgency; a quick, intent look passed between them. She murmured, "You think they'll go—?"

"A sporting chance. No harm in trying."

"But won't they expect you—?"

"To take Tommy out? No, I'll have a touch of fever—I'll start it soon not to be too—coincidental. But just a touch. Nothing to keep them back."

Swiftly she considered, her eyebrows arching in doubt. She questioned, "They'll think it quite right—?"

"If we make them think so."

Then he said lightly, "But don't let me lead you astray. If this is the first misstep—"

"Don't be a donkey!"

Claire tossed that out, from off the top of her preoccupation. Michael gave a thin, unseen smile. "Then why hesitate?"

She stood, turning over the thought; she held up her camera to him—tableau for the waiting group about the lion—

and murmured, "But the boys—the porters—?"

"They sleep like logs," said Michael. "The night will be our own."

A little smile nibbled at the tense compression of her lips; a look of soft, foretasted pleasure glimmered in her. Yet her guarded voice was curt: "Only one night, Michael!"

"Only one."

"Don't be too sure of one!"

With that she started toward the group where McNare was waiting and Michael walked beside her. "Save your headache till the end of dinner," he said, under his breath, and then in a clear, carrying tone, "Photogenic is the word, isn't it?"

Claire laughed; her laughter had an excited ring. She went to Bob McNare and gave him her camera. "Michael says I'm photogenic," she said gaily, the "Michael" slipping swiftly out, then as swiftly she went on, "You don't mind my calling you 'Michael,' do you, Mr. Garlick? You all say Michael and Bob and Tommy and I feel too frightfully formal, here in camp—"

"I shall look forward to it," said Michael.

He stifled an impulse to grin at Bob's expression. With a "Good luck!" he left them to their picture-taking. He went to the mess tent, caught up his gun from a chair there, shook his head at the boy who started to follow him, and went down the path toward the river where he and Claire had gone two nights before.

He felt restless, unsettled. The brief excitement of the colloquy with Claire had gone, and the thing that he was planning appeared profoundly distasteful and unnecessary. Surely there must be some other way.

IN THE glade by the river he sat down—here was where he and Claire had stood in each other's arms, here was where the agony of his humiliation had transfixed him—and stared out across the river, empty now of hippo, empty of everything but sunlight and a dark, drifting log from which an eye peeped out at him. That eye looked incredibly knowing and obscene.

"Oh, you would, would you?" Michael muttered. He raised his rifle, then lowered it. A shot at the croc would bring his companions. He leaned forward, gripping his knees, his gaze on the dark growth across the river, bottle green beneath the bright blue of the morning sky. A drift of yellow butterflies flew upward, like slow sparks.

"Don't be a donkey, Michael!"

That bubble of recollection came to the top of his mind, and he smiled bleakly. He had not needed those words, but it had seemed important to provoke them. Another bubble came. "Only one night, Michael!" Afraid he'd be a nuisance, a hanger-on. His smile now was as thin as a used knife blade. Very sensible of her. His sardonic mind approved her practicality. . . . But she wanted that one night. She wanted to feel him adoring her. . . . "If I should die without possessing you—!" Had his tongue ever said that?

Suppose he put his gun to his head here and now? But that would not help Tommy. Something should be done for Tommy.

There must be some way besides that  
(Continued on page 40)



Michael offered her a cigarette. Claire shook her head. She had tilted back the brim of her hat so that it framed her face. Her eyes were like stars. "Very photogenic," said Michael



# HE MAKES THEM OVER

BY DOROTHY KILGALLEN

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS

The saga of Don Loper, director, dancer, composer—a Broadway Pygmalion with a passion for making women perfect, at least outwardly



VERONICA LAKE was quietly in "21," nibbling a day lamb chop and submit the whistle-equivalent glances of her mirrors, when a dark, wide-shoed young man with a comical face walked up to her table, lifted the nation's famous coiffure by its wheat-gold and held it aloft like a frightened erwoman's.

"Girl," he said sternly, "you're to wear your hair the way you do. Look marvelous with it up."

Whereupon, he dropped the glances and left—he being Don Loper who could no more forego telling a \$2,000-a-week Lake what was with her universally swooned trade-mark than you could resist your old grandmother that her house was on fire.

Loper is the victim of an uncurable urge to make women more attractive. Aside from his various professions—dancer, designer, composer, director and producer—he is fond of taking on small jobs (such as slapping gilding on an already pulchritudinous and big jobs (like converting an awkward chick into a bird of paradise). He has improved more women than nine can sleep a night. Compared to him, Pygmalion was a guy who went to bat only once.

Not many days after the Lake incident Don took what he calls the choochoo to Hollywood, to become Ginger Rogers' first dancing partner since Fred Astaire. This is an agreement for which most actors would throw their eyeteeth, right arms and all other traditional exchanges. But imagine Don as sitting in his little apartment on the train, atremble with excitement at the prospect of matching with the agile Academy Award winner you're off the beam. And if you don't change the color of Ginger's hair, he'll stop at dancing and won't touch her entire wardrobe into the convenient ash can, you just aren't to the kid.

It might be well to give Hollywood a hint of what to expect. Ginger knows she and Don are old friends from the days when she was a leggy flapper on Broadway musicals, and she is aware that he adores her personally, admires her as an actress and sincerely believes she is one of the worst-dressed women in the world.

"She's the little navy blue and white piqué, very serviceable type," he says, making it sound like one word. "In fact, she *could* look divine."

Ginger once rather patiently explained to him that her public regarded her as the original white-collar girl and, to please these admission-paying nudes, she felt obliged—quite literally—to wear white collars; but the alibi failed to impress Uncle Don.

"Go away, girl," Don Loper said. "You wear them because you like yourself."

It is barely possible that Hollywood—including the stellar Miss Rogers—may pay a bit of attention to the Lake edicts, because at least it is a sure thing that he is not sounding off to get himself noticed. He has built quite a solid reputation for talent in several directions without letting peep a syllable—a

(Continued on page 54)

Despite the soda fountain, Ginger Rogers looks anything but "the little navy blue and white piqué, very serviceable type." Don Loper, Ginger's dancing partner in *Lady in the Dark*, casts an approving eye on her outfit.



# THE OUTSIDER

By Elizabeth Foster

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER KLETT

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE



DEBORAH took her letter, still unopened, and walked slowly through the lych gate. The path past the Norman side of the church, climbed a slight rise, and ended suddenly in an open field. You could see the roofs of the village below, the spire of the church, and a mile away among the trees, those red chimneys of Wareham Hall, her home. She had come out here to read the letter alone and now she struggled with a feeling of dread. It's not easy to read a letter from a mother-in-law you've never seen, especially when it's too late to do anything about it.

Deborah opened the letter with icy fingers and read it slowly and carefully. When she came to the last line she gave a little gasp. "Oh—!" she said in dismay. "Johnny!"

WHEN she first saw him, that summer day two months ago, she had been walking up the nave of the church with a bunch of roses for the altar. He was standing under a marble tablet to the memory of William Aldridge, killed at the Battle of Blenheim, and she was struck by the rapt expression on his face. She also noticed that this young American officer was very nice looking. She was on the point of offering to show him the tomb of the crusader, one of the finest in Surrey, when the door of the vestry opened and Miss Mickleham, a sharp-featured female in charge of the floral decorations for the altar, saw him approach. "Doubtless you wish to see the church tower," said Miss Mickleham in a cold, icy voice. "This way, please."

"No, I don't want to see the church tower," replied the American tourist, smiling of 1942, "I came here to look at the tombs of my ancestors."

Miss Mickleham answered him with a scornful smile: "You mean you find it amusing to identify yourself with the names on those tablets."

"In other words, you are playing a game, pretending these are your ancestors, usurping a part of England that doesn't belong to you, because you have the same name."

The American gave a startled flush but kept his temper. Miss Mickleham turned angrily on her heel, and the vestry door closed behind her with a faint slam. Feeling a little sick, Deborah walked toward him.

"Oh," she said in distress, "I'm so sorry that happened! You mustn't mind Miss Mickleham, though. She's like that."

"It's obvious," he said with a dry laugh, "that the old girl doesn't like Americans. Resents them, I suppose."

"Yes, but there are a lot of us who don't," she said quickly. And then, on an impulse because she was so angry with Miss Mickleham and because at that range he was even better looking, she had asked him to tea.

At first sight of Wareham Hall he stopped short. "Gee whizz!" he murmured with emotion. "You know," he

said as they walked on, "I've heard about Wareham all my life. But I had no idea it was as lovely as this. It's swell, isn't it!"

He said it with a touch of pride. "Yes, it's a nice village," she said, "but you mustn't expect too much of Wareham Hall—it's not what it used to be."

There were no butlers or footmen any more—only old Nana who had found an egg somewhere and made muffins for tea. Deborah's mother and father were sitting in the library, for the drawing room was wrapped in dust sheets. She introduced him briefly as "Lieutenant Aldridge."

"Aldridge—?" said her mother. "Why, that's an old name in Wareham. There are loads of them around here still."

"I know," he said, "we came from here." Once more the tone of pride at belonging here.

Deborah told what had happened in the church. Her mother was indignant. "How simply dreadful of that woman! I wonder if I ought to tell the vicar?"

"Most unfortunate!" added her father. "Oh, I don't mind," said the lieutenant, with a smile. "I was a bit startled, that was all."

"We shall have to introduce you to your distant cousins," added her father. "They will be delighted to see you."

Deborah sank back in her chair with a feeling of relief. They were accepting him—making him feel at home. And that, she suddenly realized, had become very important indeed.

He said politely that he would love to come back on his next leave—but that was all he could say. American officers were birds of passage.

It was a week later when he returned. She'd been in the garden, pulling up carrots. Looking up suddenly she saw him, leaning against the wall as though he'd been there a long time.

"Hello!" he said. "How are you?"

"I suppose," she said in confusion, "you came back to have another look at the tombs of your ancestors."

"No," he replied. "I'm not interested in dead relations any more. I came to see the living."

She said she would introduce him to old Mr. Aldridge who lived in the Dower House. After the visit he said that Mr. Aldridge—who was very eccentric—was exactly like his Uncle Ned, and it must run in the family.

They were standing on a footbridge over the Ware. Below the bridge lay the village, bathed in afternoon sunshine. There were five white cottages with thatched roofs, a Georgian public house, and a few little shops with bay windows. His eyes were fixed on the scene, but she could feel his awareness of her as part of it.

"Deborah—!" he began hesitantly. "I was hunting for my ancestors, but I found something else I wasn't looking for—"

He stopped, and she helped him mischievously.

"You found a place where you belonged. An English village you could call your own. Something to help your homesickness."

"All that," he replied in a low voice, "and Deborah, too . . ."

DEBORAH read the last paragraph of the letter again.

"Johnny is a darling, as you say," wrote his loving mother, "but the poor boy is terribly vague. I've told him for

years our family came from Sussex, and your village, dear child, seems to be in Surrey. I hope he won't be too upset when you tell him that Wareham isn't where he belongs—"

The thin, reedy whistle of the afternoon train—Johnny's train—brought Deborah swiftly to her feet. She tore the letter to pieces and scattered them on the grass.

"But it is," she said. "Wareham is just where he belongs—now."

She'd been in the garden, pulling up carrots. Looking up suddenly she saw him by the wall. "Hello!" he said. "How are you?"







Gen. Arnold, who likes people, halts his inspection of Briggs' aircraft turret plant long enough to talk things over with the girl operator of a drill press



Accompanied by Geo. T. Christopher, president of Packard, and Brig. Gen. Meyers, Gen. Arnold looks at work being done on the Rolls-Royce gear-case assembly line



# The Sky's the Limit

By Corey Ford and Alastair MacBain

From 1912 and a 43-mile-per-hour record in a Wright biplane to 1943 and the command of the Army Air Forces, the story of General Henry Harley Arnold is the story of military aviation in America. The whole U. S. is his air base and the sky's his limit.

HE MOVES at almost a trot through the mile-long bomber plant, zigzags between the glistening rows of fuselage frames, threads his way past milling machines and lathes, dodges beneath the skeleton of a half-finished wing, cocks his head and peers up at a radial motor dangling from a rack. He looks around and above and on either side, never missing a detail, and his lips curl at the corners in the famous grin.

It's practically a permanent grin he's got, serene, imperturbable, warm as a fur-lined flying suit; it earned him the nickname of "Hap" back at West Point thirty-five years ago, and today, when he's commanding general of the Army Air Forces and boss of America's destiny in the skies, the nickname and the grin are with him still. Encouraged, the plant superintendent points complacently to the long vista of bombers on the assembly line: "Satisfied, General Arnold?"

The grin doesn't waver. "Satisfied?" Hap says, over his shoulder. "Course not. I won't be satisfied till we've got enough planes and motors to win."

The erect, wide-backed, stocky figure hurries on; and his staff mops its collective forehead and straggles wearily in his wake.

He never seems to tire; he's turbo-supercharged, they swear; he'll go eighteen or twenty hours a day like this without stopping, wearing out men half his age. He doesn't rely on secondhand reports or opinions, but insists on finding out things for himself.

He has an insatiable curiosity about people as well; now and then, he'll halt abruptly in his inspection of a factory—to the considerable relief of the rest of the party, whose feet by this time are killing them—and engage in conversation with a girl working a riveting machine, or crouch on his haunches familiarly beside a young mechanic with a grease gun.

"Nice work. Keep it up," he'll say. "We're counting on you." He likes people, is genuinely interested in what they think.

A visiting British air marshal in the party murmurs to us, behind the back of his hand, "You know, that's the thing about the general that impresses one most. He's able to see the forest and the trees."

Arnold completes his inspection, strides to his waiting plane with the commanding general's insignia painted on the fuselage, and turns to bid goodbye to the perspiring superintendent. "Okay," he says cheerfully. "Now all we need is to double the output."

"But—" The superintendent rocks, and regains his balance. "That's impossible, General."

"Sure, it's impossible," Arnold grins,

as he climbs aboard his plane. "It doesn't mean it can't be done."

Lieutenant General Henry Arnold—Hap down to the last monkey in the ground crew, for he is probably no officer in the services today who doesn't have a more universal affection for his men—doesn't believe in the impossible. He defines the impossible as something that hasn't been done. That's why he's not dismayed by his current job of creating over the world's greatest air force in the world: planes this year, a hundred thousand pilots annually—an air force estimated total of 2,000,000 men. He isn't sure himself how many new planes will be needed before the war is over. There's no precedent for him; even 2,000,000 may not be enough. But he's sure of one thing: It can be done, no matter how big the job. It's impossible, but it's going to be done.

## A Man-sized Workout

He takes his accustomed place in the front left-hand seat of the conversion plane as the expert first sergeant, Major Peterson, touches the controls of the big Douglas takes off on the runway. We flop into our seats opposite him, in consideration of his rapid-fire swing. We flop our seats opposite him, in consideration of his rapid-fire swing. We flop our seats opposite him, in consideration of his rapid-fire swing. We flop our seats opposite him, in consideration of his rapid-fire swing.

We were up at five-thirty this morning and still he was ready long before we were. He's inspected half a dozen airfields and training centers so far today, and he isn't even bored. You wonder when he'll relax.

You glance across the aisle at him—restless, alert, checking the scroll of calling notes over his shoulder to see if he's missed any. (Ten days later he'll recall every last one he said and ask if the job has been done.) He goes over a sheaf of papers, down through the window at the finished staging field, glancing back to make sure that everyone else in the cabin is comfortable. His face is flushed against the light, is so ruddy and, as always, glowing. There's a white vertical scar on his forehead he catches us looking at it. "Did you tell you how I got that?"

When the general starts a story with "Did I ever tell you . . ." it's to gather round. He's one of the best storytellers.

"It was 'way back in 1912," he says, "just after I graduated from the Brothers' flying school at Dayton. General Arnold is one of the first forty-two aviators in this country, with the longest record of continuous flying of any pilot in the Army." (It was just a days, an airplane was just a chain of sprocket box kite, with three sticks, and wooden paddles for a propeller. Well, I was flying from Salem, Massachusetts, down to Bridgeport, and a crash landing in the water. I

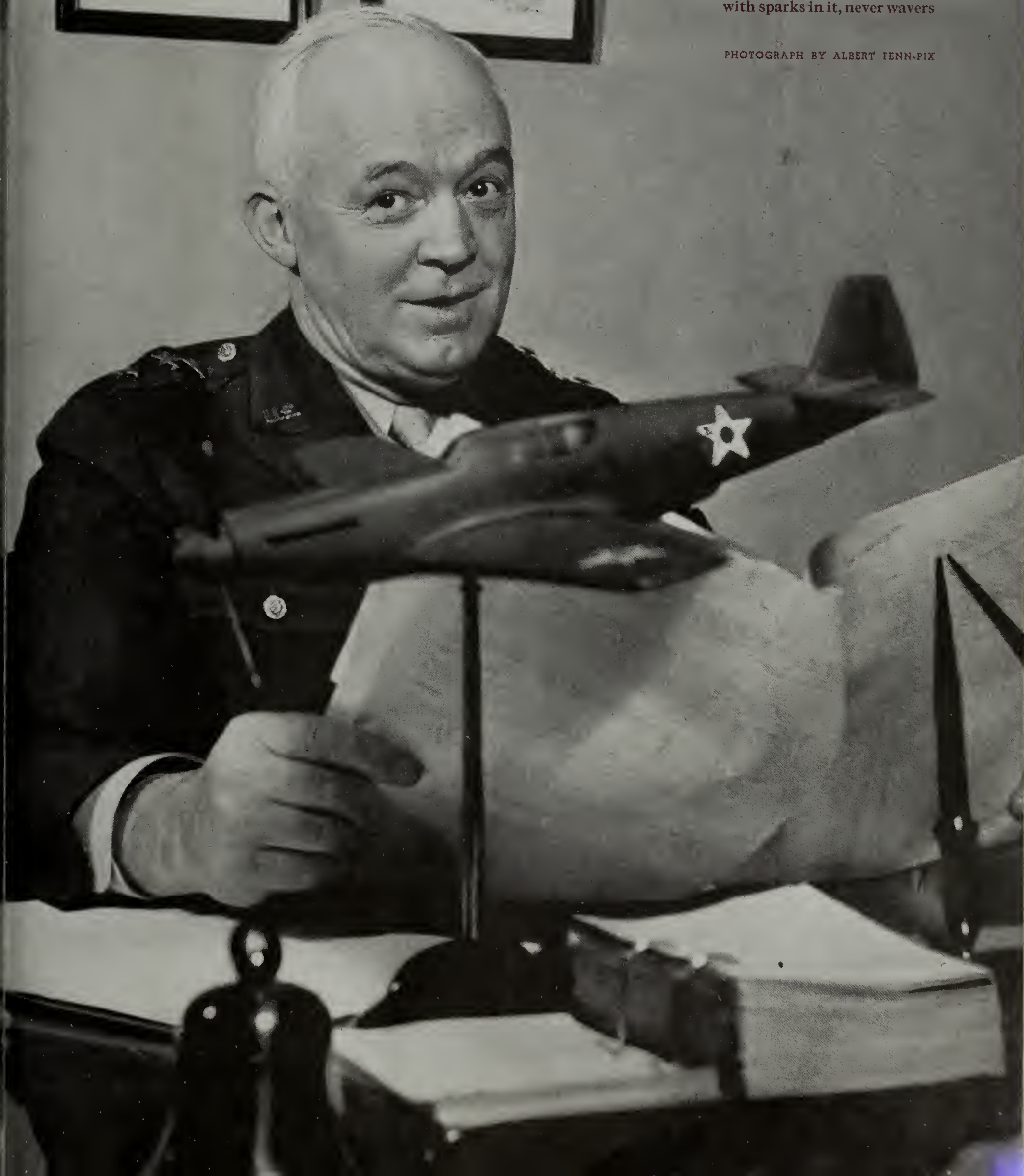
"At ease!" was the order during this informal chat between Gen. Arnold and Army Air Forces students at the Packard Rolls-Royce Engine School



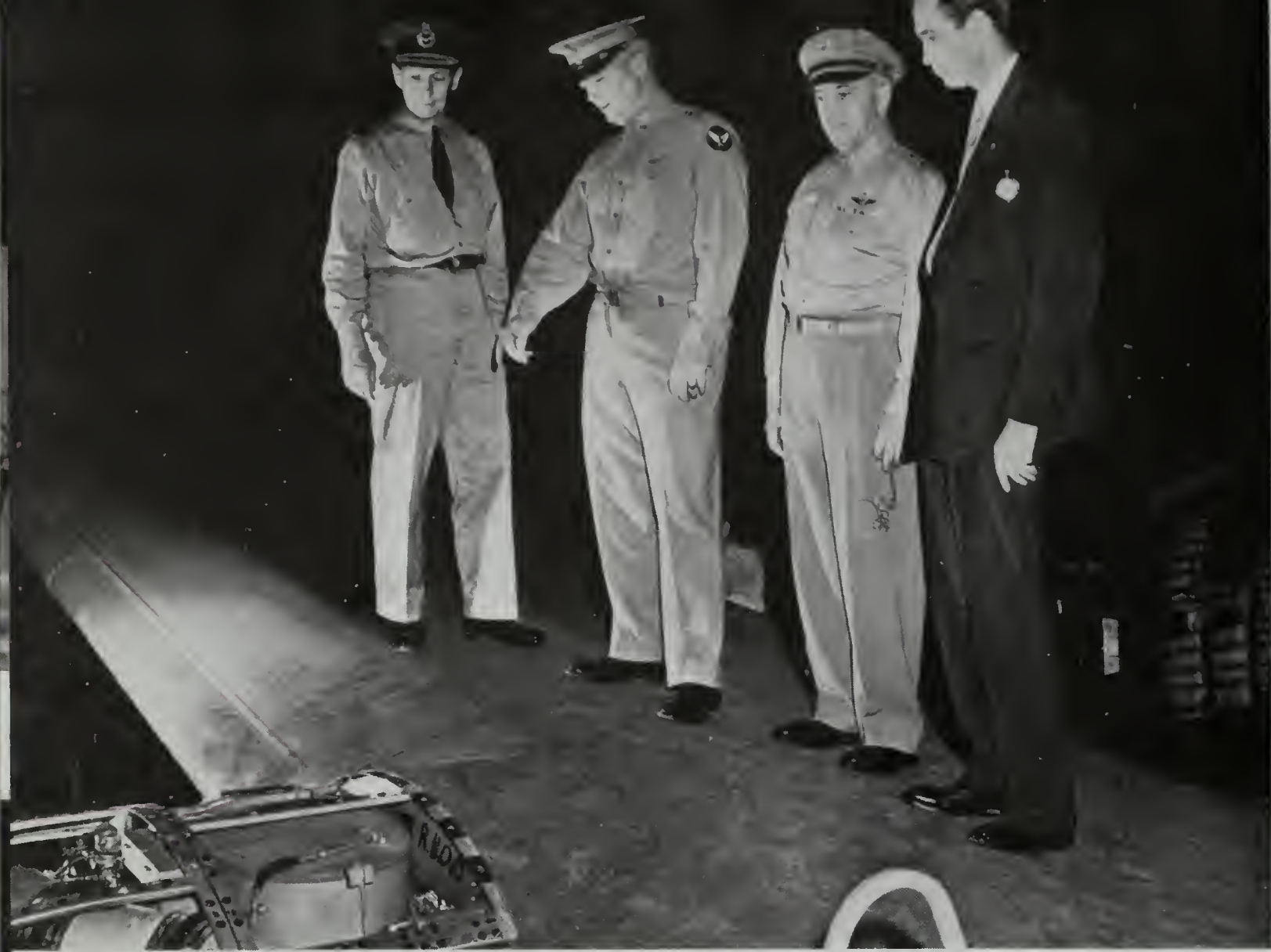
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According to the best reports of his staff, Lieut. Gen. H. H. ("Hap") Arnold is turbo-supercharged for work. He'll go eighteen or twenty hours a day, wearing out men half his age. Yet the famous grin, with sparks in it, never wavers

PHOTOGRAPH BY ALBERT FENN-PIX

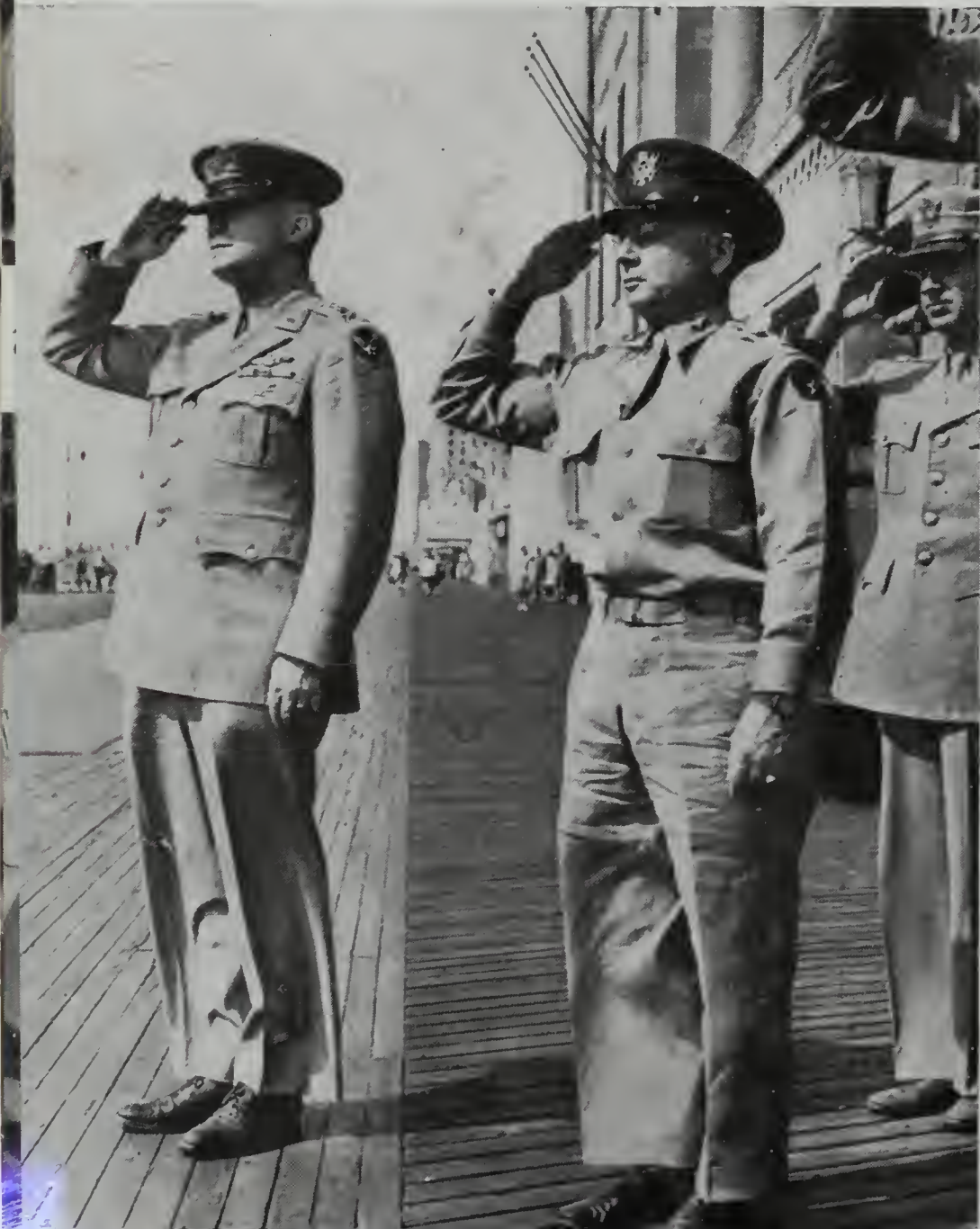






Inspection from the wing of a C-87 cargo transport. Left to right: Britain's Air Marshal Evill, Gen. Arnold, Maj. Gen. Yount, Geo. Newman of Consolidated

First stop on Gen. Arnold's tour of camps last Sept. was Atlantic City, where the Air Forces saved construction time by taking over hotels. Col. Glassburn, right



was, all tangled up in the wires and bleeding like a stuck pig, and just then I saw a couple of GAR veterans sailing past me. I yelled at them, and they hauled in close to the wreck, looked at me for a minute, and then squared away into the wind again. 'Anybody's fool enough to get himself into one of them things,' I heard one of them mutter, 'he can get himself out again.' "

The country's come a long way since then, you reflect. The general has finally won his lifelong fight for the recognition of air power; won it with the devastating abruptness of an explosion. Overnight, a penitent Congress started spewing money in his direction like a busted slot machine.

You can remember not so long ago when certain myopic lawgivers on the Hill voted down automatically every request the general made for an increased air force. You remember, as recently as the fall of France, that one well-known representative arose in Congress to denounce his modest plea for a thousand planes.

#### Has a Fighting Grin

"Ridiculous!" said this statesman. "Whom are we going to fight?" Now, forgetful of the past, they are clamoring for more and more planes, passing billion-dollar appropriations without blinking, giving him everything he asks for. "Everything," he says, with a grin, "but time."

It's a fighting grin, you realize, as you study him across the aisle. There are sparks in it; his aides will tell you that you haven't lived till you've been bawled out by the Old Man. It's more than a term of affection; it's a tribute. They know his achievements, know the spectacular string of firsts that he has hung up in the course of a record-breaking flying career.

His story is virtually the history of military aviation in this country. He won the first Mackay Trophy ever given, in 1912, by flying a Wright biplane

around a thirty-mile course at the breaking speed of 43 miles an hour. same year, he established an alt record of 6,540 feet. Later in crowded year, he carried the first mail ever flown in the United States sensational five-mile hop from New Boulevard Airdrome in Long Island the way to Hempstead.

He was likewise the first to use guns and wireless on planes; he pioneered air reconnaissance; inaugurated the first forest air patrol; was the first aerial engineer. In 1934, he won the Mackay Trophy a second time—a record in itself—by leading a flight of ten tin bombers from Washington, D. C. to Alaska, proving his friend General Mitchell's oft-asserted contention that the United States was within bombing range of Alaska. We were in Fairbanks that summer when he landed and we remember a singularly proper statement.

"We've got to develop air defense here in Alaska," we heard him declare eight years ago. "Some day this story will be of the greatest importance to our Pacific strategy."

#### He is an Ardent Sportsman

We remember a fishing trip to a luscious grayling stream in the upper Yukon, that same summer in Alaska, when five rods were bent double simultaneously, and the general's yells drove even the screeching of the reels. He fishes as enthusiastically as he does anything else; you wonder whether it is the secret of his energy. Maybe he relaxes in the variety of his entertainments. He's an avid sportsman. A group of old-timers in Tennessee, for example, don't consider a fox hunt is right unless the general is there to sit on the porch with them and argue which hour is running first.

In southern California, there is a rancher who won't tell anyone else where the quail are feeding—saving them for Hap. He makes friends everywhere. Death Valley Scotty is an intimate of his. He still gets letters from sourdough Alaska addressed "Hap Arnold, Washington, D. C."

His interests are unending. He is a facile writer, author of the popular Bruce series of boys' aviation books as well as coauthor with General Ira Eaker of Winged Warfare and Army Facts, authoritative volumes on modern military power. With his youngest son, he has built model airplanes. Once he almost invented a child's game in which toy bombers were catapulted by elastic onto a map of Germany; he dabbled briefly in raising; and while he was at March Field in California, he had a short and similarly unprofitable venture with an owl.

The plane circles to land at another newly commissioned staging field, and he glances out of the window at the landing strip, marked by old automobile tires painted a bright orange. He frowns.

"Have them get some other kind of marker," he tells his aide quickly, "turn those tires in for salvage."

He finishes his inspection, the cars are waiting to take him back to the flying line. A dusty jeep is standing on one side, a lone corporal dozing at the wheel. The general's face lights.

"Come on!" He beckons to us impulsively. "I want to have a look at the enlisted men's area."

To the consternation of the assembled officers, he jumps in beside the corporal and we bump and rock down the unimproved company street in a cloud of dust.

(Continued on page 63)



# THIEVES WITH UNION CARDS

By Westbrook Pegler

How Jimmy Petrillo and his musicians got away with it, and why our antitrust laws, in fact, let a union take money for services not needed and sometimes not even performed

THE editor who asked me to do this story started out something like this: "The decision of the United States District Court in the Petrillo case suggests to me that we ought to have an article explaining just how it is that the Wagner Act—"

Now the fact is that the Wagner Act is not the governing law in the Petrillo case. The Wagner Act is the New Deal's, miscalled Labor's Magna Charta, which is supposed to guarantee to workers the right to bargain collectively with their employers through agents of their own choice, but which, in fact, compels countless American citizens to accept bargaining agents (or unions), whom they detest and fear and who rob and otherwise abuse them with the connivance—indeed the active assistance—of the national government of their country. By a dangerous paradox, it denies the very right which it guarantees. It has many bad faults, but it is not the law of the Petrillo case.

The Petrillo case is simply this: Jimmy Petrillo, of Chicago, is president of the American Federation of Musicians, commonly and hereinafter known as the Musicians' Union. It is a huge union with many good musicians among its members and thousands of part-time or Saturday-night performers. It is a bad union and is at its worst in New York where incidentally it planted picket lines in front of a theater to compel the management to employ pit musicians (for whom there was absolutely no need) because, in the course of the play, a photograph record was used to furnish a few minutes of off-stage music. The pickets took their stations only a short time before Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt approached the theater with her political protégé, Joseph Lash, the inveterate scoundrel, with tickets for the play.

## The Picket-Line Question

Mrs. Roosevelt, without examining the merits of the controversy, refused to cross the picket line, thus publicly endorsing the union's contention that the management was unfair to organized musicians, although the theater was unionized from (as they say) the front of the house to the alley. The house staff, the stage crew and the actors were all union members, and there was not even a pretense of a controversy on any subject between the management and any employee. No musicians were employed, therefore, no musician could be at odds with the management in the relation of employee and employer.

Thus, Mrs. Roosevelt took a position mainly unfair to the organized laborers who were employed by the show because, had the picket line closed the attraction, they would have been thrown out of work in an occupation which is pretty rotten at best. The employer can be left

out of our consideration entirely. Obviously, he has no rights if it is held, as a matter of principle, that a picket line will be respected and the union upheld, regardless of the merits of the case.

A few months ago, Jimmy Petrillo decided that, after a certain date, no member of his union would be allowed to make recordings to be played over the radio or in public places. His object was to compel the employment of idle brothers.

Of course, he could not succeed in that, for he knew as well as everyone else that the little hamburger dancing spots around the Army camps and in the humbler neighborhoods of factory cities could not afford to substitute live musicians for juke-box records.

He knew equally well that many radio stations could not afford to hire live musicians. Already, most of these stations were employing, at union wages absurdly beyond the worth of the work, individuals known as pancake turners, whose only duty is to put the record on the machine and click the lever.

This decree of Jimmy Petrillo stirred great excitement in Washington. Elmer Davis, of the Office of War Information, uttered a cry of alarm for the morale of the Armed Forces and the toiling civilians of the war industries. James L. Fly, the chairman of the Federal Communications Commission, which governs the radio industry, came to the incidental defense of the employers, meaning the owners of the radio stations.

"Any time when significant public-service programs are shut down from the air," he said, "we have a breakdown in the very services for which such stations are licensed to serve to the public."

He added that, as everyone including Jimmy Petrillo knew, the many smaller stations with little local talent available, would be up against it. Jimmy's decree meant that these stations would have to import from other cities and support in idleness numbers of Jimmy's subjects as stand-by performers, their wages to be the price of permission to continue the use of recordings. For, Mr. Fly said, the smaller stations devoted sixty per cent of their time to recorded music.

Soon thereafter, Thurman Arnold—poor old Thurman, in charge of the Anti-trust Division of the Department of Justice, who is always being thrown for a loss by the United States Supreme Court in union cases—decided to challenge Jimmy. He carefully prepared and brought into the United States District Court in Chicago, which is Jimmy's home town, an appeal for an injunction under the Sherman Law. This is the law which forbids combinations and conspiracies in restraint of interstate commerce.

As originally interpreted by the courts, the Sherman Law was used to handcuff

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INTERNATIONAL

Good dictator by his own admission is James Petrillo, president of the American Federation of Musicians. Dissenting opinions have been filed by the Department of Justice, the FCC and the OWI

Huge, vociferous Local 802 of Musicians' Union rules with heavy hand nearly all musical New York and enthusiastically endorses Petrillo's decrees. Members, below, electioneer for local delegates

LAWRENCE A. MONAHAN





# ONE MAN'S DOGS

By Vereen Bell



Businesslike and arrogant is Fred, the handsome pointer, who is undisputed boss of the kennels and permits no canine foolishness, either at home or at work. "Bring 'em in and lay 'em down," is his motto



No good bird-dog man will ever admit that his isn't the world's best dog, nor will he ever give up the search for a better one. It's a paradox that pays off, once in a while.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

THERE'S a pointer lying on top of the doghouse watching as if he's king of the kennel. He's the best dog of the lot, but he is good. And he is the boss. Perhaps his story will illustrate something of what it's like to be a bird-dog man.

On a cold day, a couple of years ago, we stopped at a little country store and sounded the horn. A countryman in boots came out and he was the one who was to show us the hunting land.

"You got any dogs?" he asked. "I got two we can take."

We had brought our own dogs but I told him to bring his along, too.

As we rode to the hunting place we began to get acquainted. Our new friend had a certain hardness about him that is not typical of our Southern country people.

He asked my name again and then said, "You're kin to Judge Bell, the state judge used to be solicitor of this circuit?"

"He's my father."

He was silent for a while and finally he said, "I prosecuted me one time."

I asked, "What were you charged with?"

"Murder."

As you will guess, this caused the conversation to drag. In fact, it almost rolled over and died. Although I am a writer, whose job it is to unearth as much of a man's story as possible, I must say that this was the first time when I was willing to change the subject. In the day he indicated that he regarded my father highly—but that was later.

It was the bird dogs who remedied things. For let me say that every bird-dog man thinks his dog is the best in the world. So I thought his dogs would be ill-bred potterers, and he probably thought mine were half-wild idiots that didn't know a quail from a jack rabbit. We were both wrong.

After we had been hunting a while, he was more willing to tell me that I had a couple of pretty nice dogs than to give me the true praise from another bird-dog man is a rare thing. But top dog for the day was his two-year-old pointer Fred, which he put down after my dogs had hunted a couple of hours. This was a fleet-footed rambler, and he covered those flatwoods. He found several coveys, handled them properly and pointed them stylishly.

"There's a dog," I admitted finally, "that I would like to have." "That's mine."

After that, things went along fine. We ate sandwiches by the bank of the river and talked about the war. He had been in the Rainbow Division in the other war. But mostly we talked about bird dogs, and when he started home that night, he mentioned that he was willing to sell his pointer. So Fred became my dog.

Like many dogs raised and hunted exclusively by one man, Fred did not quickly get used to changing owners. Fred's training was of an old-fashioned severity—judging by the birdshot to be found now here and there under his hide—but for months, his heart still belonged to the other man. Hunting for me was only fair; just when he was about to get his mind on his business, he would suddenly stop and look back at me and then wander on heartedly.

Before long, his health began to fail. He lost weight and became anemic. I won't say all this was caused by grief. I only say that Fred got sick, and three very good veterinarians in turn failed to find a specific disease. For months, we worked on him, feeding him liver and meat and eggs and milk, and injecting vitamins, and finally we got him well, in spite of himself.

With health came belligerence. Fred is boss of the kennel.

Lavish lickings and enthusiastic wriggles make Butch—who's going to be man's best friend if it kills both of you—a hazard in a car. A short leash keeps her where she belongs.





an make a mistake, and the ever-loving Butch is no exception. Here her  
ints out that flushing and retrieving box turtles get a lady nowhere



added corn cob quickly teaches youngsters that things, including birds,  
picked up with loving care. This sly dodge is called force-breaking



kennel. He eats his food leisurely—"He likes to just mench along on it," says colored Henry—returning several times during the hour to take a few bites. When he is not eating, he doesn't need to stand guard over the remaining food. Although there are two or three larger dogs in the kennel, not one of them will touch Fred's food.

Furthermore, he now hunts the way he did that day I first saw him. Apparently he is satisfied with me as a master, or at least he has become too polite to show his feelings.

Snow was a similar case. Snow was a "drop," half pointer, half setter. Setters and pointers should never be crossed, for the result is usually a defective and mongrelish animal, and even the occasional excellent drop does not justify the cross. However, Snow did not look as bad as most; in fact, I didn't know he was a drop until later; I simply took him to be a setter of not simon-pure ancestry; and he was a good hunting animal.

Snow was raised and trained—and, like Fred, trained by harsh methods, judging by his tendency to overcaution in pinning his game—by a snuff-dipping backwoodsman friend of mine. I first saw Snow at work in the blackjack-oak woods of his owner, who had told me he had a dog to sell. Snow made a prodigiously long cast and pointed, and when we fired, two birds fell. I fired at another but apparently missed. Snow retrieved the two birds, and we went on. Presently Snow returned from somewhere with another bird in his mouth. The bird I thought I had missed had fallen at a distance, and Snow had found it and brought it in. That is retrieving of the highest quality.

Snow was a peculiar dog. Whereas, most bird dogs—especially setters—show a marked affection for human beings, Snow quite obviously cared for nobody. I had noticed his indifference to the farmer before I acquired him. Snow would stand still and allow you to stroke him, and would even wag his tail politely, but he really preferred to be left alone. What he wanted was to lie sleepily in the shade all summer and hunt all winter, with as little human contact as possible.

Although a one-man dog heretofore, from the first, Snow hunted quite industriously in my company. Only in one way did he ever show that he knew he had changed men. He never retrieved again. I hunted him for two years but not once in that time would he ever bring a dead bird to me.

#### The Affectionate Butch

Butch is as different from Snow as a dog could be. Butch is a small pointer, not yet two years old, and her idea of heaven is to be in my lap licking my face. She is intolerably affectionate. In fact, she's a nuisance in a car, because she absolutely will not stay anywhere but in my lap, wriggling and nuzzling and licking at my face. Push her away and she comes back immediately. Slap her—if you can force yourself to do it—and she cringes for five or six seconds and then she's at it again. The only way she can be transported inside a car without making you a menace to traffic is short-leashed on the back seat.

Unlike Snow, Butch's happiest moment is when she is bringing me a bird.

The big day at last: the products of months of teaching hit a point while the owner, suffocating with pride in his handiwork, reaches for the camera. Other hunters will later examine the picture with great politeness

In her play about the yard, having no bird to retrieve, she brings me sticks, old bones, or anything she happens to run across. Afield, she occasionally runs across a box turtle, and no matter if she is a quarter of a mile away, she stops hunting and brings the turtle proudly to me. This trait might become annoying if it weren't for the fact that the turtles aren't often encountered in the winter-time.

I might add that these turtles seem to have an odor similar to quail, because many perfectly good bird dogs point them. Jake Bishop, the veteran trainer, once had a dog that would pick up any stray box turtle and continue hunting with the turtle in its mouth; and if it happened upon another turtle, it would put the first one down, pick up the second and go ahead with its bird hunting.

Last spring, I sent Butch to John Gates, one of the better professional dog men, for training. About a week later I got a letter from him saying that he thought Butch could be a winner in the major field-trial circuit. Now a good steady shooting dog is one thing, and an open-field trial winner is quite something else.

"I want you to come up and see Butch go," John Gates wrote. "Her range is widening each day and she hunts every minute she's down."

#### Appearances Are Deceiving

Arriving at the village where John Gates lives, I suffered the ecstatic osculations of Butch, and we started to our hunting land.

"I'm going to hunt some territory I haven't used before," John said. "I'm taking along a farmer who'll show us the land lines."

The farmer was a six-footer, about sixty years old, with big hands and feet.

"Mr. Gates," he said, "I'd like to take them two puppies of mine and see what you think of them."

Since he was being good enough to give up his day to go with us, we could hardly refuse, although we had misgivings. He went back to his corncrib and let out two ten-months-old lemon-and-white pointers. One of them, the male, was a surprisingly fine-looking dog; however, the bitch was undersized, too sharp of face, and pretty scrawny all the way round.

"I'm gonna have to git shed of these durn dogs. They've took to killing chickens, and my wife ain't gonna put up with it any longer," the farmer said.

However, we weren't interested in the puppies—we were interested in Butch. We put her down and she started hunting, while the puppies chased each other and barked at the horses and made nuisances of themselves generally. But it was at once apparent that something was wrong with Butch. She didn't have her customary sparkle; she seemed stiff and sore. We stopped and examined her, but could find nothing wrong with her pads.

Later, the veterinary diagnosed the trouble as a temporary ovary condition. ("Oval trouble," Henry called it.) We thought it might be helpful for her to stay down and work out some of the soreness.

Gates and I were disappointed, and it looked like a day wasted, except that our farmer turned out to be as entertaining a talker as you'll find anywhere. His job was to point out land lines, and he not only did this, but told us bits of country history to go with it.

"Used to be birds aplenty in this country," he said. "I used to git me a quart of whiskey and hitch up my buggy, and

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# Five Who Vanished

By George F. Worts

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

## *The Story Thus Far:*

EARLY one morning a girl—her face partly hidden by a handkerchief—enters Jason Amboy's apartment in San Francisco, knocks Jason out, trusses him securely, takes some letters (from Jason's brother, Wayne, in Hawaii) and steals away.

A few seconds later, Jason's manservant—a man named Flack—releases him, then goes on the trail of the girl. While Flack is away, Jason is informed—by phone, from Honolulu—that his brother, who has been working for the powerful Grazzard family in Hawaii—cannot be found and has probably been murdered.

Jason decides, at once, to go to Hawaii. Before he leaves, he receives a number of telephone reports from Flack, who says that the girl is Luana Topping, of Kokala, Kauai Island, Hawaii. In the man's final report (telephoned, like the others) he mystifies Jason by telling him that, should they ever meet again, he, Flack, will be known as Rodney K. Kitchener, and that he will be disguised!

Jason boards a boat for Honolulu. To his amazement, Luana Topping is among his fellow voyagers; he meets her, has several friendly chats with her; but she gives no indication that she has ever seen him before. Luana is a member of a very important party—old Mrs. Hiram Grazzard, domineering head of the great Grazzard clan; her son, Lorrin Grazzard, who is Luana's fiancé; her plantation manager, Channing Mace, who is accompanied by his wife, and one or two others. . . .

As the ship leaves San Francisco, Jason goes to his stateroom. There he finds a man—a stowaway—who, seemingly terror-stricken, says that he is Arthur N. Garson, a former assistant district attorney of Los Angeles, and that he is in great peril. Jason inquires the nature of the peril. The man says that two killers—members of a gang against whom he, and he alone, has damning evidence—are on board; he insists that he will be murdered if Jason does not permit him to share his stateroom.

Jason (who knows Arthur N. Garson) is aware that the man is an impostor. Nevertheless, he decides to co-operate with the fellow, for the time being at least. Then follows another surprise: Flack (disguised and using the name of Rodney K. Kitchener) appears on the scene. He warns Jason to beware of the Grazzards, who, he believes, know more about Wayne's disappearance than they might care to admit. . . . In the course of a talk with Mrs. Grazzard (to whom Jason is related) the old lady asks Jason to visit her, be her house guest.

Jason is glad to get the invitation. "Thank you, Mrs. Grazzard," he says, "You are very kind."

## III

JASON unlocked his stateroom door and went in. His stowaway was lying on the bed nearest the side of the ship. He was in vest and shirt sleeves and he was propped up on pillows. He had a magazine on his knees and on this there was a long narrow slip of yellow paper on which he was writing with a fountain pen. He looked up at Jason with a vague smile. He screwed the cap on the fountain pen and clipped the pen in his vest pocket. He folded the slip of yellow paper the long way down the middle and, folding it again, tucked it into the pocket with the pen. Jason noticed a stain of green ink on his forefinger.

The stowaway seemed in much better spirits. "Well, everything is under control," he said briskly. "I got things fixed with our room steward. It took some doing, but he finally saw the light. He brought me some dinner, got me toilet supplies at the post exchange, and he's





Miss Topping picked up her life preserver. "I'm not afraid of anything," she said. "And now I'm going to bed. Good night, Mr. Amboy"



also lending me a pair of his pajamas." "I've been curious," Jason said, "about these two men who are on your trail. Who are they?"

The stowaway slowly sat up, and his light blue eyes remained steadily on Jason's as he swung his feet to the floor. "Why?" he asked in a soft voice. "Has anybody been asking questions?"

"No."

The stowaway stared at him a moment longer and said, "Their real names are Benny Jagman and Tony Canuto, but they seldom use them. Jagman is a big blond guy, partly bald, and Tony is a dark wiry little fellow. He looks Mex or Italian. They're about the same age—about forty. You aren't thinking of doing anything about them, are you?"

"No."

The stowaway relaxed. He grinned. "It's a pretty touchy subject, you know . . . Do you object if I turn in early? A rabbit chased by whippets gets pretty tired."

"I run this place," Jason said, "along the old English manor-house lines—guests do whatever they please."

**H**E HESITATED. He was very curious about this young man who resembled his brother so closely. He suspected that the stowaway was somehow connected with this whole mystery which concerned the Grazzards, but he was certain that the young man had no intention of harming him. If his roommate did not talk tomorrow of his own accord, Jason would, he decided, insist on an explanation.

Jason went out and strolled about the ship. Soldiers and civilian passengers were sitting about on the floor in corridors and passageways. Some of them were reading. Others were playing cards. In one foyer he came upon a ring of soldiers on their knees shooting craps.

Jason was looking for Miss Topping. He found her sitting alone on the forward stairway between A and B decks. She was glancing through a magazine. He sat down on the step beside her.

She put the magazine down and said amiably, "Oh, hello, Mr. Amboy."

"This is an amazing coincidence," Jason said. "I was just thinking about you and here you are."

"Isn't that odd?" said Luana. "I was just thinking about you too—how helpful and efficient you are."

"I," Jason said, "was thinking how marvelous you would look in a cerise satin dinner dress. I've a photograph in my mind in full color of you wearing it. I was thinking how effective it would be against that beautiful dark complexion of yours."

The girl with green eyes smiled at him. "There is something uncanny about the way coincidences are popping all around us," she said, "because it happens that I have a cerise satin dinner dress. The Grazzards will be dressing for dinner tomorrow night, war or no war. Shall I wear it?"

"Will you?"

"I'd love to—just to please you."

"That's awfully considerate of you," Jason said.

"But not at all, Mr. Amboy! You've been thoughtful and kind—and so efficient—and I'd love to do something to repay you. What else can I do?"

"Tell me why it wouldn't be a good idea for me to go to Kokala."

She looked at him and laughed. "Because you might be bored?"

He shook his head. "No."

"Because you might grow tired of coming up to me and saying, 'May I be of any assistance?'"

"No," Jason said.

"Perhaps," she said gravely, "if you'd

tell me why you're going to Kokala, I might think of a reason why you shouldn't."

Jason placed his hand over his heart. "The lure of the tropics!" he breathed. "The whisper of the trade wind in the palms—the orchid moon, the long blue combers rolling in on the silver beach at Poipu while the perfume of night-blooming jasmine scents the languorous air."

"It's lovely," Luana said, "but it sounds lonely."

"There's a woman standing beside me under the palm tree, helping me look at the orchid moon. The jasmine, you see, is in her hair."

Luana was nodding. "Is that the reason?"

"There are others. You see, I'm trying to collect reasons."

"Do you," she asked calmly, "make a hobby of collecting reasons?"

"We belong to a very similar school of thought," Jason replied. "I hoped you might help with my collection."

"But I'd love to!" Luana cried. "It's a new game, isn't it?"

"It's a new version of the truth game," Jason answered. "For example, might you have a reason why a person should have stolen into my apartment at four forty-five this morning and taken a packet of letters written to me by my brother Wayne?"

Luana was gazing at him gravely. "Was the burglar a man or a woman?"

"A woman."

"But that makes it too easy, Mr. Amboy! She was a collector, too. Stamps!"

Her dark green eyes were clear and without guile.

"That's a wonderful reason," Jason said.

"Am I really being helpful?" Luana asked. "I do so want to be helpful."

"You're being very helpful," Jason said. "You'd make a wonderful wife—you're always so amiable."

"That's awfully curious," she said. "It wasn't more than two hours ago I was thinking what an ideal husband you'd make—you're so efficient. You really have an engineering mind, haven't you?"

"You have something else I would love my wife to have," Jason answered. "Acute perceptions. I have a manservant who insists that I have a caliper mind . . . but I need another reason."

**M**ISS TOPPING laughed and said, "Something that you can measure with that caliper mind? Very well. Ask me anything!"

Jason smiled. "Can you give me a reason why my brother while working as a clerk in the Kokala plantation store should have vanished into thin air on the night of December third?"

Luana was watching him dreamily. "The same brother?"

"The same brother."

"Let me think a moment. This is harder than the other one. There aren't enough clues. Was he in love?"

"I don't know."

"Was he in trouble?"

"I don't know that, either."

"He just vanished into thin air?"

"Yes."

Luana was gazing at him, speculating. Suddenly her eyes cleared and glowed. "I know!" she cried. "You gave me the clue! Thin air, you said. He took a rocket ship!"

"When you play this game," Jason said sternly, "it isn't fair to be fantastic. Let's come back to earth. Let's be absolutely literal. Did you know my brother Wayne was working in the Kokala store?"

"If I did, Mr. Amboy, it's slipped my

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# The Stars Came Down

BY MOSSER MAUGER

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HO MCKEN



She could not balance another hat in her hands so John Farwl cocked his hat lightly on her head. "Merry Christmas," he said

Love, as always, laughed at logic and the girl stopped running away

IT WAS her aunt who mentioned him first that "I can't imagine why I let myself be talked into inviting five."

"You'd invite twenty if the apartment would that many."

Aunt Lavinia cast a critical, birdlike glance at the table. A stream of sunlight came through the windows, slanting warmly across the silver and the crystal bowl of circus-red poinsettias.

It was Florida sunshine. It was an especially warm Florida Christmas.

"Fliers!" Aunt Lavinia said, "and five of them."

"Fliers aren't so bad."

"That's right," Aunt Lavinia said, "you knew whatever became of him, Holly?"

Holly said, "He was transferred."

Aunt Lavinia stood perfectly still for a moment. "For heaven's sake," she said, "I've forgotten the cards. And they'll be here any minute—the promised to send them promptly at twelve."

"Never mind, darling," Holly said. "I'll do it in a jiffy."

"They're on the desk. There, under the list."

HOLLY sat down at the spinet desk, curling her fingers around the rungs of the high-backed chair. She found the place cards and she wrote the names swiftly: Bob Graawin, H. E. D. Smith, Jim Moore . . .

She heard the doorbell peal and saw the last name on the list at exactly the same minute: Maj. John Farwl.

It was wrong. It must be wrong.

And if by the wildest chance it was right, it could not be the John Farwl who . . . That was five months ago; anything could have happened in five months. Please, she thought, please don't let it be the same.

Voices sounded in the hall, gay male voices. She got herself together, but her heart was jarring so she wasn't sure of herself.

Yes, the place cards. She wrote the last name carefully. Then she got up and went into the dining room, and put the cards around.

"Holly," Aunt Lavinia called. "Do please come here and help me with all these hats."

There was good, loud, embarrassed laughter. That, and Holly went into the living room on it, and tried not to see anybody particularly.

She was introduced around. She did not catch names: she was not trying to catch the names. She accepted the four hats, smiling, and by the time she got to the fifth it was obvious that she could not balance another in her hands. So John Farwl cocked his hat on her head.

"Merry Christmas," he said.

Holly's heart stopped rattling around. It just came to an abrupt halt. She found herself becoming polite under cover of the conversation.

"Imagine! How—however did you get here?"

He moved his shoulders. "It wasn't an accident," John Farwl said. "I pulled all the wires there were except Santa's beard. I might even have tried that."

She said, "You're looking well."

"I'm feeling well."

She could tell nothing from his face; she had never been able to tell anything from his face.

She said stiffly, "I'm sure we'll love having you."

That reminded him of the package under his arm. He moved away from her quite civilly, across the room to her aunt. He presented it with a little bow.

Holly was never very clear about dinner. She knew that she pretended to eat; she knew that she made conversation.

John Farwl was seated next her aunt at the table. He did not address one single word in Holly's direction.

She would not have known if he had. She was remembering. Remembering.

SHE lay on the beach, on the deserted desolate shore of beach above the town, with the warm sun against her back, and the breathless stinging hot wind on her face, when she first saw him come walking up the beach.

His hat was tucked under his arm. His corn-yellow hair caught the wind, and the (Continued on page





These British infantrymen, above, have captured a German strong point after hard bayonet fighting

## Complete, Absolute Victory!"

By Chester Morrison

CHICAGO SUN CORRESPONDENT  
RADIO FROM CAIRO

These were the words with which General Montgomery greeted correspondents after he had crushed, once and for all, the vaunted Afrika Korps. Here's how he did it—an elementary, brutal slugging match that taught the tacticians no new lessons but proved again the value of old ones

NOBODY was satisfied. The battle that had begun at the end of the last week in August ended, suddenly and unspectacularly, in the beginning of the second week of September.

The correspondents who had covered the war in North Africa since its beginning wrote their papers that it was less like a victory won than like a battle that had never been fought. They were disappointed, and among the people of Egypt there was only the customary feeling of tenuous momentary security, the customary cynical belittling of this "temporary" lull and waiting to see which side was really coming out on top before betting on the future.

Yet a cocky little Irishman who had taken over the British Eighth Army two weeks before the battle made an astonishing announcement—made it, incidentally, through Wendell Willkie, who dressed it up in terms that seemed at the time to be extravagant. He announced that the Axis armies in North Africa had been thoroughly beaten, that the threat to Egypt had been removed for all time.

A month later—at the end of October—Montgomery swung again, this time with power so tremendous that the German and Italian armies reeled and broke, reorganized clumsily and fled in what seemed like panic. They fled out of Egypt into Cyrenaica, fled back through their own mine fields, fled westward on the one main highway along the Mediterranean coast, fled along desert tracks hub-deep in sand.

And Montgomery stayed on their heels. Montgomery, in his tent or in his dugout, riding in his tank or his jeep in the field, talking of "my plan" with other generals putting his plan into effect. Now, without question, the enemy was beaten. Montgomery had succeeded where a succession of other British generals had failed.

There came a day early in November when the little gray man stood like a pugnacious sparrow on a white rock ledge at the edge of the Mediterranean. He stepped daintily down toward a group of correspondents he had summoned to hear his proclamation.

"Shall we stand here?" he asked, stepping off into the soft sand of the beach.

"This seems all right," his aide replied.

The general considered. "No," he said finally, turn-

Gen. Ritter von Thoma, commander of Rommel's Afrika Korps, salutes his captor, Gen. Montgomery, left





ing again toward the white ledge which formed a sort of terrace for the cave he was then using as headquarters. "Surf makes too much noise."

The correspondents followed him, scrambling for places, crowding to sit on a rock, producing pencils and notebooks, and resting their notebooks on their knees, pencils ready.

The general stood in the center of his terrace. He was wearing a gray home-knit sweater with a silk scarf knotted about his throat, khaki pants, unscuffed brown calf desert boots and the jaunty black beret of the tank corps. The beret seemed somehow too large for his small gray head. There were no ribbons on his chest. None of these articles of clothing was strictly uniform, but uniform regulations were seldom closely observed in the field.

Always cocky, he was cockier than ever that morning. His small, sharp blue eyes flicked over the correspondents and his close-clipped gray mustache twitched. Suddenly—such was the magnetism of the little man himself—one noticed another figure standing beside and a little behind him. It was Coningham—chief of the R.A.F. in the western desert—ordinarily a commanding figure; tall, heavy and solid, with a hawk nose of the kind which belongs to a man commanding the R.A.F. in the field. Coningham wore the proper uniform with ribbons.

The correspondents waited.

### The Smile of Victory

"It was a fine battle," Montgomery began. Here was that past tense again—the same way Willkie had spoken two months earlier—as though the battle was already over. "It was a fine battle," he repeated, and now he no longer could suppress the smile that had been making his mustache twitch. "Complete, absolute victory," he snapped. "Boches finished. Finished!"

Montgomery has that habit of repeating his own phrases, and when he speaks, his letter "r" comes out softly.

"On Tuesday night (this was Thursday) I drove in two hard wedges, with three armored divisions, some of which are now operating in enemy territory. Those of the enemy that can get away are in full retreat. Full retreat. Those that cannot get away are facing our troops and they'll be put in the bag."

Here was a winner talking. "Hello, Mom," he was saying, "It was a tough fight, but I won."

"How do you like my new hat?" he demanded unexpectedly, and waited for the laugh. Montgomery has more hats than most generals in the British forces, but none of the correspondents had ever seen him wearing a tank beret.

He resumed his air of sternness and went on:

"I had not hoped for such complete victory," he began, then amended himself. "Yes, of course I hoped, but I had not expected it would come so quickly. The enemy is completely smashed. Completely smashed."

And it turned out that the enemy was smashed. Not completely smashed, not yet, but Montgomery has the knack of reading the future. "He's like the conductor of a great orchestra," one of his most respectful minor subordinates told me once. "He's always at least one bar of the score ahead of the players."

While Montgomery fought on the ground, Coningham fought in the air. The R.A.F. and its adjunct, the U.S.A.A.F., fought by day and by night, with fighters and bombers, and they achieved a triumph such as has never been achieved by any allied air force in any other theater of war. It wiped out—in Coning-

ham's own words, it annihilated—the Luftwaffe on the ground and in the air.

Banked today along the sides of airfields which were German in October are piles of junk—junked German and Italian planes, wrecked before they could leave the ground.

So the little Irishman seems to have succeeded where others had fallen short of complete success. The enemy fled to El Alamein, fled to Tel el Eisa—the Hill of Jesus. He gave battle for two days at Tel Aqqaquir—Bad Man's Hill—then turned and ran, ran past Fort Capuzzo and Tobruk, past Mersa Matruh and Ain el Gazala, fled into Jebel Akdar—Green Hills—toward Tripolitania, where Americans and another army of British were closing in on Tunis and Morocco. Egypt had been saved once more.

It was simply done, a simple thing to do, given the weapons with which to do it. And for the first time since the battle for North Africa began in 1940, Montgomery had the means to apply the perfect setup of good big man against good little man.

In the battle of August and September—the battle so disappointing for the spectators—Montgomery had won a passive defensive victory. He massed his tanks, his antitank guns and his field guns in fixed positions south and east of the long sand hump called Ruweisat ridge, which runs east and west for twenty miles south from the coast. He planted his armor there, with orders to his commanders that the tanks were not to move, were not to accept battle whatever the temptation, but were to remain where they were fixed and destroy any enemy armor which came within range.

The enemy came, his panzer divisions nosing eastward past Ruweisat, and swinging north toward the coast. It was an old maneuver. It succeeded the summer before when the Germans swung south around the Free French at Bir Hachém and cut northeast to within sixty miles of Alexandria, where they stopped.

But in September the maneuver failed. The oncoming panzers met the massed fire of Montgomery's positions, met it and fell back, and the battle was over. Mr. Willkie, who had it on the highest authority, called it a victory comparable to Nelson's Abukir Bay.

Then there were two months of inaction, and nobody was satisfied, least of all Montgomery. The enemy sat on the Alamein line, sixty miles from Alexandria. He always had attacked before, he probably would attack again. Any day now he'd attack, and nobody was doing anything.

But one idle day I took a long ride in a truck, and at the end of the ride was a

wide, flat desert plain covered with tents and, among the tents, thousands of men.

Elsewhere—I never knew all the places—other fresh forces were gathering. New tanks, new guns, new trucks with their fresh paint unscratched, new stores of food and clothing and ammunition and huge dumps of fuel brought to Egypt and laid down where they would be handy.

And in General Headquarters for the Middle East, the Eighth Army general staff was digesting Montgomery's plan. It wasn't altogether the same staff he had found when he arrived in August to take command. The changes had been swift and numerous, and sometimes ruthless.

His gathering power funneled now into the desert; power so tremendous it was breathtaking. Tanks numbering well in the hundreds, guns in hundreds, field guns, howitzers, self-propelled American antitank guns, new American General Sherman tanks with high-velocity 75-mm. cannon which can kill a tank at ranges previously impossible. Montgomery was ready.

He had planted hundreds of guns on a line running twenty miles from the sea at El Alamein southward toward Hemeimat. He put the Free French at the southern end, disposed the rest of his forces to balance the enemy distributions, and concentrated fire power in the northern sector of the front he had chosen.

At twenty minutes to ten on the night of October 23d it happened.

As though he really were the conductor of a great orchestra, Montgomery's baton dropped, and all his guns—his hundreds of guns—roared in unison. It was a barrage such as no one hereabouts had ever heard before.

It was a terrible barrage. Days later I saw dead men without a mark on their bodies, killed by the terrible concussion of shells that had burst near them.

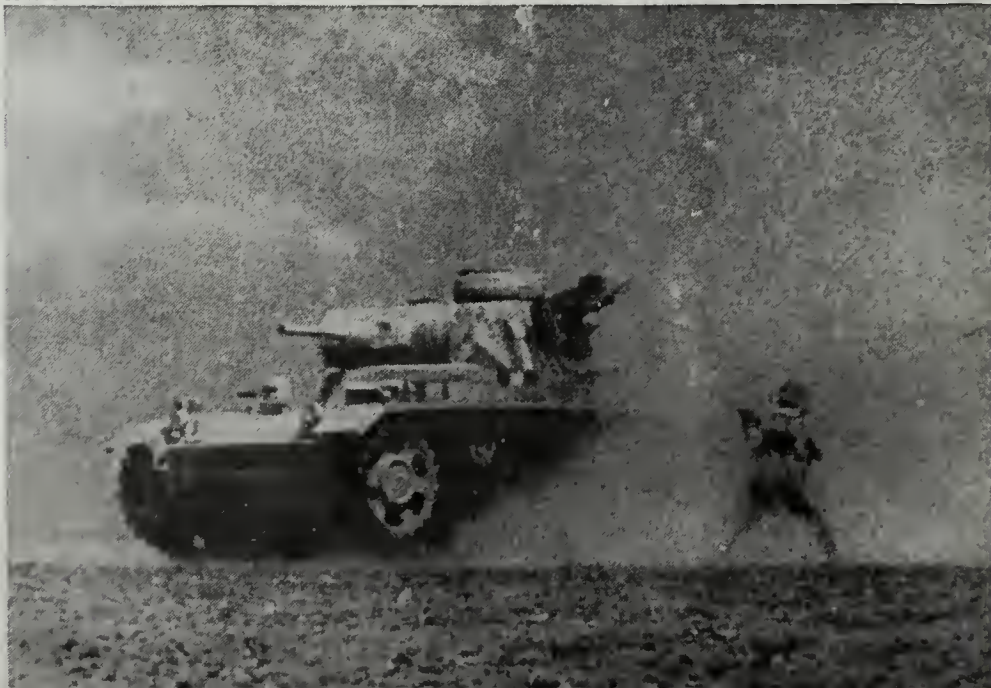
### Tricked by the Wind

But a barrage is not intended to kill men. It is intended to keep men under cover. In that purpose, the barrage of October 23d was successful. But the element of complete surprise had been lost through a freak over which even Montgomery had no authority.

The enemy, it was learned later from prisoners, knew the attack was coming, but nobody knew just when or where. Then the wind, which had been blowing steadily from the west for days, shifted, and enemy outposts heard it coming. They heard on the wind the sound of tanks moving up along parallel tracks through the desert, and they knew.

Not all the German tanks fought to the end. As shown by the dramatic picture below, many surrendered to British infantry

EUROPEAN



General Montgomery, wearing beret, stands with Air Vice-Marshal A. C. ...

But the knowledge was useful only to the extent that it relieved the tension of uncertain waiting. Nothing could be done to stop it. The enemy had made plans for meeting the attack. What didn't expect was the terrible fury of the opening barrage.

That barrage, nevertheless, was textbook tactics. The enemy knew the route by which the attack must come through his mine fields. He knew that while the barrage lasted, the British engineers were cutting gaps through the mine fields; knew that armor would follow; and after the armor would come the infantry. Prepared for all these things, and on the first night of Montgomery's tactics, the infantry and armor were only partially successful. Not all of his infantry and none of his armor achieved their assigned objectives.

But Montgomery was a good big man now, and Rommel a good little man. Montgomery had the power to strike and keep striking. He had power to push and crush and override and to take punishment and still keep pounding.

It was almost elementary. It was most brutal. It was a slugging match and the enemy couldn't take it.

The Free French, who had had no success against considerable opposition in the southern sector, now poured in against their objectives against no opposition at all. German armor and German infantry began their retreat, leaving the Italians in the south to fall into the bag held open by Montgomery's containing force. Prisoner camps began to fill with men who sat dejectedly under the sun, stripped of their possessions and professions, stripped of their hopes if they ever had any.

British supply trucks splash through a stream on the outskirts of M...

EUROPEAN







So rapid was the British advance that scores of German fighters and bombers were smashed before they could get into the air. The picture above shows some of the Nazi planes destroyed on the ground at Daba. Below, safely behind barbed wire, are a few of the thousands of German and Italian prisoners



Light bombers of the S.A.A.F., escorted by R.A.F. long-range fighters, attacked a Nazi supply train, below, south of Sidi Barrani. Most of the cars were left shattered and burning on the railroad tracks



"Last night," General Montgomery told correspondents that November morning, "I captured a commander of the Afrika Korps, General von Thoma." As a matter of fact, that capture was made by a young armored-car captain.

Montgomery told of spending most of the night fighting over the war on a table-top with his opposite number. He spoke highly of Thoma's ability as a soldier. What he didn't tell them was the circumstances of their first meeting.

It was on the threshold of Montgomery's comfortable motor-caravan truck that he first met the limping captive, still unkempt and smeared with clotted sand. Montgomery led him immediately into the austere truck he used as a map room.

The advance was swift at first, past acres of enemy munitions dumps and enemy trucks packed for flight and left where they stood when the pursuing forces enveloped them, past wrecked trucks, theirs and ours, past the bodies of unburied dead lying in grotesque poses, their faces black in death.

At El Daba it began to rain—just a night's hard rain, at first. It was enough to bring out ravaging hordes of mosquitoes, enough to slow down the pursuit just a little. As the pace slackened, as the movement of vehicles on the one main highway was interrupted for half an hour, for an hour, the long, long line of the huge Eighth Army stretched into an almost endless queue of trucks and guns and tanks and supply wagons.

#### An Orderly Retreat

As the pace slackened, the enemy paused and took a breath. He took time out to burn his supply dumps, to sow the sides of the roadway with mines, to blow up difficult passes along the highway, to post rearguard detachments which stayed put for a day, holding up the movement of our soft-skinned vehicles until our tanks came to blast our machine-gun nests, or until the enemy rearguard could withdraw after dark to make a new stand a little farther along.

The rain grew heavier and almost continuous. The enemy was withdrawing in a skillful, orderly manner. What had seemed like a rout a few days before had become a hard chase.

Now there was no question of strategy. It was all tactics. It was a race for Mersa Matruh, for Derna—where the steep winding roads of both entry and exit were blown up—for Bengasi, for El Agheila, for Tripoli. Behind its advance elements, the unwieldy Eighth Army hunched along like a nightmare caterpillar. The Navy ferried in fuel for planes and trucks, food for the men, spare parts for machines. Bases were built where they'd always been built—at Matruh, Capuzzo, Tobruk—and the rain turned the tracks to mud. Airfields turned to mud, and for days only a few planes got into the air—a few of ours, almost none of theirs. Now the good little man was boxing, and the big man was slow on his feet. But the end was inevitable.

So what had been learned? That superior force is a good thing to have. That it must be properly employed to extract its full advantage. That air superiority is essential for victory. That bad weather can bog down the best of armies. That a retreat needn't necessarily be a rout. Nothing tacticians didn't know before.

Montgomery demonstrated it again in this battle, and it's still true—when a good big man meets a good little man, the big man always wins.

THE END



## Thieves with Union Cards

Continued from page 21

unions in legitimate fights against unfair employers. A union which was entirely in the right would persuade another union, say the Teamsters, to refuse to deliver raw materials to or cart away finished products from the plant of the unfair company. In addition, it would ask union men everywhere to boycott the company's product.

This, plainly, was a combination and conspiracy in restraint of interstate commerce, but to enjoin such conduct or punish it as a crime apparently had not been the original intent of Congress. Or, if it had been the original intent, then a more enlightened Congress had seen the injustice of the Sherman Law. Therefore, further laws were passed, modifying the Sherman Law with the stated purpose of correcting this condition. Unions now had the right to interfere with interstate commerce, provided a legitimate labor dispute existed and provided the union acted in the interests of its own members and did not conspire with one employer to ruin another.

Thus empowered, certain unions themselves became the oppressors in many cases, and early in his administration of the Antitrust Division, Thurman went after several of them in criminal proceedings under the Sherman Law. The first case to reach the Supreme Court was the one known as the Carpenters' case.

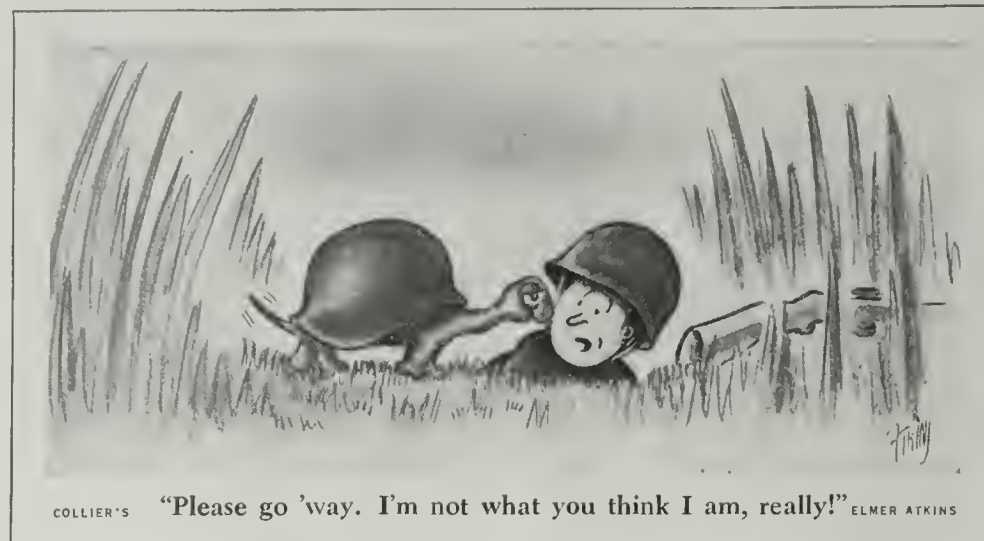
In this one, Arnold proved that the Carpenters' Union and the Machinists' Union, both members of the American Federation of Labor, agreed in writing to a certain division of the work of dismantling a plant in the Anheuser-Busch Brewing Company in St. Louis and that the Carpenters, repudiating their solemn treaty, demanded for their own members certain jobs, which, by agreement, had been handed over to the Machinists. Arnold argued, and, of course, with absolute truth, that the Carpenters were preventing the company from carrying out its contract with the Machinists. And he showed that the Carpenters had lied to their members and to the public in declaring the company to be unfair to organized labor. The company was caught in the middle and was powerless.

### Justice Frankfurter's Opinion

Thurman had good reason to think he had saddled a winner but the Supreme Court, in an opinion delivered by Justice Felix Frankfurter, set him down. The opinion was a combination of ideological wind and fog and probably would defy the efforts of most laymen to understand it. But, in general effect, it held that Congress had meant to permit such unprovoked injuries to non-combatant companies, to excuse unions from the fulfillment of their obligations, and that deliberate and injurious lying about innocent parties was permissible as familiar union practice. Of course, it is familiar union practice, but this was the first time the doctrine had been presented to the American people that Congress had intended to endorse it.

However, Thurman thought the Petrillo case was different, although considerable editorial opinion predicted that he would lose because the decision and the doctrine of the Carpenters' case covered exactly the same ground.

Meanwhile, Jimmy hired Joseph Padway, the general counsel of the American Federation of Labor and of seven international unions in the Federation and special counsel to numerous others, and



they went to work. Jimmy insisted that he was within his rights.

Padway knows the laws pertaining to unions. He ought to. Congress consults his wishes and defers to them, notwithstanding the fact that he was special counsel to George Scalise, the Brooklyn-Chicago underworld racketeer of the Capone-Nitto mob and counsel for the union of movie and theatrical employees during the heyday of the malodorous crew of extortioners headed by Willie Bioff and George Browne.

But Padway had the law on his side and when Arnold went into court before Federal Judge John P. Barnes, in Chicago, late last September, the judge shut him off before he could finish what he

had to say, with the obvious judgment that, under the Supreme Court decision in the Carpenters' case, Petrillo was within his rights.

Although Judge Barnes did not say so, because the Carpenters' decision was sufficient guidance and justification for his decision, the dictum of the Supreme Court in another reversal of Thurman Arnold was involved. That was the one called the Teamsters' case.

In that one it was proved that the Teamsters' Union of New York waylaid trucks entering the city with goods in interstate commerce and, like common brigands, compelled the owners to pay tribute. The rate was \$9.42 for each large truck and \$8.41 for each small truck

entering the city. In some cases the guest drivers actually did take the wheel and drive to the destinations in the city. In others their services were refused and they were paid anyway. And, as the Supreme Court said, "in several cases the jury could have found that the defendants . . . refused to work for money when asked to do so."

The law under which Arnold prosecuted the union is known as the Anti-Racketeering Act, which contains a proviso inserted by the American Federation of Labor stipulating that money obtained as wages from a bona fide employer to a bona fide employee must be regarded as money obtained by tortious means. Of course such wages would be illegal tribute. But the Supreme Court in a shocking opinion delivered by Justice James Byrnes, held that a highwayman becomes an employee if he but obtains his services, even though he refuses the end to perform the services for money. So a robber who holds a union card may stick you up and beat you and be innocent of racketeering if he tells his members to say "I want a job driving your car 100 yards."

### Stick-ups Approved

Here is what Justice Byrnes said in that case: "The doubtful case arises when the defendants agree to tender their services in good faith to an employer and work if he accepts their offer but agree further that the protection of their union interests requires that he should pay an amount equivalent to the prevailing wage even if he rejects their proffered services. We think that such an agreement is covered by the exception." In other words, he thinks such conduct is approved by Congress.

Of the 72 original defendants in the Petrillo case, incidentally, 27 had police or criminal records and there was one case in which a regular driver who, for his own safety and that of the public, refused to let a drunken guest driver take the wheel and was beaten up.

Well, this opinion ratifies the so-called stand-by principle which was the basis of Jimmy Petrillo's action. The stand-by principle gives a union the right to tort money from an employer for services not performed even though there is no need for such services.

So, you see, the Wagner Act is not law immediately concerned in the famous Petrillo case. The laws which govern are the Clayton and Norris-Guardia acts which modified the Sherman Antitrust Law.

Under these two opinions the public and the employer, indeed, even the workers on the wrong end of a raid by a union have no rights and no chance.

What about Petrillo, himself? Well, Petrillo isn't so bad. He is an amusing little roughneck who gets about \$80,000 a year in salary, expenses and perquisites and is, to my almost certain knowledge and to my strong conviction, not a crook. He is several cuts above many of the union bosses of the A. F. of L. and the Congress of Industrial Organizations and he says he is a good dictator.

It is not for him to say whether he is a good or a bad dictator, but that he is a dictator, nobody can deny. For the constitution of the American Federation of Musicians leads off with a proviso that the president, meaning Jimmy, may spend any part of it at will and substitute therefor any desire of his own.

THE END





# Something Specific

BURLINGAME  
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Burlingame, Calif.

By Victoria Lincoln

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

A natural-born fighter was Miss Jinny. She would have made some man a fine wife

ALL along Vanity Cove the little boats bobbed up and down on the incoming tide, and the dawn mist thinned and dried off under the climbing sun. As far as Miss Jinny Hicks could see, she was still the only human creature awake anywhere around. This, however, was a matter of such frequent occurrence that she did not give it a thought. Instead, she tested the ropes of her homemade scaffolding, mounted up, and began to paint over the big sign-board.

"Hicks' Landing," it had read. "Gas and Live Bait."

The letters still showed faintly under the coat of white paint she had given them the day before. Now she took the tip of her tongue between her teeth, dipped the brush in the black pot, and with a lean, high-veined hand, remarkably steady for her fifty-seven years, she blocked in the new words:

"Hot Dogs. Fried Clams. If Becalmed Don't Be Hungry."

The blocking-in finished, Miss Jinny dropped the brush, rubbed her arm hard, and threw her legs, still neat and slender in their dungarees, over the board so that she sat facing the water.

"No call to finish it up all at once," she told herself. "Take my time, may's well, and finish it up tomorrow."

She pushed the short, curly gray hair back from her face, which was brown and fine-wrinkled as an old sailor's, and looked out toward the open sea. Suddenly her blue eyes narrowed from their open vagueness to sharp attention. She had noticed a long iridescent streak of oil, far out on the water. "Funny," she thought, "that couldn't have been made by any of the campers along the shore. Hasn't been a motorboat, neither, since the lobster man last night, going out late. The tide was running in, a streak of oil couldn't have been there long, like that, a ribbon of green and purple on the blue water."

Then her farsighted eyes saw the periscope moving rapidly out toward the entrance of the cove.

"Well," she thought, "a sub. Come in from Portsmouth Harbor, most like."

SHE dropped to the float, took the paint pot and swung up the slanting gangway to the two-room shack which was her place of business and her home.

It was now seven o'clock, and Miss Jinny was hungry. She liked to wait until she was good and ready for her breakfast and then not stint herself. Oatmeal, fried eggs, apple pie for vitamins.

As she ate, she read her Bible, for which she had an enduringly fresh and surprised sort of fondness. "Never find the end to the common sense in it," she used to say fondly.

Two men driving a truck back to Boston from the shipyard came in for breakfast. After they had eaten they stood out in the little screened veranda on the side of the building for some minutes, looking across the water at the huge gray stone pile of Shane's Castle on the hill across the way.

"Boy," said one of them, "what a joint! Who lives there?"

"That's Shane's Castle," Miss Jinny told them. "You know, Bluebelle Whisky Shane's. He's dead and the old lady's sick. Didn't come up this year. Renting to some feller from New York."

"Gee," said the other, "they must pay plenty for that."

"Got twelve bathrooms," replied Miss Jinny. "Seen 'em one fall. Lady caretaker showed me. Twelve, tubs and all. Different colors."

"Well, for the lovva Mike!" the driver replied.

"That's right," Miss Jinny reiterated. "And you



Miss Jinny eyed the excited small creature. "You didn't ought to talk like that," she said



know what old Shane used to call it? He used to call it, 'We got a cottage at Vanity Cove.' That's what he'd say."

"Some cottage," said the driver.

They got on the truck and Miss Jinny waved them away.

Around noon Manuella arrived. Manuella was a pretty Portuguese thirteen-year-old who came in to wash dishes and help keep store until the supper rush died away.

Manuella's eyes were big.

"I was washing dishes for my Auntie Leonora that's cooking for Sawyers in Shane's Castle, last night," she said. "And you know what they say, up there my auntie and all? They say like the Sawyers are agents. You know, spies. I betcha they are, too, Miss Jinny."

Miss Jinny eyed the excited small creature before her for a moment. Then she said amiably, "Set down, Manuella. Don't you know you didn't ought to talk like that?"

The big dark eyes dropped, but the girl stuck to her guns. "Miss Jinny," she said stubbornly, "it's so. Last night they was setting off fire drums, red ones and green ones, signaling out to sea."

Miss Jinny sighed.

"Manuella," she said, "Mis' Sawyer was in here yesterday. They was having a party last night for her husband's birthday, she told me. They had an exhibition dancer come up from New York. They had them lights to light up her act out on the canvas under the trees. Mis' Sawyer said her husband was worried about they'd show up from the water, but she was aiming to set them in behind the wall that marks off the sunk-in garden."

"But she never."

"WAS you out on the lawn? You pick up the burnt-out drums after? Well, then how'd you know?"

Manuella squirmed. "They all said so, Miss Jinny, honest."

Miss Jinny smiled, a firm, easy smile.

"Manuella," she said, "before you was born, back in the last war, when the Shanes lived up there, people decided they was German spies. When Shane put in a cement tennis court they said it was a gun base covering Portsmouth Harbor. They said the Bluebelle distilleries was developing a secret gas for the Kaiser. Well, last year of the war Shane's boy got the Croy de Gare and there was his picture in the paper with this old Frenchman General Joff kissing him in the face; and then it come out that Old Man Shane was doin' secret work at the distillery all right, only it was for the U. S. A."

"Well, that's all, Manuella. Get the point?"

"Okay," said Manuella.

That was Saturday. Manuella got Sundays off, Sunday being the slack day this year. On Monday she came in with eyes like fifty-cent pieces.

"Miss Jinny," she said. "When did you see that German submarine? They think you was making it up, but I say if you said you seen it, you seen it."

"What you talking about, Manuella?"

"The submarine you was telling everybody about. You never told me about no submarine." Manuella's voice was aggrieved.

"Child," said Miss Jinny, "you talk more nonsense every day you live. It must be your age. Submarine?"

This time Manuella sat down. She held Miss Jinny in deep love and awe, but now she was sure of her ground.

"Miss Jinny, this ain't no my-auntie-said. I hear them, so you can't fool me."

"Hear who, Manuella?"

Manuella fetched a long, patient sigh.

"Yesterday at Shane's they was giv-

ing a cocktail party. The betweenmaid's sick and my auntie got me to come up and help. They was talking 'bout you."

"Oh, get out, Manuella."

"Well, they was. Mrs. Sawyer, she said wasn't it funny how the very most unimaginarying folks got notions in war-times. Just like you talked to me yesterday, she was talking. Only she said she come in here and you was going on about you seen U-boats right in Vanity Cove and you bet they was after your gasoline. That's what she said."

"Well, I never!" exclaimed Miss Jinny.

And then she remembered something. An oily streak on the water, a periscope moving toward the open sea. She had taken it for granted that it was from the

looking at him with warm family pride. Maybe he was just her Cousin Abbie's boy, but he felt like real close kin.

"Real glad you happened by," she said cordially. "How you been?"

"I been fine," the young man replied. But his manner was hesitant.

Something on his mind, thought Miss Jinny shrewdly, but she only said:

"Come in and set down. I just baked a huckleberry pie."

HOWLAND was a thick-set blond young man, with close-cropped curly hair that was like her own; and he had her same sailor's eyes. She sat and watched him with a comfortable sense of family solidarity. He did have something

"You mean Sawyer was really botherin' you?"

"What? Oh, begin at the begin Howland."

"Well," said the young man, "yesterday afternoon, Sawyer comes by the station and stops in to have a look at a new breeches buoy. You know seagoin' city fellers. Well, so he begins to talk, questions, how we been mout, does the war make much difference to our work and so on. Just like I knew something we'd tell it to. However, he was polite."

"Then he says it's the busy fellers us that don't get so much of the war teria. Why, the lady that runs the station—Miss Hicks—he says she seemed like a sensible woman (he know we're related and all the feller begin to kick me on the sly). 'Well, a spiel she gives me today,' he says, he expresses it more refined; all a people try to get gas from her with no identification cards and there's boats out in Vanity Cove trying to get gas from her, and she's going to tell Coast Guard and the F.B.I. and all that."

"Well, now, listen, Cousin Jinny. V the fellers mostly think is you stringin' this guy. Only the more I thought about it, the more I thought somethin's fishy and I'm going to tell you."

"Besides, do you know what that is?"

"No," said Miss Jinny. "Quick, Feller, here comes a car. What is he?"

Howland brought his head down to level with hers.

"He's the Laird Cregar type. That's all. I got to get going."

SO MISS JINNY was not at all surprised when she looked out at eleven o'clock that evening and saw the Sawyers' smallest car stopping by her pump.

She went out, smiling.

"Good evening," she said. "You're one summer feller that's no headach on the government. Don't know when you've been by for a drop of gas."

"Good evening, Miss Hicks. No like to walk. I'll be young and handsome again by the end of the summer."

"Fishin' good? Well, here's your three gallons. Don't spend it all in one place as they say."

Mr. Sawyer leaned out over the door. He nodded Miss Jinny closer with a pat of his head. He was not really the Laird Cregar type, she reflected. Flabbier.

"Got your pump filled up too, didn't you?" he said.

"Nope, tomorrow," replied Miss Jinny, and bit her tongue, too late.

Mr. Sawyer cleared his throat. His next words came glibly, but with a certain lack of conviction. The act, she would have said, had been rehearsed.

"With gas so hard to get, I should think a handsome woman like you could make some extra money," he said. "Take a nice vacation."

Miss Jinny snorted with surprise. "Where to, Alcatraz or Atlanta?" she inquired sharply.

"Why, Miss Hicks," said Mr. Sawyer, "can't you take a joke?"

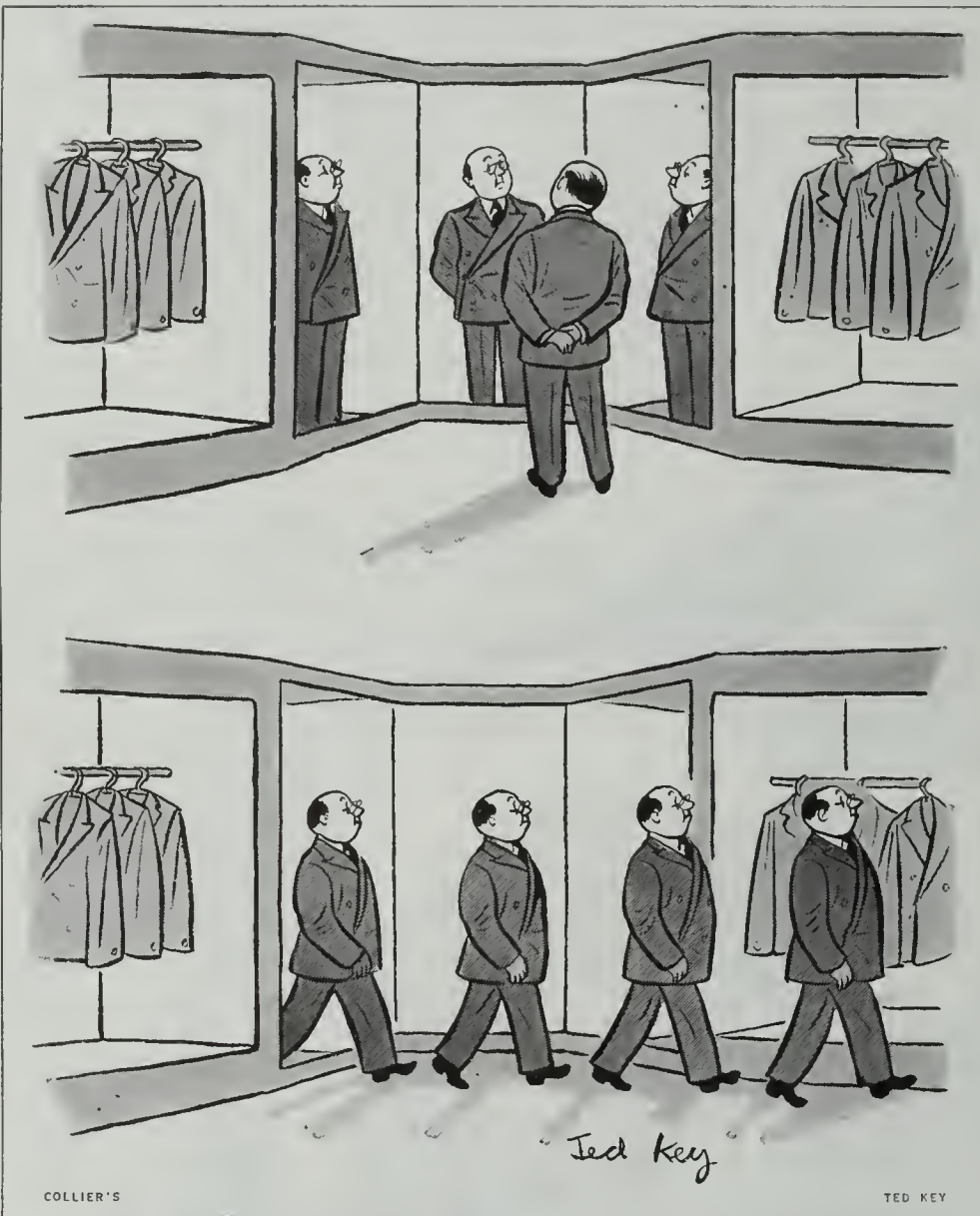
He started the motor. Suddenly Miss Jinny felt that she was catching on. She made her voice shake. She tried to look incompetent.

"I'll report you!" she exclaimed.

"Why, I can't believe it, a nice man like you and in Shane's Castle and everything."

A comfortable laugh sounded from the dark of the car.

"Oh, I wouldn't do that, Miss Hicks. As you say, a nice man and in my position. And there's been considerable amusement lately at the way you've been



Navy Yard; she had forgotten it. Well, of all things.

She decided that a small untruth would do no harm.

"Don't that beat all, Manuella," she said. "I was kiddin' with her, and I thought she seen the joke all along. Well, city folks are hard to understand, lots of times."

THAT night Miss Jinny went out on her float and stood with her hands on her lean old hips for a long time looking at Shane's Castle.

"There's something mighty funny in that story," she thought. "I got to go slow and figure it out."

"Seems hard to think of any real people like the Sawyers having queer doings, though. Oh, probably there's nothing to it."

That was Monday. On Tuesday a young man in Coast Guard uniform came walking up the road.

"Hey, there, Cousin Jinny!"

She straightened up from her work. She had been whitewashing the rocks that surrounded her dahlia beds.

"Nice to see ya, Howland," she said.

"My, how they grow up," she thought,

on his mind, not a doubt of it. Maybe he wanted to borrow some money. Wanted to get Cora a ring, p'raps. They'd been going together six months now. Well, he could have it. Nice girl, that Cora.

She did not hurry him and finally he pushed away his plate and cleared his throat. "Cousin Jinny," he said, "what sort of a line you been stringin' out to that feller Sawyer up to the Castle?"

"What you talking about, Howland?"

She was not easy and superior as she had been with Manuella. On the contrary she was alert and disturbed.

"You can tell me, Cousin Jinny. No matter how screwy it sounds, I'll believe you."

"Listen to me, Howland Hicks Freeman, I tell you that I do not know what you're talking about."

The young man stared at her and his jaw sagged. "Well, I'll be darned," he said.

Miss Jinny Hicks stood up straight and began to walk up and down the screened porch.

"Listen," she said. "Talk fast. There'll be more customers here any minute. I got no idea what you're goin' to say, but whatever it is, I ain't surprised."



...rying on about plots and U-boats and on. Considerable amusement."

"That's it," she thought, almost elated the clarity of the picture. "That's it. We wanted to fix it so's no one would be-ve me, just like I guessed."

"Mr. Sawyer," she quavered, "what you talking about?"

"Oh, considerable."

The words floated back to her lightly the car moved out of the drive.

Miss Jinny went indoors and sat down one of the little restaurant tables. Her nees felt queer in the back and her omach was light and empty.

Suppose it was so, suppose Sawyer as trying to manage to get gasoline for -boats, could he put her on the spot as isy as this?

How did you tell the F.B.I. about a ing? Guess you wrote to Washing-on. And what did you say? She'd have say, "A neighbor asked when I got ay tanks full up. He asked if I wanted o make some money. I thought he was uggesting something illegal about gas, ut then he laffed and said he was kid-ing. I seen a sub a few mornings back. hought at first it was from the Navy ard, but now I ain't so sure."

Yeah, that would certainly bring out e Marines. Like heck it would!

"I can just hear myself and them, too."

"What's happening now?"

"Nothing. He said he was kidding and drove right off."

"How do you get help before you need," thought Miss Jinny, "if after you eed it it's going to be too late?"

She opened her Bible and closed it gain. There was a lot of vague general omfort in it about not being failed or orsaken, but that wasn't what she anted at the moment.

"I feel like there ought to be some-ning practical in it," she thought. "Some-ning specific. Bet there is, if I can just manage to remember it."

The memory did not come and after few minutes Miss Jinny stood up.

"Well," she said, "faith without works s dead. I got to do something."

And then she thought of Howland.

"Thing is, I got to think of a way to et a hold of him and tell him," she ough. "I can't go over there—that ouldn't work. And it's a six-party line, verybody listenin' in. And the way nings are now, if I need help quick and all up the station and get someone else esides Howland, they'll waste a lot of ime before they get going, arguing out bout am I screwy or am I kidding or is t straight."

"But I'll figure it out. What I need ow is a good sleep."

THE next morning she went down to the float early, although the signboard was now finished. The water was clear. It was a still day at the full tide, in the primming lull before the turn.

A figure in white flannels, small across he sweep of water, but still clear to her arsighted eyes, came down the lawn at shane's Castle, and stopped by the sea vall. There was a quick flash of light.

"Got binoculars," she reflected. "Sun hining on 'em."

As she looked she saw an arm raised, waving. He had seen her, too.

She raised her own arm.

"Hast thou found me, O mine enemy?"

she said aloud. But her voice was unper-turbed, almost friendly. Now, in the morning light, Miss Jinny felt extremely nappy. Though she never suspected it of herself she was a natural fighter. She strolled up the gangway again, ready for breakfast.

The dishes washed, she took up the telephone and called the Coast Guard station.

"Hello, that's you, Lieutenant, ain't it? This is Miss Hicks. Can I talk to Howland a minute? Don't call him if he's busy. 'Tain't important."

She waited, smiling.

"That you, Howland? This is Cousin Jinny. I went to the movin' pitchers last night."

"Oh, you never."

"That's right, Howland. I seen Laird Cregar. He was good, like you said."

"He was, hey?"

SHE was pleased that his voice did not change.

"That wasn't what I called up for, though, Howland. Cora was by yesterday, about two in the afternoon."

He knew that wasn't so, or she'd have told him so yesterday.

"She was, hey?"

"That's right. And she wants to call

on all them big windows on the water side. Well, Mr. Sawyer was doing some-thing to his radio, and he lays his pipe on the sort of flower box right under the shade. Wow, it flared up that paper shade. It caught on the drapes before he got them pulled down. I was over to see my auntie and we all come running and throwing water, just for the heck, but I guess he got it out all right by himself, quick."

"That was a signal," thought Miss Jinny. "And of all the ham actors! What does he do everything the hard way for?"

The evening was quiet and long. Miss Jinny sat by her radio until midnight and then she went out on her back porch and waited in the dark and quietness. From time to time she looked in through the window at the clock.

At twenty minutes past one there was a crunching step on the gravel and a tap

in use any more, but we must make the best of things. They will fill up and row off. That's all. By that time I shall be home in bed. Matter of fact I went to bed early—I haven't been out all evening."

"What are you going to do to me?"

"Nothing."

"I'll call for help soon's you leave me."

"Sure. Sure. But you'll be a long time getting action, because of the way you've been acting lately. The boys in the boat will have time, I figure."

"Why don't you disconnect the phone? Why don't you tie me up?"

"And really have something to explain? What for?"

He took the fire drum in his hand and started down the porch.

"Too bad you didn't have the nerve to co-operate," he said. "A permanent arrangement between us would have been very profitable all around."

"I've been thinking," said Miss Jinny. Mr. Sawyer turned and paused.

"Mr. Sawyer, if there was some way I could always be tied up or something, so's I'd have a good story if anybody was to come in unexpected—well, there's ways you can fool the records, you know, about gas."

"Well!" said Mr. Sawyer.

HE SAT down on a chair and smiled. "Now we can talk," he said. "I'd like a drink of water, please, Miss Hicks."

"Water," thought Miss Jinny. "That's it. All day long I been thinking there was something in the Bible real helpful, not just generally comforting, but help-ful. That's it."

"He asked water, and she gave him milk, she brought forth butter in a lordly dish."

"I knew I'd get it."

"I was just going to have some pie and coffee, myself," she said, "for my late supper. Could you eat a mite, you suppose?"

"Coffee? Sounds fine."

Miss Jinny regarded him with a sort of detached sympathy.

The coffee was hot on the back of the stove, the pie crumbling and delicious. She bore them in and set them down.

"I'll just go out in the kitchen and get the cheese," she said.

She went right to the shelf by the window where she kept her tools, picked up a hammer, returned to the front room and hit Mr. Sawyer on the head.

"I always thought Jael was dreadful messy, using a hammer and a nail both on Sisera," she reflected cheerfully. "Some women do everything the hard way."

She struck a match and set off the green flare. She called the Coast Guard station. Howland answered, as she had been sure he would.

"Listen," she said. "Let on like this is Captain Phipps and he seen 'em from the ocean. Close the mouth of Vanity Cove. The U-boat won't be submerged. I guess. Send some people here quick by land. That's all."

"Okay, Captain Phipps. Okay, we're snappin' right into it."

Miss Jinny hung up and sighed happily.

"Ain't had so much fun since I was a kid," she thought. "Yep, there's all kinds of notions in the Bible."

She regarded the recumbent form of Mr. Sawyer thoughtfully and took down from the bookshelf another volume, the First Aid Handbook.

"Let me see," she murmured. "There's three kinds of head injuries—concussions, simple and depressed fractures. I wonder which kind I done?"

Mr. Sawyer stirred and groaned.

THE END



"But, darling, couldn't you pretend to be a surface craft for a minute?"

COLLIER'S

GARDNER REA

you up tonight when she gets through to the store. Stocktakin', she may have to work late. She don't want the boys up there to know she called up though. Says you stick round the phone and get to be the one to answer if you can. I told her she's foolish, but I said I'd tell you any-ways."

"Well, thanks, Cousin Jin. You know how she is. Shy."

"You bet. Makes her nervis, folks to laff at her. That way myself."

"Well, thanks again, Cousin Jinny. You tell her I'll stick round."

"That's okay, Howland. Drop by when you get a chanst."

"I'll do that. Well, so long."

"So long, Howland."

She heard the two telephones up the line click down. Poor Cora, would she get a laffing-about behind her back! Well, that's war for you. We all got to put up with things. . . .

In the afternoon, Manuella said suddenly, "Say, I forgot to tell you the excitement."

"What's excitin' today, Manuella?"

"Why, about the fire they most had up to the castle, last night."

Miss Jinny was before the stove. She closed the oven door.

"Fire, hey?"

"Sure. They got paper blackout shades

at the door. A low voice said, "Miss Hicks."

It was Sawyer, and he had come on foot. "Well, he ain't forgot me," Miss Jinny thought, and smiled. She rounded the screened porch and opened the door.

"Evening," she said. "What brings you by so late?"

"Business," said Mr. Sawyer, and stepped inside. He drew his hand from his coat pocket. There was an Army revolver in it. He regarded it silently, as if in surprise. He dropped it back into his pocket.

"About that little proposition from last night," he said. "I wonder if you have changed your mind."

"I'm scared of guns," said Miss Jinny flatly.

"Most ladies are," said Mr. Sawyer.

HE SAT down and wiped his face.

"What are you here for?" asked Miss Jinny. "What do you want?"

Mr. Sawyer sighed heavily.

"I have a stick of green fire here," he said. "I am going to set it off up here on the end of your porch. When it has burned out I shall pick up the stick and go home. After about ten minutes a dory will dock down below and four men will bring a tank up to the roadside. It's too bad that your pump down below isn't



# Hollywood Gets Its Teeth Kicked In

BY KYLE CRICHTON

Because Hollywood was both short-sighted and oversensitive, its actors and technicians are marching off to war instead of making the films essential to the war effort. Result: America faces the loss of its most valuable single morale weapon—the movies

EVERY sin Hollywood ever committed is coming home to roost. The result is that the movies are taking a terrific shellacking, and nobody dares lift a voice in protest.

What Hollywood is saying secretly and can't say publicly is: The Armed Forces are taking away all our actors, all our technical men. Things are serious now: in six months they will be desperate. But if anybody in Hollywood got up and said that unless a great change in public policy is made the movies might be out of business in six months, an exultant chorus would sweep across the country: "So what?"

This doesn't mean that people hate the movies; it means that they have a mental image of Hollywood parties, Hollywood swimming pools, Hollywood castles, Hollywood income-tax returns, Hollywood scandals. The idea that all this might be lost makes America laugh right out loud. Hollywood knows it and can't say a word. One peep from that sector, and the repercussions would be tumultuous.

"Go on, you dirty slackers!" the cry would come, followed by hoots, threats and vegetables.

Well, somebody had better start speaking up soon. The movies are threatened, and there is no use kidding about it or hiding it any longer.

I'm speaking on my own because I don't want to

get anybody in Hollywood involved and I don't want anyone taking the blame for my views.

Do I care if Hollywood is seriously crippled? Yes.

Do you care if the movies go out of business? Yes.

Do either of us care if every big shot in Hollywood goes broke? No!

But I care and you care and America cares if anything keeps Hollywood from making the best pictures of its life in these war days.

There's a thing called morale. The word has been overworked and perhaps I shouldn't use it here. Let's just put it like this: We don't have movies any more, or the ones we have are inferior. Then what?

There are two ways of looking at that: (a) It would be a relief. (b) You're exaggerating.

It wouldn't be a relief because, generally and nationally speaking, we'd go nuts without the movies. When President Roosevelt wants to relax, he has a movie run at the White House. Stalin bombarded Willkie with questions about Hollywood. Churchill laughs himself back to health with Hollywood films. When we want to relax, we have a picture run for us down at the corner theater—90,000,000 of us a week planking our dough down on the ledge and getting relief from work and war and worry.

Well, that's beating an old horse; everybody admits we can't get along without the movies. And I say flatly that if the present trend keeps up, we'll either have movies so horrible that their morale value will be gone or we'll have no movies at all.

Don't be too sure that's wild talk. Hollywood itself wouldn't agree with it, but Hollywood never knows anything until it's over. Look what's happening to the strange place.

Twentieth Century-Fox has lost Tyrone Power, Henry Fonda, Victor Mature, George Montgomery and Cesar Romero. That takes every leading man they have but Don Ameche.

M-G-M has lost James Stewart, Clark Gable, Rob-

William Holden  
Army Signal Corps

crt Montgomery, Lew Ayres, Gene Raym, Richard Ney, Mickey Rooney and Robert Ta probably be gone by the time these words are Spencer Tracy is breaking his neck trying to the service.

Practically every promising young leading the industry is now in the service—Robert St, ert Preston, Ronald Reagan, Richard Gre, Hall, Louis Hayward, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Holden, Jeffrey Lynn, Sterling Hayden, Ti, Wayne Morris, Ray Middleton, Burgess Merc, vid Niven, Laurence Olivier, George O'Brien, Sterling, Van Heflin, Melvyn Douglas.

Are there others still available for films? I bid your time, my friends. They'll either be away while you're reading these words or the summoning up their courage to face the reign that is now sweeping over all actors.

They tell the story of the Hollywood ag whispered to a producer: "I got a great prospect you—a young guy with a double hernia."

Very funny—and there actually are a few like that, but even these aren't going to be happy actor is going to be happy much longer unless a long gray beard and a noticeable limp. As called in the draft because of dependents or are even now, reluctant to appear at camps or fits for soldiers and sailors. In far too many cases have been met with: "How's about getting into you punk?"

When Bob Hope returned from his tour in camps in Alaska, it required all the persuasion of friends and finally an unofficial order from Vinton to keep him from enlisting. Although he has small children and is in 3-A in the draft, he was by a bitter cry during one show in Alaska: "You're even funnier in a uniform, buddy!"

## The Threat of Public Scorn

Every actor in Hollywood has received a letter asking when he's going to join up. Our artists are fighting in Africa, in the Pacific Southwest. In passing months, the fury of the struggle will be of fighting men, of brave victory. All other problems will seem trivial and It will take a strong man to face public clamor. The producer who comforts himself with the thought that he can get by with lesser names or older may find that there are no names of any sort available.

If the war lasts only another six months, being written here will seem the sorriest kind of sense. But if it lasts another two years or longer we afford to neglect our strongest morale weapon isn't only our own problem. Without America the theaters of England couldn't keep open and Canada and Australia are in the same position. It takes a world of convincing to prove to them that Hope with a rifle is as important for the purpose of the war as Bob Hope in a new comedy.

Five million Russians have lost their lives in war. Russia has lost half its industrial capacity, its best farm lands. Anybody is crazy who thin

Pvt. Tyrone Power  
Marine Corps

Capt. Gene Raymond  
Army Air Forces

Coxswain Victor Mature  
Coast Guard

Lew Ayres  
Army Medical Corps

Rudy Vallee  
Petty Officer, Coast Guard



Lt. Clark Gable  
Army Air Forces

uglas

Cesar Romero  
Seaman, Coast Guard Reserve

Ensign Richard Ney  
U.S.N.

I haven't mentioned the loss of technicians, although it has been a great blow to the industry, and the effect is already felt in the quality of the product. Hollywood has 186 sound cameras, which is eighty per cent of all such cameras in the world. The Army right now is in need of 300 sound cameras. Camera-men have gone by the dozens; technicians by the hundreds. According to the estimate of a man whose judgment I respect, by June of this year, Hollywood will be producing 75 per cent fewer pictures, and the quality will be little better than in the early days of sound films. This man is calculating entirely on the basis of the loss of technicians, not bothering at all about the actors.

#### Movies Sell America to the World

In any case, the result will be catastrophic. Anybody who has traveled in Latin America knows the influence of the American movies. Army camps in this country can't get films enough or halls enough to provide for the soldiers. When our forces went into North Africa, Hollywood films went right along, not only to entertain the fighting men but to offset *Axis and Vichy-French ideas among the natives*. As we reconquer territory, our films will do the work of selling America to the world. Before you start smiling at memories of silly films you have seen, remember that much of our store of good will as a nation comes from those very flickering images.

It is no longer a question of what the actor wants or what the producer wants; it is a national problem. In England, the authorities have permitted the loan of film stars in the Armed Forces for making pictures. Some have been propaganda films; others have been commercial films; but all are films that tell Britain's story and keep up British courage and hope.

In our case, it has reached a point where it may be necessary to *order* our actors back to Hollywood. They will refuse to come now, if it means they will be subjected to criticism from people who feel they are avoiding their military duty.

Because of that feeling, Washington must take the lead. The time has come for Washington to proclaim the movies an essential industry, exactly as necessary as steel and coal and ships and farms. That is not merely a flowery statement. It is the plain truth that must be recognized.

Let actors be brought back from the services before it is too late. I'm not offering a plan for the best way of doing it. They can be returned to civilian life or they can remain military men who have been delegated to special detail, with the proviso that their usual salaries will be turned over to the Red Cross or the USO. Tyrone Power gets \$150,000 a picture; Clark Gable is paid even more. Their contributions, added to all the others similarly detailed to the films, will raise more for charity than all the football games and charity balls ever devised.

As for the producers, if income taxes do not remove any benefit they might get from having James Stewart or Ronald Reagan working for Army pay, the government can easily see that every cent of profit is squeezed out of the transaction.

The movies are one of our lines of defense. It is as stupid to throw away a Mickey Rooney or a Henry Fonda as it would be to draft an airplane designer to make him a grease monkey.

The job is to make the best pictures in the world and to keep on making them. Putting the problem in its simplest form, Clark Gable shouldn't be *allowed* to be a soldier. War is too serious for us to be playing sentimental games. He has a duty and Hollywood has a duty and they should be made to stick to it. ★★★

Henry Fonda  
Apprentice Seaman, U.S.N.

Capt. Ronald Reagan  
Army

Lt. James Stewart  
Army Air Forces







ly he left. He did not turn back. He did not wave.

"Good luck," she called after him. Her voice got lost in the wind.

Holly decided to go home; there was nothing more to want.

Because her aunt was away for the afternoon at the Red Cross canteen, she fumbled around for her key as she got to the elevator. She had difficulty finding it and she wasn't seeing very clearly; and she had difficulty fitting the key in the lock.

A hand came down over her hand on the knob. It was John Farwl blocking her way.

After a minute she got her breath somehow. "How did you get here?"

"Simple. I followed you."

"You had no right."

"I had every right."

"You're beastly . . . beastly!"

"Look," he said, "when I find something that makes the stars come down on me I don't let it go that easily."

"I hate you!" Holly cried. "I hate you!"

By that time they were in the living room. Holly flung her towel and the bottle of sun-tan oil and the round beach bag down on a chair seat.

"Go away," she commanded. "Go away."

He made a discovery. "You're afraid."

"Yes."

"But, my gosh—you're afraid of me."

"Yes," she said, "I'm afraid because you make me want things and I can just rely live if I don't want anything. Anything at all." She spread her hands. "It's been that way all my life. There's always a wall; there was a wall at school. There's a wall growing in your eyes now."

He looked incredulous. "You're crazy."

"Go away," she begged. "Please . . ." dry sob caught at the word. "Go away!"

HE STOOD there. He was trying to figure something out. His face was badly serious.

"I hadn't intended telling you this,"

he said, "but I'm going into the Ferrying command tomorrow. I'll probably never see you again. I wanted to take you to dinner. I wanted you to go with me to the program tonight."

She said, "No."

John Farwl did not argue. He made a statement. "I'll be back for you in about half an hour," he said, "with a car."

He arrived well before the half hour was up. He had changed into a fresh uniform. His eyes approved her, grinning for all the world like a small boy bent upon a holiday.

John Farwl had a shiny blue roadster which he said was a friend's; he took her to a quiet place where there was music. But people did not dance. She was relieved to see that people did not dance.

The program went on the air at seven; he had said they'd better get there a little early. The base auditorium was crowded with girls and air cadets; it was loud with voices. Guiding her with a pressure on her arm through the crush, John Farwl found her a chair. Chairs were arranged only around the walls. She sank down, sitting stiffly straight, her hands in her lap. The stage was just above her, warming with actors and engineers and men looking weary.

John Farwl sat on the steps. "I can tell better if it's any good by watching our face."

His play was only part of the program. The words and the music and the hyness of the cadets sending messages home stirred her especially; she did not

lose her awareness of John Farwl; but he lost his sharpness; the night was not quite real for her.

At the end of the program the roar of approval from the audience must fairly have shaken the roof. "John," she said. It was the first time she had used his name. "John! It was wonderful."

The band struck up another tune, and she could not catch his answer. But she saw his lips move. She saw that he was pleased.

"Dance?" a voice said.

SHE was startled. Blood rushed to her face and she glanced appealingly at John Farwl. He offered no help. "I'm sorry, I don't—dance," she was saying, over and over. "Thank you, but I can't."

Then swiftly, without reason, without warning, the fabric of the evening collapsed, like fine ancient cloth exposed to air. She had to escape.

Holly got to the door, out of the fog of cigarette smoke, into the warmth of the night, and there was mist before her eyes and the music followed her heart-



lessly. Holly would have stumbled; but John Farwl caught her.

"Shall I take you home?"

She could not speak.

He said, "There's no disgrace in being afraid. Everybody's afraid."

He waited. He stood patiently, his face partly in shadow. He said, "The only disgrace is running away."

"I don't care. I don't care. I can't stand that music, those eyes, those eyes. . . ."

They did not speak again. He was politeness itself; but a withdrawn politeness. He drove the shortest route. Holly huddled in the corner, crying, wildly angry with herself but unable to stop crying.

He idled the motor in front of the apartment house. "Do you want me to go up?"

"No," she said. "Thank you."

"Good night," John Farwl said.

Numbness overcame her. She heard the roadster gather speed away from the curb. She felt the motion of the elevator upward.

Her aunt regarded her oddly. "I thought you might bring him up," Aunt Lavinia said.

"He was in a hurry."

"Was he nice?"

"Very nice," Holly said.

She did not sleep that night. She lay in the dark alone, and what he had said was true; and what she was was also true. . . .

All that was five months ago; that was an eternity ago. Holly Bentley came to herself with a little start; and she discovered that they had finished dinner and were all in the living room again, having coffee in small fragile china cups. It was Christmas Day.

The boy called Bob managed the cup awkwardly, his face beet red. Holly smiled encouragement. John Farwl held his cup politely, but he had not even sipped.

Her eyes fled to the clock.

"Aunt Lavinia, it's quarter after two!" Holly exclaimed. "You all had better get going if you don't want to go tripping down the aisle in the middle of the second act."

"Yes, indeed," Aunt Lavinia said. "I'm told it's a naughty show. I wouldn't want to miss any of it."

There was a general rattle of coffee cups, and a general search for hats.

"See?" Aunt Lavinia said. "Holly thinks of everything. I don't know what I should do without her. I'm so sorry you're not coming with us, Holly."

"You are quite astonishingly beautiful."

Pinkness bloomed in her cheeks. "Oh, no," Holly said. "I am young. I am—perhaps I am appealing sometimes." She looked at him. "But I am not beautiful."

A little of the tightness went out of his face. He felt around for a cigarette, offering her one. Holly shook her head. He lit the cigarette; she watched with a numb fascination.

"Sit down," John Farwl said, "I want to talk to you."

"I really must help Martha—"

She did not sit down.

He said, "I had forgotten how you looked. Oddly. Yet whenever I smelled the sea or saw the sun on the rocks I thought of you. I met girls in London and Sydney and Bombay and New York and all I heard was your voice and all I ever saw was your eyes. It was wacky. It was as if—he uncrossed his legs, leaning slightly forward—"as if . . ."

"We had exchanged hearts," Holly said.

He grinned. "Very nicely put."

He was not in a hurry. He let the seconds drip slowly away. He crossed the room, and he kissed her.

Desperately Holly held herself rigid; then she felt herself going, going, completely gone. It was like being caught in a current in the sea, but with this, you did not want to come back.

"Merry Christmas," John Farwl said softly.

She said, "I never believed that about your grandfather. I don't even believe you have a grandfather."

"I had one," he said, "truly. Holly, you're the nearest I'll ever get to a Christmas tree. Marry me."

SHE was talking against his coat. "You mustn't ask me," she whispered. "You mustn't. I'd be miserable and you'd be miserable—"

"Why?"

"Because I'd be wondering if you wouldn't rather be dancing, wouldn't rather be racing down a hill—"

"Holly," he said, "marry me."

She felt the waiting in him. She felt the waiting in herself, and it was not fear: it was logic. Logic saying, not for you. Not for you. Love is not for you. But why not for her? The logic stopped there.

"John?"

"Yes."

"I've been waiting to tell you," Holly said. His buttons against her were cool and hard and very solid. "I'm better. Did you notice? I'm much better! I swim and hope now and the doctor says in time. . . . I think it's because I don't feel alone any more."

"You'll dance," he said. "And soon." He laughed deep in his throat. "Don't avoid the issue."

"I'm not avoiding the issue!" Holly said.

"All right," he said. "It's that way in a plane, too. When you're alone, just sitting up there in the clouds, you're scared as hell. But when there's somebody else, even yourself, watching you, you put on a show." He added, saying the opposite of what he meant, "You're not so remarkable, angel-puss."

Maybe it was not logic. Maybe there was something beyond logic. Something between them.

"Must—must I decide today?"

His arm tightened. "Yes, today. I have only today."

"Oh, but we couldn't," Holly said. "We couldn't, John. Everything's closed."

"I have a license," he said. "My gosh," he said, "did you think Englishmen were the only fast thinkers?"

THE END



# THE THREE DROLL DUKES

BY DAN PARKER

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ALBERT FENN-PIX

With the possible departure, as political casualties, of the double-talking bumbler who control boxing in New York, the fight racket may add up to something more than scrambled syntax and weird decisions

IF NEW YORK'S new governor, Thomas E. Dewey, does what everyone expects and slaps down the three delightful gamins of the State Athletic Commission, the sporting world may witness the singular spectacle of nation-wide control of pugilism by the National Boxing Association. By ousting the triumvirate which, though possessing power only in its own state, has attempted to rule boxing everywhere, Governor Dewey will bring to a close an era of hilarious confusion and will replace delightful chaos with dull order. Eventually there may even be only one champion in each division. As a result, boxing will probably make more sense, but it will never again be as funny. There'll never be another trio like the Three Droll Dukes.

Since the New York State Athletic Commission, more commonly referred to as the Boxing Commission, came into being with the passage of the Walker Law in 1921, it has taken the world for its oyster, refusing to be circumscribed by either state boundaries or its own rules. Refusing to join with the other states in membership in the National Boxing Association, it frustrated all efforts to establish a supreme authority for the sport. Instead, by delegating to itself powers it received from no other source, the New York commission created and abolished champions and boxing divisions at will, declared all state commissions which disagreed with it to be null and void, and in general behaved like three comic-opera dictators on the loose.

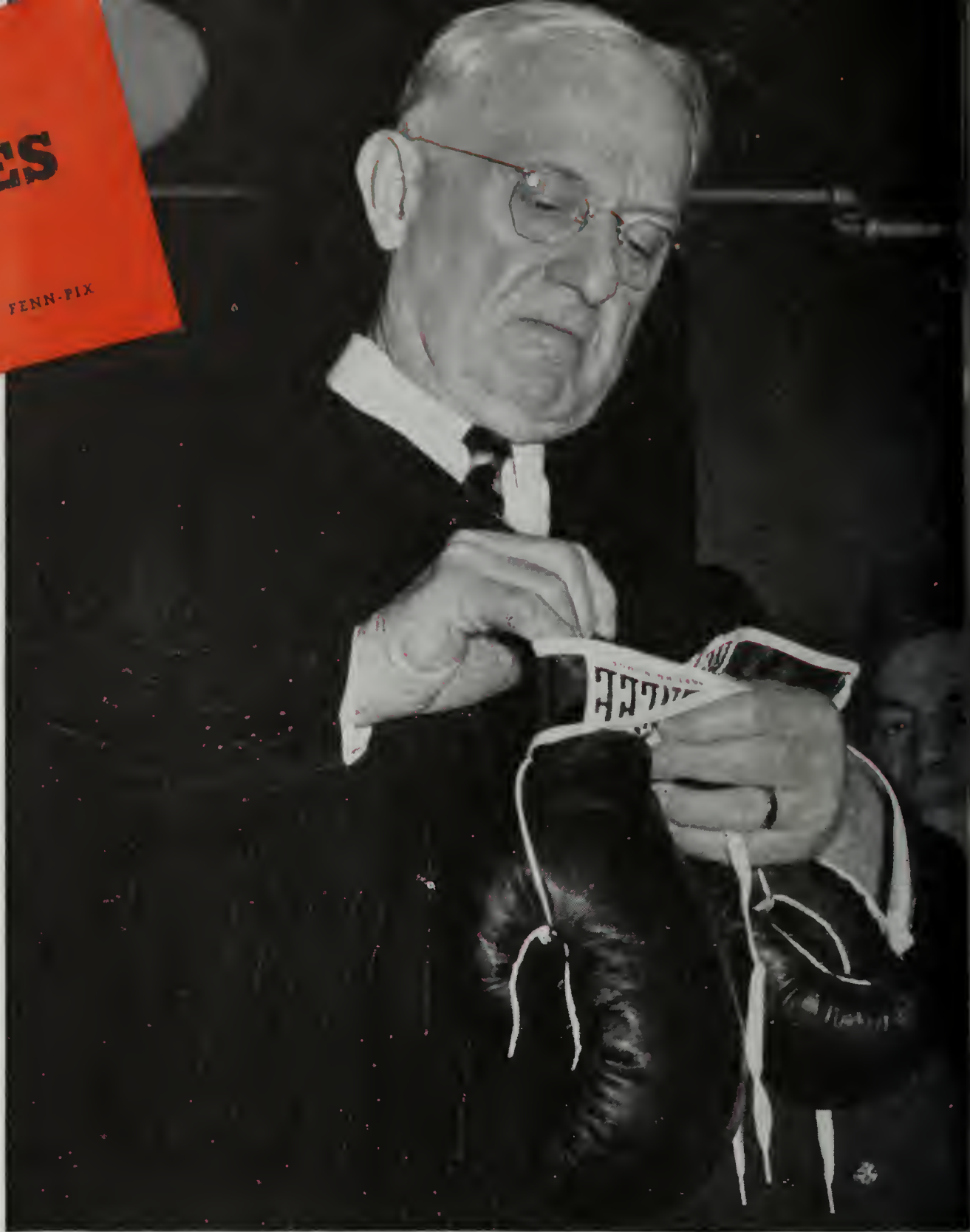
Its last official act bearing on a world's championship was to declare that Lou Salica was still bantam-weight champion, even though Manuel Ortiz had beaten him in a 12-round bout, advertised as a title match, in Los Angeles. This move followed a brief spell of co-operation with the N.B.A., during which superfluous champions in each division had been abolished. New York's fistic Fuehrers reasoned that, since Ortiz and Salica had fought only twelve rounds, it couldn't have been a championship match, because the New York commission's rules say that all title bouts must be arranged for fifteen rounds.

Who are these characters that set themselves up as the final authority on boxing matters but may now be set down by a governor of opposite political faith? Reading from left to right, they are:

Honest, double-talking Brigadier General John J. Phelan, former lingerie manufacturer and dilettante military strategist, who doesn't know a left hook from a right eye. A well-meaning, square-shooting old-timer who wouldn't intentionally harm a flea.

Honest, blunt, plain-talking Bill Brown, health-farm proprietor and former boxing promoter. He knows his tin cars inside out, but is so loyal to General Phelan that he has strung along with him, right or wrong.

Mild-mannered, silent, Colonel D. Walker Wear, a Binghamton politician who likes to get passes to fights, sit up near ringside in Madison Square Garden, puff on a cigar, look wise and say nothing. Colonel Wear thinks an inside counter is something a ribbon salesman leans against during a lull in trade.



Brown's term expired on January 1, 1943, but General Phelan and Colonel Wear still have two years to go. Theoretically they can be removed only by proved incompetence or by the abolition of the commission, which would require action by the legislature. A governor, however, can usually find a way to induce resignations if he so desires.

If the New York commission weren't constantly confusing issues, reversing itself, falling out with other state commissions, creating superfluous champions, refusing to recognize authentic ones, issuing communiqués that can neither be parsed nor gainsaid, and breaking its own rules, the boxing world might be more orderly but it certainly wouldn't be half as gay. Unedited news releases from General Phelan's headquarters are collectors' items. Interviews with him are delightful adventures in the realm of scrambled syntax and suspended sentences that have neither subjects nor predicates.

## Their Mistakes Are Honest

The New York commission not only is the laughingstock of the nation but also commands its wholehearted respect. The explanation of this paradox lies in the fact that in an atmosphere reeking with graft and corruption, the New York commission, comical though it is, enjoys a spotless reputation for integrity. Its mistakes are all honest or, at worst, dictated by political exigencies over which it has no control.

A boxing writer once told General Phelan he didn't agree with the stand the commission had taken on a certain matter and intended to say so in print.

"I don't care what you say about us," retorted the general, "as long as we're not honest."

Of course, the general didn't mean to indict the in-

The No. 1 droll duke, General Phelan, is shown above absorbed in the intricate task of writing his initials on a pair of boxing gloves to be worn by a fighter. This part of the "weighing-in" ceremonies takes place on the same day as the fight.

tegrity of his own body. What he had intended to say until he dropped a clause in transit was that he didn't care what the writer said as long as he didn't charge that the commission was dishonest.


General Phelan is regarded with the same affection by the hard-boiled mugs of the boxing racket as an eccentric college professor is by the members of his class. Even pugs who are due to have their mushy room ears turned inside out in the ring that night will come to the weighing-in ceremonies over which the general presides, because in his bumbling, dead-serious way, he hands them more laughs than a cageful of cross-eyed monkeys.

Until the general came to the commission, as chairman of the licensing committee back in the days when Jack Dempsey was detouring a bout with Harry Williams, he thought that boxing was an adjunct of the lingerie business. Now the general knows that boxing is something done with gloves as well as with a hammer and nails.


What else he has found out about the plug-ugly profession is, like the general's conversation, not quite clear. Yet he has been known to strike James Figg and Jack Broughton poses in explaining the fine point of boxing to such tyros as Billy Conn and Joe Louis after weighing them for important matches.

It is worth a year of any man's life to watch the





general, with soft fists clenched, weaving his dukes one over the other like a woman unwinding a skein of yarn, while fighters who have spent hundreds of weary hours in gymnasiums becoming proficient at all branches of their profession, look on with dead pans, behind which a million imps are teasing them to burst out laughing in the good man's face. The general will feint, sidestep, duck, bob, weave, pirouette, prance, backtrack, counter, jab, hook, uppercut and sometimes step on his own feet and trip himself.



Fight managers, skilled at double talk, are wont to take advantage of the general's utter lack of guile on these occasions by feeding him a bit of jabberwocky.


As the general explains the rule about breaking from a clinch, one of these comical rogues will interrupt.

"Now, General," the knave will ask, in tones reeking with reverent awe as spurious as store bicuspid, "suppose he gets in a clinch and, on the way out, he should, all of a sudden for instance, as the fellow says, then what happens?"

"What's that?" asks the general sharply, but never suspiciously.

"I say," repeats the unconscionable scamp, "suppose he's standing there, and the other fellow should frammis it in the deviating circumstances, if you know what I mean, does that or doesn't it?"

"That's all taken care of in the rules," replies the general. "If you fellows read the rules, you wouldn't be asking me all those foolish questions."



The charge that Promoter Mike Jacobs twists the New York commissioners around his calloused fingers is termed by them a canard. It's probably only a coincidence that Mike always gets what he wants. The commissioners think that if it weren't for Michael, there wouldn't be any big-time boxing in America.

Outsiders may think that every time Czar Jacobs ties up a boxer to fight exclusively for him, he is driving one more nail in boxing's coffin lid. The way the New York commissioners see it, he is

thereby performing a service for the dear old game by insuring that one more fighter will be paid the amount due him, and that the bouts in which he engages will be reasonably free from larceny.

Whenever the New York commission votes to set down a boxer for life, Mike Jacobs lowers a sophisticated eyelid in a wink that means: "But they didn't say positively!"

The commission never says positively. Well, hardly ever. There's the case of "Bummy" Davis, that wonderful little character from Brownsville, as lovable an urchin as ever broke a nose.

Bummy was fighting Fritz Zivic in the Garden one night a couple of years ago, when he suddenly started hitting Zivic below the belt, claiming that Fritz had thumbed his eye. Pulled away by the referee, Billy Cavanaugh, and warned to desist, Davis pushed the referee aside and resumed his foul attack. There was nothing for the referee to do but disqualify Davis for foul tactics. As the official did so, Davis aimed a kick at him that could have disabled him for life.

#### The Bum's Rush for Bummy

By this time, policemen had piled into the ring and pinned Davis in a corner until he could be subdued. From his ringside seat, Commissioner D. Walker Wear, who had witnessed the disgraceful scene, exclaimed with what for him was considerable heat, "If that fellow Davis ever fights in this state again, it will be over my dead body."

The number of dead bodies Davis would have to climb over in order to fight again in New York State (aside from his extracurricular street-corner brawls in Brownsville) piled up in the next few days until they reached a height only recently equaled by the German cadavers in front of Stalingrad. The Boxing Commission vowed to die in a body if Davis ever darkened its rings again. A sports columnist or two also contributed his hollow shell.

Seven months later, Davis and Zivic

fought again in New York under the promotion of Mike Jacobs, for the "benefit," as the quaint phrase expresses it, of the Army Fund. The first step in the regeneration of Brownsville's problem child was his enlistment in the Army on the advice of "guess whom?" You said it: Promoter Jacobs! Next, columnists who had advocated that Bummy be barred for life melted with patriotism when they saw the little rascal in uniform and launched a press drive to have him reinstated.

Finally, the Boxing Commission, moved only by the loftiest patriotic motives and possibly by a desire to help Mike Jacobs sign up a return bout that was a "natural," hurdled its own pile of figurative corpses to sanction the match. Announcer Harry Balogh performed the final rite in the canonization of Bummy at the Yankee Stadium one night. The grinning street fighter from Brooklyn's toughest purlieu climbed into the ring in Army uniform, performed four of the smartest left faces General Phelan has ever been privileged to witness in or out of National Guard maneuvers, following up each with four salutes worthy of as many major generals, then stood by, amid a deafening volley of catcalls, for Balogh's accolade.

The redundant announcer waited with arm aloft—or "raised aloft" as he himself put it—until he had his audience in the palm of his other hand and then, he proclaimed, in what will probably go down as the classic *non sequitur* of all time: "And that, ladies and gentlemen, proves that Al Davis is a great soldier and a great American!"

The next week, Bummy was knocked out by Zivic in the same ring and a few days later the great soldier was tossed into the clink for being A.W.O.L. from camp.

The New York commission doesn't consider consistency a jewel. Anyone can be consistent. Only contortionists, swivel-hipped halfbacks and geni<sup>ii</sup> can reverse themselves gracefully. When

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General Phelan explains, in a manner of speaking, a fine point in the New York State Boxing Law. Commissioner Bill Brown, below, looks on, loyal to the core but wondering what the general is talking about





## The Hunters

Continued from page 15

mad plan of his. Bob might listen to reason. If he gave it to Bob, straight and hard, instead of staging that devious scene—

After a little while he got up and went back to camp. Tommy and Claire were not in sight. Bob was under a patch of tarpaulin rigged to shade the lion, working away at the skin with his boy and some porters helping. Bob was saying "Poli, poli!" warningly at each tug on the skin.

Michael went over to them and stood looking down for some little time in silence.

Cutting into the head was a messy business and Bob's hands grew red.

"Gory," said Michael at last. "Why not let Ali—?"

"Not on this skin," said Bob. He sat back, handing his knife over for resharpening, and nabbed a tick starting up his arm. Then he looked up, his good humor conquering the aloofness that that unwary "Michael" of Mrs. Winston's had brought him. "It's a topping skin, isn't it?"

"Topping. . . . You had luck."

Bob nodded. "Rather. It might have been anything."

"She's a lucky lady," said Michael musingly. He added, "And a very pretty piece of goods."

BOB did not look up again. He took his knife back from the boy and set to cutting. Then he said, very quietly but with a harsh intonation, "That's no way to speak of her."

Michael lighted a cigarette from his stub. "It's the way of any man with eyes in his head."

"But not with a decent tongue."

"Good lord!" Michael laughed. "You sound as if she were a plaster saint! Do you mean to say you don't see—?"

"I mean to say this," Bob laid down his knife and got up, as if he wanted to say what he had to say upon his feet. He was a shorter man than Michael and he stood stiffly erect. The squatting blacks looked up at him and at Michael with round, eager eyes; they knew no English but they were quite undeceived by the levelness of the voice that the white man used.

"I mean to say this," Bob repeated. "You are being too—presumptuous—with that lady."

Michael stared in mock astonishment, then smiled. "You think she doesn't like it?"

He blew a ring of smoke. His histrionic sense applauded the gesture, approved his light, ironic voice: "The only thing she's worried about is that you'll see how much she likes it!"

"Don't be a blackguard. You've been drinking. Go sleep it off."

"Drinking, my eye! I'm telling you, as one man to another, that Mrs. Winston is a very pretty piece and doesn't mind my knowing it. And other men before me. She's not squeamish. No more am I. So why not—?"

"Stop it. Do you want a row in camp?"

"Why have a row?" Michael was unperturbed; he noted, with sardonic interest, the white ring about Bob's mouth and he thought, "I'm none too soon. He's taking it hard." He expostulated mildly, "I've done nothing to row about, you know."

"You've got a rotten mind. You know I won't knock you down because you're Tommy's husband, and your heart's a crock. But I can chuck you out of camp—"

"Oh, no, you can't! You need me here. Me and Tommy."

He paused on that, meeting Bob's hot eyes with bland irony, then went on, "And why the talk of chucking out? What have I done? I merely say the lady would go a good deal farther with me than she has gone—given the chance. You disagree. Your chivalry against my intuition—plus my experience. You must admit the experience."

"Yes, you're rotten with it."

"Better keep your voice down if you don't want these beggars to twig."

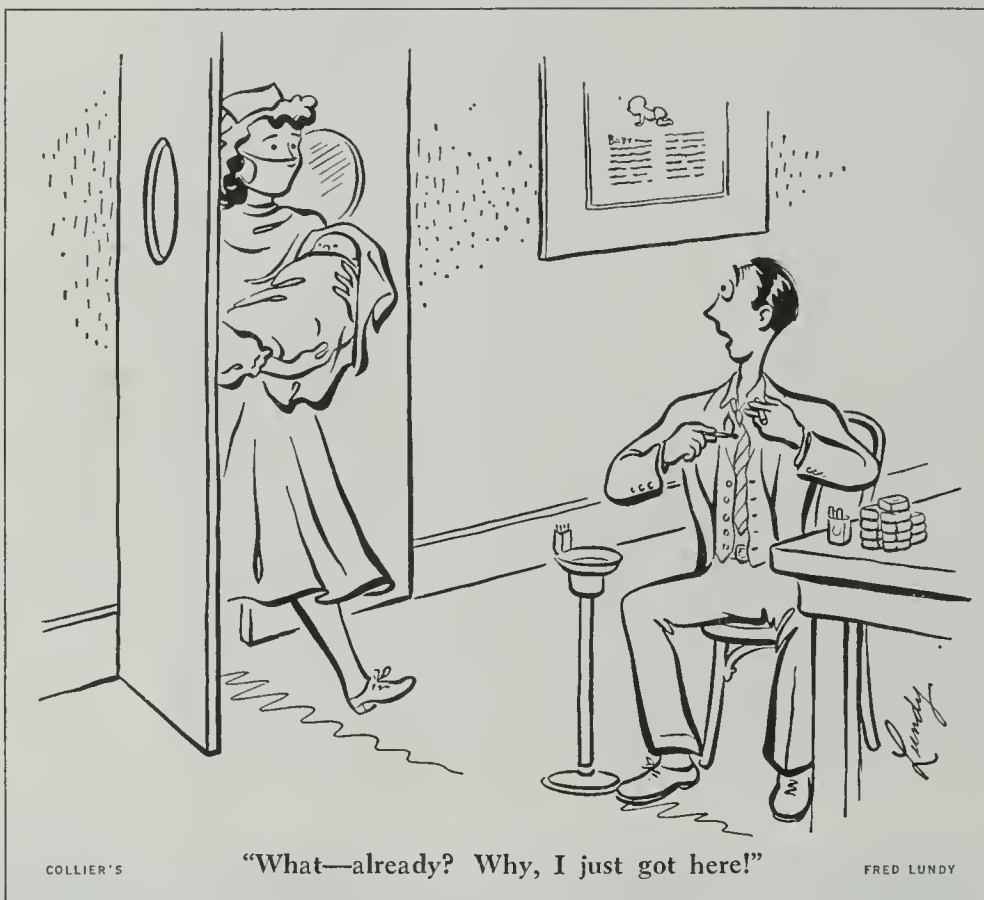
"I'm keeping my voice down. And I'm keeping my temper down, because you're what you are. And we're tied together here, as you've reminded me. But you look out you behave yourself."

"I always behave myself. It's never been said of me that I embarrassed an unwilling lady." Michael gave a short

Bob turned his back. He stared down at the lion, trying to command his expression before the blacks: he said, "No, not like that," to the boy who had begun hastily working on a paw, and reached for his knife and squatted down again.

MICHAEL turned away. Reason had not been a success, he thought dryly. His approach had been all wrong. Too abrupt, too antagonizing. Too twisted with that infernal mockery of his. He could not rid himself of it. He could not play the game any other way. He had thought that it would get under Bob's skin, that it would provoke the suspicion that must surely have been kindled by that "Still writing poetry?" and that inadvertent "Michael."

It had got under Bob's skin all right, but it had stirred his male protectiveness.



laugh. "It would take a whole lot more encouragement than you might guess to get me to play the bally Romeo again!"

He dropped his air of persiflage; he asked seriously, "You mean to say you don't see what she is?"

"I know what she is. She is the lady I intend to marry. If she will do me that honor."

MICHAEL thought, "I've forced his hand!" He felt a wry self-disgust at his unlucky tactics and a bitter impatience with this stubborn idealist but his face showed nothing but a glint of quizzical apology. "Sorry. I'd no idea. . . . Holy ground, eh? . . . Just the same, you'd better keep your eyes open."

"You'd better manage to say as little as possible to me these next few days. Until we can part company."

"Separate tables, if you like," said Michael indifferently.

"Not that. I want everything to seem as usual. I wouldn't have her know."

"I see. I still drink your whisky, eh?"

It was an old white-hunter expression, indicative of enforced companionship.

"And not too much of it," said Bob.

"That's a dirty crack. All because I have one opinion of a lady and you another."

"If she will do me that honor." He had not asked her then. There was still time—for what? "Think fast, Captain, think fast." That old war play—what was its name? What Price Glory. Of course. He'd seen it in—never mind that now. He'd have to think fast and work fast. He'd have to fall back on that mad idea of his and try to work that out. To what? There were several possible endings to that extremely complicated situation.

He went to his tent. Tommy lay dead asleep in her pajamas, cheek down upon her small camp pillow, her short brown curls, still wet from a bath, spread upward to leave coolness for her neck. She had a very childlike neck. She was a childlike creature, he thought, with the virtues so persistently ascribed to children and so infrequently possessed by them—candor, simplicity, good will. It must have been the deuce of a predicament for her to find herself in love with Bob.

Irresolute, he hesitated a moment, then took off his hat, sat down and pulled off his shoes, and stretched out on his cot. Suddenly a bone tiredness possessed him. A long time seemed to have elapsed since the early morning advent of the hunters with the lion.

Under his half-closed lids he stared out through the drawn-back tent flaps, the mess tent; one of the little black and white birds, the familiar of African camps, was walking cockily about the picking up crumbs beneath the chairs beside the chop boxes. Uncomplicated beggars, birds! Or were they?

Something was happening among the porters out in back; there was an incessant jabbering going on, an anguished sounding vociferousness very different from the morning jubilee over the lion. Now the cook was yelling at them. He like to tell the fellow to shut up but it was too much trouble to get up. And Tommy wasn't wakened. He could hear her even breathing.

Old Parrish had given them this double tent when he retired—a double tent gave you no privacy but he had brought it along because it was the best, they had and because a double tent might prove something to Claire Winston.

Was she going to have that headache or wasn't she? If she decided against then all this fantastic scheming going on in him was waste motion. "Don't be sure of one!" Had she meant, not to sure of the success of their plans or sure of her? A little of both, perhaps. pretty fool he'd feel, after working himself up to a dramatic finale, to have him rise from the table and go off to the boma.

NEVER mind that, his mind said; just make sure of what you will do, you have the chance. He thought about it. His imagination set up one scene after another, and his judgment stood back and scrutinized each effect. There were three, no, four, possible endings. "One, two, three, four—sometimes I wish there were more." A chap from Honolulu had sung that for the ship's concert, going out. "One, two, three, four—" He moved his head against the pillow, as if to shake off the silly, buzzing tune. He wanted to think clearly. He wanted to think each scene through to the last detail.

The porters out there were still wrangling away; they sounded sour about something. Woman palaver? Hadn't seen any bibis about camp. More like some row with the cook; the cook was shouting at them again. He was calling them shenzis, and that ought to have stopped. These were bush fellows as they might take it into their heads to be.

Michael sat up and swung his legs over the side of the cot. He began groping beneath it for his shoes and Tommy stirred, opening her eyes. She took the fact that he'd been lying down and said quickly, "You all right?"

"Felt a bit seedy. Nothing to make song about."

"Fever?" She sat up quickly, and moved away before her expert hand could reach his wrist.

"Just a touch," he said then.

She looked worriedly up at him. "Will you don't you lie down again? I'll fetch you some tea."

"Stay where you are." He clapped his hat on his head. "Get all the sleep you can—you'll need to keep your eyes open tonight. I'll take care of myself."

He sat down on the end of his cot, tie his shoelaces. "I'm going out to get hell to those porters. They've been making an infernal din. Then I'll have a spot of tea. Want any *chakula* sent in?"

"Thanks, no. I'd rather sleep. . . . He Bob turned in yet, d'you know?"

"Just now. Took all the morning to skin Claire's lion."



"It was a big skin," she said, defensively.

"Maybe you'll get a bigger."

"Oh, no. I don't want a bigger."

"That would be tactless," Michael looked back at her, a faint grin edging his lips. "The times call for tact, Thomasina. Tact and vigilance."

SHE gave a little embarrassed smile, the smile she had when she was afraid to would say too much. Michael went on. . . . He strolled unhurriedly toward the altercation that was going on about the porters' camp; he saw a knot of porters, the headman in their midst, everybody talking at once in the interminable, argumentative way of natives, and on the skirts he saw the cook and a couple of the boys, shouting futile commands and invectives, the cook brandishing an empty pail. As Michael approached, the cook became even more voluble, feeling backed up by white authority.

"Softly, softly," said Michael. "The Wazungu sleep. . . . Now what is this paver about?"

"He wanted water, the cook said, for the baths had taken all the water, and he wanted firewood and these shenzis would give no more wood and water, and that headman was no proper headman or he would make them do their work. They were wild people, eaters of monkeys; they were shenzis who did not understand that white people must have water, much water, and wood to heat it. They were—"

"His men were not shenzis, the headman said sullenly; they were good men, but they wanted meat. The Bwana had promised them meat and there was no meat. They could not work without meat."

"Yesterday they had a buffalo," said Michael.

"What is one buffalo? The Wazungu took their meat, and the servants of the Wazungu took much, and there was little left."

"So little you had the bellyache," scolded the cook. "And before the buffalo there was antelope—"

At the word antelope the men began to shout back; the trouble, Michael discovered, was that they had expected to see the antelope which had been used as bait. Bob had left that out for another time. "As if they feasted on meat every night!" said the cook scornfully.

"But you, Bwana, promised us meat every night," said the headman.

"The men are right," said Michael. "I will get them meat. . . . But the cook is right, too. They must do their work. I said them for food and water, and after I have eaten I will get them not one antelope but two."

He'd shoot two bucks, he thought, and have a fresh one staked down in place of the old bait. He rather liked the notion of altering Bob's arrangement. Useless, to sit up by a stinking antelope—better to trust to the scent of a fresh blood trail. Moreover, if he went to the trouble of getting new bait, that would be so much more reason for their going out. . . .

THE table was set out of doors, in the leveling light of five o'clock. The sun was still an hour from the horizon but the fierce heat was gone from it, so the dark whites about the table were hatless, freed of their day-long felts.

Mrs. Winston's wave, Tommy thought critically, was not as good as when she had started on this trip, and her hair was a little darker at the roots and the ends bleached by sun—that was what happened to long bobs in Africa. Sometimes she looked a trifle too old for a

long bob, but this was not one of those times; her sleep had been refreshing, and she looked very youthful in her soft, gray-green hunting clothes, the shirt open at the throat. She looked a lovely Rosalind in the Forest of Arden.

Green-wood smoke drifted to them from the dozens of small fires where the porters were toasting their meat; there was a hum of voices, gloatingly happy voices now, except when some greedy snatch provoked a yell of warning.

"They'll be gorged like pigs tonight," said Michael. "I had your last night's bait brought in and left you a new buck. You ought to thank me, for you'd have found that chap too high for good company."

Claire smiled faintly over her cup of tea. Bob gave a quick glance toward him but made no comment.

"And you'll have better luck with a fresh blood trail," Michael addressed

enough quinine—when you've got it in your blood—"

"Let's talk about the weather," said Michael, "instead of what I've got in my blood. The natives say we're lucky to have such clear nights. They say it will be clear tonight, but that a storm may blow up, any time soon. That's the way the rains start here."

"Too early for the rains," said Bob curtly.

"They come early here."

"I thought rains came in the afternoon," said Claire Winston. "At Entebbe, at a dinner, a man told me for hours about the rains at his station—said he could set his watch by them. Two-ten they started. It sounded like a train to Tunbridge Wells."

"He was showing off," said Michael. "Letting you know he had everything under control."

"They are like that, usually," said Bob.



his wife directly. "I got you a fine buck. Had the *wapagazis* drag him in, then out and in again. Maybe he'll lure two lions, so you can bag another," he finished, turning toward Claire.

"Maybe three," said Claire, with that faint smile again. She looked at Bob McNare. "Then you can have one. All this vicarious hunting must be frightfully dull for you."

"That charge this morning wasn't exactly dull," said Bob.

"Was that only this morning? It seems incredibly long ago. Heavens, how I slept!"

"That was awfully nice of you, Michael," Tommy told him. "I hope you didn't—"

She broke off, for Michael wouldn't like her to say, "I hope you didn't overdo," before Claire Winston, and she was surprised when he said casually, "Didn't do myself in? Well, I'm a bit seedy, but nothing the night won't cure."

Bob gave him another quick glance but said nothing. Claire said, in a somewhat uncertain voice, "Did you say—this morning—you were having fever?"

"Just a touch."

"Michael isn't really having fever."

Tommy sounded anxious to have that understood. "I mean, he isn't having a go of it, or anything like that. It's just that sometimes, when you don't take

"After they settle in. But the times vary, in different places."

"At Kivu it used to pour at twelve," said Michael. "Buckets of water, for about an hour. But you could have a storm any night. The Kivu rather fancies its thunderstorms."

"Let's not even talk about storms," said Tommy. "We aren't going to have one tonight." She glanced toward the swiftly dropping sun. "Don't you think we'd better have our coffee now, with our peaches? Boy, *lete kawa!*"

"I'll keep to tea," Mrs. Winston murmured. She took a spoonful of tinned peaches, then put her spoon down. "No, I think I will take coffee. Very strong."

Michael's eyes flickered.

THERE was a queer constraint about this meal, Tommy thought. She could not understand it; everything at breakfast had been so jolly. Now Bob seemed very stiff and Mrs. Winston vaguely preoccupied. Perhaps it was because they were tired and not excited about lion, any more. But it was to be her shoot, she thought childishly, and she was entitled to it. She glanced toward Bob who was finishing his peaches hurriedly, and he caught her glance and sent her back a perfunctory smile. He rose and said, "Well—shall we push along? Are you two ready?"

"All ready." Tommy jumped up, and tapped those bulging pockets of hers, "Torch, cartridges, hard chocolate," she enumerated.

"You and your chocolate!" said Bob with a flash of his old banter toward her. "Mind you don't make a noise chewing it."

Mrs. Winston did not rise. She sat with her elbows on the table, slim fingers pressed against her temples, and looked up at them with an air of rueful, hesitant appeal.

"Would you think it terribly unsporting of me if I didn't go out with you? I've got a beastly headache."

It was not so much an inquiry as a gently contrite statement; she met Bob's startled look with a prolongation of her smiling ruefulness. Bob was too clearly at a loss to speak; he stood, staring, rather blankly, and Tommy stared, too, her face all frank dismay.

"I tried to shake it off," said Mrs. Winston, "but it got worse. . . . And since it isn't to be my lion there isn't any real use in my going out, is there?"

"No. No, of course not," Tommy said mechanically, as the blue eyes moved to her, then she said, "Of course not," in an altogether different voice, seeing, suddenly, what Mrs. Winston implied. Involuntarily she glanced at Bob, her gray eyes unguardedly eager.

"Not if you feel seedy, of course," Bob was saying. "Though if there should be a second lion—"

"I wouldn't be up to it. I've been trying to make myself go through with it but—"

SHE continued to look up, expressively, her fingers still against her temples.

"I say, I am sorry," Bob told her. "But we can put it off, you know. We'll go tomorrow night."

"Oh, I wouldn't have that! I'd rather go than have Mrs. Garrick disappointed. . . . We may have to go again, anyway," she reminded him, "if you have no luck tonight."

"Yes, that's true—"

"I don't think you ought to miss one night."

"Not if there's any chance of rain," said Tommy.

She sounded overanxious, she knew, but she could not help that; all the tenacity in her had fastened on the hope of those hours alone with Bob. Nothing would come of them, nothing would be changed for her, but they would be together, and she would have been less than a woman if she had not hoped against all the reason in her.

"I'd take you out myself," Michael said to his wife, "but I'm not up to it. Not after that buck."

Bob looked uncertainly at her. "Would you be—" he began, then stopped.

"Of course she would," Michael answered for her. "And it isn't good sense to wait. So you two go along—I've no objection. Take a boy with you, if you like, for Mrs. Grundy," he added laughingly.

"No sniffy boy," said Tommy. Her voice was merry, though her cheeks were burning. "He doesn't want to go—he doesn't want to go," ticked through her, over and over.

"Well, I've no objection," said Michael again. He glanced at Bob. "Unless you have—?"

There was an edge of mockery in his tone, in his bright darting look. "Unless you're afraid to leave Mrs. Winston with me?" that mockery was saying. "Unless you're not as sure of her as you declared?"

(To be continued next week)



## Five Who Vanished

Continued from page 25

mind. You see, I haven't a terribly good memory. I'm afraid I'm being a disappointment to you. So far, I haven't given you one good reason, have I?"

"Well, the night's still young," Jason said pleasantly. "Or are you tired of this game?"

"Oh, no! I love games. Just keep on asking me reasons for things, and if I have them, they're yours."

"You're very kind," Jason said. "And if I go over my depth, don't hesitate to pull me back. I'm curious to know why there was such a sensation at dinner when I announced your engagement to my favorite aviator."

Luana Topping turned and faced him. She was serious. A light on the wall behind her glowed through her finespun hair. At that moment, she looked gentle and sweet.

"I'm glad," she said, "I can finally give you a reason for your collection. Did you know that you and I are related?"

"I might have suspected it," Jason said. "We do seem to think alike. Are we fifth or tenth cousins?"

"Closer than that," Luana said. "Didn't you know that my father, Bruce Topping, and your mother, who was a Trent, were cousins?"

"Then you and I," said Jason, "are second cousins. How cozy!"

"Yes. And we're also second cousins of Aunt Bertha's—that is, your father and my mother were her husband's—Uncle Hiram's—first cousins. But it's even more involved than that. We're also direct cousins of Aunt Bertha's, because she was a Grazzard before she married Uncle Hiram Grazzard."

"MY HEAD is reeling," Jason said. "It sounds like inbreeding to me. No wonder we're all going to pot."

"Lorin and I are third cousins, too, of course."

"It's time somebody broke it up," said Jason.

"With that expression you're wearing," Luana said, "you remind me of our great-great-great-uncle, Elisha Trent, who was a pirate."

Jason was smiling. "Yes, I remember. Uncle Elisha was killed by a mutinous crew in the Solomons. They hanged him from the yardarm of his brig, the Saucy Girl."

"Yes," Luana said. "Uncle Elisha was one of the boldest and bloodthirstiest pirates who ever sailed these waters." She picked up her life preserver and got up from the step. As he got up, her green eyes were innocent and friendly. "You know, there's something of Uncle Elisha in me, too. I'm not afraid of anything. And now I'm going to bed. Good night, Mr. Amboy."

"Good night, Miss Topping." He watched her walk away.

A bellboy came down the stairs and said, "Mr. Amboy?"

"Yes."

The bellboy gave him a sealed envelope. Jason opened it and read: "Meet me outside on B deck starboard side aft at once. Urgent. K."

The thick oblong windows which lined B deck had been closed. They were blacked out with layers of blue lacquer. The only light on the deck was a ghostly glow from dim blue lamps.

Flack was waiting under one of the blue bulbs.

"I called you here, Mr. Amboy," he said, "because, while you were at dinner, I searched the rest of the Grazzard party's cabins. And I found definite proof

that these people are vitally interested in your brother."

His hands had been thrust into his coat pockets. He withdrew his right hand. It contained what appeared to be a small oblong of white paper.

"Here, Mr. Amboy, unless I'm greatly mistaken, is a snapshot of your brother which I found in one of Mr. Channing Mace's suitcases."

"Hold it," Jason said. He struck a match and held it close to the snapshot. He stared closer. The tall lean man in the snapshot was unmistakably the man who was hiding in his stateroom.

"Isn't it your brother, sir—taken while he was in India?"

Jason moistened his lips. He turned the snapshot over. On the back was the green imprint of a rubber stamp carry-

ing the name of the Photofilm Shops, Ltd., of Rangoon, Burma.

"No, Flack," he said softly. "It isn't my brother, but it's very interesting. This is a man who claims to be Arthur N. Garson, the recent assistant district attorney of Los Angeles and who is now a stowaway in my cabin."

Flack gasped. "Are you joking, sir?"

"No, Flack. I found him hiding in my cabin just before dinner. He said two Los Angeles gunmen had followed him aboard to kill him and he begged me to help him. I knew this man was lying. It happens that I've met Arthur Garson. The only thing that stopped me from reporting him was that he resembles my brother so closely that I'm sure he's what we call in the islands a 'calabash cousin,' meaning a remote relation."

FLACK was staring at him with round and rather wild eyes. "Aren't you going to report him to the captain, sir?"

"No. I want to think it over. I'm going to have a talk with Mrs. Mace and find out what I can from her. She's a very friendly person and I think she wants to talk."

"But you aren't," Flack said in a horrified voice, "going to let this man remain in your stateroom, sir! They've planted him there to spy on you—at least that, if not to kill you as cold-bloodedly as they killed your brother! He's dangerous! Get rid of him!"

"No, Flack; I'm too curious about him. After I've seen Mrs. Mace, I'm going to give him a chance to talk."

"He won't talk, sir! Mr. Mace wouldn't have had this snapshot of him if they weren't in league. He can murder you,

Mr. Amboy, and push your body out of a porthole! At least, let me be there when you question him."

"All right," Jason said. "You can talk to him, too."

"Thank you, sir!" Flack said with relief. "And you agree with me finally, don't you, Mr. Amboy, that these people are a ruthless and dangerous lot, at work on some evil and sinister scheme?"

"They are certainly at work on something," Jason agreed; "and I'd love to see their main blueprints."

JASON wrote a note: "I'd love to talk to you. I'll be waiting hopefully at the post exchange.—The malihini."

He sealed it in an envelope, addressed it to Mrs. Channing Mace and gave it to a bellboy with a dollar, instructing him

your brother Wayne in Kokala, but don't know what it was. I know that Luana got into your apartment and stole some letters your brother had written you. And I know you don't trust me."

"I don't see why you should want me to," Jason said quietly.

"Because I hate the Grazzards!" she cried. "Yet you assume—and naturally—that my husband has instructed me to worm my way into your confidence. Very well, Mr. Amboy, as an earnest of my good faith, I'm going to tell you something that no one in the world knows but my lawyer in Honolulu—something that not even my husband knows. Read this."

She opened her purse and took out a letter and gave it to Jason. It was handwritten on the letterhead of Frazier & Peterson, the Honolulu law firm.

"You'll notice," the blond girl said, "he wouldn't even trust his stenographer."

Jason struck a match and read the letter.

"My dear Natalie:

"I was, needless to say, deeply shocked to learn that you want to divorce Channing, as I had thought that you had weathered the worst storms and were having smooth sailing at last. Of course, if you insist on going ahead with it, I will handle the matter for you, although my advice is that you give it more thought. You evidently wrote in the heat of great anger and I'd prefer to see you take a calmer attitude. At least, we must have a talk before I take formal action."

"Most sincerely yours,  
"John Daniel Frazier."

Jason glanced up. Mrs. Mace was watching his eyes. "You still don't understand, do you?"

"Frankly, I don't, Mrs. Mace."

Her blue eyes were hot. "Because I hate and loathe the Grazzards!" she said passionately. "They've destroyed me. They realize it, they don't care. Whether they do or not, what they don't realize is that I'd do anything to destroy them. And I'm going to help you do it!"

THE blond girl's face was crimson. Jason said gently, "What makes you think I want to destroy them?"

"Because I know that something terrific is happening! And I think it goes back to your father and mother. Did you realize that when Queen Bertha asked you at dinner about your father and mother, she knew they were dead?"

"Then why did she ask?"

"With the possible exception of her son and my husband, Mr. Amboy, she is the only person who knows how her mind works. What I know is that your father, after eleven faithful years of service as her mill superintendent at Kokala, was fired and put on the black list so that he couldn't get another decent job in the islands?"

"Why did she fire him?" Jason asked.

"Don't you know?"

"No. And my father didn't know. I was a bewildered man when he left the islands—"

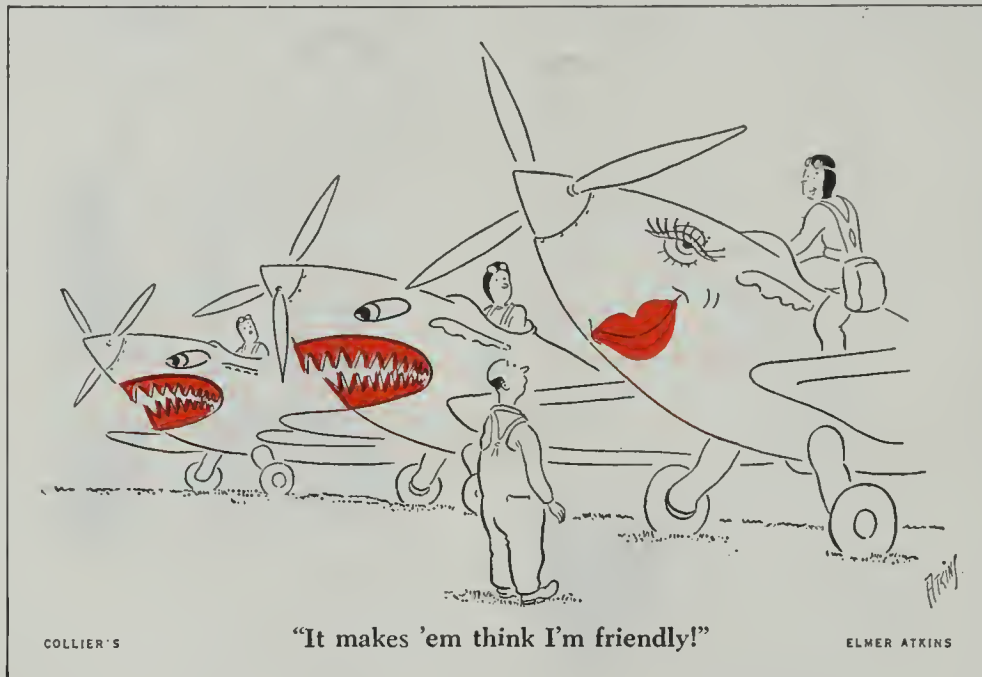
"And it killed him!" the blond girl said softly. "And you've brooded over it!"

Jason shook his head. "No. I'm not bitter about it. It's too long ago."

She said with surprise, "But don't you feel at all revengeful?"

"No, Mrs. Mace. That's all in the past. I'd like to know what happened, of course, but it isn't vitally important."

"It takes the wind out of my sails," the blond girl said with a gasp. "I thought







## GOOD CHEER ON BOTH FRONTS!



*On the home front . . . on the war front . . . it's a precious*

*moment when you bite into a Milky Way candy bar!*

What enjoyment there is in its pure milk chocolate coating, the  
layer of smooth creamy caramel and the delightful center

of chocolate nougat richly flavored with real malted milk.

And what wholesome nourishment, too!

Back on the job you feel refreshed. Refreshed, and fortified

with the quick energy that is in each

delicious Milky Way.





it was that. No one receives a command to visit the royal household unless he's either potentially useful or dangerous. They're horribly upset about you."

Her eyes, as she gazed at him, narrowed. Then he was sure he saw tears in them, and she said in a soft wail, "You've got to stop being suspicious of me! You've got to trust me! I've given you my innermost confidence and—" She stopped. "Let me tell you how they destroyed me, Mr. Amboy. It may give you a little more faith in me. And it's such a fascinating story."

"But—" Jason protested.

"No, I want to. I really think it will clear up the last doubt in your mind. My husband was doing the job very adequately without Queen Bertha's help. But Queen Bertha doesn't like me. And whom she doesn't like, she destroys. So—"

"Why?" Jason stopped her.

Mrs. Mace shrugged. "I'm afraid I'm just useless. I'm not an islander. I'm not a Grazzard, or a Trent or an Amboy—or a Bishop or a Judd, or a Waterhouse, or a Robinson. I'm just a useless female from the glittering, glamorous city of would-bes and has-beens—Hollywood. I came to Honolulu at the age of eighteen, met Channing at a thumping big dinner party and fell thumpingly in love with him. And I'm one of those strange women—I only do that once in a lifetime."

SHE paused to light a cigarette at the match Jason held for her.

"I'm the Model-T type of woman," the blond girl went on. "Old-fashioned and awfully dependable and built for rough going. You can overwork us and abuse us and we'll deliver wonderful service, but once you run us off a cliff, we're not much good any more. Another man can come along and rebuild us and treat us with loving care, but we're never quite the same old chassis."

She smiled at Jason and he was glad that her eyes were dry.

"If I'd just fallen into the hands of someone like you," she said lightly, and laughed. "It sounds like a Bing Crosby number, doesn't it? Some men are ruined because their mothers drill it into them from birth that nobody on God's green earth is good enough for them. But when a marriage stops working, who cares why? I've lived through one epidemic after another of women—and one murder. But it was Kokala that killed me off."

"Murder?" Jason said.

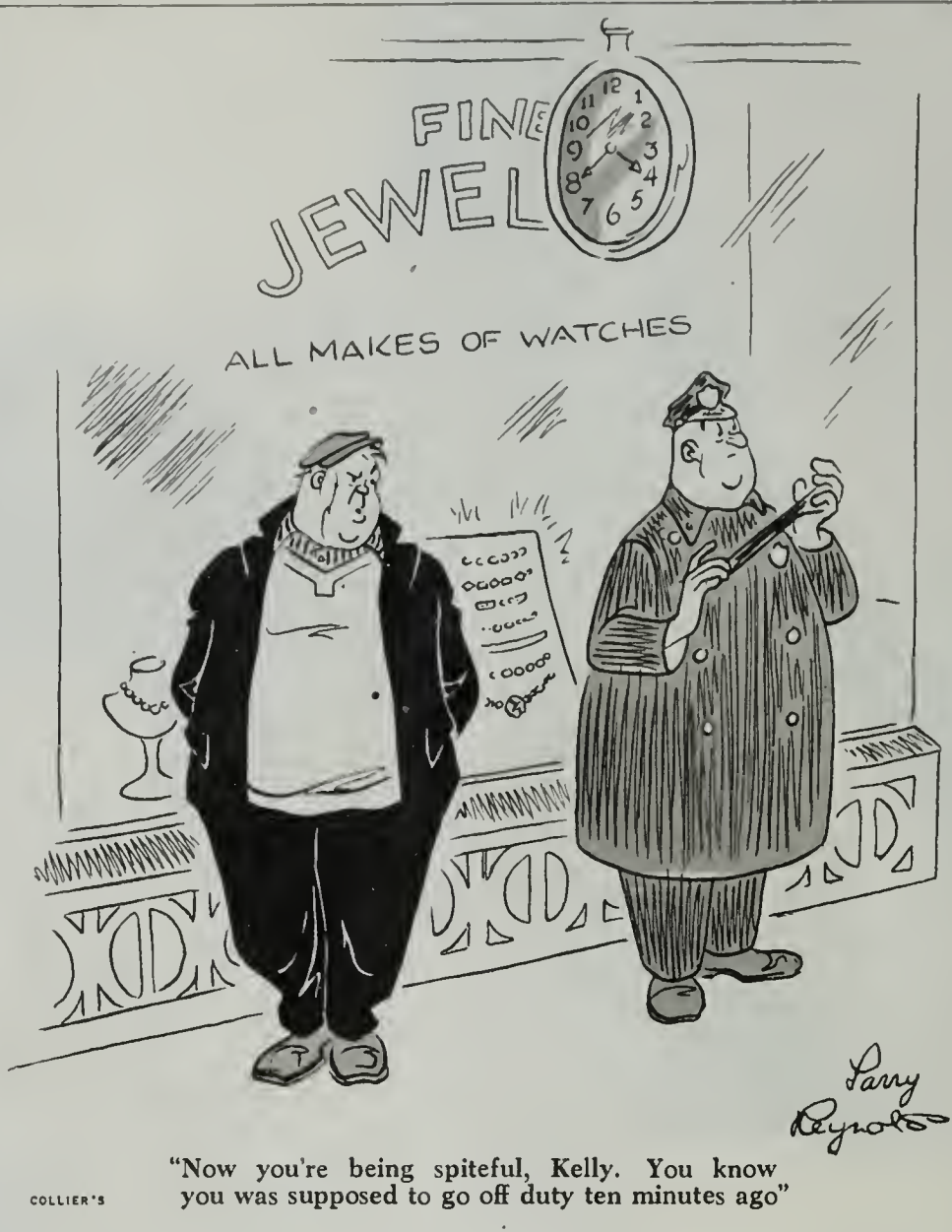
"Oh, I don't mean the exciting nicely motivated kind you read about in mystery books. Channing merely killed a man with his fist. It happened in Honolulu five years ago. The man was a young doctor from Denver. He had rented a drive-it-yourself car and was with his wife at the Garden of the Moon. Channing and I were there dining and when we went out, here was this strange man trying to unlock the door of Channing's sedan—same make, same color, same everything as the one he was renting."

Mrs. Mace paused and smiled wanly. "Well, Channing was a little drunk. He accused the doctor of trying to steal his car, and he punched him in the jaw, and the doctor fell and hit his head on the curbstone and died. And it cost Channing something like thirty thousand to get himself off. At that time he was a plantation manager on Oahu, not far from Honolulu. He'd known the Grazzards for years, and he wanted to get away from the fleshpots of Honolulu."

"He was terribly penitent. He swore he was going to be a better husband—and we would go to Kauai and start life anew. It sounded wonderful to me—I've always been a sucker for anything sentimental and corny."

## BUTCH

by CPL. LARRY REYNOLDS



Mrs. Mace's deep blue eyes were rueful. "Queen Bertha attended most of the trial. She was the first one to shake his hand when he was acquitted. He was the kind of man she understands. He pokes a man in the jaw and kills him. That makes sense. So she offered him the job of manager of Kokala plantation. And we went to Kokala. And that was where Natalie Mace was destroyed."

"How?" Jason murmured.

"Oh, in the usual way. A few more women—a Jap and a half-breed girl, among others. But I was sort of used to that. It wasn't that. It was—I wasn't wanted. I wasn't needed. They all managed to let me know about it."

"Luana, too?"

"Oh, no! Luana's a grand person. And she isn't hookano—arrogant. We've been close friends until all this recent strangeness started. The queen did most of it—thousands of little things. Just chipping away at the old self-esteem. And Lorrin helped, in his boyish way. It's given me such an inferiority complex that I can't even go horseback riding without wondering what the horse thinks of me."

"Did you know my brother?" Jason asked.

"No. All I know is that he was working in the company store at Kokala, that there was some kind of unpleasantness, and that he went away."

Jason considered her candid blue eyes, then her mouth. It was a cynical mouth. Whether or not she realized it or would admit it, she was still in love with her husband, and she was in a dangerously emotional state. He wanted to trust her, because he needed her help, and he decided he would have to gamble—and hope that she wouldn't betray him.

"Do you know why they wanted those letters?"

"No, Mr. Amboy," Mrs. Mace replied.

"This morning," he said, "a friend in Honolulu phoned me and said my brother had vanished from Kokala on the night of December third, leaving nothing behind but his wrist watch which had dropped down between the head of his bed and the wall. The strap was broken at a buckle hole and on the back of the watch was a smear of blood."

NATALIE MACE was gazing at him with fascinated eyes. "They murdered him!" she whispered.

"That was the only clue," Jason said. "He vanished. Less than two days later, the five of you left Kokala for the mainland."

She was still staring with fascination at Jason's eyes. "This," she said softly, "explains many things. It even explains why Luana has been so strange lately."

"Do you think she's in this? Do you think she was involved in any way with my brother?"

"No. I doubt that very much. I don't think she knows what's going on. She's an outsider, too."

"She's in it and she isn't in it," Jason said.

Mrs. Mace was nodding. "And just to complicate matters—you've fallen for her, haven't you?"

"Frankly, I think I'm still on the fence," Jason answered.

"Frankly, I don't. I watched you at dinner looking at her. And I watched her looking at you. You've both fallen."

"It isn't very important," Jason said lightly. "It isn't going anywhere."

"No?" the blond girl drawled. "You don't know your Grazzards, Mr. Amboy. The fact that it exists is enough. The Grazzards have earmarked that girl. She has been given the royal approval and

she is no longer on display. All her Queen Bertha has played her the way smart fisherman using the lightest tackle plays a rainbow trout. She's finally gaffed her."

"That sounds a bit fantastic," Jason interrupted.

"It is fantastic. Luana's whole story is fantastic. Her father and mother were drowned, presumably in the Kaieiewa Passage, when she was two years old. They were a very romantic pair—very madly in love so I've been told—and they used to sail to all the islands in an outrigger canoe that he made of koa with his own hands. One day they sailed away for the Kona coast and they were never seen again. At that time, he was the Kokala plantation manager and he certainly knew your father."

"I DON'T remember any of it," Jason said.

"It happened after you'd gone to the mainland. Anyway, Queen Bertha took Luana in and brought her up. I suspect that the queen—some tribal reason—had it in the back of her head when Luana and Lorrin were hardly more than babies that they would marry when they grew up."

Jason was nodding. "I see."

"All her life Luana has been dominated and shaped by Queen Bertha. She trained the girl exactly as she herself was trained—a solid, conventional school—Punahou and the University of Hawaii—but mostly outdoor training that would make her healthy and reliant and strong. Lots of swimming, boating, fishing—fresh air and the sun. Partly because she was to become, in due course, Lorrin's wife, and partly to make it possible for her ever to jump ship. Do you understand?"

"No," said Jason.

"The queen saw to it," Mrs. Mace explained, "that Luana was not fitted for a career. All that training was intended to make her a *wahine-kai*. That means 'sea woman,' Mr. Amboy. And Luana is just that—a sea thing."

"Will she make a good queen?" Jason asked.

"I doubt it. She has too much contempt for money and all the little orthodox gods. She's a wild, free thing. Her kind doesn't tame. And Lorrin isn't using the right system. He's too heavy-handed, too headstrong, too violent. Now you—she regarded Jason critically—"you're big and strong, too, but you have a new light way about you. You might do. But you'll never have the chance."

"I know."

The girl sighed deeply. "I've talked myself into a migraine, but it's good to get this out of my system. It isn't good to keep hatred and resentment bottled up. Meet me on the port side at dawn tomorrow morning and we'll have another talk. I'm up early. If I can find a place on deck to sit, I'll be there with my knitting."

"But before you go—" He hesitated. "I'm thinking of putting my life in your hands."

"You ought to know by this time that it's safe in my hands. What is it?"

He took the snapshot of the stowaway out of his pocket. "Have you ever seen this man?"

The blond girl took the snapshot and studied it with a frown. "I don't believe so," she said slowly, "although he's familiar. He looks a tiny bit like you, you're darker. Who is he?" She glanced up at him. "What is this all about?"

"Did it strike you," he said, "that there was anything pointed, or at all suspicious, in the way Luana brought up discussion of stowaways at dinner tonight?"



*How American it is... to want something better!*

*Plastic*  
CAR OF THE FUTURE

WHETHER it's putting together limestone, coke and air to make amazing new plastic automobile bodies for post-war models or finding a way to design a new and better hairpin, in normal times this land of ours is always striving to "top" yesterday's best.

And this constant search for something better doesn't stop with the *makers* and the *sellers* of better things. It goes right on through to the *buyers* and *shoppers* of the land.

BEGINNING back in 1840, word went around that there was "something better" in ales. Since then, millions of Americans, ever willing to try, have sampled it critically. And when they found the "Purity," the "Body," the "Flavor," its famous 3-ring trade mark promised, the samplers promptly made it...



*America's largest selling Ale*



*To speed the day when we can have more "better things" buy war bonds and stamps*

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contrary to what the public thought. "Better take a look-see," Doug said to Jenk.

"Shouldn't you—under the circumstances?"

"Nix. They'll feel better if they think the old man's steering."

"You're scared!"

Doug crossed his eyes horrendously. "Order, Jenkins."

The copilot returned in about ten minutes. "Mrs. R. is reading," he reported. "Flies like a sailor. One down, I believe. Greenish. A WPB guy. Woman in a mink coat trying to peek out the curtains. I slapped her hands—metaphorically. Probably not a German spy. Probably just a dope. Your Commander Evans—is being regaled by our Abigail. He seems to like it. So does she."

"That's what I thought," Doug said.

There was nothing in the company regulations against flattering passengers. Mild compliment was recommended, as a matter of fact. Important people travel on airlines—and many important people like to feel that their significance is recognized. Abbey could not resist what would have been a normal impulse in any girl. "I read about it in the communiqué," she said. "Your name—everything!"

A reddening camouflaged the hero's freckles. "Five guys tried for that ship, sister. I happened to be the one that hit it." He fidgeted. "It's all right for you to—talk like this to me?"

"Why—of course! I'm—practically supposed to."

He considered that. "Well, I'll be darned!" Then he laughed. "It's very dangerous."

"Dangerous?"

"Yeah. Four months of sea duty. Ten days whizzing around to make punk speeches in microphones. No girls—except hundreds at a time."

"Oh."

"I don't have to go to work in Chicago till tomorrow, though—" he said rather wistfully. Then he shrugged. "Looks like the mink coat is sending an S O S."

ABBEY frowned and left the hero. The lady in mink was Number Two on the list of those who were *hors de combat* due to the bumps. She was followed by Three and Four. Abbey did not get a chance to talk to Commander Evans for a long while—almost too long. It was rough, and people kept summoning her. Aromatic spirits. Coffee. Ice water.

Beyond Cincinnati, in the twilight, the bumps continued. Abbey knew it would be one of those nights when she had to juggle the trays. She did, too. The WPB man had recovered enough to eat. A downdraft she hadn't expected caught the starboard wing with the force of a padded mallet and she practically threw a glass of milk in the air. It splattered all over the WPB man—and he was very nice about it. She looked back at Commander Evans; he was pretending not to have seen with such intensity that she knew he had. She sponged up the mess and made the customary offer to have the coat dry-cleaned. The WPB man said it was nothing. There were spots of milk on her uniform.

Shortly after that, she had the other standard casualty: a sluicing jerk threw her against a seat when she had a tray in her hands; she could feel her silk stocking take hold of something and run clear to its cotton top. It was the fifth pair that week—and stockings were almost impossible to get. She retreated to her little seat in the stern. The coats swung on their hangars. The dishes jittered. Her flight report forms skidded to the floor. Commander Evans, she believed

miserably, would think of her now, not as a dashing stewardess but as a sort of slovenly, incompetent housemaid.

Doug came back, by and by. His dark eyes glanced lightly but thoughtfully at each of the passengers. He squeezed her shoulder. "Tough, kid. There just ain't any smooth place upstairs tonight."

"It's all right."

"Dame in the mink coat wants you again, pal."

"Yes. She's wretched."

He squeezed her shoulder again—and she felt better. He had nice hands. Strong—but so artistically constructed that they looked gentle. "Stay with it."

He went forward—hesitating behind

mander—you don't mind if I congratulate you?"

The men found each other rather sheepishly shaking hands. Abbey came by, hurrying toward Flight Control to make out her report.

"Crew car going our way," Doug called.

"Got a date," she shouted back musically.

DOUG grinned at the Navy officer. "She's scared to ride in those company limousines. Me, too. Rather land blind."

This was a traditional theme among airline personnel. The commander was

large photograph of Commander Evans—autographed. Abbey spoke without looking up: "I think I'll eat here. The boys go on. I suppose there's no chance it'll clear—"

Doug tried to be cheerful. "Always a chance, keed. Tough luck. A date in Washington—and grounded in Cincinnati. Is it the hero?"

She turned slowly and followed the earnest line of his eyes to the autographed portrait. "Pat? Not Pat. I left for duty. I had a date with Al Rogers—he's talking to the War Department this week end about some special training films. Alice brought over—a week ago. Terribly nice. Getting a divorce—I can't imagine what."

"Oh." Doug hung to the doorknob certainly for a moment. "We'll be in dining room. Too bad."

Jenk watched his skipper not eat dinner. Jenk had sensitive features, direct, loyal eyes. He was a young man in the airline. The line liked him—so did Doug. Jenk said, when Doug came to mash his ice cream and congregate on his coffee, "It's none of my business, pal, but an airplane is a small place and a guy can't miss the main event. Have you tried knocking her on the head?"

Doug's grin was flashing but evanescent. "I have—in my language."

"Have you tried forgetting her? I live in a world of stewardesses—all beautiful—many eager to oblige a veteran lot with a broken heart—"

Doug yawned masterfully—but a yawn was never more synthetic. "Screw it, Jenk." By and by he said, "I am a steady kind of oaf. That's my trouble. If I'd been dizzy—if I'd waited until some sunny afternoon when there weren't any passengers aboard and they played games with the ship coming in—just for the devil of it—where would I be?"

"Fired."

"And maybe I'd have gone in service. Maybe I'd have been wearing stripes like Evans—and even a row of colored stuff. But not me. A trolley conductor never stayed closer to the rails. Abbey likes the do-something boys."

"She likes you, too."

"I'm her favorite uncle. Oh—I can see how she feels. Who couldn't? The going on. That puts zingo in every guy's veins. Natural enough. It also fills the ships with guys who walk around in the headlines. Some of 'em—by the law averages—are the romantic type. Some of 'em are even decent eggs. I bet Evans. I'd bet on that guy. There's a day when just being a pilot was fairly on the melodrama side. Now—you gotta be a pilot and have a cannon, too. Or by me. I'm a trolley conductor."

A BELLHOP stepped into the dining room. "Call for Captain Bail," he intoned.

Doug threw down his napkin. "Phew, Abbey," he said, looking at his watch. "Tell her to pack that evening dress carefully. She may need it, yet."

Ten minutes later they were hurrying through the night. Abbey was chatting excitedly again. Doug was being amiable. It was going to be his job to get the ship, such passengers as could be corralled, and Abbey, down to Washington before one Alvin Rogers, slightly married but on the loose, got tired waiting around the airport.

Doug made it.

Three weeks later, Flight 19 pointed north and west in a sky its skipper disliked. But it was smooth going and they were picking up about ten miles from tail wind at six thousand. Jenk had said anything in particular all the



"Nicely put, Sergeant"

PERRY BARLOW

the seat occupied by Commander Evans—but not stopping. He wanted to—but he didn't have the nerve.

They started down a long way from Chicago. Abbey could feel the change of level and the pressure-diminution on her ears. She looked at the spots on her uniform and the run in her stocking. The commander turned, then, and beckoned.

"Be in, soon?"

"Ten minutes."

"I don't suppose—that is—it's no doubt against the rules—?"

She knew what was coming, but she let him stammer a while. Then she explained that discretion, not prohibition, was the company policy for the social activities of stewardesses.

When the plane stood still and shining on the ground and the passengers were hurrying toward the lights, Doug came outdoors. Commander Evans had been hanging around. He walked up to the pilot. "Nice flying, skipper," he said. "You birds handle these things like baskets of eggs."

Doug felt a glow. "Thanks. I—well—when it comes to nice flying—Com-

nodding. Doug said, "She's a dandy girl." He added, "Get us another Jap," and walked away.

Two weeks later, going the other way, they were grounded in Cincinnati. The intimidating crew car whizzed them over the mist-hung, glistening streets to the hotel: Doug, Jenk, and Abbey. There was a chance that it might open up later so they could go on to Washington—but not a very good chance, according to the meteorologist.

The hotel had a single room ready for Abbey and a double for Doug and Jenk. "Pick you up for supper," Doug said to the girl. They would keep in touch with the airport. If the ceiling lifted, they'd be ready to leave on short notice.

When they knocked on her door, she called, "Come in!" so Doug turned the knob. Abbey was sitting in front of a dressing table, still in her uniform. She had disconsolately buried her head in her hands. On a luggage rack was her overnight bag—the one she always carried—but it did not contain the usual skirt and blouse. Its principal content—an evening dress—hung from a closet door. Inside the lid of the case was a



# THE KID IN UPPER 4

It is 3:42 a.m. on a troop train.

Men wrapped in blankets are breathing heavily.

Two in every lower berth. One in every upper.

This is no ordinary trip. It may be their last in the U.S.A. till the end of the war. Tomorrow they will be on the high seas.

One is wide awake . . . listening . . . staring into the blackness.

It is the kid in Upper 4.

☆ ☆ ☆  
Tonight, he knows, he is leaving behind a lot of little things—and big ones.

The taste of hamburgers and pop . . . the feel of driving a roadster over a six-lane highway . . . a dog named Shucks, or Spot, or Barnacle Bill.

The pretty girl who writes so often . . . that gray-haired man, so proud and awkward at the station . . . the mother who knit the socks he'll wear soon.

Tonight he's thinking them over.

There's a lump in his throat. And maybe—a tear fills his eye. *It doesn't matter, Kid. Nobody will see . . . it's too dark.*

☆ ☆ ☆  
A couple of thousand miles away, where he's going, they don't know him very well.

But people all over the world are waiting, praying for him to come.

*And he will come, this kid in Upper 4.*

With new hope, peace and freedom for a tired, bleeding world.

☆ ☆ ☆  
Next time you are on the train, remember the kid in Upper 4.

If you have to stand enroute—it is so he may have a seat.

If there is no berth for you—it is so that he may sleep.

If you have to wait for a seat in the diner—it is so he . . . and thousands like him . . . may have a meal they won't forget in the days to come.

For to treat him as our most honored guest is the least we can do to pay a mighty debt of gratitude.



## THE NEW HAVEN R.R.

SERVING THE GREAT INDUSTRIAL STATES OF MASSACHUSETTS, RHODE ISLAND AND CONNECTICUT ★



from Washington. Neither had Doug. Abbey came in looking especially starry-eyed. Especially young, too, Doug thought. Like a kid.

Doug scrutinized her and said, "I know. Well—who is he?"

Abbey was slightly crestfallen. "I must be awfully naïve!"

"You are. But go on."

"Larry Barnham."

"Wonderful. Good old Larry. What's he? Trapeze artist?"

"Don't you know who that is?"

"The name is familiar. But it doesn't click."

Jenk explained by lowering his voice to a somber register and saying, "London—calling America."

"A radio announcer!" Doug snorted.

"He's not," Abbey said hotly. "Not just an announcer. He's a reporter. And a writer. A darned good writer. He told me he'd just been talking to the President—"

"Modest."

"He's terribly modest. He said it wasn't anything to go through those bombings. He said he just felt ashamed we weren't helping the English. He's been in seven major retreats. He just came back from Egypt and Australia last week. And he's a perfectly marvelous-looking man. Red hair—dark eyes—you go and talk to him."

"You talk to him," Doug said. "If I want to hear what he has to say, I'll tune in some time."

JENK grinned at the gray sky. Even with her good record, he thought, Abbey was getting a little too celebrity-conscious. If the line caught on, she'd catch the devil. Cincinnati came through on his earphones and he shoved them in place to listen. Abbey went back into the cabin. Doug took over and Jenk wrote out the report. He showed it to the Captain who said, "Thought so."

Abbey busied herself with the passengers for a few minutes and then sat down beside the enthralled Mr. Barnham. For a time, there was no more work to be done. He took her on a brief, vivid world-tour of the global war; and he was in the middle of a very exciting episode that concerned the evacuation of Singapore, when Doug buzzed.

"Darn it," she said. "That means me."

The radio reporter shrugged. "Hurry back!"

"I will."

Doug said, "Feed 'em early, Abbey."

"Bumps coming?"

"Yeah. Then soup."

"Okay."

She fed them early and had most of the trays collected before they hit the rough spot in the weather. It didn't last long. Twenty minutes after the first sluicing thump, the plane was steady again. People stopped looking down at the lights and began to read. One or two, however, from time to time peered nervously out of the windows. Abbey had been listening to Mr. Barnham. She stopped him, finally, to look. The world outside was like solid cotton in the waning light.

Mr. Barnham also gave the view his attention. "Lord," he said.

Abbey shrugged. "It's nothing, really. We're probably staying in it to get a push."

"Easy to hit something, though," Mr. Barnham said.

"But not much to hit—and it all talks to us by radio."

"I hope!"

The next time she went to the front porch, however, she knew that they were not staying in the murk just for a ride. The panel lights glowed faintly. Neither the captain nor the first officer showed

any real sign of anxiety. But they sat rigidly and Doug's eyes gleamed more brightly than usual as he turned to look at her.

"Shut down, keed. Quick—and all around. How'd they do back there in the lumpy stretch?"

"Nobody was bothered."

"Good. We'll probably make Chi. Nothing a whole lot better within reach, anyhow. If anybody, such as that announcer, gets worried, call Papa and I'll lend my presence for morale. It's okay—except there's a devil of a lot of soup."

She said, "Sure."

She didn't feel like listening to more of Mr. Barnham's hair-raising stories, then. She methodically pulled together and snapped the curtains—a wartime procedure on all ships approaching and leaving airports. She sat in her own seat at the far end of the cabin. Once or twice she looked at her watch. The time

## NOT WANTED for the Duration

0014



### VULTURE

Transient criminal who peddles rotgut and vice from shanty clip-joints near Army camps and war plants

came to be at Chi—and they were still flying. Other people looked at watches, too, and Mr. Barnham glanced back at her—nervously, she thought. They banked almost imperceptibly. But Abbey knew, as they briefly held the slight angle, that Doug was turning to push on to another field.

TIME passed. Mr. Barnham hunched down in his seat, pale and shaky. He got out a cigarette, remembered that the "No Smoking" sign was shining, and dropped the cigarette, unlighted. He tried to peek through the little drapes over his window. Mechanically, Abbey rose to tell him it was forbidden. All he could see, however, would be the white, cottony mist close against the glass, shining in the light from the cabin.

He told her so. "Pretty sour—huh?"

"Nothing to worry about. The captain's come in on the beam hundreds of times."

"They all have. And sometimes, they miss. Sometimes they come in on the side of the hill, or the side of a skyscraper, or a grain elevator." His voice was thin and high. The man sitting ahead of him twisted around anxiously.

Mr. Barnham was scared—badly scared. But Abbey smiled at him calmly and nodded brightly at the other passengers who were looking at her for reassurance. "Captain Bailey doesn't hit hills. Or buildings. He's no dope." She took a vacant seat—fastening the belt around her waist. Stewardesses were ordered to do that, before take-offs and landings. Another five minutes passed. Then the smoking sign went out and the plane zoomed. Her buzzer sounded.

THE two men in the cockpit were concentrated. Jenk was fiddling with the radio. Doug was flying. His voice was easy, however, and his big hands held the controls almost delicately. "They doing all right, Abbey?"

"Jittery."

"Maybe that announcer will give 'em a lecture on the war to keep 'em diverted. We're going back to Chi. It closed in here—but Chi's improving."

Abbey's voice was low: "Mr. Barnham isn't in shape to lecture on anything."

"Frightened?"

"Yes."

Doug considered that. Presently, in the dim glow, she could see him grin. "Are you?"

"I don't know."

"That's the right answer, gal. You are. Uneasy. I am myself. How bad are the rest?"

"Quiet. They saw the fog. They know we're late."

The captain nodded. "Yeah. Well—take care of 'em. The facts aren't too hot—that's for sure. Low ceiling. Want Jenk or me out there?"

"I'm okay."

She went back to the cabin. She felt as if she were stepping out on a stage: every face lifted and turned toward her. Nobody had started smoking again—thinking, perhaps, that the sign should still be on. She went from seat to seat. She knew that her eyes were steady, her smile was easy and that the color stayed in her face. It was her job. Acting—for the little theater of the cabin. She spoke to them: "You can smoke, if you wish . . . we'll be a little late . . . don't know just how long . . . pretty foggy down there . . . nothing to worry about. . ."

She passed chewing gum—and nearly every person took some. Then she offered coffee; nearly everyone put his gum in the receptacle and accepted coffee. Even Mr. Barnham—although he seemed uneasy than the others. One of the men began telling a joke in a loud voice. Others listened. It was a nice joke, and funny. Half a dozen people chuckled.

Abbey took her seat again. It was pretty wonderful, she thought. The man who had told the story was the sort that was timid in crowds—a thin, middle-aged little fellow with a pathetic blond mustache. But he was giving—because they were in a scary spot. Everyone, indeed, was commencing to behave beautifully. Except Mr. Barnham—who was showing his fright too plainly. A big fellow with a yellow diamond ring on his middle finger turned back toward the man with the pale mustache. "Did you hear the one about the kid who was busting up the toy department—and the child psychologist?"

They were laughing again.

Mr. Barnham beckoned. "Just what," he whispered sharply, "is wrong? Landing gear stuck?"

"No. Only what I said."

"I don't believe it."

"Would you like me to have the captain out here?"

He shook his head. "Sorry. Shaky. Been in too many tough spots, lately.

Nerves shot. Besides, it's going to be pretty poor fade-out, from the new standpoint, if a guy who's flown over a dozen battle lines is conked in a commercial plane in a Chicago street."

"You won't be." She walked away, somehow seemed worse that Mr. Barnham was concerned with his publicity than that he had been afraid for his safety.

For a small infinity, she just sat. The motors throbbed with a soft, far-off sound. The ship feathered through the night. The people talked and laughed. Finally, Doug came from the cabin. His eyes were unalarmed. There was a shadowy smile on his lips. He made a sweeping, easy appraisal of the faces—stopping for an instant to give Mr. Barnham an extra look. Then he lounge down the aisle, bending over at every second or third seat. He said little, reassuring things. The people seemed to have an almost childish confidence in him and they smiled approvingly at her when she followed the pilot forward.

Jenk saluted cheerfully. Doug eased his big body into position at the controls.

"Going on in, baby. Make sure they're buttoned up good, will ya? Just because."

"You bet."

"And make sure you are, hunh?" He looked at her.

Abbey squeezed his shoulder, then time. "Yes, Captain."

"Good gal! You've got 'em in sweet shape! Give you 'A-plus.'"

She was on the point of asking how tough it was going to be. She didn't need to. Jenk spoke audibly into the mike. "Right—!" he said. "Will do!" The he added softly, "Open the gates, Joe!"

THE "gates," in old-time airline parlance, are the pearly gates. When a pilot asked "Joe" to open them, it meant that the pilot thought there conceivably might be some customers for those portals. Abbey felt her flesh prickle slightly. She fixed her face before she pushed open the door. She went out and met the eyes. The sign came on. "No smoking. Fasten seat belts." She walked along to check. Then she took the rear single seat, where she could watch them as they fastened their own belts carefully—thinking of Doug.

The plane flew with seeming slowness, descending through the mist as if on long steps that had rounded edges—glide and a little bump—and another glide. The passengers were no longer talking. They sat stiffly. Fingers drummed. Hands were clenched. Abbey hoped nobody would squeak—or sweat—or anything. Nobody did.

In her mind's eye she could see Doug up forward in the dark, with that same grin of self-deprecation—in which there was also a curious self-confidence. There was a man. Her eyes flicked over to Mr. Barnham. He was braced, like a ramrod, and his cheek was pasty.

She knew when the flaps went down. They groped along the beam in the white impenetrability of fog. Feeling their way between a dot-dash and dash-dot. Jenk would be making crack. Doug would grin and go back to his warm, slight smile. She glanced at the emergency exit, the first-aid kit, and the fire extinguisher. She could imagine how panicky the people must feel, inside themselves—especially with the ship blacked out. Like being under water in a submarine, she thought—and knowing that the depth bombs might come. Somebody whistled—tunelessly, unconsciously.

The ship wobbled a little. Its nose lifted—dropped. The motors sped up.



# Famous M's

(DO YOU KNOW THEM?)



1. The founder of a kind of hypnotism.

M \_ \_ \_ \_ \_



2. Fictional Yukon character known as "Dangerous Dan."

M \_ \_ \_ \_ \_



3. A tribe of American Indians —also a city in Florida.

M \_ \_ \_ \_



4. Turkish Sultan after whom a cigarette is named.

M \_ \_ \_ \_



5. Composer of well-known "Spring Song" and "Wedding March."

M \_ \_ \_ \_ \_



6. The American Whiskey that's mellow and milder than many costlier brands.

M \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ &

M \_ \_ \_ \_

How many M's  
did you get right?

IF YOU GOT THEM ALL, you're something of a scholar. But you don't have to be a scholar to know that it's remarkable to find a whiskey with such a fine, rounded flavor, with such a mellow, Down-South taste as Mattingly & Moore... at its unusually low price.

In case you're still looking for some of the answers to the Famous M's, here they are: 1. Mesmer; 2. McGrew; 3. Miami; 4. Murad; 5. Mendelssohn; 6. Mattingly & Moore.

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and slowed again. There was no human motion in the plane after that. They sat like dolls. Abbey felt as if she were chewing on her heart. Then the wheels hit—moderately hard—and bounced. They hit again. Now, in this moment, she thought—the crash or the ground-loop—if it's coming. She was bent forward by the drag of the brakes. Then the plane stood almost still—the motors roared—and they were taxiing. Flight 19 was down. Routine landing: low ceiling—but not too low to sit down under.

Ten minutes later everybody had gone—toward the waiting room. They had acted a little ashamed, as if it had been unfair to be uneasy. Abbey saw that one of the men had left his brief case under his seat. She picked it up and ran toward the shining building in the hope of catching him. Washington brief cases were important, these days. She was successful; he was out on the curb, hailing a cab.

WHEN she started back, she passed the phone booth. Mr. Barnham, completely restored, was haranguing somebody: "Yeah—Jake! . . . Barnham! . . . I'm at the Chicago airport. . . . Look! . . . Make a new lead for the morning broadcast—will yah? My plane just landed in a hell of a fog—everything hay-wire—and I don't think I ever had a narrower escape. . . . Nope. . . . Oh, you know . . . the old malarkey about wherever Barnham goes there's excitement. . . . Something on the perils on the home front. . . . I'll cut in with an account of the landing. . . . Oke! . . ."

Abbey stood there disgustedly. Mr. Barnham saw her. He told "Jake" to hold on. He leaned from the booth. "How about dinner, baby?"

"No, thanks."

It was some time before she had her report ready for Flight Control. When

she turned it in, she asked where Doug was. They told her he had gone to the café. She found him, sitting alone at the counter. She slipped in beside him.

"Coffee," she said to the girl. She expected Doug to speak, but he didn't. He patted her back gently—but he didn't say a word. She waited for her coffee and sipped it. "Remember your flingding? When you offered to bring my list of proposals up to twelve?"

He nodded.

"Is the bid still open?" She swallowed. "I mean—I'm off glamor."

He shrugged. "Depends. You off flying, too?"

"Of course not!"

He grinned, then. "Good gal! But I am, Abbey. Grounded."

"What!"

"I put in for the Army," he said quietly. "I mean—active duty. I got it. Not flying. Operations. Can you imagine?" He shook his head. "Of course later—I might fly again. Who knows Abbey—you're looking at a Major—on that's booked as a plane passenger—tomorrow—for Miami Beach." He sat steadfastly, not showing his hunger for her—or his disappointment.

For a long minute, she imagined Flight 19 leaving Washington with its enthralling parade of fighting men, celebrities, stars, millionaires—and another girl aboard. She turned on her stool. "Miami Beach, Doug? Get two tickets, huh?"

THE END



"It's certainly flattering that you're willing to be A.W.O.L. just on account of me"

## The Golden Age

Continued from page 13

prove myself worthy of her, to make a name for her.

"I worked hard and I worked my crew hard. Navy was inclined to sniff at Reserve in those days—it seems an awful long time ago—and I wanted to show that we were just as good as pukka Navy people and a lot better than some of 'em. Chances—you have to take chances all the time in convoy work—I took needless chances, time and again, just to keep my crew on their toes. I volunteered my ship for all the dirty jobs. And I never cared a damn for weather. When we got into port I made sure that mine was the first ship ready for sea again—moved heaven and earth to do it. My crew loved it—I think they even loved me. They used to brag about me in the pubs ashore. Among the officers I got the name of being a thruster.

"In Derry one time on a binge a man called me Hell-bent Hericot and the name stuck. I was proud of it. I think I lived up to it. If there were any justice in modern warfare I should have been famous—I'd have sunk subs galore, beaten off air attacks by the score, pulled off wonderful rescue stunts that the Admiralty wouldn't be able to keep from the newspapers—you know the kind of thing. Heaven knows I tried hard enough. But there was something I'd forgotten. You have to have luck. And I hadn't got it—not the shadow of it. Other corvettes were constantly running into excitement. Not mine. Fellows I knew, who hadn't had a command more than six weeks or a couple of months at

most, stumbled on subs or shot down Heinkels right and left. Not me!

"I tell you it was like a curse—as if I were bewitched. Will you believe this? I've never seen a submarine except one or two of our own. In fifteen months not so much as a periscope feather! Aircraft? I've seen them as specks in the sky—and once I was dive-bombed, but the bomb missed by a length and a half and the Hun scuttled off."

"HOW can you call that bad luck?" Marian said a little wildly. "It's what I've prayed for—what every woman prays for."

"Bah! I've prayed too—for fifteen months I've prayed for something to happen—anything!—and nothing ever did. But danger—that's something else. There's always danger. Not the exciting kind, not the kind that gives you a chance to fight and prove yourself, but the cold kind that sits all about you, watching you, never showing itself day or night but always there, listening for you, stalking you, haunting you. Against that you have no weapons. You're naked. Not all at once but little by little you come to think of yourself as a floating target, nothing else. It's not fear, you understand. You must believe that. It's just a cold resignation that takes all the heat out of your blood and ties your insides in a knot. You wonder when the big bang will come. In five minutes' time? Tonight? Tomorrow morning? Next week? Next month? You sit there on top of fuel tanks and magazines with

half an inch of plating between you and the end of everything and you wonder

"When you get into the Approach you look at the dead men drifting pale all black in the oil and the raffle and you think, 'That's me—and Mortly and O'Higgins and Callen and the rest of—next week or next trip.' If only something would happen! If you could get crack at Jerry, a chance to raise mer hell with depth charges, a chance to squirt the pom-pom at his planes—anything to break the evil spell of it!"

"But nothing ever comes—only the ships creeping along in the fog at the dark, and now and again a bump the distance to prove that the danger is real. If you could sleep! But at six you're routed out at all hours for all sorts of things and you get into the habit of staying topside, in your clothes, dozing now and again on a settee in the chartroom. You get out of the knack of sleeping and when you get into a place where you can turn in properly, sleep won't come. You feel yourself going mad. Then you discover there's a way. If you drink enough you can sleep like a log. Then you discover something else. If you drink enough you can get on and bear the burden of your job—the awful twenty-four-hour-a-day responsibility that burdens you like the dead weight of the ship.

"I found out those things. But when you're at sea you can't drink—and then you've the craving for it along with your other worries. You get edgy. You begin to see faults in your officers and in



th you never noticed before. You keep to yourself. There's no chance of exercise in a corvette at sea, nothing but a fisherman's walk—two steps and overboard. There's nothing to break the monotony but food. So you eat too much. The endemic disease in corvettes is indigestion. When it gets bad you eat some more and that drives it away for a time. But your temper goes brittle and it breaks when you're not expecting it.

One day off Tobermory I kicked a signalman. We'd been in fog for days at night on end, herding a convoy from Iceland. But that was no excuse for the signalman. There'd been no ship for anybody. The fellow was standing in the bridge wing. He was supposed to be on watch—it was just a quiet day—and he was standing there by the point-five gun asleep on his feet, with his eyes wide open!

I tell you I passed my hand in front of his face and he didn't even blink. So I kicked him. I stood off and gave him the full swing of my sea boot. It fairly rocked him. And coming out of a dead sleep like that, with the expectation of a big bang always in the back of his mind, I suppose he thought we'd been bombed and done for. Anyhow he dived overboard in one wild spring and went down like a stone. We couldn't have picked him up anyhow, not with ships circling up in the fog on all sides of us. But there it was. The tale got out that I kicked a man overboard. There was an investigation and I was cleared. The rear admiral in charge of the POW told me he'd have done the same in my place.

Can you guess why I'm telling you all that? Can't you see why I kicked that poor devil, why I can't keep away from a bottle, why I can't face taking the ship to sea tomorrow?"

He stared at him with pitiful eyes, but his lips did not move. He cried out, "I've lost my nerve... that's why! I've gone! And when you lose that, you've lost everything! I've known it for weeks and months! Now you know it. Tomorrow or the next day or the next week every man on the ship will know it!"

Marian reached out and took his hand and held it tightly.

HE was in such a turmoil that when she spoke she was startled by the very richness of her voice: "There must be some way out, my dear. Something you can do. Can't you go before a medical board and tell them the truth?"

"I couldn't ask for that." His voice was almost scornful.

"Why? They can't expect a man your age to stand the strain like the younger commanders. Oh, my dear, you've done your share... more! You're entitled to..."

"No!"

"But why?"

"It... it just isn't done." At any other time she would have been angry. Men and their eternal things that can't be done! But there was no anger, no feeling in her at all now except the one great pain at her heart. There was only one way out. He must pull himself together. Had she been strong and beautiful she might make some sort of emotional appeal to his youth, but she was too spent herself. There was another appeal, a strong one, but she shrank from it, shuddering in her soul. She forced the words to her lips. "Then, John, you must pull yourself together and face it—for Robin's sake." "Robin?"

"He likes the sea and the life. He's got making the Navy a career after the war."

"I talked like that, twenty-odd years ago. He'll get over it."

"He'll never get over it if you let him down, John. Think of the things men will say. You know how merciless they are, especially the young men, when it comes to a matter of courage. It's bound to reach Robin's ears—and the ears of his superiors. You know what a fetish the navy makes over an officer's antecedents. The name's not yours to do with as you like. It's Robin's, too. Would you have him ashamed of his own name? Oh, John, he's so very young and eager—you couldn't do that to him. You couldn't! Please sit on the bench and listen to me. Robin says..."

Robin... Robin... Robin...

HE SAID goodbye to her in the early morning. It was still quite dark. The air through the windows was cool with a feel of dew in it and there was a twitter of sparrows in the garden. Along the corridor Marian could hear the others stirring. Most of the officers had sent their things down to the corvette last night. One or two had slept aboard.

She heard Lieutenant Raeburn's feet go past toward the stairs, and in a few moments there was a faint but unmistakable sound of sobbing in young Mrs. Raeburn's room.

Marian steadied her eyes for John. There was little to say now. All that could be said she had said in the garden yesterday. When he kissed her for the last time there was a glitter of moisture in his eyes but his big chin was up and she saw him take a last look at the photograph on the table.

"You'll be all right now, my dear," she whispered.

"Yes, I'll be all right."

The door closed slowly behind him. She wanted to weep but no tears would come. She lay on the bed in her night-dress staring wide-eyed toward the ceiling and after a time, just as daylight crept into the room, she heard the corvette's farewell to the women, to the town, to the shores of home, a series of strident whoops from the siren as it passed out of the river to sea. An insane sound, beginning on a low note and ending in a scream, echoed in the harbor hills.

There was a timid knock on the door. It opened and young Mrs. Raeburn came in clad in pajamas. "Mrs. Hericot, do you mind? It's silly to feel like this, I suppose, but I can't help it. I've come to you because you're older and you know what it's like and—and I just want you to talk to me and let me cry."

"Lie down, my dear," Marian said. Young Mrs. Raeburn threw herself on the bed and her movement jerked the pillow aside. She found something harsh against her face and put up her hand. It was a crumpled ball of paper, a telegram.

Marian said in a strained voice, "Read it!"

Mrs. Raeburn sat up and opened it, wondering. She gasped, and her eyes went to the photograph.

"Your son! How awful! How long have you known?"

"Two days. His ship struck a mine and sank with all hands."

"And you had to part with your husband this morning—oh, Mrs. Hericot!"

"My husband doesn't know, thank God!"

"You—you didn't tell him? How brave—how very brave you are!"

"No," Marian said slowly. "Courage is something you have only when you're young. It's a part of good health and good looks and the feeling that no evil can ever touch you. My dear, I'm forty-six."

THE END



**"HAPPY DAY!"**

Now's de time  
fo' my dee-licious  
**AUNT JEMIMA**  
**BUCKWHEATS!**

**AUNT JEMIMA**  
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JIFFY—HER SECRET  
RECIPE IS READY-  
MIXED FOR YOU!

EASY AS 1-2-3...JUST  
ADD MILK OR WATER,  
STIR, THEN POP 'EM  
ON THE GRIDDLE!

GET BOTH — Yellow box for Buckwheats; Red box for Pancakes AND WAFFLES, TOO!



# He Makes Them Over

Continued from page 16

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer officials recognized a few months ago, when they offered him \$50,000 a year to take the place of Adrian as the studio's head fashion designer.

Don declined this politely, because he does not want to be just a designer, no matter how attractive the rates, and after shaking off various other proffered jobs pertaining to the cinema, he was snapped up by Paramount to dance with Ginger in *Lady in the Dark*.

Loper is thirty-six, lithe, quick and definitely not the handsome-hero type. He has a dancer's body and a clown's face, and he uses pantomime with the loving skill of a great comedian. More than anything, he looks like a brunet Danny Kaye. He talks with an accent that is a combination of good British, burlesque Brooklynese, and just kidding. He kisses a girl's hand with the easy elegance of an eighteenth-century duke, but he is also apt to toss her a well-meaning insult of the variety that Moss Hart and George S. Kaufman write for Monty Woolley.

"This will positively kill youse, Bud," is his preface to the stark biographical fact that he comes from Toledo, Ohio. His father was a successful department-store owner in that city, his mother a celebrated English beauty who saw to it that, at the age of nine, Don was sent off to England to attend Feigan and Essex. At twelve, he returned to become a ballet dancer; he spent two years with the Chicago Civic Ballet and capped this phase of his career by marrying, at the age of fifteen, one Vye Hughes, a luscious, 107-pound blonde from Charleston, West Virginia.

## Grounds for Divorce

There followed brief experiments with the Broadway stage, studies in Paris, and a try at life on Long Island. And after seven years of matrimony, Don and Vye divorced with the utmost friendliness.

"She was a lovely girl, but she spent the whole day in riding breeches," he told a friend later. "She didn't like clothes." That was enough to end it all for him.

Loper gets more kick out of designing dresses for a beautiful girl than most people get drinking champagne, cutting a rug or making money. Last season, while he was drawing an unheard-of salary for directing, producing and dancing with Maxine Barrat in the show at the Copacabana, he was spending the daylight hours doing gowns for Marlene Dietrich and assorted chorus girls. The only difference was that Marlene paid an astronomical sum for the privilege of being Loper's momentary Galatea; the chorines got the same service for nothing.

The one woman who has never questioned his advice or resisted his ministrations to the slightest degree is his dancing partner, the taut, high-cheeked, infinitely glossy Maxine. They have been dancing together professionally since the day five years ago when they met at a London tea dance and he invited her out for a fox trot.

"You dance very well," he complimented.

Maxine, who had been making her living with her feet for several seasons, gave him a not too terribly grateful look and said, "So do you."

In less than a fortnight (after he had upswept her hair into a style that was four years ahead of its time, chosen for

her a dazzling collection of gowns, supervised her nail polish, her gloves, her furs and her stockings) they started touring Europe as a team.

Sensation is not too strong a word for what they created, instantly. The blond girl with the figurine-perfect body and lacquered look and her dark, live partner did things that seemed easy and were hard; the mood of their performance was sophistication almost to the point of satire. Their dancing winked.

They waltzed and rumbaed and fox-trotted from London to Paris to Budapest to Biarritz, at \$1,500 to \$3,000 a week. They were in San Sebastian when the first shot was fired in the Spanish War; they were dancing on a glass floor and they heard the guns above the music and their own light footsteps.

Soon afterward, they came to America—to Broadway and the glamor niteries and such theatrical extravaganzas as *One For The Money* and *Jerome Kern's Very Warm For May*. For the past few seasons, they have whirled fleetly and with spectacular urbanity across the two-bit-sized dance floor of the Copacabana, where Don also produces, directs, and occasionally writes songs for the elaborate *divertissement* featuring the Samba Sirens, who are the current most-pleasant-to-gaze-at examples of the Loper touch.

When he was first assigned to the chore of building a floor show around the Samba Sirens, Don took his initial look at the seven belles, shook his head in despair, and moaned, "What am I going to do with you? I feel like the ring-master at a dog show."

In less than two months, he had transformed the bowwows into such devastating beauties that they were rushed off to the altar or Hollywood faster than he could train replacements.

What Loper does for the deserving chorines, he does for free; when he creates a little number for a lass with a

bagful of happy cabbage, his prices begin where most ordinary budgets end.

"I can't start thinking for less than \$350," he gaily admits.

Only women who amuse him or inspire him wear his clothes, and these include Katherine Cornell, Martha Raye, Margot Grahame, Lela Rogers (Ginger's mother) and Anne Shirley. If he by chance encounters any one of them looking below par (which is perfection) in cocktail lounge or theater lobby, bystanders within twenty yards are sure to be treated to the sound of Loper's voice lashing the air with "You do look awful, girl. Go home and dress yourself."

One of the most spectacular and soul-satisfying feats of duckling-into-swan ever achieved by Loper was performed upon a plain young girl whom he encountered one morning strolling the Atlantic City boardwalk, wearing black slacks, a very bad turban and pearl earrings. Loper couldn't resist stopping her.

"You really look dreadful, dear. Who are you?"

"Ruth Brady," the girl said, adding with pride, "I'm Miss Brooklyn."

Don reached out, pulled off the turban, scrutinized her oval face, and said, "Come with me."

At that moment began the reincarnation of Miss Brooklyn. Don ordered her never again to encase her hips in a pair of slacks, black or otherwise. He taught her what make-up to put on, and what to leave off and how to walk. He even showed her how to cut a piece of roast beef.

One evening when they were dining together, he looked at her sharply and demanded, "Where did you get that wrist watch you're wearing?"

"My mother," said Ruth.

"Well, take it off, put it in your purse and never wear it again," Pygmalion ordered.

Galatea obeyed.

Next day, a messenger arrived at house bearing a small package. It contained a gold clip watch, studded with rubies and diamonds, from the most expensive jeweler in town.

His passion for rearranging extends from women to apartments. When visits, the front door is scarcely long enough to admit him before he has the furniture completely switched around, and has told you for heaven's sake to take down that portrait of U. S. Joshua, it's awful. And why don't you spread around a little chintz in the living room? He will do a whole house over in five minutes, with or without your courage.

## London in New York

His own home is a four-story walk-up unfashionably situated on Lexington Avenue in the Sixties over a brasserie and a tailoring establishment, at the top of the stairs an ivy-covered door with a gold knocker admits you to a completely charming Regency apartment with three small drawing rooms and a replica of his home in London.

In this green-velvet and gold-satin house Don is a superb but stubborn host. He will not serve a cocktail or any other mixed drink, because he considers concoctions uncivilized. Guests who know this idiosyncrasy are sometimes impelled, by hardheadedness on their own parts, to evade this ruling, as late sections of the population did during the prohibition era.

One evening, Ted Straeter, the theater leader, who likes a cocktail before dinner, telephoned Loper an hour before the time appointed for feasting and said firmly, "Don, I hope you won't mind, but I'm bringing my own Martinis."

Reluctantly, Loper agreed to give him a glass from which to drink the brew, but accompanied this concession with a vivid lecture on *The Virtues of Plain Imbibing*. He himself indulged in only two alcoholic drinks—Scotch with ice, or Scotch without.

He sleeps almost no hours at all, no more than five. When he lunches with a girl, he always brings flowers—purple orchids or sprays of gardenias—to celebrate, he says, the fact that he got up in time for lunch. But this is sheer whimsy, because he's always up anyway. The telephone in his wall starts ringing at nine, and he's so curious he can't resist answering it.

He's the restless type. He smokes a lot and usually deposits the ashes in his hair; it's his favorite gesture. The *Rain Hood* in him makes him worry about chorus girls, feed them, clothe them, and lend them money; the same quality causes him to disdain the wealthy and famous and important, unless they manage to be amusing according to his lights. No one has awed him yet.

There is the rather famous occasion when Norma Shearer, after watching Loper dance for an hour and a half at the Saratoga night club, met him socially. A short conversation took place, following which the star cooed, "You're a really interesting young man. What do you dooo?"

Loper lifted his cigarette above his close-cropped hair, tapped the ashes on his scalp and purred: "I'm a tight-walker. What do you dooo?"

Yes, things ought to pick up all around while Don's in Hollywood—standing with Ginger Rogers' feet.

THE END



"Gregg, you said \$11,576—Ellsworth, \$9,085—Hanson, \$15,420—Smith, \$6,253 and my guess is \$14,321. . . . Now we'll count it and see who wins the dollar!"

COLLIER'S

WILLIAM SPAAR





# Wine ~ friendly as a New Year's call

**Wine is made for the  
moderate, relaxing occasions  
we all need nowadays**

OFTEN as you can these days, drop in on your friends, or ask neighbors over to your house. Share some talk and a bit of food with them. Ease up. It's one of the better ways, you'll find, to keep up good morale and good cheer. With many people, wine is a favorite when folks gather together this way. Because over good food and wine everyone

can relax in moderation, and enjoy himself. That's what wine is made for — to help bring out friendship.

And nothing is easier than to serve wine in your home. You set it out as simply as you would tea or coffee. For an interesting free booklet about wine and how to enjoy it, and about wine in cookery, write the Wine Advisory Board, 85 Second Street, San Francisco.

You'll find excellent California wines now at your dealer's. Sound and well developed, these wines are true to type, and inexpensive, too. Consult your dealer—he will be pleased to help you choose among the good wines of our own country.



Next time friends drop in, bring on this fragrant, full-bodied Port wine. It's good with fruitcake, sandwiches or cheese sticks — and equally good served this easy way are Sherry and Muscatel. With dinner or luncheon, of course, you'll prefer a lighter table wine like hearty red Burgundy or golden delicate-flavored Sauterne





# Miracle Come to Pass

By Roark Bradford

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM MEADE PRINCE

Scandalous proceedings at Little Bee Bend, where, it would appear, the wine is potent



UNCLE HENRY was a man of many talents and much talk. First, of course, he "knacks" with livestock and was able to keep in working condition the eighty-odd mules dragged cultivators through the cotton fields of Bee Bend plantation. As senior deacon in the Ship of Zion church, naturally he had to lead in prayer and song and to testify in open meeting. He claimed he could preach a better sermon than Charlie, the one-legged blacksmith-preacher, if he put his mind to it.

"I ain't de Lawd," Uncle Henry confessed earnestly, "but I kin make things come to pass."

The old lotman was seated on the Widow Duck's front porch, pleasantly idling away the afternoon. It was hot, out across the broad fields, but the cotton was "shoulder high and loppin' in de middles," a situation that lasts only a few brief days between final plowing and first picking. The mules were in pasture with Riley, Uncle Henry's assistant, was attending to the milk cows. There was no work to be done and no responsibility to carry. The young people found excitement in trips over to "de dago's," or in romantic experiments along the bayou. The old folks just sat by and idled.

"Anybody kin make things come to pass," the Widow Duck belittled. "Efn dey got sense enough to manage 'em. But I bet you can't do no merricle."

Uncle Henry thought it over carefully. "Well, naw," he concluded. "I reckon I ain't holy enough to do a merricle."

"Aw, git out!" the Widow Duck said. "You holly you stinks. Me and you bofe is too old to do anything else but holly." She shook her head. "Er cou'se," she added, "I ain't always been so lolly. About de time I was takin' Big Jim Haley away from dat frail brown over on Duke's Bend, I was a down thaing! And I didn't keer who knowed hit."

"In my day," countered the lotman, "I used to me up a little hell, myse'f. Gamblin' wid spot cy and rollin' a few dices and pitchin' razors and gettin' dronk and shootin' my pistol in de middle er t and all like dat. Might' nigh ev'ywhars I we caused talk."

"Didn't you never git messed up wid no ladies?" the Widow Duck wondered.

"Well, in a way," Uncle Henry admitted.

"How you mean?"

"I had too much ladies," Uncle Henry explained. "My trouble wa'n't in gittin' 'em. My trouble was in gittin' shut of 'em. And hit ain't no fun when a gal got seven or eight or a dozen ladies cryin' and askin' you please to marry up wid 'em. Makes me sad right now ev'y time I thinks about all de ladies I ain't got me."

The Widow Duck snorted. "I bet efn I'd a' gotter you I'd 'a' got you."

"Hit's a question, soul," Uncle Henry conceded. "You never will know."

"Humph!" the Widow Duck humphed. "I bet you could marry you right now, as fat and ogly as I'm. But hit ain't nothin' in yo favor dat appeals to me."

"I hope you ain't jokin'," the old lotman said. "'Cause I'm too old to run away now." He put on his hat. "Marry talk skeers me," he added. "B'lieve I git on back to de barn and see if Riley's merrin' things." He bowed. "Goodby, all," he said. "Fare ye in yo prayers."

"March wid de angels," the Widow Duck replied.

AT THE barn, Uncle Henry came upon a half-grown pet pig. "You know, Robbit," he told the pig, "b'lieve she want to marry me."

"Say which, Uncle Henry?" It was Riley, standing inside the barn, who answered.

"Say I b'lieve I'll go by de dago's and git me a er wine," the old lotman said.

"Didn't know you dronk wine," said Riley.

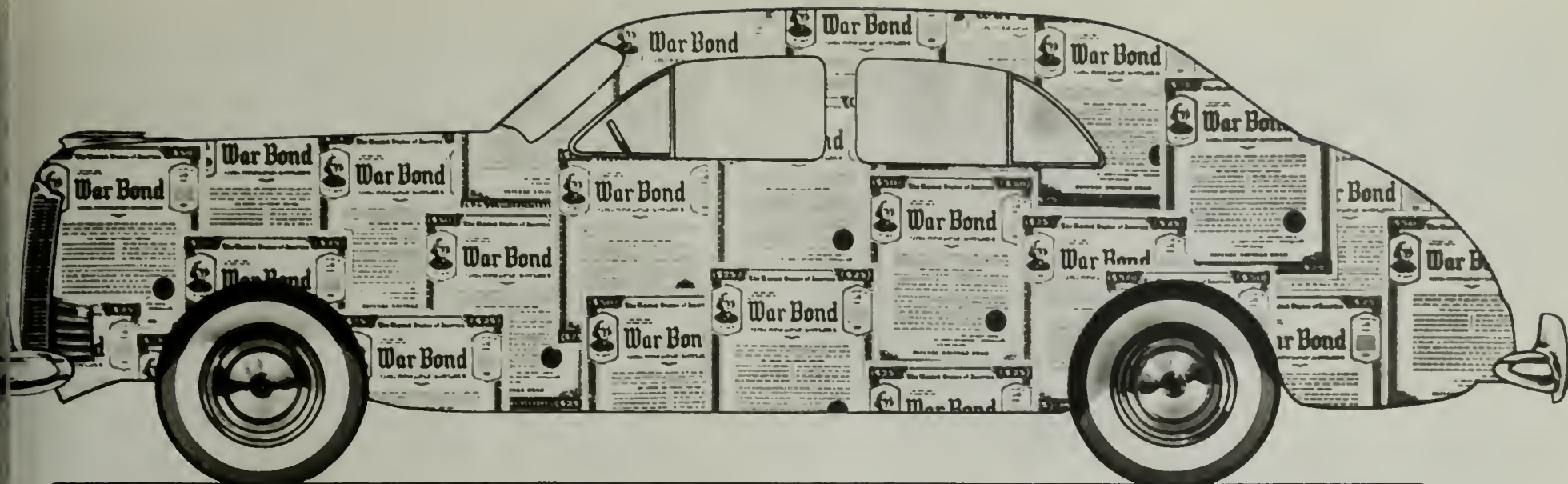
"Lot of things 'bout me, I don't know," Uncle Henry declared spiritedly. "Let alone you."

After a few minutes of finding absolutely nothing to do, he ambled half a mile down the black-top road to the combination filling station, grocery and package liquor store. The sun was hot and he walked slowly. "I swear, I bet Mis' Duck do want to marry me, sho nuff," he told himself.

At the dago's, several young people were hanging around.

The Widow Duck picked up her chair. "Charlie," she said menacingly, "efn you says one word er de marriage over me and Henry, I'll knock yo haid





## Announcing the new Packard for '43

ABOUT THIS TIME of the year, if there weren't a war to be won, we'd probably be talking about new 1943 Packard models.

Today, of course, no cars are rolling off our assembly lines. Instead, we are turning out Packard-built Rolls-Royce aircraft engines at top speed — and Packard super-marine

engines for the Navy's hard-hitting PT boats.

So your 1943 Packard is now a *brand-new 1943 War Bond* — and it's a mighty fine model! You get it F.O.B. your nearest bank or post office, or wherever War Bonds are for sale . . . and it has a galaxy of all-star features . . .



Every dollar you put into War Bonds is put into power. War-horsepower! Planes! Tanks! Guns! More of *everything* America needs to win!



**VARIETY OF STYLES AND PRICES!** Big ones for big wallets — and little ones for little pockets with just as much patriotism but in your pocketbooks.



**EASY TERMS!** A down payment of a dime, a quarter, or a half-dollar starts you on your way. When you've bought enough War Stamps, you just exchange them for a War Bond. Easy? Even the youngsters are doing it!

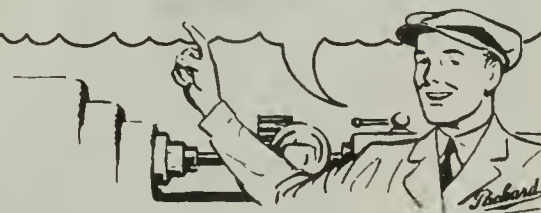


**ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE!** He'll tell you every War Bond is backed up by the strongest company in the world — the good old U. S. A.! And Uncle Sam stands back of every War Bond you buy!



**TRADE-IN VALUE!** When it comes time to turn in that War Bond, you get *more* than you paid for it — *plenty more!*

**- SO BUY WAR BONDS! FOR IF AMERICA DOESN'T WIN THIS WAR, I'LL NEVER BE BUILDING PACKARD CARS AGAIN, MISTER — AND YOU'LL NEVER BE BUYING EM!**



**WARTIME SERVICE PLAN FOR CAR OWNERS.** Although Packard is now 100% in war production, we're not forgetting our motor car responsibilities. Packard dealers are *staying in business* to help keep your car running at top efficiency. Drive in for a free check-up and inspection — and get the details of our "Car Health" Plan — today!

**WAR BONDS AND STAMPS — AND KEEP ON BUYING!**

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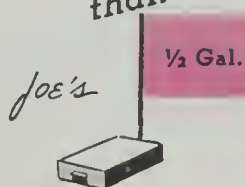
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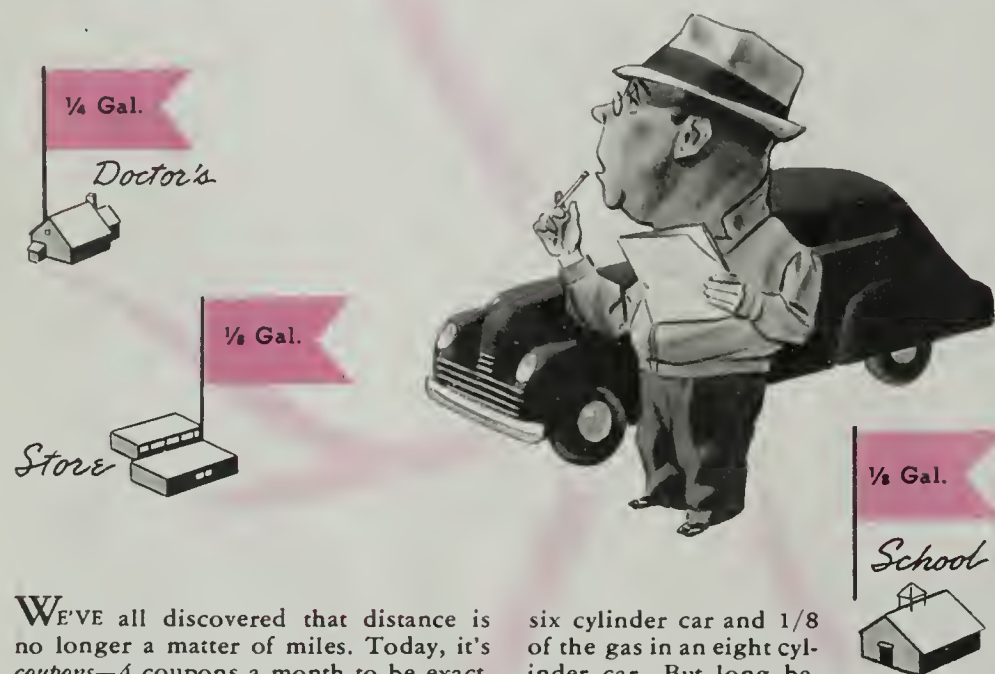
# P.S.

PREVENTIVE SERVICE

Sponsored by Collier's  
for Motor Car Owners



## How to get along on 4 coupons a month



WE'VE all discovered that distance is no longer a matter of miles. Today, it's coupons—4 coupons a month to be exact. The big problem is to fit your essential driving into these precious coupons.

Stretching gasoline to cover more driving has long been a favorite subject of your P.S. editors. Now, rationing makes gasoline-stretching mandatory with every motorist.

The first step to getting more from your gasoline is to find out just what mileage you do get. Make a regular habit of checking the gasoline you put in against the

mileage on your speedometer. If you find you're not getting what you should, get your service man and P.S. on the job. (When you figure, remember the new low speed limit should automatically give you 25 or 30 per

cent more mileage than driving at 50.) Gasoline wastage is usually a sign that something's "out of whack." It may be that the lack of a replacement or a needed repair is cutting your ration book in half. Let's take one illustration:

### Spark Plugs Can Eat Up Half a Coupon

In the course of a thousand miles, your spark plugs fire more than a million times! Thus, it's only natural that the electrodes of the plugs, subject to tremendous heat, get out of adjustment and eventually burn off.

When this happens, you'll have a missing cylinder that wastes 1/6 of the gas in a

six cylinder car and 1/8 of the gas in an eight cylinder car. But long before this, your plugs haven't been sparking efficiently, and the inefficient spark hasn't been making full use of the gasoline in the cylinders. On this count alone, gas wastage can run as high as 10%.

Your service man can make a Preventive Service inspection of your plugs very quickly and easily. Have him do it regularly.

### Ignition System

Checking spark plugs is just one point in Preventive Service. All the inter-related parts of the ignition system (distributor, coil, generator, battery, wires and cables) as well as other parts of the engine and car can make serious cuts in your ration book—unless you pay strict attention to P.S.

This Collier's column has endeavored to call your attention to certain car facts that will help you get along on 4 coupons a month. Remember the first step is to check the mileage you're getting. Then check your service man for P.S.

There'll be more Preventive Service columns in later issues. In the meantime, send for the FREE P.S. Check List. This form will help your service man tell you what Preventive Service is needed on your car now—and what can be deferred. To get your free copy, merely write Collier's P.S., 250 Park Ave., New York City.



fun. A juke box was moaning a slow tune and couples were "dragg'n' hit out" on the floor. Uncle Henry recognized one of them.

"You, Doralee," he chided, "you ain't hardly dry f'm gettin' baptized and hyar you is jest a-dancin' like a fool."

The young girl released her partner and laughed. "Us ain't dancin', Uncle Henry," she told him. "Us doin' what you calls 'cenchin' along.' Jest like de hymn say, 'Keep a-cenchin' along like a po little worm—like dis.'" She moved her feet in a slow, rubbery slide and ended in a sudden "bump."

Uncle Henry laughed and slammed his hat on the floor. "I swear, daughter!" he exclaimed. "Dat might not be's dancin' but hit'll do ontwell de dancin' start. Yah, Bad Eye, bring me a pint er dat sweet wine whilst I sets and watch dese chilluns."

"WHY, Uncle Henry!" Doralee scolded. "You's de haid deacon and fixin' to drink wine?"

"Paul say wine is good for de belly-ache," Uncle Henry pointed out. "I et a mighty big dinner and I'm li'ble to git one efn I don't pitch a little er dis anjylicker down amongst all dem cabbages and beans and stuff."

He sipped the angelica and watched the merriment with approval, patting his feet to the music and exchanging banter with the youngsters.

Before he realized it, the bottle was empty and Bad Eye had brought him another. Presently Doralee announced, "Hit's gittin' late and Albert'll run me plum to It'll efn his supper ain't ready. You goin' my way, Uncle Henry?"

"I wouldn't risk myse'f wid you, down de road, daughter," he declined gallantly. "Pray hard and let yo light so shine."

Bad Eye brought another bottle to Uncle Henry, and then lighted the lamp. People left and new ones came in. Uncle Henry presently dozed.

"I'm fixin' to lock up now," Bad Eye told the old lotman, shaking his shoulder. "Think you kin make hit home okay?"

Uncle Henry batted his eyes and shook his head. "Sho, I kin make hit home," he snapped. "How come I can't?" "You drunk three pints er anjylicker," Bad Eye suggested.

"Den, gimme another pint." "You owes me sixty cents for what you done drunk, already."

Uncle Henry pulled a silver dollar from his pocket and slapped it on the table. "Bring me two pints, den," he ordered, "and keep de change."

"Hit won't be no change," said Bad Eye. "Hit's twenty cents a pint and dat'll make five."

"Den don't keep de change," Uncle Henry ordered, "jest bring me my wine."

Outside, the moon was full and bright and the old lotman felt mighty pleasant as he strolled leisurely down the road.

It was, Uncle Henry discovered soon, a brand-new road. The way from the dago's to Uncle Henry's cabin on Little Bee Bend was smooth and level. The road he was now walking rolled and pitched beneath his feet—uphill and down and from side to side. But Uncle Henry did not mind.

"I'm gittin' about de country," he told himself happily. "Leavin' out f'm hyar so's Mis' Duck can't marry me." He concentrated on the Widow Duck for a while and then he got angry. "She too smart," he decided. "She claim she won't marry up wid me, jest to th'ow me offn my gyards, and den she fixin' to sneak up and marry de fool outn me, whilst my back is turned! Dat kind er stuff sound mighty close to hyppercrittin' to me."

He weaved a little farther down the

road. "But she can't git me now, I'm gittin' about." The idea of pleased him and he forgot his angelica a little tune to himself—a song he had not thought about for a quarter of a century:

"Gonter roll my britches up-a  
knees,  
Gonter wade up de bayou far  
please.  
Goin' up de bayou, goin' up de  
Goin' up de bayou, durn my so

He stopped singing, shocked. "V swear!" he exclaimed. "Hyar me a reel and me de haid deacon! E me kindly, Lawd."

But the Lord did not excuse him. Lord suddenly transferred him from strange, rolling highway to the black-top road that led directly to Bee Bend and to the man-ma Widow Duck. Right before his stood the familiar landmark—the of Reub and Sugar with the big wood tree between house and fence.

Uncle Henry blinked and saw. There was no mistaking it. But was that stream of water doing, running right across the road before him seemed to come right from under R house!

"Now, dat's what de Lawd dor for singin' dat bayou-wadin' reel," Henry said. It seemed a reasonable ishment for a reel-singing deacon he accepted it with good grace. He down the two bottles of angelica, moved his shoes, trousers and shirt, ing them into a neat bundle, he them high above his head to p them from the water. The proba of getting his long underwear we not concern him. What did were the bottles of wine on the ground. He made up his mind about them. He his clothes on the ground and p up the bottles. Stepping cautiously waded across the dark shadow of the tonwood tree that stood before R house.

"I'M TOO good a Baptist, Lawd," he weary 'bout wadin' in a little w, Uncle Henry said.

That he reached the other side of shadow without getting wet did no cur to him. He felt comfortable happy in body and soul.

Where the footpath left the road the bayou bank, he instinctively turned. A hundred yards farther, Uncle Henry saw a billowy white mound on Widow Duck's porch.

"Dat you ketchin' de air, Duckie?" he asked.

"Henry?" the Widow Duck called. "Hold hit whilst I git some clothes c ain't got on nothin' but my nightgo

"Aw, go 'haid," the old lotman proved. "I ain't ashamed er you gown. Too hot to put on clothes, how. Keep a-settin'." He strolled the yard and sat on the porch.

"What you doin' in yo underdraw the Widow Duck demanded.

Uncle Henry glanced down. At he was surprised, then he remembered. "I been wadin' in de water," he said.

The Widow Duck leaned forward touched him. "You ain't wet," she him. "Folks which wades in de water most gen'ally gets wet."

He thought about that for a while. "De Hebrew boys didn't git wet v dey waded across de Red Sea," he minded her. "Efn dey kin wade in water and not git wet, well, so kin

"Aw, don't be a fool," the Widow Duck said. "De Hebrew boys didn't wet, on account er de Lawd passin' merricle on 'em."



"You mean," Uncle Henry demanded, "that Lawd ain't got stuff enough to make merricle on me, too? You tawkin' 'bout de Lawd, at yo age?"

The Widow Duck leaned over and said, "Henry, you's dronk as a goat," she accused. "What you got in dem bot- tles, Licker, I bet."

Uncle Henry had forgotten the bot- tles. He raised them and looked. "Anjy- ck," he modified. "But I ain't dronk. I feels pleasant. Bofe er dese bot- tles plum full."

"What you fixin' to do wid two pints of wine?"

Uncle Henry had to search way back in memory for the answer to that one. He'd forgotten when, where or why he'd got the bottles. "Wine for de wed- ding feast," he finally offered. "In case I change my mind, and marries me up, I've got wine for de weddin' feast, like in de Bible."

The Widow Duck took both bottles. "Dis," she said, placing one bottle against the wall, "will do for de First Sunday over at Old Ship." She yanked the cork from the second bottle. "And she added, 'is fixin' to fulfill de promise: 'Take a bottle er wine for yo stomach-ache,' so say de Sperrit, Henry. I will change conditions." She raised the bottle and took several gurgling swal-

"You got de stomach-ache, too?" Uncle Henry asked.

"Now, but I might git," she told him. "I had a big supper er collard greens, cawn- and black-eye peas. One time I et and hit gi' me de stomach-ache."

"It is kinder dangersome," Uncle Henry agreed, as he took a mild swig from the bottle and passed it back to her. "Dat's how come you settin' on de edge in yo' nightgown?" he asked. "I couldn't git to sleep?"

"I took another pull at the bottle and set it down. 'In a way, yas,' she said. 'How come I got outn my bed and set out hyar. But what I been seein' in yo' kinde kept me settin'.'"

"And dat is?"

"Young folks," the Widow Duck said. "I and gals gittin' up and down de bayou path. Some of 'em married and some of 'em ain't. Some of 'em wid dey husbands and some of 'em wid some- body else's husband."

"S, hunh?"

"I ain't seed a lick er sin. Er cou'se, I been settin' hyar. No tellin' what I might see efn I got up and started peepin' about."

Uncle Henry weighed this carefully. "You's right," he admitted. "But maybe hit ain't no sin efn nobody don't see hit."

"Amen, soul," the Widow Duck said. "You's speakin' wid de tongues er men, now. Say on, Henry."

He glowed with the compliment and felt a gallant reply was necessary. But he could not think of one.

"Next Sunday ain't but de Third Sunday," the Widow Duck remembered, "and hit's five Sundays in dis month." She reached for the bottle which had been dedicated to church use. "Hit'll be a long time befo' First Sunday rolls around agin." She uncorked and drank.

Uncle Henry observed, "I bet I c'd preach me a sermon 'bout all dis sin."

"Not f'm settin' on my po'ch, you couldn't," the Widow Duck pointed out. "Cause f'm hyar you can't see a lick er sin. I been scein' a heap er people gittin' up and down de bayou path but I ain't seed sin one."

"Den what you been watchin' for?" demanded the old lotman.

The Widow Duck set down the bottle and chuckled. "To keep my business 'tended to," she stated.

"Like which?"

"Like maybe you remembers Amos and Tildy's boy, name er Albert?"

"Don't tell me Albert been up to some- thin'," Uncle Henry challenged.

"Let me talk," the Widow Duck said. "You know Amos be's a full deacon and Tildy be's a full ursher and Albert be's a junior deacon and all of 'em holy."

"Amen," said Uncle Henry.

"But Albert backed up and married a little chocolate twister f'm Duke's Bend, name er Doralee. You mind dat?"

"Yeah, and Doralee got saved and baptized de first day of meetin'," Uncle Henry recalled.

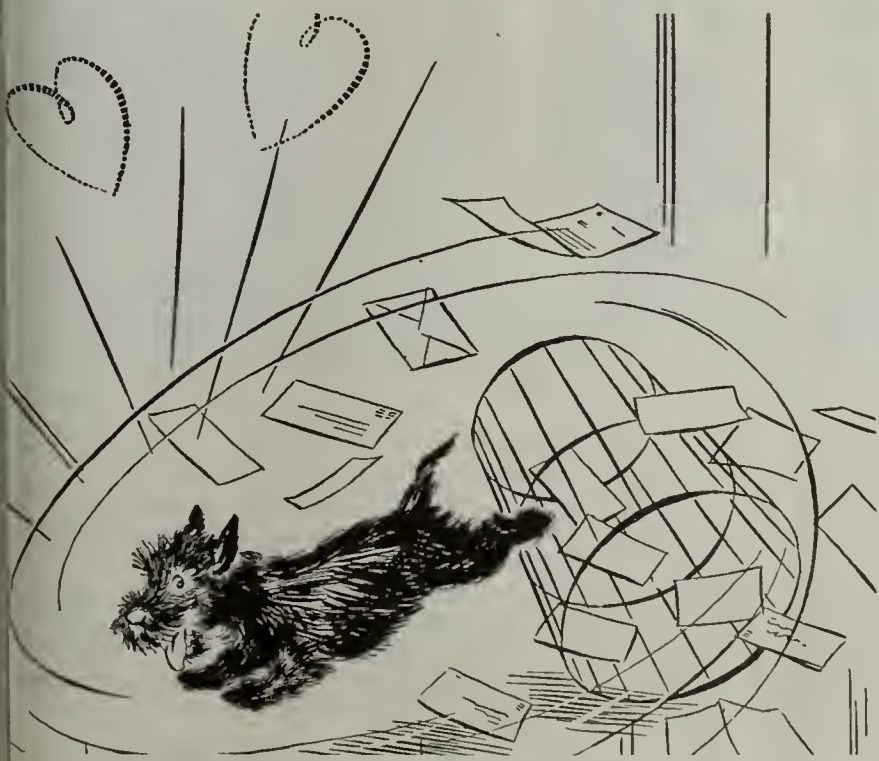
"And dat same day," the Widow Duck added, "she set out to git herse'f befo de committee to git to be a junior ursher."

"Ain't dat good for a young member to try to git to be a junior ursher?"

"Hit is and hit ain't," the Widow Duck said. "I seed de Lawd smack some sinners a powerful lick in my day and time, when He poured His sweet salvation on 'em. But I ain't never yit seed Him smack a sinner hard enough to knock 'em f'm

## FALA OF THE WHITE HOUSE

by ALAN FOSTER



"Oh, boy! I just kissed Congressman Luce"



## Pardon Us...while we attend to a little matter overseas

WE wish we could say, as we could a short time ago, that any high-grade camera dealer anywhere could supply you with any Filmo Motion Picture Camera or Projector or Filmosound Projector you might desire. But Filmo Cameras, Projectors, and Filmosounds have gone to war. Wherever American men are fighting—or training, Filmo motion picture equipment is likely to be with them. That, we know you agree, is as it should be. Winning the war comes first.

To the ultimate victory of America and our Allies, Filmo Motion Picture Cameras and Projectors are rendering vitally essential contributions. The Filmo slogan—"What you see, you get"—pleasant in peace, is *priceless assurance* in war. What men in training see on the motion picture screen, they *get*! To men in combat, the unfailing eye of the camera provides indisputable record of achievement and the key to better weapons and better tactics.

The craftsmen of Bell & Howell who made the slogan mean what it says to thousands of home movie makers are now working *all out* to provide our fighting forces with the finest motion picture equipment and sighting devices American ingenuity can produce.

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PRECISION-MADE BY

Bell and Howell



de onrightheous path to de ursher's seat in one lick. De Lawd mos' gen'ally lets a new-bawn soul twile in de vineyard, some."

"Well," Uncle Henry said, "I reckon de Lawd got dat figgered out 'bout right, at dat. But what all dis stuff got to do wid settin' out hyar on yo' front po'ch?"

"Doralee," the Widow Duck announced, "is walkin' de bayou bank, tonight. I seed her pass down when I first comed out and she ain't passed back on-twell yit."

"H'mm," Uncle Henry mused. "She jest about de right size to do hit, too. I seed her over at de dago's dis evenin'. She say she wa'n't dancin' but she was doin' all right. And Albert wa'n't around. She ought to git named out in meetin' 'stid er gettin' a junior ursher."

"Nawp," argued the Widow Duck. "I ain't seed her did a thing. She jest walked by de house and cut across de fiel'. What I'm watchin' for is to see efn some man come along and do likewise."

"Heap er mens walkin' de bayou dis night."

"All of 'cm walkin' wid dey womens, too," the Widow Duck said. "Doralee is de onliest one I seed gittin' about by herself. Quick as I seed dat, I figgered efn Doralee was fixin' to do a sin, de man would pass down de path, too. So I looked in my Bible and de fust page I looked hit say, 'And hit shall come to pass.'"

"For true?" demanded Uncle Henry. "Wonder who dat man c'd be? I ain't seed nobody hangin' 'round, and over at de dago's she was steppin' out wid fust one man and den de yuther. Jest havin' a little fun and no harm dat I c'd see."

"I BEEN studdin' my mind about dat, too," the Widow Duck said. "She been stayin' 'way f'm de mens, good, for a Duke's Bend gal."

"Who stood up for her when she went befo' de committee? Albert, maybe?"

"Naw, worse'n dat," the Widow Duck snorted. "Hit was B'r Charlie. He testified dat Doralee felt like a angel when he baptized her, on account er she was so full er de Sperrit."

"B'r Charlie, hunh?" Uncle Henry was shocked. "Dat ole goat chasin' after young gals?"

"Now go 'haid, Henry," the Widow Duck scolded. "I don't like B'r Charlie no gooder den you does, but he de pastor. And ain't nobody gonter set in my house and low-rate my pastor."

Uncle Henry refused to be squelched. "I seed many a two-legged hyppercrit in my day, but a one-legged hyppercrit is somethin' for de books. He can't pray and he can't sing and I kin stand flat-footed and outpreach him any day in de week."

"Shut up, Henry," snapped the Widow Duck. "He ain't much good but he do de best he kin."

"How come he don't preach agin all dis sin goin' on along de bayou?" Uncle Henry asked.

"Maybe he don't know about hit."

"Den how come he don't find out about hit?" Uncle Henry said indignantly. "He kin git around wid dat crutch okay, but naw! He might lose a little sleep efn he done dat!"

"He got to run de blacksmith shop endurin' de day," the Widow Duck pointed out. "He tired at night."

"He ain't sharpened a plowpoint since de crop plowin' stopped," the old lotman said. "And he ain't got to hit a lick on-twell de winter start. He ain't too tired to find out about dis sin. He jest too lazy."

The Widow Duck raised a finger for silence, and listened intently. "Well, speakin' er de devil!" she exclaimed.

Uncle Henry cupped a hand to ear and listened. The rhythmic "tip-bap, tip-bap" he heard could be made only by the one-legged preacher crutching his way hurriedly along the bayou path. Uncle Henry grinned. "Yo Bible ain't never lied to you, Mis' Duck," he said. "You sho made hit come to pass."

The Widow Duck didn't answer. She waited in a grim silence until B'r Charlie was directly in front of her gate.

"You Charlie!" she called. "You come hyar and talk to me!"

THE Widow Duck's voice startled the preacher almost into a state of collapse. He hadn't wanted anyone to know he was not at home at that hour of night, least of all the Widow Duck.

"Yas'm," B'r Charlie said, turning reluctantly in the gate. He searched his panic-stricken brain for a reasonable explanation which he knew was going to be required of him. He was not a very

the old lotman suggested. "Maybe you such a hyppercrit, yo company ain't welcome."

"I ain't fixin' to let dis kinder stuff go on in my church," the preacher went on. "I'm gonter marry y'all up, right hyar and now. Line up and lock hands!"

"Uh-um!" Uncle Henry mumbled mournfully. "I b'lieve he'd do hit, too."

"Sho, I'll do hit," B'r Charlie declared. "Line up and lock hands!"

The Widow Duck arose and picked up her chair. "Charlie," she said menacingly, "efn you says one word er de marriage over me and Henry, I'll knock yo haid off wid dis chcer. Onderstand?"

B'r Charlie understood perfectly. Uncle Henry was very pleased. "Amen, Sister Duckie," Uncle Henry seconded. "And when you do's dat I'll stand up and preach his funeral."

"You be quiet, Henry," the Widow Duck said. Turning to the preacher, she said, "Maybe hit don't look right for me

did you say you was doin' gittin' bayou at night?"

B'r Charlie had hoped she'd find that, but now he did the best he could. "Jest walkin' 'bout," he explained. "I ain't workin' much dese days. I don't git tired enough to sleep. A hyared hit was a heap er sin gittin' so I figgered I might git out an' go sho, so's I c'd preach agin hit."

The Widow Duck nodded indignantly. "Hit's a good thing for de to do. I and Henry was argyin' 'bout dat thing, when hyar you come."

"Wait a minute, Mis' Duck," Henry reminded her. "You lo yo Bible for a certain man to pass, and dat man was B'r Charlie. dat's a fact?"

"Yas, but maybe I ain't all dat"

"Efn I'm holy enough to be a"

"cle," Uncle Henry reasoned, "yo holy enough to make B'r Charlie"

"B'r Charlie, is you dar?"

A broke in from the shadows of the

"I was waitin' and waitin', and de"

skeered Albert would wake up

The one-legged preacher sudd

cided he had urgent business els

and started off to attend to i

Widow Duck reached out near

grabbed him. She slammed him

chair and plumped her hefty bu

B'r Charlie's unwilling lap.

"Come on in, Doralee," the

Duck invited sweetly. "B'r Ch

right hyar on my po'ch. Kinder

THE girl walked up. "B'r Char

fixin' to learn me how to be a

ursher," she said. "He say he to

prayin' and goin' on to learn m

daytime. He say efn I meets him

turnrow tonight, he—"

B'r Charlie tried to say son

from behind the Widow Duck's r

body. She leaned back casually

smothered gurgle was all the p

could bring forth from his comp

lungs.

"Dat's all right, honey," the

Duck told Doralee. "I and yo

talked hit over and us decided

you's too green a member to be a

ursher, jest yit. You go home an

hard and twile in de vineyard

while. And den us'll take you up

some time. Next year, maybe."

"Yassum, thank you, ma'am,

Doralee.

"Good night, soul," the Widow

said. "Let yo light so shine and

disencouraged. God will change

tions."

After Doralee had gone, the

Widow Duck pulled herself off B'r Charlie

He sputtered and gasped and w

had caught his breath, he tried to

"Good night, B'r Charlie," the

Duck said. "You git right on ho

don't want to hyar a mumblin' v

A long silence followed the

legged preacher's departure.

Uncle Henry pointed out that B'r

lie was a liar and a hypocrite. "You

he wa'n't fixin' to learn Doralee b

be a junior ursher," he concluded.

"I don't know no sech thing."

Widow Duck laughed. "I'm jest

on my po'ch, like you said de

was, seein' what I see. Now you

git up de road betwixt hyar and

go's and find yo' britches. Cause I

ting sleepy."

Uncle Henry rose. "I disremem

he said, "but hit seem like to m

Reub's house figgered in hit,

whars. I'll git on up dar and look

bowed politely. "Good night, al

keep me in yo prayers."

"March wid de angels," the V

Duck said.

THE END



"I'm getting fed up with this giddy whirl. What I'd really like to do is settle down and have a home and husbands!"

COLLIER'S

GREGORY D'ALESSIO

smart man, but a lifetime of living on the precarious fringes of sin and holiness had given him a certain cunning. He was quick to take advantage of the scene that now met his eyes.

"As my Redeemer live!" B'r Charlie roared in righteous outrage. "My senior ursher and my senior deacon, jest a-settin' out hyar, nekked as a jaybird! Mis' Duck, ain't you got no shame? Henry, hell ain't hot enough to fry you!"

"Aw, dry up," the Widow Duck ordered. "We got on plenty clothes. Hit's nine yards er domestics in dis gown er mine and Henry wearin' long draw's in de summertime. Hit's mo' clothes den we was bawn wid."

"Hit's a open shame!" B'r Charlie opined. "I'm gonter th'ow you bofe outn de church."

"Humph!" grunted Uncle Henry. "You ain't holy enough to th'ow me and Mis' Duck outn nothin'. I and Mis' Duck is about de holiest people—"

"I ain't holy as you?" B'r Charlie demanded. "Well, I don't set on a widow woman's front po'ch in my underdraw's!"

"Maybe you ain't never been invited,"

to be sittin' hyar in my nightgown and Henry in his underdraw's. But dis is my front po'ch and when I went to bed I got hot so I comed out hyar and set. And when Henry comed along in his draw's, I figgered we was bofe old enough to set like we did efn hit suited us."

"And holy enough," Uncle Henry put in. "Mis' Duck been sittin' hyar makin' things come to pass, right outn de Bible—"

"Like which?" B'r Charlie interrupted.

"Like you," retorted Uncle Henry.

B'R CHARLIE looked to the Widow Duck who nodded confirmation. He felt uneasy. "What you been doin'?" he asked, turning to the lotman.

"I been a merricle," Uncle Henry answered. "I been wadin' in de water and comin' out dry, jest like de Hebrew boys comed outn de Red Sea!"

"Hunh?" B'r Charlie inquired. "He been doin' dat for true, Mis' Duck?"

"He was dry as de burnin' sand," the Widow Duck corroborated. "Wa'n't even sweatin'. And dat's all hit is to I and Henry settin' on de po'ch—now, what



# "What a Dad I've got

*... at 49, he's going to town  
in a new job!"*



"When I left home to join the Army Dad wasn't sure how long his job would last. He used to work for an eastern manufacturing concern. He liked his job—made enough to support the family comfortably, and put my sister and me through school. But after the United States entered the war, priorities began to hit Dad's firm, and business got pretty bad. It was a tough outlook for a man nearing 50. I was plenty worried about him.

"Then Dad heard that there were great opportunities for men over 45 in life insurance. Wartime conditions have broadened the market and they need capable people to handle the business. Dad wrote me that he was especially interested when he found out how large a percentage of insurance premium dollars goes into U. S. bonds. He figured that a fellow selling insurance would actually be helping the war effort. I told him I sure subscribed to *that*!



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"Today, my parents are happy and I've got a load off my mind. Dad's making enough for them to live well and to save for the future by purchasing bonds and insurance themselves. Dad's manager and home office give him valuable sales help, and both Mom and Dad feel that he's being of real service to the community. You hear a lot about dads being proud of their sons these days. Well, I'm sure proud of my Dad! And you can't blame me, can you?"

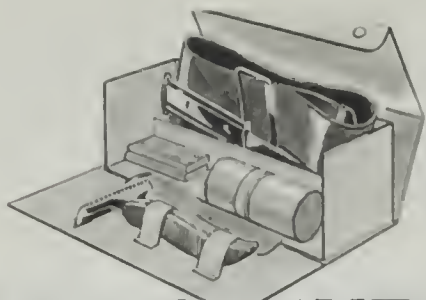
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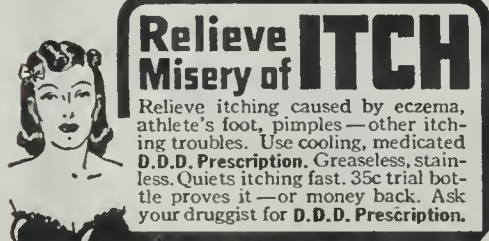
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me and my bird dogs would ramble these woods. Done got too old now, though, and had to cut out whisky and woods rambling. An old man ain't fit for much, boys," he said matter-of-factly. "See them woods yonder? Four of my daddy's brothers got a bait of fighting the Yankees and they deserted and holed up in them woods for four years. Kept their horses tied and ready saddled on the edge of the camp for lookouts, and whenever the horses sensed something coming, the boys they mounted and rode off the other way. See that lime sink yonder? One of the boys had a fast mare, and one night the soldiers jumped him and they had a race for the woods, with them shooting at him with buckshot. The mare come to that lime sink unbeknowing, and there wasn't nothing to do but jump it or fall in it, so she jumped it. They come back next day after the soldiers had give up and gone, and measured it, and it was thirty-two feet across."

It would be a poor writer who couldn't make a story out of material like that. I remembered everything that had been said, and after a time the finished story developed in my mind, and I wrote it, and then Collier's bought it. A day wasted?

John Gates had been listening, too, but he hadn't forgotten that he'd made big talk about Butch and she had—through no fault of her own, of course—let him down.

Now he said, "Butch is feeling better. She's really going now! Look 'way over yonder on that rise."

We looked, saw a swiftly moving spot of white flicking through the woods. But then, just ahead of us, Butch appeared, still jumping along stiffly. Happily trailing along behind her, stopping to peer into bushes and sniff at grasshoppers, was the well-built male puppy.

"That's not Butch," I said in amazement. "That's the other puppy!"

The dog making the beautiful swing ahead was the undersized bitch named Sister that I had dismissed without another glance. She had quickly tired of her brother's puppy-dog play and had gone hunting. And she kept it up. It was obvious that she was no ordinary dog. Furthermore, although her general conformation was all a mistake, her stride and style afield was that of a class dog.

I watched her a while longer, saw her find and stylishly point a covey of birds, and I said to the farmer, "What do you want for your puppies?"

### A Matter of Finance

It took him about forty minutes to get around to giving me an answer. We rode on, and he talked about other things, and finally he complained, "Well, I hate to just come right out and say what I'll take for them. Might be you'd give more than I'd think to ask, and then I'd cheat myself."

But he finally named a price for the two of them, and it was not high, and so I said, "I'll pay that, and only take the little bitch. The dog is a nice-looking animal, but I don't want him."

"He is a damn'-fool sort of dog, ain't he?" agreed the farmer, and the deal was closed. Sister is now fourteen months old, and a good one.

But for every good dog you get—by raising or buying—there are dozens that you reject. Mostly they're simply inferior animals, without the deep will for hunting, or they may be good hunters

and bird finders, and yet not have the style and dash that really tingles your blood.

It's the outlaws that break your heart. There was a setter bitch named Rose, for instance. Never have I seen a dog better at going to game—by which is meant locating the birds after the first vagrant scent has been struck. Upon finding scent, Rose would go into a frenzy of action. Most dogs slow up and pussy-foot around. But not Rose. She would whip back and forth—then stop for an electric second—then move up and stop—and she had them. Somehow she could get smack into the middle of a covey without accidentally flushing a bird. All her flushing was on purpose. She would hold her point a few seconds, then jump forward and flush them and follow the streaming covey out of sight.

I never broke Rose. During her puppyhood, she and a litter sister used to get out and self-hunt. When they got to killing goats, her owner gave her to me. This was two weeks before the end of hunting season. I hunted her by herself every day, and in a few days she was holding her birds long enough for me to get there and shoot. I believe if I could have kept hunting her, she'd have been saved. But by the time next season came around she had slipped back into her old ways.

Her worst trait—and I never came even close to curbing it—was her jealousy. When another dog pointed, she inevitably dashed in and sent his birds

scattering—a habit she had acquired I'm sure, in her puppy days when she had roamed through the woods with her sister.

Rose had a way of whipping against her sides and she kept the tail so that when she hunted, her side became blood-streaked.

Once a Negro woman stuck her head out of her cabin to see who was passing and she exclaimed, "Lawdy, Boy, done shot your dog, ain't you?"

After I'd given Rose up as a lost dog, she used to slip off to the self-hunting, and I'd know what she been up to by the splashes of blood on her sides.

### Tall Tale

Rose was very different from a friend of mine claims to have had. Spot his name was, and his stanch point was absolute. Once Spot was lost while hunting, and my friend, sure that the dog was pointing, searched for him for hours. Finally gave up, hoping that Spot had found his way home. But Spot never came. Next year, my friend happened hunting in the same territory and upon a skeleton of a dog, and standing there with head and tail in a stylish point, and he knew it was Spot. Spot was still holding his point for huddled there in the grass in the middle of him were twelve tiny quail.

Or so my friend says.

THE END



"It's very patriotic and pretty, but I don't believe the War Department would be interested"

COLLIER'S

CHESTER G.



# The Sky's the Limit

Continued from page 20

The general chuckles, chats easily with the corporal, as he hurries through the barracks, the PX, the mess hall. He uses and calls to the mess sergeant, "here's the menu?"

"It's on the bulletin board, sir."

"No, I mean a big menu over the counter, so the men can see it before they get to the hotplates. They like to look up and see what they're going to have to eat. I know I do." Over his shoulder, as we start back to the flying field, he adds, "Better get one made."

The plane takes off and heads back to Washington, the members of his staff limp wearily in their seats behind news-

papers and magazines. The general's fingers drum restlessly for a moment on the arm of his chair. He rises and goes forward to the pilot's office, and motions Major Peterson back to the cabin for a little rest. A grin of satisfaction appears on his face as he takes over the plane's controls.

Now at last he is really at home. First, last and always, he's a flying general. He guides the ship with a veteran hand, and you realize as you watch him what it is that makes it possible for him to get so close to every last member of his outfit. You recall the wording of his most recent citation, when he was

awarded the Distinguished Service Medal for flying the Pacific from Brisbane to San Francisco in the record-shattering time of 35 hours and 53 minutes:

"As commanding general of the Army Air Forces, he has given a conspicuous demonstration of leadership, the strategic mobility of long-range Army aircraft, and the ability of the high air commander to maintain intimate contact with his units in the field."

He lives every job himself. He knows firsthand the feelings and reactions of every pilot, every officer, every cadet, every enlisted man in the ground crew. He worked his own way up, a step at a time, and he hasn't forgotten a single lesson that he learned.

That's why the safety of the youngsters in his command is more important to him than anything else in the world. That's why he has refused to build planes that might gain a few hundred extra feet of altitude, at the sacrifice of essential armament or leakproof gasoline tanks or other safety devices. He's proud of the fact that the accident rate in our Army Air Forces is so low today; and he intends to keep it that way.

## Hap Has What It Takes

His grin hasn't faltered, for all that he's faced with the toughest job in history. Creating overnight the bestest and mostest and fustest air force in the world—buying days with dollars, as he says—is a big job; it takes a big conception. It takes vision. Luckily he has that. All the incredible feats you see taking place today on a thousand scattered airfields didn't happen without a lot of preparation; don't fool yourself. He's planned an air force big enough to win.

"The size of any structure," he says, "depends on the size of its base. That's how we've designed this air force of ours, with the biggest base possible: the whole United States. Our foundations go from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from Canada to Mexico. No matter how heavy our eventual load, no matter how high we may have to build, a base that size will be able to carry it." The famous grin. "The sky's the limit."

We're dead on our feet by the time we get back to Washington late that night. Mrs. Arnold, a gracious and considerate lady, recognizes our condition at a glance and mixes us a drink. We gulp it gratefully.

The general, fresh as a daisy after covering a quarter of the country, calmly sips some buttermilk. There is a sudden scrambling in the hall, and Warrie rushes in, shoving a couple of scatter rugs ahead of him. He is a black cocker spaniel—Warrie is a nickname for Noir—and full of tricks, the general tells you.

The general takes some peanuts from a tray. "Let's see you do some of your tricks, Warrie," he says. "Let's see you sneeze."

Warrie promptly sits up and begs.

"All right," says the general, equal to the occasion, "let's see you sit up and beg."

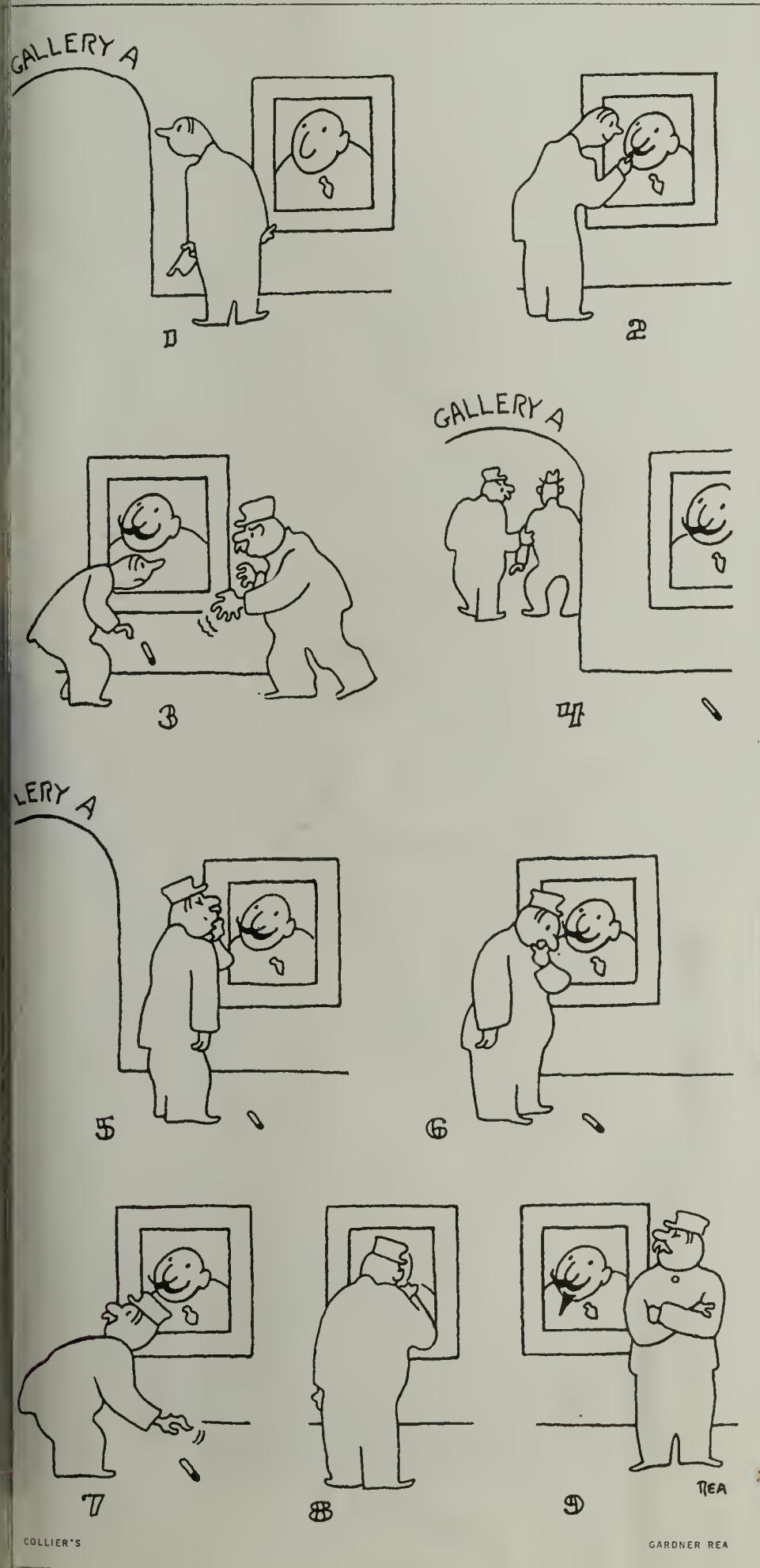
Warrie rolls over.

"Well, then," says the general quickly, "roll over."

Warrie sneezes.

"The trouble with Warrie is," the commanding general of the Army Air Forces confides to us plaintively, "he won't do anything I tell him."

THE END



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## Tired Kidneys Often Bring Sleepless Nights

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When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may also cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

## The Three Droll Dukes

Continued from page 39

Jimmie McLarnin knocked out Young Corbett III with one punch a decade ago in California, in a bout advertised as being for the welterweight championship although booked for only ten rounds, the New York commission recognized Jimmie as the world's champion.

Yet when Henry Armstrong outpointed Mike Belloise in a 10-rounder billed as a featherweight championship contest in California several years later, the New York commission refused to accept Henry as the champion. The fact that Belloise was a New Yorker with political influence may have had some bearing on the case, or the Droll Dukes may have been merely giving another exhibition of their inconsistency.

There's a stock courtroom scene in burlesque that reminds one of a meeting of the New York State Athletic Commission, only the stage skit isn't half as funny.

General Phelan, who always interrogates his subjects in a "So you won't talk, eh?" tone of voice, even though they are the most garrulous group on earth, will eye his "victim" over his glasses with what is supposed to be a stern look, then fire a question at him that is unanswerable, both factually and grammatically.

The fight manager (or maybe the promoter), undaunted by the fact that he doesn't know what the general is talking about any more than does the general himself, will open his yap, as they call it in the profession, all ready to unburden himself of a second Gettysburg Address. He'll get no further than the first malaprop however, before the general checks him up sharply with a stern: "No back talk! This body operates by authority of the state of New York!"

Commissioner Bill Brown is more direct. Bill not only calls a spade a blasted shovel but he doesn't hesitate to designate a tramp as a bum. Bill wasn't a fight promoter refereeing his own fights for years without learning to recognize a bum at fifty paces. Nor is there any appeal when Bill terms you a bum. If Bill Brown says you're a bum, you're a bum in spades, and that's all there is to it.

Commissioner Wear seldom engages in any of this amusing byplay. He sits, smokes and listens, or if the mood strikes him, listens, smokes and sits.

### A Prize Complicated Sentence

General Phelan is noted for handing out long sentences—but only in his official statements, never to offenders against the boxing code. A typical Phelan sentence is the following, plucked out of a letter he sent to Jerry Giesler, chairman of the California commission, relative to the Salica-Ortiz bout:

"Regarding your statement that you feel that our commission must recognize clearly the very unfair position in which any decree of ours requiring Salica to fight in New York State, ostensibly for the world's championship, which is now nonexistent, would place Salica, New York's sister state of California and the integrity and good morals of the great sport of boxing in the United States, of which both these great states form an important part, wish to reiterate that Salica has not been ordered to box in New York State."

Another paragraph from the same letter:

"The 15-round rule was passed in 1935, and proviso was made that a champion would be permitted to box a lesser num-

ber of rounds than 15 which would be considered a nontitle bout, provided he conformed with Section 7 of the rules (championships) of the New York State Athletic Commission, which means that at the time he entered into the contract for the championship within the six-month period of his last defense."

Involved though the general's written sentences are and obscure though their meaning may be, they are models of simplicity and clarity compared with his spoken words. General Phelan rambles along, getting his phrases and clauses hopelessly mixed up until he runs out of breath, whereupon he stops and starts all over again on a new tack.

Count Campello, chairman of the Italian Boxing Federation, who met General Phelan at a meeting of boxing delegates from all nations in Rome several years ago, described him as "a charming gentleman, though a bit difficult to understand."

There is a certain small group of sophisticates who go to Madison Square Garden, not to see the fights but to watch General Phelan in action. The good general never fails these connoisseurs of exotic entertainment.

One night last spring, Balogh, the redundant Roscoe Conkling, was trying to get off a 5,000-word introduction for a third-rate fighter when the crowd, spotting the Yankee baseball idol in a ring-side seat, set up a loud chant: "We want DiMaggio!"

Balogh, annoyed that his extemporaneous speech (which he had spent four afternoons memorizing) should thus be rudely interrupted, appealed to General Phelan for a ruling. The general, who works himself into a purple lather over such crises, shook his head in a violent negative and waved his arms at Balogh as if casting a spell over him. Balogh again turned to the crowd and tried by rapid talking to sneak in at least a few hundred words of his speech before the gallery chanters could get organized again.

Alas, it was no soap! By this time, Brigadier General John Reed Kilpatrick, president of the Garden, who sat two seats away from the general, turned to

him and asked him to authorize Balogh to introduce DiMaggio, so the show could go on.

"Not over my dead body!" shouted the general, dragging in the commissioner pet hyperbole by the heels.

Brigadier General Kilpatrick was that time only a colonel and a Reserve Corps colonel at that, so he couldn't overrule a full-fledged brigadier general who was a veteran of countless St. Patrick's Day parades down Fifth Avenue into the bargain. In vain Colonel Kilpatrick pleaded with General Phelan using flattery, logic, and wheedling in turn. The general not only wouldn't budge but he turned more purple with each successive refusal.

### Soft Words from Uncle Mike

Just when it seemed that General Phelan would burst his aorta, Colonel Kilpatrick beckoned to Mike Jacobs and whispered a few words in his ear. Mike then whispered a few in General Phelan's ear, and the general, turning from purple to pink in a twinkling, signaled Announcer Balogh that it would be a right for him to introduce Joe DiMaggio, which he promptly did. General Phelan beamed like a full moon, conscious having again saved boxing. The general does not take orders from Mike Jacobs unless they are whispered.

If General Phelan weren't constantly alert, the game, as he likes to call it, would be menaced perpetually by the who would deceive the public. A boxer can jump a contract and get away with but one of the deceptions for which the general will not stand—and he means positively, not possibly, in this case—the use of a *nom de guerre* by a fighter. So, whenever a boxer like Willie Pep, Hartford, whose real name is Papaleo fights in the Garden, he must cover with adhesive tape the "Pep" lettered on the back of his bathrobe, and be announced under his real name. The public would be swindled if a man named Papaleo used the name Pep when knocking out an opponent.

General Phelan doesn't take lightly his responsibility to make every fight

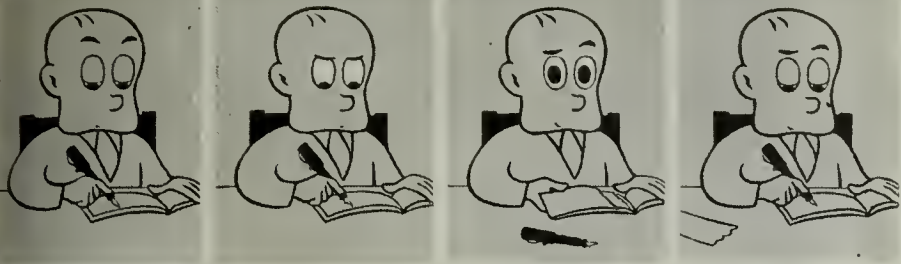


"This year I've resolved to limit myself to one cup of coffee a day, own only five tires and pay bigger taxes"

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January 2, 1943

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CROCKETT JOHNSON

and, clean, stand-up affair. One afternoon at Stillman's gymnasium on Eighth Avenue, the benevolent expression in his blue eyes changed to one of horror when he saw two boxers clinching.

Summoning Lou Stillman, the proprietor, the general pointed a finger of fury at them and fumed, "Look, they're clinching. I'll have none of that around here."

That other guy is his sparring partner," said Lou, "and I don't know what to do about it. Besides, General, the fellow on the left has an acalaris in the knemis and I don't dare eptude him."

That makes no difference," said the general, laying down the law to Stillman. "I don't want any more clinching around here and I'm holding you responsible!" Once, the world was almost deprived of Cinderella Man champion because General Phelan didn't like his style. As back in 1934, Jimmie Braddock, who had been suspended, was applying for reinstatement. The good general obeyed. Joe Gould, Braddock's manager, demanded that the general state what objections he could possibly have to a man

wanting to earn a living. This twist flabbergasted the general, but Gould insisted that he state his objections.

The general hemmed, hawed, cleared his throat, whinnied, snorted and finally blurted out, "I don't like his style."

"Show me his style!" challenged Gould. "I'll bet you can't show me!"

Not realizing that he, the judge, was being cross-examined by the witness, the general jumped to his feet and holding both hands clenched in front of him like Al Jolson crying for his mammy, said, "He goes like this!"

After much hilarious pantomime but before anyone died of heart failure from laughing, the commission finally reinstated Braddock, and a year later he won the world's heavyweight championship.

The boys in the boxing racket will miss the Three Droll Dukes, particularly General Phelan, who was always in there swinging with both hands. It is unreasonable to expect that any of the new commissioners will be in the general's class when it comes to fuzzen up there in acalaris with the frammiscamp.

THE END

## Wing Talk

Continued from page 8

a place of heavy coatings of grease, the American Armed Forces are now using a chemical product known as silica desiccant. Plants costing millions of dollars are now being built to produce large quantities of it.

It is a dehydrator. A small package packed in a crate of machine guns will keep them rustproof for weeks. A sack of the crystal is tied to each cylinder of aircraft engines shipped overseas and keeps them dry.

In postwar days, the desiccant is expected to have an important use in shipping and storing aircraft and automobile parts and machinery of all types.

The amazing substance keeps metal under all but exceptionally heavy humidity conditions. To guard against damp weather fouling the equipment, airplane motors and other arms are wrapped in the new Goodyear product—Pliofilm. These wrappers have transparent "windows" wherever the bits of silica gel are placed. If the air becomes so full of moisture as to threaten to corrode the metal, the "magic crystal" gives a warning. It turns a deep pink and then red when the danger point approaches.

MARINE Corps and Navy fighter pilots on Guadalcanal have been maintaining a five-to-one ratio on Japanese shot down in combat, but it seems that those blankety-blank brass hats in the States are never satisfied.

Every plane sent out or back to the Pacific front from the overhaul base, carries an envelope containing a

dozen decalcomanias of Japanese flags. The stamp makes it easy for mechanics to reproduce a replica of the Rising Sun emblem on the fuselage of each warplane downing an enemy craft. Formerly the Navy airmen recorded their scores by painting them on by hand.

But helpful as this package is, it contains a subtly irritating challenge. Each pack bears a notation stating: "When you use these up, we'll send you more."

HERE'S a yarn that should be much reading for all of us who kick about food rationing and who forget what our Allies have to face. It concerns some American airmen who landed at a Scotch airfield early one morning after a flight across the Atlantic. With them was David Wills, chief of the British Information Service in Washington, who was making a quick trip home.

Hungry as wolves, the party descended upon the principal hotel in the Scottish town nearest the air base. Everyone ordered a huge breakfast—orange juice, bacon and eggs, hot cakes, etc. A dour Scottish waitress silently went back to the kitchen and returned a few minutes later, putting down a kippered herring before every member of the group.

The famished Americans looked at their breakfasts and all began to protest at once. Where was the fruit juice, eggs, etc? Hadn't she gotten their order straight? Wasn't there any choice?

The Scottish lass answered the latter question.

"Aye," she said. "Ye can take it or leave it."

J. G. N.

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## YEAR OF DESTINY

The dawn of 1943 will soon loom red before us, and we must brace ourselves to cope with the trials and problems of what must be a stern and terrible year.

—Prime Minister Winston Churchill, London, November 29, 1942.

**G**REAT climactic years signpost the road of modern history—1492 . . . 1571 (Don John of Austria at the Battle of Lepanto starts the decline of Turkish power in the western Mediterranean) . . . 1648 (Treaty of Westphalia ends the Thirty Years' War and splits Germany into a multitude of small states governed by some three hundred princes) . . . 1653 (Oliver Cromwell proclaimed Lord Protector of England) . . . 1763 (Treaty of Paris establishes British supremacy on the North American continent) . . . 1776 . . . 1789 (storming of the Bastille; French Revolution begins) . . . 1815 (Waterloo; Napoleon's power ends) . . . 1865 . . . 1870 (Franco-Prussian War) . . . 1918 . . . 1933 (Hitler becomes German Chancellor).

Mr. Churchill has expressed the belief repeatedly, almost since the present World War began on September 1, 1939, that 1943 would be the year of the great decisions in Europe; the earliest year in which the Allies could mount the grand offensives which should knock out Germany.

The first part of the Churchill expectation has come true: the Allies have not been able to summon the armed and trained manpower and the masses of material needed to defeat Germany in the war years preceding 1943. It remains to be seen whether the rest of the long-standing Churchill belief will come true.

Predictions are foolish. We won't attempt one. We think one can get a great deal of sound encouragement, though, out of a look back over the previous New Year's days of this war.

As 1940 came in, western Europe was in the deceptive doldrums of the "phony war" following Hitler's three-week conquest of Poland—the first

blitzkrieg, whose terrible implications the French and British generals then in the ascendancy failed to grasp. In the east, Russia was battering little Finland; and the Finlanders under Baron Mannerheim were putting up a fight comparable to the ancient Greek showing at Thermopylae.

New Year's Day, 1941, was a black day for the Allied cause.

The year just finished, 1940, had seen Hitler absorb Denmark and conquer Norway, almost nonchalantly tossing out the would-be British rescuers of Norway. Hitler had then (May 10th) marched into the Low Countries. He had leveled a square mile of Rotterdam in a cruel mass bombing raid and had conquered Holland in four days.

The Battle of France followed, with the turning of the Maginot Line, the German break-through to the sea, the desperate British withdrawal from the continent at Dunkirk, the fall of Belgium, the plunge of the German legions down through northern France, the flight of the French government to Bordeaux, and the sudden end of Hitler's war with France.

By the end of 1940, the great air blitz against England was in full swing—though the British, as slowly became apparent, had on the previous September 16th foiled Goering's supreme attempt to knock the R.A.F. out of the skies and thus open the path for a German invasion of England. Mussolini had attacked Greece, which was putting up a fight as gallant as the Finnish resistance to Russia; and Hitler, in a radio speech on December 31, 1940, predicted victory for Germany in 1941.

The only bright spot on the Allied map on New Year's Day, 1941, was in Libya, where the British offensive against Graziani's Italians was moving rapidly westward, being just outside Bardia.

New Year's Day, 1942, was a much more promising occasion for the Allies. True, the United States was only three weeks past Pearl Harbor and was still groggy, enraged and a bit confused. But

Hitler, on June 22, 1941, had attacked Russia; by the end of 1941, it had begun to look as if it had been the gravest mistake of Hitler's whole career.

The Russians had recaptured Rostov (November 29, 1941) in their first big offensive of the year, and the German civil population was solicited by the Nazi high-pressure experts to turn all the warm clothing it could spare, and some, to the winter-bitten armies in the east.

Hitler, however, had conquered the Balkans (except for General Draja Mikhailovitch's Yugoslav Chetniks, who remain unconquered and are still writing), and he had turned most of Europe's productive apparatus to the uses of his fighting machine.

The year 1942 was a black one for the Allies until events took a sudden, dramatic turn in the first two weeks of November, with General Bernard L. Montgomery's routing of Rommel in the desert, coinciding with General Dwight D. Eisenhower's crash into Northwest Africa.

Prior to that, Hitler had again mounted against Russia an offensive which at one time seemed most sure to reduce Russia's fighting power to guerrilla size only. In the Pacific war theater had been driven by the Japs out of Wake Island, Guam and the Philippines; the Dutch had lost their entire East Indies empire; the British had lost Hong Kong, Malaya, Singapore, Burma, Borneo, and important parts of New Guinea; the Solomon Islands.

Beginning with November, momentous events occurred which are so fresh in all our memories that it hardly seems necessary to detail them. The President has expressed the opinion that the turn of the war has come; Mr. Churchill has echoed that White House statement.

We can still count on setbacks, reverses, difficulties, griefs. It still looks like a long way to Tipperary. But that we are now as close to winning the war eventually, we think no superoptimist can doubt.



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TEN CENTS

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## A SHORT STORY BY BEN HECHT MIRACLE OF THE FIFTEEN MU

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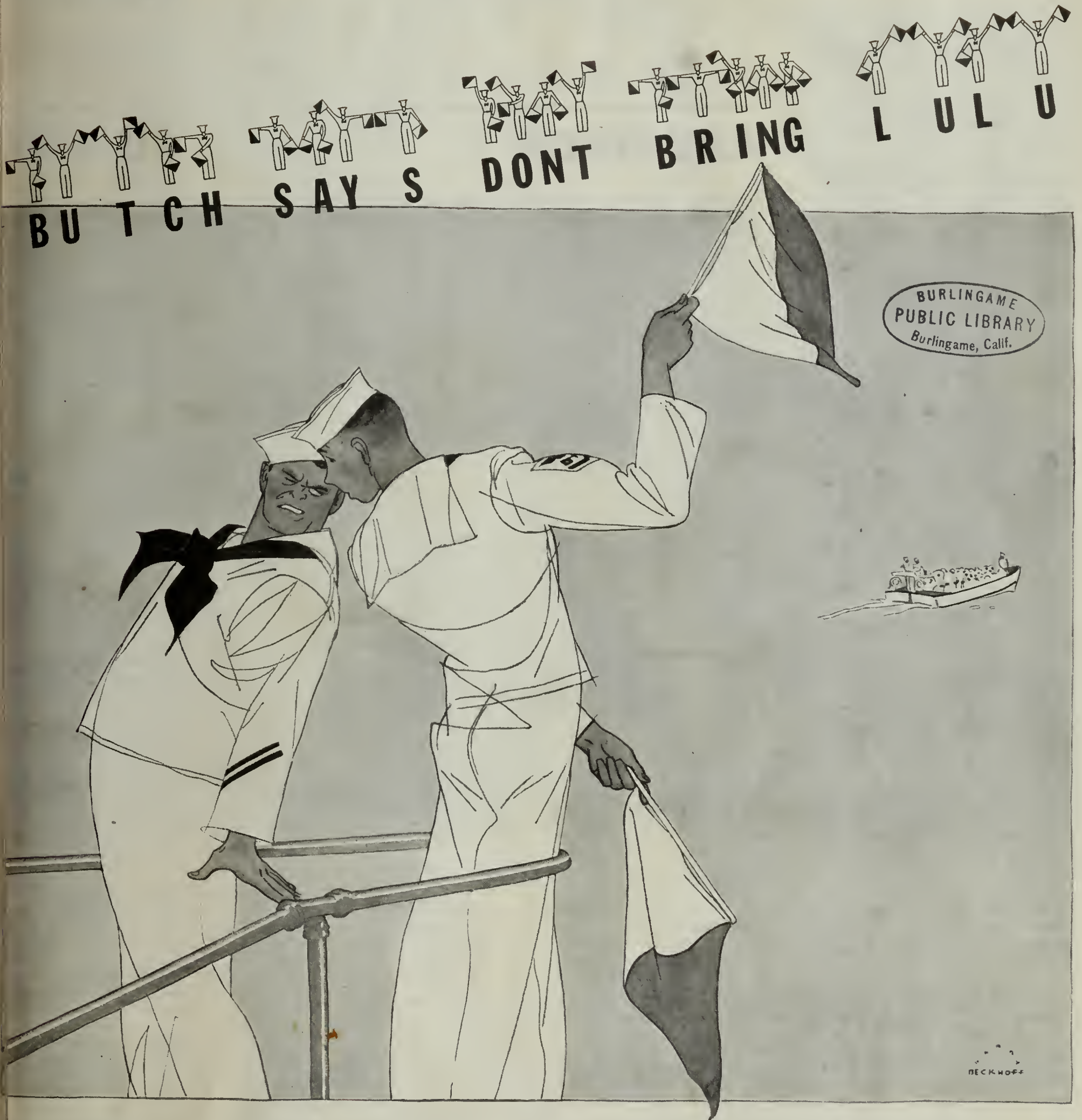
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IT'S the little things that disturb courageous men. Butch came through a couple of bombings and never batted an eye. But when it came to a second one with Lulu "he wanted out."

#### It was "Sailor, Beware!"

Sure, Lulu was a good-looker. Good gams, and plenty of "oomph". But when shore leave is short, a man doesn't want to spend it with a girl with halitosis (bad breath).

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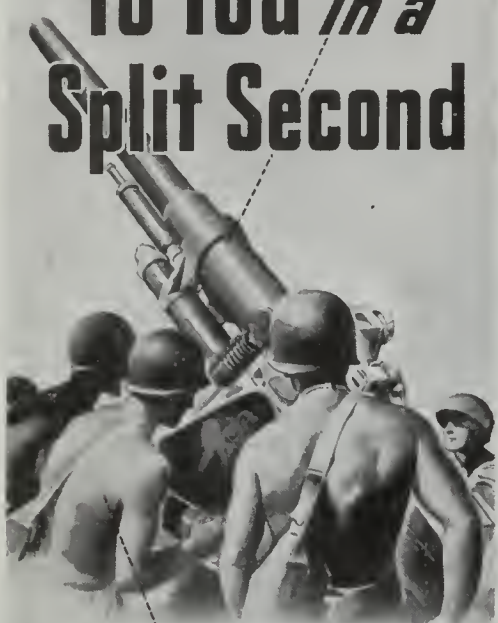
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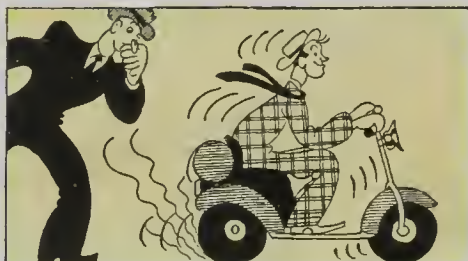
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## ANY WEEK

WE HAVE a letter from a gentleman who says that, as far as he knows, he has received all the questionnaires the government has compiled thus far. He isn't quite sure how many he has received but he thinks a hundred and twenty-seven. "Maybe some arrived while I was having my nervous breakdown," he writes from Atlanta, Georgia. "I collapsed on page eight of C-2X-2678A—re 42Y from the Department of Agriculture." However, since having his nervous breakdown he has taken his government questionnaires calmly, even philosophically, realizing that that's cheaper than nervous breakdowns. But last week he almost had a serious relapse. He got a questionnaire from the Rent Control Division, Office of Price Administration, and he was doing splendidly until he reached this question: "What is the name of the tenant occupying your house at 90 South Street and what is his address?"



AND from Sante Fe, New Mexico, arrives word that the rear tire of Mr. Brian Boru Dunne's scooter blew out with a populace-terrorizing roar last week. Mr. Dunne, who has been riding up and down New Mexico on his scooter for almost a year, found that the tire could not be vulcanized. Ration board refused to give him a new one. Somewhat desperate, Mr. Dunne consulted his dentist. Between them, they made up a mash of sawdust, flour, cement and warm water. They forced the mash into the tire with a plumber's pump. Mr. Dunne is again happily flashing over the roads of New Mexico. The dentist figured it out that the fitting will last as long as Mr. Dunne remains under one hundred and forty pounds. "Therefore," says Mr. Dunne, "I am no longer picking up hitchhikers or riding my two war-industry neighbors to work in the morning. Also, my new tire filling has a queer odor when I speed up to fifteen miles an hour. And so I'm mixing my next batch with rose water."

INSPIRED by the Army Quartermaster, who is shipping even ham and eggs to our overseas forces in briquet-like cakes, several enterprising chemists are making beer, whisky, gin and wine in tablet form. This thriller comes

from Mr. Broadus Conatchey of Chicago, Illinois. He says that bootleggers are already peddling the concentrations and that a wild party can be thrown with a cardboard box eight by ten by four inches. Furthermore, the stuff can be sent through the mails, and customers seldom if ever see their bootlegger. "I hear that they're working on cocktail tablets, too," writes Mr. Conatchey. "You drop four Martini tablets into the shaker, add crushed ice and water, and shake. After you drink it, you shake some more."

MR. FRANK KAVANAUGH of Kansas City, Kansas, contends that women working in war-industry plants are not only as good as men in their jobs but have lent an air of hitherto impossible refinement to work which has always been regarded as wholly male. "The women do everything the men ever did and do it neater," says Mr. Kavanaugh. "Only the other day, a girl who works in one of our big munitions plants—in the foundry—was riding in a Parallel Street car, chewing her tobacco like a lady and minding her own business. Unlike a man, she spat out the window."

WHILE all this was going on, we were in Washington. As a result of that experience, we have nothing to report except that we saw an Army sergeant walking down Pennsylvania Avenue accompanied by not one but three very pretty girls. We might have ignored them entirely had they not been followed at six or eight paces by two corporals chanting, "Hoarder, hoarder, hoarder!"



WE'D have left Washington sooner if, in our efforts to find our way around the Army's new Pentagon Building, we hadn't been caught in the excitement. One of the young ladies in the visitor-dispatcher office told us that there hadn't been anything like it since Mr. Bob Hope, the comedian, dropped in unexpectedly. Anyway, one of the women employees gave birth to a baby right in the middle of a brand-new directive. We tried to get the details but failed. Too much excitement. And anyway, we were looking for a Military (Continued on page 26)

# Collier's

THOMAS H. BECK Publisher  
WILLIAM L. CHENERY Editor  
CHARLES COLEBAUGH Managing Editor

## THIS WEEK

JANUARY 16, 1943

### SHORT STORIES

**BEN HECHT**

Miracle of the Fifteen  
The X Club holds a post-mortem

**LEONORA KAGHAN**

When the Music Stopped  
American girl makes a conquest of Mexico.

**NANCY TITUS**

Marriage Isn't Easy. Love is a dangerous course.

**ELIZABETH FOSTER**

The Dark Road. Out of the past  
a threat to the future.

**THE SHORT SHORT STORIES**

Air Intelligence, by Jack London

### SERIAL STORIES

**MARY HASTINGS BRADLEY**

The Hunters. The seventh of ten parts.

**GEORGE F. WORTS**

Five Who Vanished. The tenth part.

### ARTICLES

**ALBERT GORE**

Congress Can Save Itself  
must bring its technique up to date

**FRANK J. TAYLOR**

Pal of the Puppets. Meet Corbin  
and his wooden stars.

**ROBERT McCORMICK**

King of the Navy. Our Circles  
too busy for anything but winning  
the war.

**JACK McDONALD**

The Roughest Thing Afloat  
vettes, bucking broncos and  
the war.

**GRANTLAND RICE**

Constant Champion. Clear  
and concentration make  
Hoppe a long-time champion

**KYLE CRICHTON**

The Flying Hawks. Direct  
Hawks makes his greatest  
Air Force.

**CHARLES R. WALKER**

Muscles for Victory. How  
tough for the Army.

**FRELING FOSTER**

Keep Up with the World.

**WING TALK.**

**EDITORIAL**

A Letter from a Sailor.

**COVER E. FRANKLIN WATSON**

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*"You bet I'm sold on tires made with synthetic rubber"*



**These tires started 2 years ago . . .  
have already covered 23,451 miles . . .  
but read the whole story here . . .**

MUCH of the late news about synthetic rubber cannot be told. But enough can be told to assure anyone who wonders how good it is. Our files are filled with case histories of tires made with more than 50% Ameripol . . . the B. F. Goodrich synthetic.

This is one such case history. A whole year before Pearl Harbor, the Western Union Telegraph Company put two Ameripol tires on a maintenance truck. This truck didn't pick

out the smooth highways. It went where linemen have to go—over all roads in all kinds of weather.

What happened? Nothing—that's the interesting thing about these Ameripol tires. You wouldn't notice much that's unusual about them. You'd probably think they were natural rubber if you were not told otherwise.

These Ameripol Silvertowns were in excellent condition at 23,451 miles. Says the section

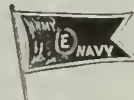
lineman who drove them, "We should receive 30,000 miles from them."

And the chances are he will—because many of these tires have bettered 30,000 miles. One of the reasons that Ameripol is good is that our scientists were working on it when Calvin Coolidge was President and no one thought of war.

Each year has brought improvement. And the result—in the summer of 1940—was the first tires with

synthetic rubber ever sold to American motorists.

You might be riding on Ameripol tires today were it not that our total production of this wonderful synthetic is needed in our war effort. But you'll have to wait now, for that and a lot of other things we'd all like. Meanwhile, we've still got to do our best to save the rubber we have. For America has no rubber to waste—and no use for a rubber-waster!



**BEFORE PEARL HARBOR, ONLY B. F. GOODRICH OFFERED FOR SALE  
AMERICAN CAR OWNERS PASSENGER TIRES MADE WITH SYNTHETIC RUBBER**

*Here are a few of the many American Companies that bought them:*

ANA LIFE INSURANCE CO.  
AMERICAN AIRLINES, INC.  
AMERICAN CAN CO.  
BALTIMORE & OHIO RAILROAD  
BORDEN CO.  
CASE CO.  
GENERAL BAKING CO.

GULF OIL CORPORATION  
GEO. A. HORMEL & CO.  
INGERSOLL-RAND CO.  
KELLOGG COMPANY  
NEW YORK CENTRAL SYSTEM  
NEW YORK TELEPHONE CO.  
PET MILK SALES CORP.

PHILLIPS' PETROLEUM CO.  
SOCONY-VACUUM OIL CO.  
STANDARD BRANDS, INC.  
SWIFT & COMPANY  
THE TEXAS CO.  
U. S. GYPSUM CO.  
WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH CO.

*In war or peace*  
**B.F. Goodrich**  
**FIRST\* IN RUBBER**

\*And first to offer American car owners tires made with synthetic rubber



AMERICA WILL MARCH TO VICTORY  
ON THE LEATHER YOU SAVE



**E**very extra month and every added mile you get out of your shoes mean more leather for our fighting men. Buy good shoes in the first place, and conserve them; buy Florsheims now!

Illustrated: The EXMORE—S-1079 • The WESTFIELD—S-1028  
The MILBURN—S-750

Most Styles  
\$10.50 and \$11

**Florsheim**  **Shoes**

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY • CHICAGO • MAKERS OF FINE SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN



## KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Any manufacturer or dressmaker who makes a woman's dress that copies too closely the uniforms of the WAACS, the WAVES, the WAFS or any other such government organization violates a federal law and is subject, upon conviction, to a fine of \$300, or imprisonment for six months, or both.

The greatest swindle in history was perpetrated by Germany in her payments of reparations after the first World War. Among the numerous absurd items chalked up as "payments" to the Allies to compensate in part for her devastations were the cost of the German warships which were scuttled by their own crews in Scapa Flow after being turned over to the British, and the interest on the \$7,500,000,000 lent to her by the Allies after the war to enable her to get back on her feet.

Between 1937 and 1941, a representative of the mysterious Black Dragon Society of Japan, working out of the Japanese Consulate in Los Angeles, secured a total of 12,000 members for his two California organizations, the Japanese Military Servicemen's League and the Imperial Comradeship League, both of which maintained schools of espionage and sabotage.

Not long ago, a study made among 272 men and women teachers and 200 inmates of a prison to determine their group opinions of the relative seriousness of various crimes revealed that the prisoners were the better judges. They gave greater importance than the teachers to arson, burglary and kidnapping, while the teachers gave greater importance than the prisoners to drunkenness, driving while drunk, and resisting an officer.

When civilians are examined for military service in Japan, they never suffer loss of "face" through disqualifying defects. Those who fail in their physical examination are classed as "fit," while those who pass are classed as "absolutely fit."  
—By J. M. Keavey, Flushing, New York.

In war production plants operating twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week, the pay, hours and night work of four shifts of workers are equally divided over a four-week cycle. A popular schedule is the one in which a worker gets a day off after seven days on the day shift, two days off after seven days on the afternoon shift and four days off over a week end, after seven days on the night shift.

The cost of transporting the freight that can be carried by a Liberty ship on a round trip from California to Australia is 250 times greater by air than it is by water.

The only animal whose grave has ever been designated on the map of its country is Buzoe, a pet cow that died of old age in the Gibson Desert of Australia in 1876 while she was with a party mapping the territory. "Buzoe's Grave" was indicated on the original chart and, consequently, the place was included on many maps of Australia published in the past sixty years.

Clouds sometimes remain stationary for such long periods that they are given individual names. One example is a large, low formation that appears over the Rock of Gibraltar and does not move for as long as twelve days. Because it is created by moist winds from the eastern Mediterranean, it is known as "The Levant."

A standard method for mixing and serving a mint julep has never been universally accepted. Bases include rye, bourbon, rum and brandy; fruits range from cherries and pineapples to none at all; containers run from large glasses to small silver cups; and serving temperatures vary as much as fifty degrees. There are even seven schools of thought on how to brew the mint.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher.



# WHAT'S IN A NAME?

LUBRICATION

**SIMON**

means  
"hearing and obeying"

**CHARLES**

means  
"of great strength"

**CORNELIA**

means  
"horn"

TOOT!

HONK!

HONK!

HONK!

TOOT!

**MURRAY**

means  
"great water"

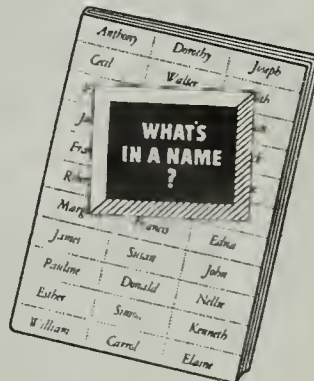


**ETHYL**

is a trade mark name

It stands for antiknock fluid made only by the Ethyl Corporation. Oil companies put Ethyl fluid into gasoline to prevent knocking.

The Ethyl trade mark emblem on a gasoline pump means that Ethyl fluid has been put into high quality gasoline and the gasoline sold from that pump can be called "Ethyl."



## WHAT DOES YOUR NAME MEAN?

The meanings and origins of over 900 masculine and feminine names are given in the fascinating illustrated booklet, "What's in a Name?" It's free—no obligation—just mail coupon.

**FREE**

ILLUSTRATED BOOK OF NAMES

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Room 3507, Chrysler Building, New York City

Please send me a free copy of "What's in a Name?"

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# Training the CLIPPER PILOTS



*with*  
**JACOBS**  
AIRCRAFT  
*Engines*

Long before the day when he took the controls of this huge skyliner, the Clipper Pilot served an apprenticeship exacting in the extreme—an apprenticeship of countless hours aloft, under every conceivable condition, flying mostly “on instruments”.

This comprehensive training requires Training Planes powered by the most reliable of engines.

Pan American Airways Clipper Pilots—like our Army Bomber Pilots—are schooled in twin-engine Trainers powered by JACOBS.

**JACOBS AIRCRAFT ENGINE CO.**  
POTTSTOWN • PENNSYLVANIA • U.S.A.



Servicemen sit quietly for hours hoping to get seats for trips for which they will have time only if they can travel by plane

## WING TALK

**R**UNNING a civilian airport or airline is never what you'd call a jolly job. Its chief attraction is that you meet so many kinds of people. But now it's even more harrowing, what with priorities, lack of labor, fewer planes and other war-born problems.

A full colonel—a reserve officer appointed to his exalted rank from civilian life—recently let out a bellow that raised whitecaps on the muddy old Potomac, when he was tossed off a plane to make room for a shavetail Air Transport Command pilot. The lieutenant had a priority and an assignment to ferry an Army plane somewhere important. The colonel was going to New York to celebrate a furlough from his desk job in the Southwest.

The colonel huffed and puffed, but he couldn't blow the shavetail's priority away, nor could he properly terrify airline officials. He was the last man on the plane, hence the first one off. The fact that he got the bounce before dawn on a cold winter morning may have contributed to his ill humor.

**T**HE priority business has constant heartbreaks. Recently a young Navy officer, back from the Solomons, was hurrying home on a ten-day leave before getting aboard a new ship and heading back into the Pacific. His reservation was canceled to make way for a publicity man attached to a defense industry, theoretically traveling on business important enough to warrant a priority. The Navy boy took the train—and as a result had exactly twelve hours with his family. There wasn't a man attached to the airline who, if he could have thought of an excuse, wouldn't cheerfully have given the press agent the merry heave-ho.

**P**ERHAPS the most embarrassing incident an airline and airport have faced recently came in the West, where a new field was just opened. One of the first planes to come down brought Mrs. Roosevelt.

An early-morning fall frost covered everything, and the plane made quite a picture as it taxied up to the flying line. Attendants snapped about vigorously,

making sure this great event would come off with appropriate flourish. The wheeled the unloading ramp into place with the zip of a top sergeant saluting and stood about with smart alertness.

Other plane passengers stood aside to let Mrs. Roosevelt leave first. As she stepped out of the ship, her foot hit a eighth of an inch of frost, and she slid down the ramp with considerable emphasis. It caused quite a furor. The only person not in the least bothered, as a matter of fact, was Mrs. Roosevelt.


**M**RS. ROOSEVELT'S charm has been the delight of many a flyer. On her trip back from London in November, her plane hit unusually cold weather. The plane's purser rummaged around and came up with a couple of spare blankets, which he tucked around the First Lady, and he did a dozen other little things to make her comfortable.

When the ship reached Washington the President was waiting on the field in his car. Mrs. Roosevelt got out quickly and sat in the big White House auto, talking with the President and watching the planes. Other passengers left, the crew got out, and finally the purser.

Mrs. Roosevelt waved him over. "I wanted you to meet my husband," she said, and then to the President: "This is the man I told you was so nice to me on the way over." The President's hand stretched out of the car, and the purser not only shook it, but talked for several minutes with the owner. It was probably much more exciting than merely flying back and forth from here to London.

**P**ROBABLY the most pathetic people around airports these days are the servicemen who sit quietly for hours hoping to get seats for trips they will have time for, only if they can fly. Usually these waiters, whether civilian or military, are quite well behaved, but occasionally one becomes such a nuisance that he wouldn't be allowed on a plane. He waited two weeks. One recently staged a Commando raid on the public address system of a Middle Western airport and broadcast his woes to the whole terminus. . . . R. Mc



The poster features a dramatic illustration. At the top, a man (Paul Muni) in a light blue shirt and dark tie looks upwards with a concerned expression, holding a woman (Anna Lee) in a red dress. Below them, three soldiers in military uniforms are running forward, holding rifles. The background is a fiery, orange-red sky with smoke and a ship visible in the distance. The overall tone is one of intense action and romance.

**THE FABULOUS COMMANDOS  
...AT LAST ON THE SCREEN!**

Thrill to the gallant  
love and adventure  
drama of the War's  
world-famous heroes!

# **COMMANDOS STRIKE AT DAWN**

**STARRING PAUL MUNI**

IN HIS MOST  
DYNAMIC ROLE!

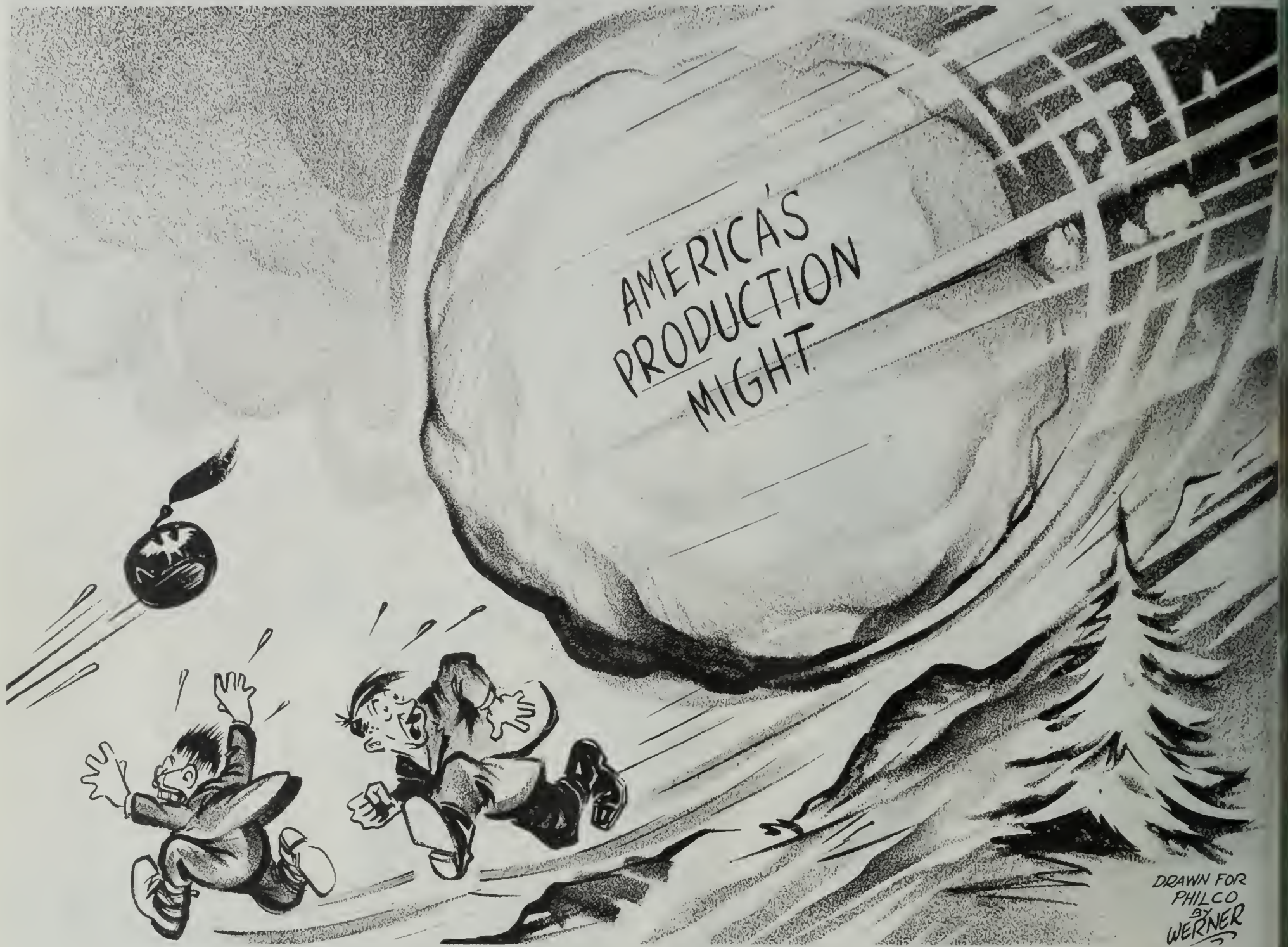
with **ANNA LEE • LILLIAN GISH • SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE • ROBERT COOTE**

Based on the C. S. Forester Cosmopolitan Magazine Story • Screen play by Irwin Shaw

Directed by **JOHN FARROW** • A **LESTER COWAN PRODUCTION** • A **COLUMBIA PICTURE**



# The Longer It Rolls, the Bigger It Gets!



Copyright 1945—Philco Corporation

**F**OR us at home, the *Age of Electronics* is a promise for the future. For our men at the front, the *Age of Electronics* is here, today! Their planes, tanks, ships and weapons are equipped with miracles of electronic science which, when Victory is won, will bring to a world in freedom thrilling new wonders of comfort, convenience and entertainment.

The scientists and engineers of Philco Corporation, whose achievements have won leadership for Philco in the field of

radio, have been charged with an important share of these developments. In their laboratories, they have accomplished years of progress in electronic research in a few short months. And today, Philco waits only for Victory to convert their war achievements into peacetime products of new and undreamed-of benefit for all humanity.

For the men and women of Philco, this vision of the future gives added incentive to their war production pledge . . . "More-Better-Sooner."

*This cartoon by C. G. Werner is another in the series being drawn for Philco by America's leading editorial cartoonists to interpret the spirit of Philco's soldiers of production. It is being posted on bulletin boards of the Philco factories as a symbol to the men and women of Philco of the purpose and significance of their work in the united effort for Victory.*

**Free Limited Offer . . .** While available, a full size reproduction of the original drawing by C. G. Werner will be furnished gladly upon request. Simply address Philco Corporation, Philadelphia, Penna., and ask for Cartoon Number 37C.

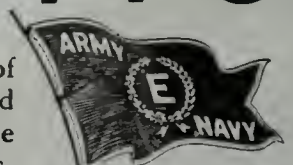
## PHILCO CORPORATION

"Our Secret Weapon."  
Tune in Friday evenings, over your local Columbia Station.

**BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS**

America is conserving its resources for Victory. As you save on all products of peace-time consumption, remember too to preserve the things you own. Trained service men everywhere are leaving civilian life to serve vital military needs. So be careful to maintain the condition and prolong the life of your Philco products.

**RADIOS, PHONOGRAPHS, REFRIGERATORS, AIR CONDITIONERS, RADIO TUBES ★ ★ INDUSTRIAL STORAGE BATTERIES FOR MOTIVE POWER, SIGNAL SYSTEMS, CONTROL AND AUXILIARY POWER**



The Army-Navy "E" Flag awarded to Philco plants in Philadelphia, Chicago, Trenton, N.J., and Sandusky, Ohio.





Suddenly the perspiring surgeon raised something aloft in his forceps. "Wash this off," he said to the nurse, "and show it to these gentlemen"

## Miracle of the Fifteen Murderers

By Ben Hecht

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM REUSSWIG

They were a congress of killers, but no jury, interested solely in justice, would find them guilty

THERE is always an aurá of mystery to the conclaves of medical men. One may wonder whether the secrecy with which the fraternity surrounds its gatherings is designed to keep the layman from discovering how much it knows or how much it doesn't know. Either knowledge would be unnerving to that immemorial guinea pig who submits himself to the abracadabras of chemicals, scalpels and incantations under the delusion he is being cured rather than explored.

Among the most mysterious of medical get-togethers in this generation have been those held in New York City by a group of eminent doctors calling themselves the X Club. Every three months this little band of healers have hied them to the Walton Hotel overlooking the East River and, behind locked doors and beyond the eye of even medical journalism, engaged themselves in unknown emprise lasting till dawn.

What the devil had been going on in these conclaves for twenty years no one knew, not even the ubiquitous head of the American Medical Association, nor yet any of the colleagues, wives, friends or dependents of the X Club's members. The talent for secrecy is highly devel-

oped among doctors who, even with nothing to conceal, are often as close-mouthed as old-fashioned bomb throwers on their way to a rendezvous.

How then do I know the story of these long-guarded sessions? The answer is—the war. The war has put an end to them, as it has to nearly all mysteries other than its own. The world, engaged in re-examining its manners and its soul, has closed the door on minor adventure. Nine of the fifteen medical sages who comprised the X Club are in uniform and preside over combat zone hospitals. Deficiencies of age and health have kept the others at home—with increased labors. There is a part of science which retains a reluctant interest in the misfortunes of civilians and has not yet removed its eye entirely from the banal battlefields on which they ignominiously keep perishing.

"CONSIDERING that we have disbanded," Dr. Alex Hume said to me at dinner one evening, "and that it is unlikely we shall ever assemble again, I see no reason for preserving our secret. Yours is a childish and romantic mind, and may be revolted by the story I tell you. You will undoubtedly translate the whole thing into some sort of diabolical tale and miss the deep human and scientific import of the X Club. But I am not the one to reform the art of fiction, which must substitute sentimentality for truth, and Cinderella for Galileo."





The most disturbing factor was that we both knew there was nothing to be done. Dr. Kroch showed signs of hysteria

And so on. I will skip the rest of my friend's all-knowing prelude. You may have read Dr. Hume's various books, dealing with the horseplay of the subconscious. If you have, you know this bald-headed mastermind well enough. If not, take my word for it he is a genius. There is nobody I know more adept at prancing around in the solar plexus swamps out of which most of the world's incompetence and confusion appear to rise. He has, too, if there is any doubt about his great talent, the sneer and chuckle which are the war whoop of the superpsychologist. His face is round and his mouth is pursed in a chronic grimace of disbelief and contradiction. You can't help such an expression once you have discovered what a scurvy and detestable morass is the soul of man. Like most subterranean workers, my friend is almost as blind as a bat behind his heavy glasses. And like many leading psychiatrists, he favors the short and balloonlike physique of Napoleon.

The last dramatic meeting of the X Club was held on a rainy March night. Despite the hostile weather, all fifteen of its members attended, for there was an added lure to this gathering. A new member was to be inducted into the society.

Dr. Hume was assigned to prepare the neophyte for his debut. And it was in the wake of the round-faced soul fixer that Dr. Samuel Warner entered the sanctum of the X Club.

Dr. Warner was unusually young for a medical genius—that is, a recognized one. And he had never received a fuller recognition of his wizardry with saw, ax and punch hole than his election as a member of the X Club. For the fourteen older men who had invited him to be one of them were leaders in their various fields. They were the medical peerage. This does not mean necessarily that any layman had ever heard of them.

Eminence in the medical profession is as showy at best as a sprig of edelweiss on a mountaintop. The war, which offers its magic billboards for the vanities of small souls and transmutes the hunger for publicity into sacrificial and patriotic ardors, has not yet disturbed the anonymity of the great medicos. They have moved their bushels to the front lines and are busy under them, spreading their learning among the wounded.

The new member was a tense and good-looking man with the fever of hard work glowing in his steady dark eyes. His wide mouth smiled quickly and abstractedly, as is often the case with surgeons who train their reactions not to interfere with their concentration.

HAVING exchanged greetings with the eminent club members, who included half of his living medical heroes, Dr. Warner seated himself in a corner and quietly refused a highball, a cocktail, and a slug of brandy. His face remained tense, his athletic body straight in its chair as if it were poised for a sprint rather than a meeting.

At nine o'clock Dr. William Tick ordered an end to all the guzzling and declared the fifty-third meeting of the X Club in session. The venerable diagnostician placed himself behind a table at the end of the ornate hotel room and glared at the group ranged in front of him.

Dr. Tick had divided his seventy-five years equally between practicing the art of medicine and doing his best to stamp it out—such, at least, was the impression of the thousands of students who had been submitted to his irascible guidance. As Professor of Internal Medicine at a great Eastern medical school, Dr. Tick had favored the Education by Insult theory of pedagogy. There were eminent doctors who still winced when they re-

called some of old bilious-eyed, arthritic, stooped Tick's appraisals of their budding talents, and who still shuddered at the memory of his medical philosophy.

"Medicine," Dr. Tick had confided to flock after flock of students, "is a noble dream and at the same time the most ancient expression of error and idiocy known to man. Solving the mysteries of heaven has not given birth to as many abortive findings as has the quest into the mysteries of the human body. When you think of yourselves as scientists, I want you always to remember everything you learn from me will probably be regarded tomorrow as the naïve confusions of a pack of medical aborigines. Despite all our toil and progress, the art of medicine still falls somewhere between trout casting and spook writing.

"There are two handicaps to the practice of medicine," Tick had repeated tenaciously through forty years of teaching. "The first is the eternal charlatanism of the patient who is full of fake diseases and phantom agonies. The second is the basic incompetence of the human mind, medical or otherwise, to observe without prejudice, acquire information without becoming too smug to use it intelligently, and most of all, to apply its wisdom without vanity."

From behind his table old Tick's eyes glared at the present group of "incompetents" until a full classroom silence had arrived, and then turned to the tense, good-looking face of Dr. Warner.

"We have a new medical genius with us tonight," he began, "one I well remember in his prewizard days. A hyperthyroid with kidney disfunction indicated. But not without a trace of talent. For your benefit, Sam, I will state the meaning and purpose of our organization."

"I have already done that," said Dr. Hume, "rather thoroughly."

"Dr. Hume's explanations to you," Tick continued coldly, "if they are of a kind with his printed works, have most certainly left you dazed if not dazzled."

"I understood him quite well," Warner said.

"Nonsense," old Tick said. "You always had a soft spot for psychiatry and I always warned you against it. Psychiatry is a plot against medicine. And who knows but it may some day overthrow us? In the meantime it behooves us not to consort too freely with the enemy."

You may be sure that Dr. Hume smiled archly at this.

"You will allow me," Tick went on, "to clarify whatever the learned Hume has been trying to tell you."

"Well, if you want to waste time." The new member smiled nervously and mopped his neck with a handkerchief.

DR. FRANK ROSSON, the portly and distinguished gynecologist, chuckled. "Tick's going good tonight," he whispered to Hume.

"Senility inflamed by sadism," said Hume.

"Dr. Warner," the pedagogue continued, "the members of the X Club have a single and interesting purpose in their meeting. They come together every three months to confess to some murder any of them may have committed since our last assembly. I am referring, of course, to medical murder. Although it would be a relief to hear any one of us confess to a murder performed out of passion rather than stupidity. Indeed, Dr. Warner, if you have killed a wife or polished off an uncle recently, and would care to unbosom yourself, we will listen respectfully. It is understood that nothing you say will be brought to the attention of the police or the A. M. A."

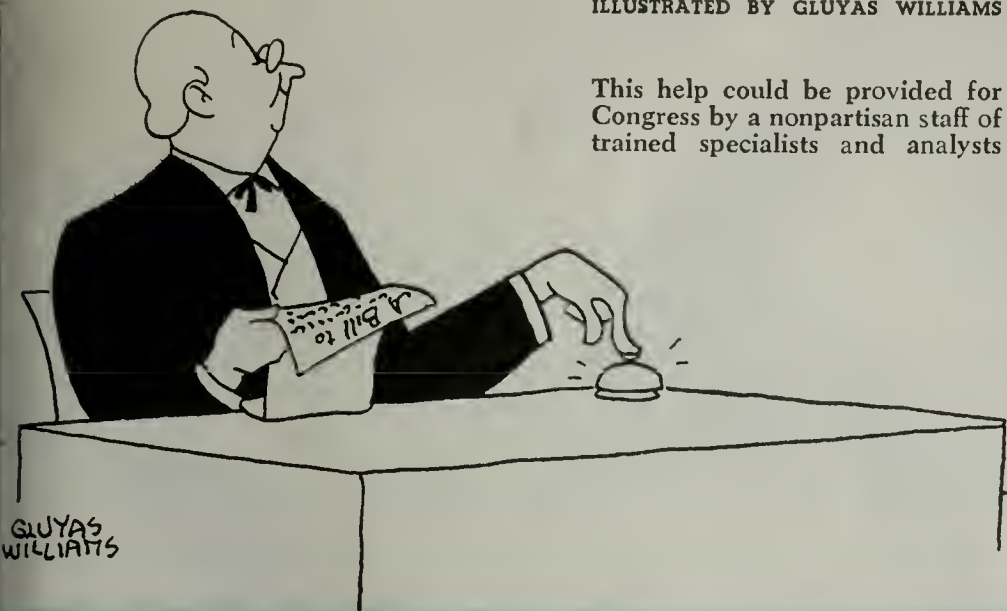
Old Tick's eyes paused to study the

(Continued on page 22)



ILLUSTRATED BY GLUYAS WILLIAMS

This help could be provided for Congress by a nonpartisan staff of trained specialists and analysts



GLUYAS WILLIAMS

# CONGRESS CAN SAVE ITSELF

BY ALBERT GORE

REPRESENTATIVE 4th DIST., TENNESSEE

lumbling along under 50-year-old methods, Congress is losing its independence to the streamlined executive and judicial branches and forfeiting public esteem, says Mr. Gore, but it can regain both, and he tells you how

**W**HAT Congress needs is to have its valves ground and the carbon cleaned out. The old motor has lost its zing. Congress, in other words, should reorganize itself. Its fundamental design is good but it should step up its efficiency. It must reach a swift, sure pace to keep up with current events and to keep its place in our three-cornered system of government.

I hope I'm not being presumptuous in making such a dogmatic statement. I'm not precisely a Congressional veteran, but that may only give me greater objectivity in approaching the problem of what's wrong with our legislative branch. I am, after all, in my fifth year of service and I have studied the situation as extensively as I could because I've been disturbed by Congress' loss of prestige. Our democracy would be a farce without a strong, dignified and lively Congress.

Congress has reorganized, or allowed to be reorganized, both other branches of the government. In the fury of fighting over the so-called Supreme Court packing bill, many of us overlooked the fact that court procedures actually were revised rather extensively by the legislation, though the proposal to increase the number of justices was defeated. And twice the President has been given considerable authority to remold the executive end of our government. Only Congress has been untouched and is still plodding along with the methods and ceremonies of fifty years ago.

Asking Congress to modernize itself is like expecting a dentist to pull his own tooth, but I believe it could be done with little pain, compared to the advantages to be gained from it.

Congress should, it seems to me, take three definite steps: First, it should hire itself a staff of specialists in each of the major areas of public welfare. These experts would not represent the biased views of bureaus or private groups, but just what Congress represents—the public. Second, it should reorganize its committees to end the confusion and complexities which now tie us down. Third, it should give more power and responsibility to its leaders, the Speaker of the House and the President Pro Tem of the Senate, bestowing upon them authority to speak for Congress in formation of national policy and to preserve the integrity of Congress.

In behalf of Congress, it should be said that much of the criticism and contempt has not been leveled at Congress alone, but vaguely at something called Washington, of

which Congress is only a part. The institution is blamed in the abstract for the confusion and contradiction emanating from the capital. In short, Congress takes the rap for many things of which it is innocent.

For instance, a person who had become confused by conflicting statements on the draft asked me, "Why doesn't Congress clear up this confusion?" Another person wrote me ridiculing Congress for being so slow in passing a pending bill, but later, when he became dissatisfied with the administration of the law, he cursed Congress for ever passing such an "infernal law."

Nevertheless, there are basic reasons why Congress has steadily declined in public popularity and power, and the need for an overhaul job is clear. The fact is that Congress has failed to keep step with national development. Appropriations for the federal government leaped from a little more than one billion dollars in 1916 to over thirteen billion dollars in 1940. Yet Congress has remained the simple, parliamentary body that was conceived by the Founding Fathers. So Congress has become wholly unable to function on an equal footing with the ever-swollen executive branch of the government. Circumstances have been too much for Congress.

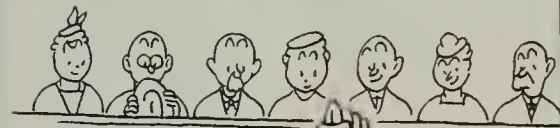
Even the initiation of legislation—certainly a basic function of any legislature—is now mostly in the hands of executive bureaus and agencies. Rarely does Congress pass an important law that does not originate in some executive agency. Today, executive officials not only draft legislative proposals and submit them to Congress, but they use the facilities and overwhelming strength of the executive branch to push and persuade the people and Congress to their points of view.

According to Doctor Floyd M. Riddick, "In the first session of the 75th Congress—a typical session—no less than 271 drafts of proposed bills were fed into the Congressional hopper," after having been sent to "The Hill" by the heads of departments, bureaus and commissions. Many of them became law as they came to us.

This is a far cry from the attitude of the Senate in 1908, when a terrible row was created because a Cabinet officer had sent to the Senate the draft of a proposed bill. The Senate indignantly ordered the bill sent back and adopted a rule ordering all gratuitous executive communications returned unless transmitted through the President.

Perhaps the most ironical reflection to be found in the Congressional Record was uttered by Representative Monroney last year while speaking in support of a bill I had offered as a substitute for the Administration-sponsored price control bill. He said, "There is criticism attached to this substitute bill, a blight that I (Continued on page 32)

Asking Congress to modernize itself is like expecting a dentist to pull his own tooth; it could be done with little pain compared to the advantages to be gained



A crackpot idea or speech makes headline and Congress must take a blast of ridicule







The three solid-looking citizens were reluctantly introduced by the general. They bowed, enchanted with such beauty

## WHEN THE MUSIC STOPPED

BY LEONORA KAGHAN

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

How Miss Martha Goode of New York inflamed the male vote at Huitzapil. It took a visiting fireman (name of Donovan) to extinguish the blaze

HER eyes were a modest shade of blue, her fair hair shone inconspicuously, and six little freckles powdered the bridge of her unassuming nose. She might have been a kindergarten teacher; about twenty-eight; naïvely excited over her first trip to a foreign and romantic land—all of which she was. Even her name fitted into the homespun picture: Martha E. Goode. The E was for Ellen.

This was the girl who, after a week of "sight-seeing" Mexico, suddenly wandered off the tourist-beaten track; and choosing a train here and a bus there at random, found herself at last in Huitzapil. The little town dreaming in the semitropical sun struck her at once as

rather like heaven: such peace, such beauty could hardly exist on earth. Not in the sound and fury of the twentieth century; not in 1941. There was only one slight flaw: the charming people of Huitzapil showed a tendency to stare; from the moment she had set foot in the place all eyes had been upon her. But well, she was a stranger, an *Americana*. In a day or two they would get used to her . . .

"Señor," she had murmured after her first night on the rack that was snowily disguised as a bed, "if it is possible to do something about the mattress—"

"Señorita!" Plump, dark, with large and melting eyes, the *patron* of Huitzapil's only hotel had gazed at her, stricken. "You have not rested well, you have suffered. A thousand, ten thousand pardons! But do not fear; it will not happen again. Everything will be arranged. At once! I give my sacred word." Heaven indeed. For though experience had already taught her that "at once" was the rarest of all phenomena in the sunny land of *mañana*,

that very night she had slept on a fine new mattress!

Slept deliciously—and, in the small hours, wakened deliciously to music. Guitars and voices yearned and pleaded, exulted, despaired in a serenade fit for a goddess. Spellbound, Martha had admired from her heart the lovely custom of saying it with music in the night, and wondered to whom it was being said, and had a vision of the señor *patron's* young sister whose room opened on the other side of the patio. Sloe-eyed and lissome, flowered to a demure and subtly wise sixteen . . . Ah, Concepción, are you listening? Is your cheek like a rose on your pillow? Do you know who it is that has gathered these voices to weave into the drifting night this record of your youth and your beauty?

Her own heart had pattered and ached a little with gentle envy of beauty and youth: for a moment or two it had ached a lot . . .

Concepción was nowhere to be seen the next morning, so after an excellent breakfast (barring the coffee) under the

hovering supervision of the *patron*, Martha went out into the sunshine alone. Across the way was the main plaza, the prettiest of plazas. Tall trees spread wide their branches so that the sun might sprinkle only filtered gold on the lush grass, on the terra-cotta benches inlaid with blue tile, on the flower-bordered paths that wound to meet at the bandstand in the heart of the square.

Martha sat down on one of the benches. It was market day, and Indians from villages in the neighboring hills were drifting into town with their wares. Barefoot, the men in white cotton dungarees, the women with the bright-hued *rebozos* of the region draped about them, they balanced laden baskets on their heads with effortless grace. It was a living frieze, brilliant with color, flowing with grave and rhythmic movement. Martha, dazzled, watched it all—and Huitzapil watched Martha.

Nobody passed without looking, and nobody looked whose gaze didn't linger—on the only fair-haired, blue-eyed

(Continued on page 48)



# PAL OF THE PUPPETS

By Frank J. Taylor

Nine thousand little wooden men move in fantastic syncopation through one of George Pal's color puppetoons. "With puppets," he says, "anything can happen"

**I**N TULIPS SHALL GROW, just as the little Dutch boy finds the little Dutch girl, his accordion gets tangled in the windmill, making lively dance music to which the pair clog dance in wooden shoes until the Screwball Army sweeps over the horizon, devastating the lovely tulip beds and the windmill, and driving Janette from Jan, who prays for rain in the ruins of the church. And just in time, too, for the raindrops begin to fall, rusting the Screwball soldiers so that they fall apart, as do their tanks and planes—whereupon boy finds girl, and the tulips spring into blossom again, as the windmill turns anew.

All this happens in less than eight minutes. This little George Pal puppetoon gives you the throbs of a full-length moving picture. Nobody says anything about Adolf Hitler or the Nazis, but in those eight minutes, your heartstrings run the gamut of the years from the placid, busy, spick-and-span Netherlands through the Nazi devastation to the resurrection of Holland after the goose-steppers are gone.

George Pal is a soft-spoken, blue-eyed little guy, once a Hungarian, but now an American, who packs a terrific wallop with his puppetoons, which he calls "color cartoons in three dimensions." Instead of drawings, he uses characters carved of wood. It takes about nine thousand of them to act the syncopated sequences of a Pal puppetoon. The action is accomplished by placing the puppets, one after another, on miniature papier-mâché scenery and photographing the scenes at a rate of one a minute. It is slow, tedious business.

In contrast to the Disney studio, which employs hundreds of artists to ink and color sequences, the Pal puppetoonery is an old garage, converted into a Santa Claus workshop. In it a dozen skilled woodworkers with lathes and carving tools turn by the hundreds the wooden figures which another dozen artists paint in gay colors, and a handful of intensely absorbed photographers slowly and tediously shoot in technicolor. When they have shot about 30,000 pictures, the sequences are set to music and speech, and run off in the projection room across the street.

## Syncopated Rhythm in Wood

Suddenly, by some magic, the little wooden figures come to life, almost as real as flesh and blood. They do things that human actors never do, such as Johann Strauss taking a walk in the woods, hearing a bird and scribbling the notes on his cuffs; listening to squirrels and jotting more musical notes on his dickey; then finally, pulling a violin from his coat pocket, placing the notes on a stump, and syncopating them into Tales From the Vienna Woods, while the rabbits, the skunks, the squirrels and the birds catch the spirit and join in.

Then there is the puppetoon about Jasper, the little colored boy who just can't stay out of the watermelon patch. Jasper goes with the old scarecrow to a watermelon world where the mountains are big, rosy slices of melon, the trees are watermelons on trunks, and the rivers are all watermelon juice. Little Jasper has some bad moments when all the watermelons give him the bum's rush as Watermelon's Enemy Number One, but he finally makes it back to his mammy with the aid of some lively boogie-woogie music.

In spite of all the work involved, George Pal and his staff in Hollywood have been turning out puppetoons at the rate of one a month for the past year. They have been booked as tidbits of fantasy in some six thousand theaters in this country, and more in Great Britain, Russia and Latin America. Already, smiling little George Pal, his wife Szoka, his sons, George, Jr., and Peter, are Hollywood rages—with this one reservation—Mr. Pal is too shy and too busy dreaming up new musicals to play the Hollywood game. All he wants to do is (Continued on page 61)

George Pal calls his puppetoons "color cartoons in three dimensions." Here he places two characters in their miniature setting, prior to shooting one of the thirty thousand pictures which make up a puppetoon. The sequences are later set to music and speech



One step ahead of the Nazis, George Pal fled the Netherlands for Hollywood, where he now ridicules Hitler's hordes. In Pal's latest puppetoon, a fiddling Johann Strauss plays the Pied Piper and leads Nazi soldiers to destruction, to the stirring strains of The Blue Danube





# THE HUNTERS

By Mary Hastings Bradley

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

## The Story Thus Far:

IN AFRICA, Michael Garrick learns that the girl he had idolized, and still idolizes, in England—Claire Alloway, who had promised to become his wife—has jilted him to marry a much older man: the wealthy John Winston. Desperately hurt, wretchedly unhappy, he turns to drink, for forgetfulness. Then, a few years later, he marries and settles down on a coffee plantation.

Disgusted by her husband's frequent splees, Michael's wife—"Tommy"—sees much of, and falls in love with, a young neighbor: Robert ("Bob") McNare. Later Bob goes to England, to take over a baronetcy he has inherited.

Months pass. Bob—now Sir Robert McNare—returns. And Tommy soon learns, to her dismay, that he is madly infatuated with a beautiful blond widow who has come out on the same boat with him: Mrs. John Winston!

The meeting between Mrs. Winston and Michael is a strange one. Introduced, realizing that neither Tommy nor Bob knows about their past relations, they act as though they had never before seen each other. Michael, despite what Claire had done to him, still adores her. And Claire? Michael wonders. . . .

At Bob's suggestion, the four—Claire, Tommy, Michael and Bob—go to the Congo for a long lion hunt. Claire and Michael are often alone; and Michael soon makes a discovery that shocks him terribly: the charming Mrs. Winston is willing to flirt with him, do anything—except marry him! The charming Mrs. Winston, he realizes, wants a title. . . .

Tommy, Claire and Bob are charged by a lion. Claire and Bob, together, kill the brute. By this time, Bob—noting that Claire and Michael are far more intimate than they should be—is suspicious, jealous. He warns Michael not to poach on his preserves. Michael retaliates by telling him, bluntly, that Mrs. Winston is—well, she is not all that Sir Robert McNare's wife should be.

A few hours later, as the four prepare to go out to try to bag another lion, Michael pretends that he is ill and cannot go. Claire, too, says that she cannot go—she has a headache (Michael's idea). So the question is: Shall Bob and Tommy (who still loves him) go alone? Listening to Bob, as they talk it over, Tommy thinks, "He doesn't want to go, he doesn't want to go!"

## VII

BOB'S eyes blazed back with wrath and with contempt and yet there was uneasiness beneath those less complicated feelings. Then Mrs. Winston caught at his attention with a soft-voiced, "You don't think I'm too unsporting not to see it through? I'd rather carry on than have your poor opinion."

"You couldn't have that."

Bob said that sharply, as if affirming something. He said, "It wouldn't do at all with a headache," and gave her a clear, direct look, and then shot a quick, hard glance at Michael, and swung about to Tommy, and the waiting porters, being very brisk and businesslike, trying to shake off the sense of having been, somehow, maneuvered, having been rushed. "Let's go," he said again.

Michael walked out about the table. "Good luck, Tommy. Shoot straight."

"I'll try. Turn in early."

Mrs. Winston rose and followed them out. "Good luck, Mrs. Garrick."

"Goodby. I hope your head won't be too bad."

"Goodby, Sir Robert. A lion for you, too."

"Thanks. Well—cheerio."

"Cheerio."

"Quaheri."

"Quaheri."

Tommy waved back to them, as she hurried off. For a little time, she thought, for the last time that she would probably have, she could pretend that he was all hers again.

CLAIRE'S eyes watched the figures that grew smaller and smaller on the plain. She said thoughtfully, "I don't think that went any too well. He looked—peculiar."

Michael chuckled. They were at table again, and Michael had ordered a cheese savory and fresh coffee. "Moth being parted from the flame," he said lightly.

"I wonder. . . . It was pretty pat, you know—your fever, my headache, the chance of rain tomorrow night."

"All unassailable."

"Your wife was keen to go. You know, Michael, I rather fancy your little wife is somewhat gone on him."

"They're old pals. You get amazingly pally in these parts."

They were very merry over the savory. Michael felt a curious lightness and recklessness of spirit. The sun set swiftly; one moment it was a red ball on the rim of the world and the next moment it was gone and the air took on the soft, shadowless clarity of the African twilight that is so fleet and fugitive. A brightness lingered on the high face of the cliff, and then it vanished and darkness took over.

The porters built up their fires, red gleams in the dark; the indistinguishable babble of their incessant talk and the thin shrilling of the insects became interwoven, like a tapestry of sound, against which other sounds sprang out, the beat of a small tom-tom, a little tune on an *mbichi*, the cries of the baboons in the high trees by the river.

Claire was stretched out in a steamer chair and Michael had a small camp chair beside her.

"You're supposed to be in bed," she reminded him. "With aspirin. Or whatever you take for fever."

They laughed. A lion grunted along the river. Then they heard one out on the plains. Claire said suddenly, "If they get one early, won't they come back?"

"At night? It isn't done."

"Why not? They've got guns."

"No good against a spring from the back . . . besides, it would look dashed silly, tearing back. And there's always the next lion. They'll be keen, once they're there. . . . They won't quit the boma before sunrise."

"You sound very sure."

"I am sure."

"Sure of me?"

He looked at her; the starlight showed that he was smiling.

"I might fool you, you know," she said to that smile. "I meant to, at the start. I meant you to want me and then—"

(Continued on page 44)

Tommy leaned closer, peering through the leaves for the skulking shadow. She could hear the horrid, rending noise. "Could we shoot?" she whispered





THEY'RE due back soon," said the English colonel.

"Yes, soon," agreed Captain Perrault. He looked at the sleeve of his Fighting French uniform. It gave him strength.

"Pretty rough," said the colonel, "bombing your own country."

"Unavoidable," said Captain Perrault.

"Quite." The Englishman glanced at a map. "I hope they got the right place. Funny about those villages."

"Yes, very funny."

Captain Perrault pressed his hands on the desk to keep them from trembling. That morning at 3 A. M. he'd been called to Air Intelligence. The colonel seemed excited, for once.

"Captain," he cried, "do you know who Karl Schupp is?"

Captain Perrault nodded. "The cruelest German in France."

"Well, we know where he's sleeping tonight. It came from the Underground. He's there for some sort of meeting. Too secret for Paris."

"And we shall bomb him, no?"

"We'll bomb that village off the map."

The captain shuddered. He was doing his duty to help the English bomb France, but he always shuddered a little.

"It is worth the cost," he said. "Karl Schupp is important, and to prove that we know his movements is more important still."

"Take a look at these," said the colonel. "Your part of France, I think."

On the desk were two air photographs. Each showed a village of eighteen houses arranged in two short lines. A narrow road ran straight through each. Around them were featureless fields—no railroads, no streams, no forests. Captain Perrault flinched and a chill ran through him. One village was Lichères. He knew it well. The other was Gondreville—his own little town where Claire, his wife, was living.

"They're only two miles apart," said the colonel with annoyance, "and as like as two peas. We're attacking at dawn, when there's usually plenty of mist. The pilots are apt to confuse them."

Captain Perrault was silent. He didn't trust his voice.

"We could plaster them both," said the colonel, "and make sure of getting Schupp. But—" He put his hand on the Frenchman's shoulder. "But, my friend, we don't enjoy hurting your people."

"I know those villages," said Captain Perrault at last. "They are almost exactly alike. They were destroyed by the Germans in 1917. The government rebuilt them, and the contractor saved money by using the same set of plans."

"So that's the reason." The colonel gave him the pictures. "See if you can remember some distinguishing feature which doesn't show up in the photos. Something the pilots can spot at dawn."

"In which village are you interested?" The captain's voice was level, but the question was almost a prayer. The answer came: "Karl Schupp is sleeping at Gondreville."

The captain held himself tightly controlled. He went to his desk, but he already knew the solution. The villages looked alike to the camera, but the roofs of Lichères were dark gray slate while the roofs of Gondreville were red. He put the pictures side by side. *Gondreville! Lichères!* He held their fate in his hands. But

really he had no choice. Karl Schupp was sleeping at Gondreville.

He fought for delay by pretending to study the photographs. They were clear as crystal. He could see each cabbage and vine. He could see his own small house—the fancy brick path, the rustic stone bench, the vegetable garden. He reached for his magnifier.

In the garden a woman knelt. It was Claire! He knew it was Claire! She was hardly more than a vague dark dot, but somehow a graceful dot, an adorable dot. Tears came to his eyes. Claire! His wife! His darling! She had dimples when she smiled, and a tiny heart-shaped birthmark under her chin.

He looked down at Claire as if from a bombing plane, and a furtive, sneak-footed thought crept into his mind. *Perhaps it was Lichères which had red slate roofs.* Such things were hard to remember. Yes, he'd tell the colonel so. The bombs would fall on Lichères, and he would see Claire again.

But still he looked at the photograph. The little dark dot came closer, as if he were floating down. He saw Claire spring to her feet and smile. Her arms went around his neck.

"Why so sad, my husband?" She tweaked the lobe of his ear. "We are both good soldiers of France. We'll meet again later on. Let the bombs rain down on Gondreville. The Germans are sleeping here."

The vision suddenly vanished. As if in a trance Captain Perrault got up and went to the colonel's desk. "Tell the pilots to look for red roofs," he said in a hollow voice. "The roofs of Gondreville are red. The roofs of Lichères are gray. Bomb the red roofs only, not the gray."

"That's just what we need," said the colonel with satisfaction.

CAPTAIN PERRAULT went back to his desk where he waited in agonized silence. The hours crept by. He bent his head.

"Claire, darling," he begged, "forgive me—"

Then he felt her soft arms around his neck.

"Do not be sad, my husband. You are doing your duty." Her voice was tender as if to a little child. "You have sent many bombers to France. They have killed many people. Tonight it is you and I."

The minutes and hours dragged by. The colonel answered the telephone. "They're landing, Captain," he said. "You'd better go talk to the pilots."

Captain Perrault dragged himself out of his chair. Many times he had questioned these English boys. Could he face them today? They had just killed Claire.

He squared his shoulders and started across the room. His telephone rang. He picked it up.

"We have news from the Underground," said a voice in French. "About Gondreville."

An icy pang stabbed the captain's heart. He waited speechless.

"The Germans are using the village," the voice continued. "Some congress of swine. They've moved the people out to keep it secret."

"Moved the people? Quick tell me! All the people?"

"All the people. They took them in trucks to Lichères."

The captain dropped the telephone. It rolled to the floor.

"Lichères," he murmured. "The roofs of Lichères are gray."

# AIR INTELLIGENCE

BY JACK LEONARD

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

The little dark dot came closer . . . he saw Claire spring up and smile





# King OF THE NAVY

BY ROBERT MCCORMICK

PORTRAIT BY BOB LEAVITT

With both his private and official life trimmed for action, the Commander in Chief of the United States Fleet runs his part of the war without fuss or feathers

**T**HE important thing to remember about Admiral Ernest J. King is that he has a fixation. He wants to win the war. He has stripped his life of every frill that might distract him and he has grooved his mind into the single comforting channel of trying to end the mess as quickly as possible. He doesn't want to build himself up to be a glamor boy, a public hero, a dictator or a president. He wants only to do a cool, calculating, businesslike job as Commander in Chief of the U. S. Fleet and Chief of Naval Operations.

When he tells a newspaperman that he will be delighted to give a birthday interview "when the war is won," when he informs an influential club that he cannot address it on Thursday, "because I'm too busy with the war," when he declines an invitation to an official Washington party on the grounds, "I won't have time," he means precisely what he says. Nothing is implied, nothing is withheld.

As a result of King's single-mindedness, he has been presented to the public

as a combination bogeyman, mystery man and miracle man. But he is quite a normal person. He is still called "The Thin Man" by those who serve under him, he is still an artist in profanity on the few occasions he uses it, he still prefers a ship to a house. He is simply trimmed for action, in both official and private life.

The manner in which he runs the Navy has never been understood by the layman because the admiral's conscience has never allowed him to take time out to explain. He judges his subordinates by the results they obtain and he expects to be judged the same way. He hasn't time to alibi or explain as he goes along. He simply feels—as do most military men—that a war is a technical job which the public pays him to do, and that he should let nothing interfere with his attempt to do the business as he's been trained to do it.

As the admiral talks, you realize that there is nothing complicated or devious about his policy. It has two main points: Complete decentralization and the theory of "calculated risk." Both have brought torrents of criticism upon him, which doesn't perturb the admiral.

The extent to which he parcels out responsibility for details is apparent when you enter his rather plain office. On his desk, he has a few of today's dispatches from the front, marked "Secret" in terrifying big red letters. He doesn't read all that are received—"Just those few

which very trustworthy aides think I should see. They know what should be given me. I couldn't read them all and have time for anything else."

There is no clatter of telephones or windy conferences with subordinates—two characteristics of most Washington offices. Much is going on, but most of it is in the admiral's head. He is not frantically busy in a physical sense. A memorandum will come to his desk representing months of labor and research by his subordinates, and King will either approve it by inscribing a chaste "K" in the corner, or reject it with a terse (and frequently acid) comment in the margin. His only concern with the detailed work involved in the memo is the fact that it was done.

## Not a Watcher of Details

He never interferes with this work while it's going on, never attempts to supervise closely anything but the final result.

"I give my men the tools, the assignment and the authority," he explains. "The rest is up to them. I will tell a commander to patrol a certain area but I'll never tell him how. He should know how. If he doesn't we must get a man who does."

King has split his chores into two groups. He runs active naval operations, with the chief of staff directly under him. Everything else—the man-

agement of shore establishments, construction, repair, development and such—he has turned over to Vice-Admiral Frederick J. Horne, his Vice-Chief of Naval Operations. Horne consults King only on policy. Otherwise, he is lord high boss of his field.

The admiral's subordinates can be wrong—once. Twice is too often. Such an attitude is not considered hard-boiled by the admiral, but only sensible. Mistakes interfere with the quickest possible victory. It cannot be a pleasant business for King to relieve of his command an officer whom he has known most of his life; but if he thinks it must be done for the sake of the war, it comes off with dispatch and firmness—as a few breathless officers now sitting on the side lines can testify.

By making individual officers take full responsibility, King is left free to decide major policy, which is what he is supposed to do. He is in every sense boss of the Navy, but he is uncluttered and unconfused by trivia. He rarely even makes the inspection trips so beloved by most officials. He will sometimes stop over to go through a naval establishment; if it's not out of the way. But he has an inspector general to do the inspecting, directly responsible to King himself.

"So why should I have to do it?" he asks.

He objects violently to issuing an order to obey an order. If a rule is

U. S. and British Army, Navy and Air chiefs in conference. Americans (at right of table): Vice-Admiral Horne (foreground), Admiral King, Admiral Leahy, Brig. Gen. J. R. Deane, Gen. George C. Marshall, Lieut. Gen. J. T. McNarney and Lieut. Col. T. W. Hammond, Jr. At the left, the British: foreground, Comm. R. D. Coleridge, Rear Admiral W. R. Patterson, Field Marshal Sir John Dill, Brigadier Vivian Dykes, Lieut. Gen. G. N. Macready and Air Marshal D. C. S. Evill, R.A.F.







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broken, he believes the offender should not be reminded to obey it in the future, but should explain why he broke it in the first place.

The admiral's reprimands are terse and clear, and despite his talent for passing responsibility to subordinates, he has a great capacity for small things if he thinks the small things are important. But he doesn't beef. He simply states his case.

When he was Commander in Chief of the Atlantic Fleet, his flagship was anchored at Newport, awaiting a visit by another admiral. Presently a seaplane landed on the water close by, and one of King's aides set out in a small boat to meet it, expecting to pick up the visiting admiral. As the boat approached the plane, the officer stood up to direct the crew in lashing life preservers around the bow to prevent staving in the plane's pontoon. The admiral was not aboard, and the boat returned with the pilot.

A few moments later, the aide was summoned to King's quarters. "Don't we have a regulation," the admiral said, "that men must not stand up in small craft?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then why were you standing up?"

"I was boat officer, sir, and directing the crew in the approach."

"Yes. But why were you standing up coming back?"

That's all there was to it, but it was enough.

In return for these exacting standards, King respects the desires of his field commanders with inflexible steadiness. He clamped down completely on publicizing the exploits of our submarines because the commander of a fleet unit protested a story released about one of his subs. It was good publicity for the Navy, but King pointed out that the commander was responsible for the sub, hence should control everything pertaining to it.

### The Theory Explained

King's explanation of his theory of "calculated risk" is simpler than the phrase itself. "We simply don't have enough tools to give each commander all he wants or needs in ships and planes," he says. "So we have to figure out where to send what we have with the best chance of success."

Sometimes the American people have shivered for days and weeks while the theory of calculated risk was working out—but so has the Navy. "The Japanese task force we met at Midway, for example," Admiral King explains, "might have been going to Alaska or Australia or even to this country. We could not defend adequately all the possible points of attack. On the basis of what we knew, we thought our best bet was to attempt to intercept them at Midway. We would have been in a very bad position if we had missed the enemy."

"I have always believed the Japs intended their occupation of the Aleutians to come a short time before Midway, rather than after, but their schedule went haywire. We had already decided, however, that an attack on the Aleutians would not be immediately dangerous, first, because it would be planned as a diversion tactic, and second, because the enemy would still be a thousand miles away from Kodiak, the nearest point at which he would become a really serious threat to Alaska. We let them have those two far western Aleutian islands for the time being. As a matter of fact, the invasion has been very costly to the Japs—something we hadn't really hoped for."

The results of calculating a risk are frequently heartbreaking to King's of-

ficers and men, too. Referring to one of the periodic conferences he holds with Admiral Nimitz, he said, "I had to tell Nimitz about the North African offensive—our ninth front—and what it would mean to him in the number of fleet units in his command. It wasn't fun."

Through all this major policy are woven King's ideas on giving out news of naval matters. He disagrees frankly with the civilian propaganda experts who say the question of how much aid and comfort would be given this country by the release of information is at least as important as how much aid and comfort would be given the enemy.

"So far as I am concerned," King says, "information given the public is information which will almost certainly reach the enemy. You know yourself how many holes there are through which published news can get to the enemy, either directly or by proper channels, which go through neutral countries. I have no intention of giving the enemy anything from which he can derive a shadow of aid and comfort. That's the way I am,

have wings. If the Japs, during that time, had been sure of just how much damage they had done, they would have closed in. That would have been disastrous. Had I been the Japs, I would have pushed the battle anyhow. I've never quite understood why they didn't. Certainly, our only chance was to keep them from having definite knowledge of how successful they'd been."

Admiral King's philosophic calmness under the constant cross fire is a miracle of self-discipline and concentration. Each morning he gets a chart showing the disposition and activity of his fleet units, but sometimes he goes for days without knowing the fate of a particular ship or the outcome of a particular engagement, some of which may conceivably push the whole war into a new direction.

"But what would be accomplished if I worried about it?" he asks in a puzzled way. "I have supplied the best men with the best equipment we have, and have given them what seems the wisest mission. That's all I can do. If a ship has been sunk, I can't bring it up. If it's go-

sticks close to his ship, reading histories of the Civil War, on which he is a consummate expert. When he does go forth of an evening, he insists on being back aboard by 11 P. M. He gets up at 7:30, does a few setting-up exercises, eats a small breakfast, gets into his official car and rides to within a mile of his office, from which point he walks, usually hitting his desk just as the ship's clock on the wall touches 8:20.

Until 9, he reads dispatches, then staff members come in to discuss developments and plans. At 9:30, Secretary Knox has a conference with department officials, which occupies King up to about 10:15. Then he has appointments with congressmen, diplomats, officers from the combat areas, and others who might have something worth hearing. Promptly at 12:45, he adjourns to a small private dining room near his office, where he eats soup and salad with members of his staff.

He's back at 1:30. Two afternoons a week are absorbed with meetings. Tuesday, he gathers with General George Marshall, Army Chief of Staff, Lieutenant General H. H. Arnold, Deputy Army Chief of Staff in charge of the Army Air Forces, and Admiral William Leahy, the President's personal Chief of Staff. The four together are the joint Chiefs of Staff, the All-American grand strategy board, which decides major United States war policy. The meeting lasts from two until four, five or six in the evening.

### Planning World-Wide Strategy

Friday, this same group meets with representatives of the British army, navy and air force, and these combined chiefs of staff harmonize American and British military operations all over the world.

Perhaps once every couple of weeks, the admiral goes to the White House for a huddle with the President, but otherwise his afternoons are devoted to mail, appointments and—most important—thought.

King works on Saturdays as routine, and a few hours every Sunday. Wednesday afternoon he goes for a walk. His only other dissipation is an occasional—very occasional—glass of sherry during his brief appearances at parties he can't avoid. He serves nothing with even a taint of alcohol on the Dauntless, in accordance with Navy regulations for all naval vessels.

In this severe atmosphere, it's easier to understand why the admiral resents anything that distracts him from his one big project. He is concerned, for example, about the idea of Congressional committees keeping check on the day-to-day progress of the war.

"If you want some indication of how it would probably work," he says, "remember what the Committee on the Conduct of the War did to the Union Army in the Civil War. It furnished interference—but it interfered only with the man carrying the ball."

And on the subject of unified command in the Pacific, he has this to say: "The Pacific is divided into five reasonable parts, based on the type of military operations necessary in each part. It was done on a technical basis, and it's by far the most intelligent system, from any reasonable aspect."

And once recently at a small dinner, while he was being questioned about his refusal to give out news, he was asked belligerently how many Jap ships have been sunk.

"I don't know," he replied with a grin, "the Japs don't tell us."

THE END



that's the way I always have been, that's the way I always will be."

Occasionally a roar goes up over the functioning of the Navy in a particular engagement. Demands for unified commands and personnel changes fly back and forth across the country, accompanied by frightful tales of naval stupidity and incompetence. Sometimes these tales have shreds of truth, but almost without exception, they differ on major points from the accounts of the engagement in the secret, accurate reports on King's desk. Should he believe or pretend to believe the published stories and the whispers, and thus avoid irritating political pressure? The admiral isn't fighting that kind of war. And ninety-nine times out of a hundred, he feels he cannot broadcast the information in his reports without giving the Japs the equivalent of a major victory.

### Cruisers Don't Have Wings

He has been slugged at violently for not announcing sooner the loss of three American cruisers and one Australian cruiser in the Solomons in October. "Replacing those ships was not a simple matter of slapping three more into the holes they left," he states. "We had to figure out from what area they could best be spared (the calculated risk again) and we had the North African invasion coming up. We finally chose those we thought wisest to shift, but then we had to get them to Tulagi, and cruisers don't

ing to be sunk, I can't stop it. I can use my time much better working on tomorrow's problem rather than fretting about yesterday's. Besides, if I let those things get me, I wouldn't last long."

As it is, he's lasting very well. His eyes are clear, his face firm, his waistline taut, and he thinks with the precision of a cash register. Yet he is sixty-four, the legal retirement age for Navy officers. One reason he's been able to keep an even keel is because he has separated himself from the hysterical social life of Washington. He lives on his flagship tied up at the Washington Navy Yard, the U.S.S. Dauntless, which was Mrs. Dodge's yacht Delphine, now painted battle gray and stripped for military use. Six or eight of his staff live on the ship with him.

The admiral's family stays in a monstrous old red brick house of many gables and chimneys in Observatory Circle, the grounds of the Naval Observatory, close to the embassy neighborhood out on Massachusetts Avenue. The house is owned by the federal government and is available to every chief of naval operations. King's family consists of Mrs. King, six daughters—four of whom are married to Army officers—and one son, Ernest J., Jr., who is now a third-classman at the Naval Academy. The family population at the Observatory Circle house varies, but King eats dinner two or three times a week with those who are around.

Outside of his office, he otherwise





## What a terrible fix I'm in!

I WOULDN'T FEEL so badly about it if they had put just an ordinary whiskey-and-soda in my hand.

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And, best of all, YOU can lift this magnificent drink to your fortunate lips and sip it. Lucky, lucky you!

*Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.*



# FOUR ROSES





# Miracle of the Fifteen Murderers

Continued from page 12

growing tension in the new member's face.

"I am sure you have not slain any of your relatives," he sighed, "or that you will ever do so except in the line of duty.

"The learned Hume," he went on, "has undoubtedly explained these forums to you on the psychiatric basis that confession is good for the soul. This is nonsense. We are not here to ease our souls but to improve them. Our real purpose is scientific. Since we dare not admit our mistakes to the public and since we are too great and learned to be criticized by the untutored laity and since such inhuman perfection as that to which we pretend is not good for our weak and human natures, we have formed this society. It is the only medical organization in the world where the members boast only of their mistakes.

"And now," Tick beamed on the neophyte, "allow me to define what we consider a real, fine professional murder. It is the killing of a human being who has trustingly placed himself in a doctor's hands. Mind you, the death of a patient does not in itself spell murder. We are concerned only with those cases in which the doctor, by a wrong diagnosis or by demonstrably wrong medication or operative procedure, has killed off a patient who, without the aforesaid doctor's attention, would have continued to live and prosper."

"Hume explained all this to me," the new member muttered impatiently, and then raised his voice: "I appreciate that this is my first meeting and that I might learn more from my distinguished colleagues by listening than by talking. But I have something rather important to say."

"A murder?" Tick asked.

"Yes," said the new member.

THE old professor nodded. "Very good, he said. "And we shall be glad to listen to you. But we have several murderers on the docket ahead of you."

The new member was silent and remained sitting bolt upright in his chair. It was at this point that several, including Hume, noticed there was something more than stage fright in the young surgeon's tension. The certainty filled the room that Sam Warner had come to his first meeting of the X Club with something violent and mysterious boiling in him.

Dr. Philip Kurtiff, the eminent neurologist, put his hand on Warner's arm and said quietly, "There's no reason to feel bad about anything you're going to tell us. We're all pretty good medical men and we've all done worse—whatever it is."

"If you please," old Tick demanded, "we will have silence. This is not a sanatorium for doctors with guilt complexes. It is a clinic for error. And we will continue to conduct it in an orderly, scientific fashion. If you want to hold Sam Warner's hand, Kurtiff, that's your privilege. But do it in silence."

He beamed suddenly at the new member.

"I confess," he went on, "that I'm as curious as anybody to hear how so great a know-it-all as our young friend Dr. Warner could have killed off one of his customers. But our curiosity will have to wait. Since five of you were absent from our last gathering I think that the confession of Dr. James Sweeney should be repeated for your benefit."

Dr. Sweeney stood up and turned his lugubrious face and shining eyes to the five absentees. Of all present, Sweeney

was considered next to old Tick the ablest diagnostician in the East.

"Well," he said in his preoccupied monotone, "I told it once, but I'll tell it again. I sent a patient to my X-ray room to have a fluoroscopy done. My assistant gave him a barium meal to drink and put him under the fluoroscope. I walked in a half-hour later to observe progress and when I saw the patient under the fluoroscopic screen I observed to my assistant, Dr. Kroch, that it was amazing and that I had never seen anything like it. Kroch was too overcome to bear me out.

"What I saw was that the patient's en-

caused the belching for which he was referred to me."

"A rather literary murder," said old Tick. "A sort of Pygmalion in reverse."

The old professor paused and fastened his red-rimmed eyes on Warner. "By the way, before we proceed," he said, "I think it is time to tell you the full name of our club. Our full name is the X Marks the Spot Club. We prefer, of course, to use the abbreviated title as being a bit more social sounding."

"Of course," said the new member, whose face now appeared to be getting redder.

"And now," announced old Tick, con-

had a slight fever, felt some nausea—but was not vomiting. It seemed obvious that he too was poisoned to a lesser degree. Accordingly I prescribed an equal dose of castor oil for the youngest child—just to be on the safe side.

"I was called by the father in the middle of the night. He was alarmed over the condition of the seven-year-old. He reported that the other two children were much improved. I told him not to worry, that the youngest had been a little late in developing food poisoning but would unquestionably be better in the morning, and that his cure was as certain as his sister's and brother's.

"When I hung up I felt quite pleased with myself for having anticipated the youngest one's condition and prescribed the castor oil prophylactically. I arrived at the Horowitz home at noon the next day and found the two older children practically recovered. The seven-year-old, however, appeared to be very sick indeed. They had been trying to reach me since breakfast. The child had 105 degrees temperature. It was dehydrated, the eyes sunken and circled, the expression pinched, the nostrils dilated, the lips cyanotic and the skin cold and clammy."

DR. DAVIS paused. Dr. Milton Morris, the renowned lung specialist, spoke. "It died within a few hours?" he asked.

Dr. Davis nodded.

"Well," Dr. Morris said quietly, "it seems pretty obvious. The child was suffering from acute appendicitis when you first saw it. The castor oil ruptured its appendix. By the time you got around to looking at it again, peritonitis had set in."

"Yes," said Dr. Davis slowly. "That's exactly what happened."

"Murder by castor oil," old Tick cackled, "plus an indifference to the poor."

"Not at all," Dr. Davis said. "All three children had been at the picnic, over-eaten alike and revealed the same symptoms."

"Not quite the same," Dr. Hume said. "Oh, you would have psychoanalyzed the third child?" Dr. Davis smiled.

"No," said Hume. "I would have examined its abdomen like any penny doctor, considering that it had some pain and nausea, and found it rigid with both direct and rebound tenderness."

"Yes, it would have been an easy diagnosis for a medical student," Dr. Kurtiff agreed. "But unfortunately, we have outgrown the humility of medical students."

"Dr. Davis' murder is morally instructive," old Tick announced, "but I find it extremely dull. I have a memo from Dr. Kenneth Wood. Dr. Wood has the floor."

The noted Scotch surgeon, famed in his college days as an Olympic Games athlete, stood up. He was still a man of prowess, large-handed, heavy-shouldered and with the purr of masculine strength in his soft voice.

"I don't know what kind of murder you can call this," Dr. Wood smiled at his colleagues.

"Murder by butchery is the usual title," Tick said.

"No, I doubt that," Dr. Morris protested. "Ken's too skillful to cut off anybody's leg by mistake."

"I guess you'll have to call it just plain murder by stupidity," Dr. Wood said softly.

Old Tick cackled. "If you'd paid a

BUTCH

by CPL. LARRY REYNOLDS



"Shh, you clumsy ox! There's people trying to sleep upstairs!"

tire stomach and lower esophagus were motionless and dilated, apparently made out of stone. And as I studied this phenomenon, I noticed it was becoming clearer and sharper. The most disturbing factor in the situation was that we both knew there was nothing to be done. Dr. Kroch, in fact, showed definite signs of hysteria. Shortly afterward the patient became moribund and fell to the floor."

"Well, I'll be damned!" several of those who had been absent cried in unison, Dr. Kurtiff adding, "What was it?"

"It was simple," said Sweeney. "The bottom of the glass out of which the patient had drunk his barium meal was caked solid. We had filled him up with plaster of Paris. I fancy the pressure caused a fatal coronary attack."

"Good Lord," the new member said. "How did it get into the glass?"

"Through some pharmaceutical error," said Sweeney mildly.

"What, if anything, was the matter with the patient before he adventured into your office?" Dr. Kurtiff inquired.

"The autopsy revealed chiefly a solidified stomach and esophagus," said Sweeney. "But I think from several indications that there may have been a little tendency to pyloric spasm, which

sulting a scribbled piece of paper, "our first case on tonight's docket will be Dr. Wendell Davis."

There was silence as the elegant stomach specialist stood up. Davis was a doctor who took his manner as seriously as his medicine. Tall, solidly built, gray-haired and beautifully barbered, his face was without expression—a large, pink mask that no patient, however ill and agonized, had ever seen disturbed.

"I WAS called late last summer to the home of a workingman," he began. "Senator Bell had given a picnic for some of his poorer constituency. As a result of this event, the three children of a steamfitter named Horowitz were brought down with food poisoning. They had over-eaten at the picnic. The senator, as host, felt responsible, and I went to the Horowitz home at his earnest solicitation. I found two of the children very sick and vomiting considerably. They were nine and eleven. The mother gave me a list of the various foods all three of them had eaten. It was staggering. I gave them a good dose of castor oil.

"The third child, aged seven, was not as ill as the other two. He looked pale,





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little more attention to diagnosis than to shot-putting you wouldn't be killing off such hordes of patients," he said.

"This is my first report in three years," Wood answered modestly. "And I've been operating at the rate of four or five daily, including holidays."

"My dear Kenneth," Dr. Hume said, "every surgeon is entitled to one murder in three years. A phenomenal record, in fact—when you consider the temptations."

"Proceed with the crime," Tick said.

"Well," the strong-looking surgeon turned to his hospital colleague, the new member, "you know how it is with these acute gall bladders, Sam."

Warner nodded abstractedly.

Dr. Wood went on: "Brought in late at night. In extreme pain. I examined her. Found the pain in the right upper quadrant of the abdomen. It radiated to the back and right shoulder. Completely characteristic of gall bladder. I gave her opiates. They had no effect on her, which, as you know, backs up any gall bladder diagnosis. Opiates never touch the gall bladder."

"We know that," said the new member nervously.

"Excuse me," Dr. Wood smiled. "I want to get all the points down carefully. Well, I gave her some nitroglycerin to lessen the pain then. Her temperature was 101. By morning the pain was so severe that it seemed certain the gall bladder had perforated. I operated. There was nothing wrong with her gall bladder. She died an hour later."

"WHAT did the autopsy show?" Dr. Sweeney asked.

"Wait a minute," Wood answered. "You're supposed to figure it out, aren't you? Come on—you tell me what was the matter with her."

"Did you take her history?" Dr. Kurtiff asked after a pause.

"No," Wood answered.

"Aha!" Tick snorted. "There you have it! Blind man's buff again."

"It was an emergency," Wood looked flushed. "And it seemed an obvious case. I've had hundreds of them."

"The facts seem to be as follows," Tick spoke up. "Dr. Wood murdered a woman because he misunderstood the source of a pain. We have, then, a very simple problem. What besides the gall bladder can produce the sort of pain that that eminent surgeon has described?"

"Heart," Dr. Morris answered quickly.

"You're getting warm," said Wood.

"Before operating on anyone with so acute a pain, and in the absence of any medical history," Tick went on, "I would most certainly have looked at the heart."

"Well, you'd have done right," said Wood quietly. "The autopsy showed an infraction of the descending branch of the right coronary artery."

"Which a cardiogram would have told you," said old Tick. "But you didn't have to go near a cardiograph. All you had to do is ask one question. If you had even called up a neighbor of the patient she would have told you that previous attacks of pain came on exertion—which would have spelled heart, and not gall bladder."

"Murder by a sophomore," old Tick pronounced wrathfully.

"The first and last," said Wood quietly. "There won't be any more heart-case mistakes in my hospital."

"Good, good," old Tick said. "And now, gentlemen, the crimes reported thus far have been too infantile for discussion. We have learned nothing from them other than that science and stupidity go hand in hand, a fact already too well known to us. However, we have

with us tonight a young but extremely talented wielder of the medical saws. He has been sitting here for the last hour, fidgeting like a true criminal, sweating with guilt and a desire to tell all. Gentlemen, I give you our new and youngest culprit, Dr. Samuel Warner."

Dr. Warner faced his fourteen eminent colleagues with a sudden excitement in his manner. His eyes glittered and the dusty look of hard work and near exhaustion already beginning to mark his youth, lifted from his face.

The older men regarded him quietly and with various degrees of irritation. They knew, without further corroboration than his manner, that this medico was full of untenable theories and half-baked medical discoveries. They had been full of such things themselves once. And they settled back to enjoy themselves. There is nothing as pleasing to a graying medical man as the opportunity of slapping a dunce cap on the young of

tionary. His poetry was a cry against injustice. Every kind of injustice. Bitter and burning."

"Wait a minute," Dr. Rosson said. "The new member seems to have some misconception of our function. We are not a literary society, Warner."

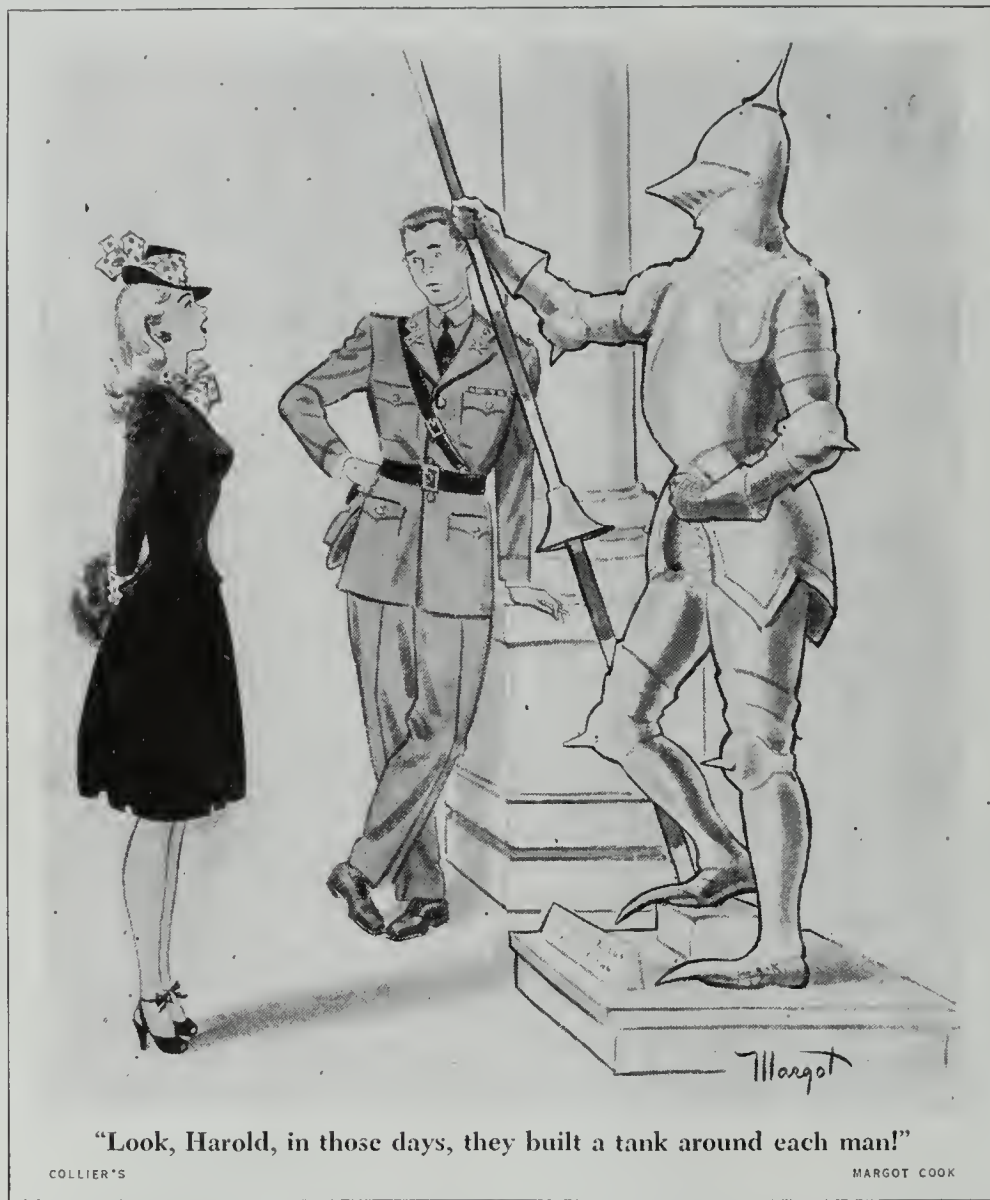
"And before you get started," Dr. Hume grinned, "no bragging. You can do your bragging at the annual surgeons' convention."

"GENTLEMEN," Warner said, "I have no intention of bragging. I'll stick to murder, I assure you. And as bad a one as you've ever heard."

"Good," Dr. Kurtiff said. "Go on. And take it easy and don't break down."

"Yes," Dr. Wood grinned. "I remember when Morris here made his first confession. We had to pour a quart of whisky into him before he quit blubbering."

"I won't break down," Warner said.



"Look, Harold, in those days, they built a tank around each man!"

science. Old Tick, surveying his colleagues, grinned. They had all acquired the look of pedagogues holding a switch behind their backs.

Dr. Warner mopped his neck with his wet handkerchief and smiled knowingly at the medical peerage.

"I'll give you this case in some detail," he said, "because I think it contains as interesting a problem as you can find in practice."

DR. ROSSON, the gynecologist, grunted, but said nothing.

"The patient was a young man, or rather a boy," Warner went on eagerly. "He was seventeen, and amazingly talented. He wrote poetry. That's how I happened to meet him. I read one of his poems in a magazine, and it was so impressive I wrote him a letter."

"Rhymed poetry?" Dr. Wood asked, with a wink at old Tick.

"Yes," said Warner. "I read all his manuscripts. They were sort of revolu-

"Don't worry. Well, the patient was sick for two weeks before I was called."

"I thought you were his friend," Dr. Davis said.

"I was," Warner answered. "But he didn't believe in doctors."

"No faith in them, eh?" old Tick cackled. "Brilliant boy."

"He was," said Warner eagerly. "I felt upset when I came and saw how sick he was. I had him moved to a hospital at once."

"Oh, a rich poet," Dr. Sweeney said.

"No," said Warner. "I paid his expenses. And I spent all the time I could with him. The sickness had started with a severe pain on the left side of the abdomen. He was going to call me, but the pain subsided after three days, so the patient thought he was well. But it came back in two days and he began running a temperature. He developed diarrhea. There was pus and blood, but no amoeba or pathogenic bacteria when he finally sent for me."

"After the pathology reports I made a diagnosis of ulcerative colitis. The pain being on the left side ruled out the appendix. I put the patient on sulfaguanidin and unconcentrated liver extract, and gave him a high protein diet—chiefly milk. Despite this treatment and constant observation the patient got worse. He developed generalized abdominal tenderness, both direct and rebound, and rigidity of the entire left rectus muscle. After two weeks of careful treatment the patient died."

"And the autopsy showed you'd been wrong?" Dr. Wood asked.

"I didn't make an autopsy," said Warner. "The boy's parents had perfect faith in me. As did the boy. They both believed I was doing everything possible to save his life."

"Then how do you know you were wrong in your diagnosis?" Dr. Hume asked.

"By the simple fact," said Warner irritably, "that the patient died instead of being cured. When he died I knew I had killed him by a faulty diagnosis."

"A logical conclusion," said Dr. Sweeney. "Pointless medication is no alibi."

"Well, gentlemen," old Tick cackled from behind his table, "our talented new member has obviously polished off a great poet and close personal friend. Indictments of his diagnosis are now in order."

BUT no one spoke. Doctors have a sense for things unseen and complications unstated. And nearly all the fourteen looking at Warner felt there was something hidden. The surgeon's tension, his elation and its overtone of mockery, convinced them there was something untold in the story of the dead poet. They approached the problem cautiously.

"How long ago did the patient die?" Dr. Rosson asked.

"Last Wednesday," said Warner.

"Why?"

"What hospital?" asked Davis.

"St. Michael's," said Warner.

"You say the parents had faith in you," said Kurtiff, "and still have. Yet you seem curiously worried about something. Has there been any inquiry by the police?"

"No," said Warner. "I committed the perfect crime. The police haven't even heard of it. And even my victim died full of gratitude." He beamed at the room. "Listen," he went on, "even you people may not be able to disprove my diagnosis."

This brash challenge irritated a number of the members.

"I don't think it will be very difficult to knock out your diagnosis," said Dr. Morris.

"There's a catch to it," said Wood slowly, his eyes boring at Warner.

"The only catch there is," said Warner quickly, "is the complexity of the case. You gentlemen evidently prefer the simpler malpractice type of crime, such as I've listened to tonight."

There was a pause, and then Dr. Davis inquired in a soothing voice, "You described an acute onset of pain before the diarrhea, didn't you?"

"That's right," said Warner.

"Well," Davis continued coolly, "the temporary relief of symptoms and their recurrence within a few days sounds superficially like ulcers—except for one point."

"I disagree," Dr. Sweeney said softly. "Dr. Warner's diagnosis is a piece of blundering stupidity. The symptoms he has presented have nothing to do with ulcerative colitis."

Warner flushed and his jaw muscles





## To Every Mother in America

Somewhere in America, tonight, a young man sits in a railroad car . . . bound for a destination unknown. He wears the olive drab of the Army, the blue of the Navy, or the forest green of the Marines.

He may be your son.

We know how you feel about that boy. We know what was in your heart when you said goodbye.

We know . . . because that boy is our son, too. And wherever he's going, we promise you this:

That to the very limit of our abilities, where he's concerned, it will never be "too little and too late." Because . . . it can blow or storm or sleet or rain . . . we'll get the supplies through. The guns he needs to do the job. The food to sustain him and give him strength. The medical equipment, the winter clothing, the mail from home . . .

That every hour of every passing day will see a million freight cars rumbling across the land . . . carrying raw materials to factories, steel mills and refineries . . . rushing the finished cargoes of

war to the ships waiting in the harbors . . .

And that with us, the men of the railroads, *your son will always come first!*

For he is the hope of America.

Tonight, mothers of America, remember these things, and listen for the whistle of the trains as they go thundering in the dark. Listen . . . and you'll hear the voice of a nation's fury . . . the battle-hymn of free men working together, fighting together, until Victory is ours.

### NEW YORK CENTRAL

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moved angrily. "Would you mind backing up your insults with a bit of science?" he said.

"Very easily done," Sweeney answered calmly. "The late onset of diarrhea and fever you describe rule out ulcerative colitis in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred. What do you think, Dr. Tick?"

"No ulcers," said Tick, his eyes studying Warner.

"You mentioned a general tenderness of the abdomen as one of the last symptoms," said Dr. Davis smoothly.

"That's right," said Warner.

"Well, if you have described the case accurately," Davis continued, "there is one obvious fact revealed. The general tenderness points to a peritonitis. I'm certain an autopsy would show that this perforation had walled off and spilled over and that a piece of intestine was telescoped into another."

"I don't think so," Dr. William Zinner, the cancer research man, said. He was short, bird-faced and barely audible. Silence fell on the room, and the others waited attentively for his soft voice.

"It couldn't be an intussusception such as Dr. Davis describes," he went on. "The patient was only seventeen. Intussusception is unusual at that age unless the patient has a tumor of the intestines. In which case he would not have stayed alive that long."

"Excellent," old Tick spoke.

"I thought of intussusception," said Warner, "and discarded it for that very reason."

"How about a twisted gut?" Dr. Wood asked. "That could produce the symptoms described."

"No," said Dr. Rosson. "A volvulus means gangrene and death in three days. Warner says he attended his patient for two weeks and that the boy was sick for two weeks before Warner was called. The length of the illness rules out intussusception, volvulus and intestinal tumor."

"THERE'S one other thing," Dr. Morris said. "A left-sided appendix."

"That's out, too," Dr. Wood said quickly. "The first symptom of a left-sided appendix would not be the acute pain described by Warner."

"The only thing we have determined," said Dr. Sweeney, "is a perforation other than ulcer. Why not go on with that?"

"Yes," said Dr. Morris. "Ulcerative colitis is out of the question considering the course taken by the disease. I'm sure we're dealing with another type of perforation."

"The next question," announced old Tick, "is what made the perforation?"

Dr. Warner mopped his face with his wet handkerchief and said softly, "I never thought of an object perforation."

"You should have," Dr. Kurtiff stated.

"Come, come," old Tick interrupted. "Let's not wander. What caused the perforation?"

"He was seventeen," Kurtiff answered, "and too old to be swallowing pins."

"Unless," said Dr. Hume, "he had a taste for pins. Did the patient want to live, Warner?"

"He wanted to live," said Warner grimly, "more than anybody I ever knew."

"I think we can ignore the suicide theory," said Dr. Kurtiff. "I am certain we are dealing with a perforation of the intestines and not of the subconscious."

"Well," Dr. Wood spoke, "it couldn't have been a chicken bone. A chicken bone would have stuck in the esophagus and never got through to the stomach."

"There you are, Warner," old Tick said. "We've narrowed it down. The spreading tenderness you described means a spreading infection. The course taken by the disease means a perforation other than ulcerous. And a perforation of that type means an object swallowed. We have ruled out pins and chicken bones. Which leaves us with only one other normal guess."

"A fishbone," said Dr. Sweeney.

"Exactly," said Tick.

Warner stood listening tensely to the

voices affirming the diagnosis. Tick delivered the verdict.

"I think we are all agreed," he said, "that Sam Warner killed his patient by treating him for ulcerative colitis when an operation removing an abscessed fishbone would have saved his life."

Warner moved quickly across the room to the closet where he had hung his hat and coat.

"Where are you going?" Dr. Wood called after him. "We've just started the meeting."

Warner was putting on his coat and grinning.

"I haven't got much time," he said, "but I want to thank all of you for your diagnosis. You were right about there being a catch to the case. The catch is that my patient is still alive. I've been treating him for ulcerative colitis for two weeks and I realized this afternoon that I had wrongly diagnosed the case—and that he would be dead in twenty-four hours unless I could find out what really was the matter with him."

Warner was in the doorway, his eyes glittering.

"Thanks again, gentlemen, for the consultation and your diagnosis," he said. "It will enable me to save my patient's life." . . .

A half-hour later, the members of the X Club stood grouped in one of the op-

erating rooms of St. Michael's Hospital. They looked different from the men who had been playing a medical Halloween in the Walton Hotel. There is a change that comes over doctors when they face disease. The oldest and the weariest of them draw vigor from a crisis. The shamble leaves them and it is the straight back of the champion that enters the operating room. Confronting the problem of life and death, the tired, red-rimmed eyes become full of greatness and even beauty.

On the operating table lay the unconscious body of a Negro boy. Dr. Warner in his surgical whites stood over him.

The fourteen other X Club members watched Warner operate. Wood nodded approvingly at his speed. Rosson cleared his throat to say something, but the swift-moving hands of the surgeon held him silent. No one spoke. The minutes passed. The nurses quietly handed instruments to the surgeon. Blood spattered their hands.

Fourteen great medical men stared hopefully at the pinched and unconscious face of a colored boy who had swallowed a fishbone. No king or pope ever lay ill with more medical genius holding its breath around him.

Suddenly the perspiring surgeon raised something aloft in his forceps.

"Wash this off," he muttered to the nurse, "and show it to these gentlemen."

He busied himself placing drains in the abscessed cavity and then powdered some sulfanilamide into the opened abdomen to kill the infection.

Old Tick stepped forward and took the object from the nurse's hand.

"A fishbone," he said.

The X Club gathered around it as if it were a treasure indescribable.

"The removal of this small object," old Tick cackled softly, "will enable the patient to continue writing poetry denouncing the greeds and horrors of our world."

THAT, in effect, was the story Hume told me, plus the epilogue of the Negro poet's recovery three weeks later. We had long finished dinner and it was late night when we stepped into the war-dimmed streets of New York. The headlines on the newsstands had changed in size only. They were larger in honor of the larger slaughters they heralded.

Looking at them you could see the death-strewn wastes of battles. But another picture came to my mind—a picture that had in it the hope of a better world. It was the hospital room in which fifteen famed and learned heroes stood battling for the life of a Negro boy who had swallowed a fishbone.

THE END



## Any Week

Continued from page 4

Police sergeant who was slowly recovering from a nasty shock. The night before, while inspecting his detail in Washington Southeast, he suddenly grabbed one of his men by the arm, pointed down the street and asked: "Look! Do you see what I see?" The MP private did. Together, they grabbed what the sergeant had seen. It was a large Negro soldier who had had the world's most magnificent uniform zoot suit made of officer uniform material. It was pavement-wide in the shoulders, the coat knee-length with slouch pockets, the pants blimp-wide at the hips and sock-tight at the ankles; also reet pleats halfway to the knees. They had him in the military sneezer before we could get there with

our camera. The sergeant was feeling better but wouldn't talk.

WE GOT to talking to a gentleman who is one of the innumerable workers in the countless federal bureaus. His duties in one of the more populous war agencies are not overwhelming. Anyway, he had plenty of time to discuss postwar problems. The one which was engrossing him most at the moment had to do with what is to become of several hundred thousand clerks who have recently come to Washington to help those who preceded them to while away the day. "This government cannot let us down simply because the war ends," he contended with some heat. "So I'm working out a plan to send large

numbers of us to the devastated countries after the war. Those countries will need reorganization. Their governments will need lots of clerical help to do the reorganizing. That is where we wartime Washington office workers will be useful—in the Army of Reorganization. We can be sent on a Lend-Lease basis. You'll hear of this from Congress."

ON THE other hand, Mr. Hugh Fullerton informs us from New Port Richey, Florida, that the war is not a major problem in the life of his neighbor, Uncle Dave Haines. "Stopped yesterday to get some honey from Mr. Haines," says Mr. Fullerton. "He's kicking. He came down here thirty-one years ago because he had

high blood pressure and rheumatism and wanted to fish. He got to falling over in the boat and riding around unconscious in the Gulf and he was afraid he'd float away some day. So he quit fishing and started keeping bees. Bees stung him all the time—cured his rheumatism and high blood pressure. Only trouble is that when the bees are dormant, his rheumatics get bad, and he has to stir them up and make them get to work on him. But now, he says, with palmetto honey selling for fifteen cents a pound instead of five, and orange blossom honey twenty cents instead of eight, the bees are getting so independent they won't waste time stinging him and his rheumatics are getting awful again."

. . . W. D.





## Who was the man who saved Jim Bailey?

\$10,000, the court said. That's what they said Jim must pay—for driving his car around the block!

No, this didn't happen in Nazi Germany. It happened to Jim right here, and it could happen to you. It happened suddenly, unexpectedly, as such things always do. Jim was taking his car around the evening to put it in the garage. Just as he turned the corner, a youngster darted into the street. Jim didn't see her till too late... and now the court says Jim must pay.

Jim would have had to sell his home, mortgage his future earnings, if he'd had to pay that \$10,000 himself. But, luckily, he didn't have to. He was saved from this disaster by a man he didn't know six months ago.

Who was the man who saved Jim Bailey?

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This drenched and dripping corvette man is the author, Chief Radioman Jack McDonald. They all look like this after a few minutes on deck in rough weather

# THE ROUGHEST THING AFLOAT

By Jack McDonald

Life aboard a corvette, the bucking bronco of the sea, was once described by an Englishman as "a perpetual hang-under." But as a submarine killer this tricky little boat just hasn't any superior

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOSEPH DEARING, BRITISH COMBINE AND BRITISH INFORMATION SERVICES

JUST what is a corvette, anyway? Perhaps not one person in a thousand can tell you. Guesses range all the way from a new type of girdle to something that looks like a tugboat. Webster could have put it all in one sentence, "the roughest thing afloat," but he muffed it. He defines a corvette as an old-fashioned sailing vessel, sort of a cross between a frigate and a sloop of war. Any experienced U-boat commander could give you a more accurate definition than that, for even if he has never seen a corvette he surely must have felt one, at one time or another. But since a U-boat commander isn't handy, I'll undertake the job. It won't be easy, for although I was on a corvette for ten months as chief radioman, I spent much of that time standing on my head, where the view is slightly out of focus.

The corvette was designed and built strictly with one thought in mind—to fight the submarine. It is extremely broad of beam, round-bottomed, exceedingly shallow in draft, displaces about 1,000 tons, and is, roughly, about two thirds as long as a destroyer. Born of World War II expediency, it can be slapped together in no time at all, like an FHA house. But it's no New Deal brain child.

The corvette is strictly a British concoction. All those now in service, even the ones the American Navy is using, were blue-printed in English shipyards. The British announced at the start that the corvette would be built primarily for fighting efficiency and not for comfort. Nothing seems to have diverted them from this idea. Like any corvette man, I have bucked shins, cuts, abrasions, bruises and bumps in assorted sizes to show that they've stuck to it.

No matter what kind of a saddle you use or how you adjust the stirrups, a corvette still rides rough. Indeed, the going on them is so discommoding that the Canadian navy gives every corvette man a bonus of twenty-five cents a day just for being on one. This they call "hard-laying money." And it means precisely that. When the ocean and a corvette collaborate in a tantrum it's a day's work in itself just trying to hang on. It's not only a day's work, it's a life-and-death matter. And after a day devoted to just trying to stay aboard, your troubles have only begun. If you can sleep

on your back you may be able to get a couple of hours' rest. A sidewheeler like myself has little chance. Fall asleep on your side and you'll wake up against a stanchion with a crushed kidney. Fail to make yourself secure and you'll wind up on the floor with broken legs and arms. That happened to two of my mates who were pitched out of their bunks. And you'll put your shoes in your bunk or wear sodden footgear the next day, because the floors are usually awash.

There is little that a corvette man gets in the way of personal comfort that goes with the life of a battleship sailor. Nearly every inch of space on one of these small craft is filled with tools of war. The result is cramped quarters, lack of modern refrigeration, and a basic rough-weather diet of soup and more soup. Where a battleship sailor comes to take nightly movies for granted, to say nothing of a refreshing malted milk at ten o'clock, the corvette man will settle for an apple or an orange, turn in and try to sleep. And the knowledge that you're sandwiched between two depth charges, each carrying 600 pounds of TNT, as I was, while directly overhead is 24,600 pounds of the same, isn't very conducive to restful slumber.

Navy men who have sampled all kinds of craft have seen waves break over every part of a corvette but the smokestack, and marvel at her seaworthiness as she takes a sudden 40-degree list and rights herself again before starting down the other side. But rolling is the corvette's ace-in-the-hole for the title of "roughest thing afloat." She can outroll a destroyer like breaking sticks. And she can hold her own with a tin can in the pitching department. That's when a man's life depends on whether he can hang on.

To play safe, every corvette man wears a whistle around his neck, just in case. Once whisked into the water he is supposed to blow it, to let all hands know there is a man overboard. What if you don't feel like blowing a whistle at a time like that? Well, that's too bad. Even Bosko, our ship's dog, is prepared for dunking. He wears a life preserver, with a pocket on one side big enough for a dog biscuit. On the other side is a slit into which a bone can be inserted.

Some effort has been made to acquaint the public with what a corvette looks like

The boys eating soup here are, left to right, Joe Arsenault, Cambridge, Mass.; John Torielli, Danbury, Conn.; and Robert Knocke, Pasadena, Calif.



The men who hunt the submarines in corvettes live in cramped quarters. There's more room in bed than anywhere else on the boat, and not too much even there



and rides like. A film outfit recently fared forth boldly with a battery of Hollywood cameramen, bent on shooting a whole picture showing just what life is like in the raw aboard a corvette. But it was too rough. First crack out of the box when the ship docked the movie boys walked off, their picture half completed. They just couldn't be enticed back aboard.

The British navy lists its corvettes as being of the "flower class," giving these turbulent little fuss-budgets of the sea such disarming monickers as Godetia, Cowslip, and Violet. When I was ordered aboard a corvette for duty I suffered from a sickening fear that I would land on something called Daffodil or Buttercup! But the name thinker-uppers of the American Navy tacked far more fitting names onto these fighting craft, and I drew one of the most appropriate.

Our skipper is an Annapolis man, Lieutenant Commander Noah Adair, of San Bernardino, California. He is both human and efficient. One has to be to skipper a corvette. Rarely have these two qualities been blended so effectively aboard a ship. The fact that Skipper Adair was once on the Tennessee, badly bombed at Pearl Harbor; on the Pecos, sunk with heavy loss of life in the Pacific; and aboard the destroyer Kearny when she was doing Iceland patrol before the official outbreak of "hostilities" is regarded by the crew as no jinx to the ship. Indeed, the corvette seems to lead a charmed, if not charming life, for she has convoyed a grand total of 487 freighters and tankers all over creation since last March and has never lost a ship.

#### Dressed for Action

No casual observer would even suspect when Skipper Adair, tall, red-haired, handsome and immaculately dressed, walks down the gangplank at the completion of a convoy trip that he has just spent as many as nineteen days, hand running, without taking his clothes off. But that is routine with him at sea, as he makes his lanky six-feet-two-inch frame fit onto a narrow five-and-a-half-foot bench, built window-seat fashion in the chart house. There he gets his sleep in small takes, only three jumps from the bridge above where he can go on the double when he is wanted, which is often, day and night.

The U-boat captain has come to know the corvette as his most deadly enemy, the key instrument for dealing out the kind of poison it will take to win the battle of the Atlantic. He knows that a corvette, to a submarine, is what a mongoose is to a cobra. Rarely does a corvette come out second in a brush with a sub, and for some very obvious reasons.

The experienced U-boat man knows, for instance, that once a corvette tracks him down there is little chance of his escaping the invisible eyes of that craft's foolproof and telltale listening devices. He knows a corvette can pass directly over him, drop a pattern of depth charges, make a hairpin turn and in a matter of seconds be back over that same spot, ready to let him have it again with 1,800 more pounds of TNT. No other ocean-going craft in creation can maneuver so quickly.

He knows that no matter which way he turns, the jig is up, for a corvette can more than match his best underwater speed. And he knows that the amazingly

shallow draft of a corvette makes it painfully difficult to stop her with a torpedo unless that torpedo is set skin-deep in the water. And skin-deep torpedoes lose their accuracy in rough weather.

He knows that when he spies a corvette-escorted convoy his chances of working his way inside the protecting screen without being detected are negligible. And that his chances of safely weaving his way out again are next to nil. And this helps explain why so very few corvette-escorted convoys have been attacked.

The public may come by its lack of knowledge of what corvettes look like honestly, for such are the demands on our particular type of craft that we are seldom seen in port. When we sailed last spring in the vanguard of the first Atlantic seaboard convoy of this war and headed for the Florida Keys, we did a stretch of 63 days at sea out of a possible 80. There followed a nine-day overhaul period and the corvette again pointed her prow seaward for another 65 days at sea out of a possible 81.

These two long cruises entailed a lot of sea duty, and seldom a night passed without us being routed out of bunks at least once to man battle stations following a submarine alarm. Many nights it was four or five times. Yet the crew, aside from some very normal griping about being worked harder than a coterie of Volga boatmen, could complain of few dull moments. No two escort treks were alike and while there were the same 86 faces in the crew to look at, day in and day out, there was always that chance of survivors being picked up from some torpedoed freighter and hauled aboard, to give the corvette man a fresh slant on the submarine situation.

One of these occasions was when 33 men in a lifeboat were picked up 400 miles off Cuba on a blistering hot mid-August afternoon. The corvette espied the lifeboat chock-full of merchant sailors, steamed alongside it and was confronted with the bizarre sight of those 33 men gorging themselves on apple pie à la mode on the open sea.

The smoke from their burning ship, now beneath the waves, was still plainly visible, forming a black umbrella over the lifeboat. One of the merchant crewmen, a boy from Maine, explained how that pie à la mode happened to be in the lifeboat.

"Yesterday morning," he told me, "our cook had been taking plenty of kidding  
(Continued on page 62)



Here is Bosko, the corvette's mascot, wearing his specially tailored life preserver fitted with pockets for food. The sailor is Junior Hynd, Gloversville, N. Y.



Reloading a depth charge Y-gun on a British corvette. This famous ship rammed a U-boat four times after blowing it to the surface with depth charges



A sub commander fears the corvette more than any other type of escort vessel. At right, the little seagoing fuss-budgets shepherd a British convoy



# Constant Champion

BY GRANTLAND RICE

Willie Hoppe has seen champions come and go and after thirty-six years of competition he sits secure on his throne. He owes it all to clean living, concentration and a burning desire to keep on being the champion billiard player

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS



IN THE spring of 1906 burly James J. Jeffries had just retired as heavy-weight champion of the world. Runaway Ty Cobb was starting his first full season as a big leaguer with Detroit's Tigers. Jack Dempsey, eleven years old, was thirteen years away from his annihilating attack against Jess Willard at Toledo.

Babe Ruth was a pug-nosed kid in a Baltimore industrial school. Lean Bill Tilden still had fourteen years to go before winning his first national tennis championship. And Bobby Jones was only four years old. In that same spring of 1906, Willie Hoppe, a chunky 18-year-old kid, won the billiard championship of the world from Maurice Vignaux of France. This happened in Paris, on Vignaux's home billiard table. And today, gray-haired Willie Hoppe at the age of fifty-four is still the billiard champion of the world. The grinding, championship pressure of thirty-six years has failed to check his march or to affect his skill in any way.

"Billiards," according to P. Hal Sims, the bridge expert and billiard authority, "is the most exact science known to sport. In handling this exact science so perfectly for so many years, Willie Hoppe has shown the greatest co-ordination I have ever seen. In my book he is the most remarkable champion that ever played a game."

"You know," Sims continued, "Hoppe is one of the few child prodigies in sport that ever got anywhere later on. He and Bobby Jones, both stars at the age of twelve or thirteen, were the two exceptions. I have seen many of these kid prodigies come along, only to be among the forgotten men at the age of twenty."

Hoppe today is slightly gray, still chunky, but in perfect physical shape.

"I started playing billiards," he said, "the year the Spanish-American War broke out. My father was my only teacher and I had to use a soap box to stand on, so that I could see the top of the table. By the time I was eighteen I felt I was ready for anybody."

"But that doesn't explain," I suggested, "why you are even better at fifty-four than you were at eighteen. What does it take to remain a champion for over thirty-six years?"

"Let me try to explain," Hoppe said. "As you know, there are two main factors in championship play, no matter what the game. One is physical. The other is mental. On the physical side, I worked and lived according to plan."

"I've led a temperate life. I've always eaten plain, simple food—meat and vegetables—but nothing highly seasoned. I take a drink once in a while; limit my smoking to ten or fifteen cigarettes a day. I get my full share of rest and sleep—at least nine or ten hours every night. You need more nerve control in billiards than in any other game I know. And I practice four or five hours a day."

Hoppe will practice the simplest strokes from two hundred to three hundred times a day.

"What about the mental side?" I asked.

"That's the hard part," Hoppe said. "Much the harder part. First of all, I have tried to train myself in complete concentration. I believe this is the hardest thing in sport. I know golfers and ballplayers who tell me the same story. It is just as important in football or in boxing. You have to work on it, just as you have to do to build up muscles. It must be made a habit."

"I'll give you an example. Two years ago I was playing in a big tournament in Chicago. I felt awful when the match started; felt weak and dizzy. But I was intent on winning, and kept concentrat-

ing so on that one purpose that I didn't realize the fix I was in. After I had picked up a good lead I collapsed and was rushed to a hospital with a temperature of 106, plus pneumonia. My long-developed habit of concentration had carried me up to the collapsing point."

"The next important point," Hoppe continued, "is to keep alive your keen interest in winning, after you have won many times through many years. You know how it is. A fellow wins a title, defends it a few times, and then loses the keen edge he once had. He begins to get tired of the training routine, and the hard work necessary to beat back those younger wolves after his hide."

"It isn't hard to pay the price in hard work and training on your way to the top. And it isn't too hard to keep on paying this price for a few years. But then it begins to pall. A good many champions retire after winning a coveted title, and I can understand why."

"Two athletes that I can recall offhand kept the flame burning year after year—Ty Cobb and Bill Tilden. They never lost their keen desire to win, but unfortunately their legs gave out. I'm luckier: you don't need legs in billiards—not to any appreciable extent."

"Oh, I'll admit I've had my moments when I felt fed up. When that happened I just forced myself to keep going. I like to win as much today as I did nearly forty years ago. And I know that the only way I can keep winning is to keep on working and trying."

## Watching the Parade of Stars

One of the greatest thrills Hoppe has known through his thirty-six years of stardom has come from watching the long parade of other stars come and go.

"There was Ty Cobb," he said, "who was one of baseball's great at nineteen. I can still see him along those base lines, pulling stuff no one had ever dreamed about. Scoring from first on a single, scoring from second on an outfield fly. He was a wild horse for the better part of twenty-four years."

"Then in 1907 I remember a tall, gangling kid from the West who came to Washington. He was a pitcher by the name of Walter Johnson, with more speed than anyone had ever seen, before or since. Opposing batters couldn't hit the ball he threw. They couldn't see it."

Willie took another nostalgic look at the past. "It was something to see Bill Tilden and Bobby Jones just starting out. And that ferocious man at Maumee Bay by the name of Dempsey. What a crop this country has turned out."

We took another look back together through Hoppe's career. John McGraw as a young man, Connie Mack, when he was in his 40's, Frank Chance winning his first pennant with Tinker and Evers. Christy Mathewson when he was in his early prime—of that group of stars who were monopolizing the headlines none remains in action today, except Connie Mack, now a manager.

That is, no one except for Willie Hoppe who keeps on winning, and continues to practice four hours a day.

A billiard champion of the Hoppe type has been able to earn more than a champion golfer or most of the star ballplayers. From prize money, exhibitions and business connections Hoppe has averaged \$25,000 a year, every year. Up and coming champions have stormed his championship citadel without success. But youth will keep trying and Hoppe will be defending his title again this year.

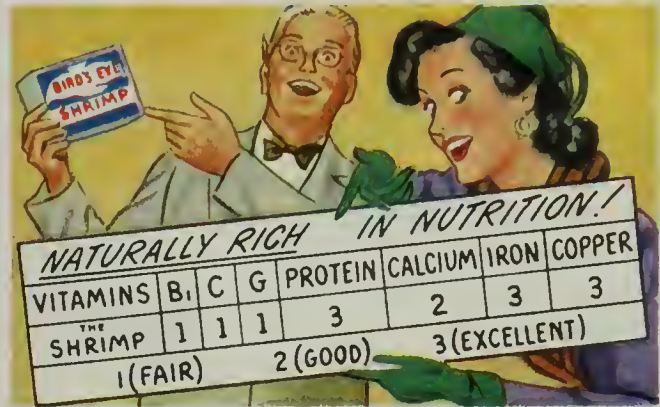
"And I'll be more anxious to win," he says, "than I was in 1906."

That kind of champion, boys, is tough to beat. ★★★



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3. Available all year, they're delicious in cocktails, salads, sauteed, à la Newburg—and unforgettable as Creamed Shrimp and Peas! (See recipe). Called "uncooked Shrimp in the shell," they run 25 to the package—each a mouth-watering morsel!

4. Birds Eye knows you've never tasted any Shrimp to match these! If you try them and think you have, get your MONEY BACK—for they're GUARANTEED! Ask for these superb Shrimp by name: "Birds Eye Shrimp!" Ask today!

## FOR DINNER TONIGHT— Creamed Shrimp & Peas

Cook 1 box Birds Eye Shrimp and 1/2 box Green Peas as directed on packages. Combine. Add 2 cups seasoned cream sauce, 1/2 teaspoon scraped onion, and 2 teaspoons lemon juice. Heat. Serve on toast points. Serves 4.

Note: If desired, add 1 egg yolk, slightly beaten, just before serving.



## 16 WONDERFUL FARM-FRESH VEGETABLES!

Buy Birds Eye, and you have your choice of:

Asparagus Spears	Broccoli	Squash
Asparagus Cuts	Brussels Sprouts	Peas
Wax Stringless Beans	Cauliflower	Peas & Carrots
Mixed Vegetables	Cut Corn	Spinach
Green Stringless Beans (1-inch cut or French-Sliced)	Lima Beans (Baby Green or large Ford Hook)	

ALL ARE super-delicious! Ready to cook, rich in Nutrition—Vitamins A and C, and in Phosphorus, Iron and Copper! You may not always be able to get the complete line of Birds Eye Vegetables during war, but you'll always find a good variety.





# A Sign of Real Hospitality

WHEN you serve G & W Whiskeys, you are paying your friends the highest compliment to their good taste. ☆ G & W Five Star, for example, is blended with skill that is the fruit of 111 years' experience in the making of fine whiskeys. Specially "rounded" spirits impart an almost unbelievable smoothness and mellowness . . . while rare and high-priced base whiskeys lend richness of flavor. ☆ When folks drop over for a drink, serve them G & W Five Star. You'll glow with pride at their enthusiastic appreciation. Gooderham & Worts, Ltd., Peoria, Ill.



**SYMBOLS OF CRAFTSMANSHIP**  
The "Flying Cloud"—queen of the Yankee Clippers—an outstanding example of American craftsmanship. For 111 years, the G & W Label has been a symbol of craftsmanship in whiskey distilling and blending.

86 proof, 75% grain neutral spirits

## G&W Five Star Blended Whiskey

GOODERHAM & WORTS, LIMITED . . . FOUNDED IN CANADA 111 YEARS AGO

## Congress Can Save Itself

Continued from page 13

am afraid may kill it, according to the popular conception on Capitol Hill, and that is that the bill originated in Congress."

Then, in the field of public relations, vital in a democracy, the legislative branch is at a distinct disadvantage. The executive, fully realizing the power of public opinion, has become extremely skillful in shaping and controlling it. The Presidential press conference, invented by President Wilson and adopted and improved by President Roosevelt, has become a terrific propaganda weapon. When our President speaks, whoever he may be, the world listens and absorbs. He can bring public opinion to bear upon a Congress in a most potent manner.

### A Weakness in Publicity

Even with the heads of executive departments and agencies, Congress is painfully handicapped in public relations. The heads of these agencies speak with authority, and their names and words make news. If, for instance, the Secretary of the Treasury makes a statement on the tax bill, it is carried to the whole country. A score of congressmen may make statements of equal profundity and even more sense, but nobody pays much attention.

The proceedings of Congress are open to the public, press and radio. The routine sessions seldom make headlines; a crackpot idea or an intemperate speech usually does, and Congress takes a blast of ridicule, for all such utterances are for some reason considered typical of the whole body. But the deliberations and discussions of an executive agency are closed to the public eye and ear. If some participant in the discussion has a wildly ludicrous quirk of mind, it is not broadcast to the country to make the whole conference look foolish. Only the result of the conference, a carefully worked-out program, dripping with dignity, is released.

On the other hand, Congress is frequently used as a whipping boy. For instance, Secretary Morgenthau now criticizes Congress for not having enacted a compulsory-savings program. Though the public has forgotten it, members of Congress know that this is the same Mr. Morgenthau who for months resisted every effort to pass such legislation.

On last May 11th, I introduced a carefully drawn compulsory-savings bill and it received a very favorable public response. Three days later, Speaker Rayburn told me that Secretary Morgenthau had called, expressing concern lest such a move hinder the bond sale program, and he wondered if I would not "lay low" on the subject as a matter of co-operation. I did.

On Labor Day, for another notable instance, the President gave Congress perhaps the most severe castigation of any President in American history. He undertook to blame Congress for its failure to enact a proper bill to combat inflation, without mentioning the fact that Congress passed the bill he then wanted and which he signed into law, and without mentioning that several months ago, the Administration itself brought about the defeat of the very kind of overall price control bill we were now accused of having stalled.

The President not only blamed the Congress for both its action and inaction but said he would impose an overall

control, similar to that previously proposed, unless Congress acted by October 1st. So Congress was scolded by the President and the public as well as by the President for doing almost precisely what the President wanted done. A few members publicly pointed out that Congress, though mistaken, had acted upon what it supposed was excellent advice, but this did not even dent public opinion.

So in an age marked by rapid change and quick decisions, Congress is finding itself at an increasing disadvantage, a traditional legislative procedure clashed with a well-oiled, well-staffed and organized executive branch with its myriad bureaus, commissions and boards.

Now, how can Congress regain its rightful place as an independent branch of the government and recapture public esteem? Obviously, such a significant political metamorphosis cannot be wrought quickly or without conflict. The more one studies the problem, the more difficult the task appears, and yet the deeper becomes one's conviction that unless it is to become even more impotent, Congress must open its eyes and face the problem with courage and intelligence.

In wartime, Congress has an egg-walking job. If Congress fails to perform the legislative functions necessary for victory, the President, though against his will, would be driven to an assumption of such powers. On the other hand, Congress cannot abdicate its constitutional responsibilities. What it can—and must—do is make itself more efficient, so that it can handle the responsibilities it will have if it is in fact independent and undominated.

### Specialists Come in Handy

Executive agencies, whatever their shortcomings, are fully staffed with specialists in all fields. Congress has not thus modernized itself, and the bureaus consequently speak with more assurance and respectability. At committee hearings on a proposal from some bureau the bureau presents exhaustive statistics and smooth arguments to establish its viewpoint. Then the skilled advocate of special interests and groups particularly affected by the bill present their side of the question.

It is a rare sight indeed when someone appears before a Congressional committee with a disinterested viewpoint. This is not to say that the bureau misrepresents the facts. It presents its point of view, and bureaus have a habit of becoming overenthusiastic about the particular field of endeavor. At any rate everybody gets ardent and skillful representation except the general public—the one group that should get a special break.

Of course, members of Congress are supposed to be guardians of the general welfare. Many are, but heavy duties and many problems make it impossible for individual members to study every proposal in detail. They need help—help of their own. This help could be provided by an efficient, strictly nonpartisan staff of trained specialists and analysts, assuring the presentation of at least one factual, unprejudiced viewpoint, and supplying the necessary information for policy and program planning. The first step in making Congress efficient.

I would go further and give to the principal minority party (whichever might be) a staff of its own to assist in developing a political program.



onger minority opposition would make for a stronger and better majority performance. But, of course, this may well be forgotten, because no party power would want to strengthen the opposition party. It would be helpful, though.

In overhauling the Congressional committee system, the committees should be set up along the broad lines of policy, program planning and functional need. As an example of the duplication and illustration in the present committee system, let us take fiscal affairs: Any one of several committees in both the House and the Senate can consider and report bills authorizing appropriations. Any one of several different subcommittees can consider and report appropriation bills, and yet, in both the Senate and the House, entirely different committees must consider and report tax bills.

This confusion is still further compounded by the Bureau of the Budget being a purely executive agency. In this situation, how could Congress have a fiscal policy or follow it, if it had one? Impossible!

But what is even more essential is for the legislative branch to become more coherent in its relationships with the executive branch, and this is where its leadership must be made stronger. Unless Congress can unify in support of its basic rights and in giving authority and responsibility to its agents to defend them effectively, domination will continue to be its lot.

Before the revolt which overthrew Speaker Czarism," led by the then young Representative George W. Norris against the legislative reign of former Speaker Joe Cannon, the Speaker of the House of Representatives actually was second only to the President in power and prestige, and he frequently exercised even more influence over legislation. Overthrow of the system undoubtedly

resulted in more democracy within the House, but it just as surely denuded the leadership of Congress of sufficient authority to maintain its position as a co-equal branch in the American political system.

True, there are majority leaders in both the House and the Senate, but they have no authority other than that arising out of party organization. Too, the party having a majority in Congress has usually held the Presidency also, so the majority leaders have been, for the most part, men satisfactory to the President. Under such circumstances, the majority leaders, quite understandably, are more truly spokesmen for the White House than for the Congress.

#### A New Policy Needed

These leaders—the Speaker and the President Pro Tempore—should represent all Congress in defending it against encroachments, preserving its power in the general governmental situation and making it a leader rather than a docile follower in national policy and planning. To mitigate this concentration of authority in leadership, strong joint House and Senate committees on policy and program should be created to work constantly with these leaders empowered to aid as well as check use of power.

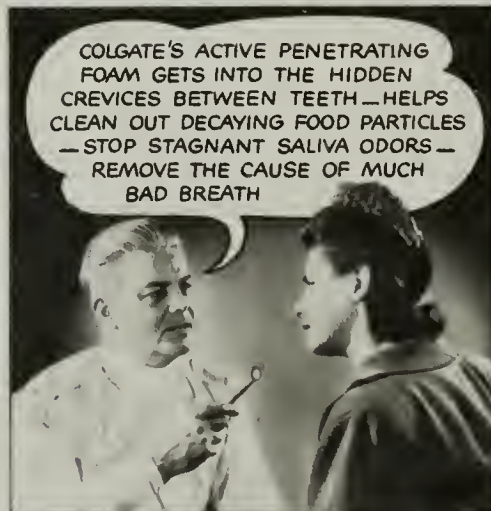
In this way, Congress could exercise some initiative in solving the nation's problems, thereby adopting the surest way to get public confidence and avoid domination by the executive branch of the government.

This suggested plan of action need not result in a battle between the executive and legislative branches for prestige and power. It would not strip down the executive branch: it would only build up the Congress, which I consider absolutely necessary to democracy.

THE END



COLLIER'S "Some day I'm coming back to this place for my vacation" ROBT. DAY





AWAKENING early one morning, in his San Francisco apartment, Jason Amboy—inventor of a revolutionary airplane engine—finds a girl, a stranger, there. The intruder knocks him out; then, taking a packet of letters (from Jason's brother, Wayne), she steals away.

A few hours later, Jason learns that Wayne—who has been working for the powerful Grazzard family in Hawaii—cannot be found and has probably been murdered. Losing no time, he boards a ship and starts for "the islands." Before he does so, however, Flack, his eccentric manservant, does some sleuthing and learns that the female burglar is Luana Topping, of Kokala, Kauai Island, Hawaii. . . .

To Jason's amazement, he finds Luana among his fellow passengers. He meets her, has a number of friendly chats with her; but she gives no indication that she has ever seen him before. He soon learns that she is a member of a very important party—old Mrs. Hiram Grazzard ("Queen Bertha"), dictatorial head of the Grazzard clan; her son, Lorrin Grazzard, who is Luana's fiancé; Channing Mace, manager of the Grazzard plantation at Kokala, and his attractive blond wife; and one or two others. Jason (distantly related to the Grazzards) meets all of them. And he does not trust them.

Jason has more surprises in store. The first comes when he finds a stowaway—a man who greatly resembles Wayne—in his stateroom. The man says that he is Arthur N. Garson, a former assistant district attorney of Los Angeles, and that he is being pursued by two ruffians who want to kill him. Certain that the fellow is *not* Garson, Jason nevertheless permits him to share his stateroom, secretly.

Another surprise comes when Flack (who was supposed to stay behind in San Francisco) suddenly appears—disguised and using the name of "Rodney K. Kitchener!"—and warns Jason to beware of the Grazzards, who, he insists, were somehow involved in Wayne's disappearance. . . . Meanwhile, Jason has made a new friend: Mrs. Mace. She tells him that she hates the Grazzards, but likes Luana Topping; she tells him that her husband is a cruel brute; she tells him that she believes Wayne has been murdered by the Grazzards. . . .

Following a talk with "Kitchener" (who distrusts the stowaway) Jason goes to his stateroom. The stowaway is not there!

"You're late," Natalie said. "I've been expecting you for an hour." Looking up smilingly at him, she did not interrupt her knitting



## Five Who Vanished

By George F. Worts

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

### IV

JASON went to the bed. The covers were thrown back. He felt the bed, and it was still faintly warm. The man who had occupied it could not have been gone longer than a few minutes.

Jason switched on the ceiling light and looked quickly about the room. The stowaway's clothes were gone. He investigated the bathroom. The toilet articles the room steward had bought at the post exchange were still there.

Jason returned slowly to the bed, frowning. A suspicion had crept into his mind and he considered it. His mysterious roommate had left recently and suddenly. Natalie Mace would have had just enough time to tell the Grazzards that he was suspicious of the stowaway, and one of them could have warned the man by telephone. Jason felt slightly ill at this possibility that she had tricked him and was now, in her animated way, relating to them his confidences.

He stopped near the stowaway's bed. He noticed that the heavy brass-rimmed port on the right-hand side was swinging in from the hole and back and in again, moving an inch or so each time the ship rolled.

Several things crossed his mind at once. One was the pale face and the entranced eyes of Luana as she had passed him on the stairs. Another was Flack's melodramatic warning that the stowaway would murder him and push his body out the porthole.

And he recalled that the heavy brass-rimmed glass

disk with its coats of blue blackout lacquer had been in place, bolted shut, the last time he had noticed it. He also recalled the instructions the Tasmania's captain had given over the public-address system before the convoy sailed. These instructions had been sternly repeated several times since. The captain had mentioned that, during blackout hours, all portholes and windows were to be kept closed.

Jason went to the porthole, opened it quickly and closed it again. The hole was large enough to admit a man's body, unless he was fat or very broad shouldered. A dark stain on the lower surface of the brightly polished brass rim of the porthole attracted him. He looked closer. He tested it with a finger tip. It was sticky. He held his finger to the light. The sticky substance was red.

It was blood. The stain was a narrow smear of blood that reached from the inner to the outer edge of the porthole rim.

He turned and looked down at the pale green carpet. Between the edge of the stowaway's bed and the side of the ship, a pace apart, were three drops of blood of about the size of one-karat rubies. The blood was so fresh that it was just beginning to coagulate.

The room steward was a thin, slightly bent man of about fifty with a meek and mousy air. His hair was iron-gray and curly and his eyes were sharp and bright.

When Jason opened the door to his knock, he watched his face closely. The steward peered quickly into the room, then glanced into the bathroom, but his face betrayed no emotion.

"You wanted me, Mr. Amboy?"

"I wanted the steward who has charge of this room."

"Yes, sir. I'm your steward."

"What's your name?"

"Emil Roth, sir."

"Come in and shut the door."

"Yes, sir." The steward came in with his meek air and gently closed the door. "Is anything wrong?"

"Take a good look at that (Continued on page 63)



# The Last Hour of the War



**NO ONE KNOWS** the day or the hour when this war will end. But the end will come sooner as America steps up the speed of war production today . . . and every day. If this is not true, then all our talk of production means nothing.

Yet the life or death of thousands can depend on shortening the war, even by a single hour.

*Think what can happen in one hour! A machine gun can fire over 10,000 bullets. An anti-aircraft gun can hurl more than 1,000 shells into the blue. In a single hour a battleship can throw over 500 tons of armor-piercing steel more than 14 miles.*

*In that same hour a flight of 1,000 bombers can drop 2,000 tons of bombs... enough to cause heavy damage in a city as large as St. Louis, or Los Angeles, or Cleveland, or Philadelphia, or Chicago.*

No one can say what happened in World War I, in that hour between ten and eleven A. M. on November 11, 1918. But we do know that throughout that morning there were many casualties on both sides. We know that the New York Times published casualty lists showing that 1,021 American soldiers were killed in action or seriously wounded during that one morning's fighting. And some of those casualties must have occurred within *minutes* of the end!

*That was World War I... compared to which the present war is as a tropical hurricane to a March breeze.*

Any war worker who can do *anything* to save man hours on the production of *any* vital war material . . . can feel that he is helping end the war perhaps seconds sooner.

Whatever helps, even a little, to speed the production of war materials, might help bring that last hour of the war nearer. One thing that *is helping* is good lighting. Over and over again we have had reports from war plants of production increases after lighting faults have been corrected. Increases ranging all the way from three per cent to twenty-five per cent or more, *especially on the night shifts.*

Even a 3 per cent increase in production could amount to a staggering total if applied to the thousands of plants that are not properly lighted for efficient night production.

So, if you have anything to do with a war plant, won't you find out whether lighting can work harder in your plant . . . especially at night? General Electric Company, Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.

**G-E MAZDA LAMPS**

**GENERAL  ELECTRIC**

*If you call your nearest G-E lamp offices, they will place a trained Wartime Lighting Counsellor at your service. Perhaps his suggestions may help to increase production. Your local electric service company or your G-E lamp supplier can also help you.*



# The Flying Hawks

Kyle Crichton



Repairs on the Mary Ann are being completed when the Japs appear overhead. Sgt. Winocki (John Garfield) is firing at the enemy planes while Cpl. Weinberg (George Tobias) totes fuel and shouts angrily. Lt. Hauser (Charles Drake) and Sgt. White (Harry Carey) continue with repairs

The Army asked Howard Hawks to record the saga of our Air Forces with all its bitterness, sadness and heroism. He's in his element in the air. Air Force, directed and produced by Mr. Hawks, promises to be his greatest achievement

HOWARD HAWKS is spending two and a half million dollars of Warner Brothers' money making a picture called Air Force and he is doing it practically under his breath. Hawks is the director who keeps a sign posted saying: Silence is expected on this set. Watching him making a picture is like watching two mermaids con-

versing in a tank. You see them but you don't hear anything.

Air Force may be the greatest of all aviation pictures. In any event, it's the real stuff. There are no women in the cast; there are no great stars. The heroine is a B-17 bomber that the crew affectionately call Mary Ann. It is the story of a United States bomber that is headed from San Francisco to Hawaii, runs into the Japanese attack at Pearl Harbor, makes an emergency landing at Maui, takes off again for Wake Island, is ordered immediately to Manila, makes a hazardous landing when it finds Clark Field destroyed, starts for Australia, takes part in a battle off Lingayen, and finally gets down safely with part of its crew killed. They patch Mary Ann up, start again, run into the Coral Sea battle, but finally make Australia, where the bomber burns. It is based on the experience of a bomber and is being made with the co-operation of the War Department.

Hawks was a flier in the last war and has kept a private plane since. He made Dawn Patrol, first of the great air pictures, and Ceiling Zero and Only Angels Have Wings. He is both producer and director of Air Force and worked with Dudley Nichols on the script. In offering the government's co-operation on the production, Lieutenant General H. H. Arnold, chief of the U. S. Army Air Forces, insisted on complete authenticity.

"Tell how the Japs laced hell out of us at first," he told Hawks. "Then tell how we struck back to give them a taste of their own medicine. Tell the whole story, with its bitterness and sadness and heroism. Tell the story of the greatest fighters this country has ever known."

After months of preproduction, Hawks headed up three units and started work. The biggest job was done at Drew Field, Tampa, Florida, where Hawks caused the gutted, flame-seared Hickam Field

of Honolulu to live again. Other scenes will show Colin Kelly's sinking of the Haruna; the battle of Coral Sea; Wake Island's historic stand and the never-to-be-forgotten heroism of Captain Wheeler and his bomber crew.

To get the South Pacific island shots it was necessary to transport an entire jungle ten miles outside of Tampa. The real jungle gave no footing for the bombers, so the jungle was moved intact across a highway. Ten cameras, under the supervision of James Wong Howe, recorded the odyssey of the Flying Fortress; three camera ships were flown from Hollywood to do the battle shots from the air; two hundred extras were added to a technical crew of over a hundred. For six weeks the unit struggled against intense humidity and heat so searing that Jack Sullivan, assistant director, suffered a painful burn when he laid his bare arm on the side of a Fortress.

Hawks was right in his element. The louder the noises roared and the gun bellowed, the quieter he became. When he conferred with the bomber crew before taking a shot, it had the appearance of something seen through a glass darkly. Old-timers in the mechanical crew said this was nothing.

"You should have seen him with Gary Cooper," they said.

It seems that when Hawks and Cooper were making Sergeant York and Ball of Fire, people on the set inclined their heads gently and spoke as if afraid of waking the baby. Between takes, Hawks read magazines and Cooper whittled. They communicated without antennae, semaphores, relays, couriers or trumpeters. If downright necessary, they spoke to each other.

## Flying Horse for Carey

On Air Force, Hawks had only three well-known actors, Harry Carey, John Garfield and George Tobias. Old man Carey was not too keen about flying.

"Anything over seventeen hands is too high for me," he said.

Hawks finally broke him down by making him a present of a Tennessee walking horse. That got Carey in the air but it didn't make him feel better.

"I'm sixty-five years old, my first job was driving a horse-car for my old man, and now I'm an eagle," he said morosely.

Although he had never won the Academy Award, Hawks has had a distinguished career in Hollywood. He made Scarface, first of the gangster operas; Twentieth Century, first of the zany pictures; Barbary Coast and The Criminal Code, gangster smashes; The Road to Glory, a fine war study and also a romanceless picture; and His Girl Friday, considered by many critics the greatest achievement in sound known to films.

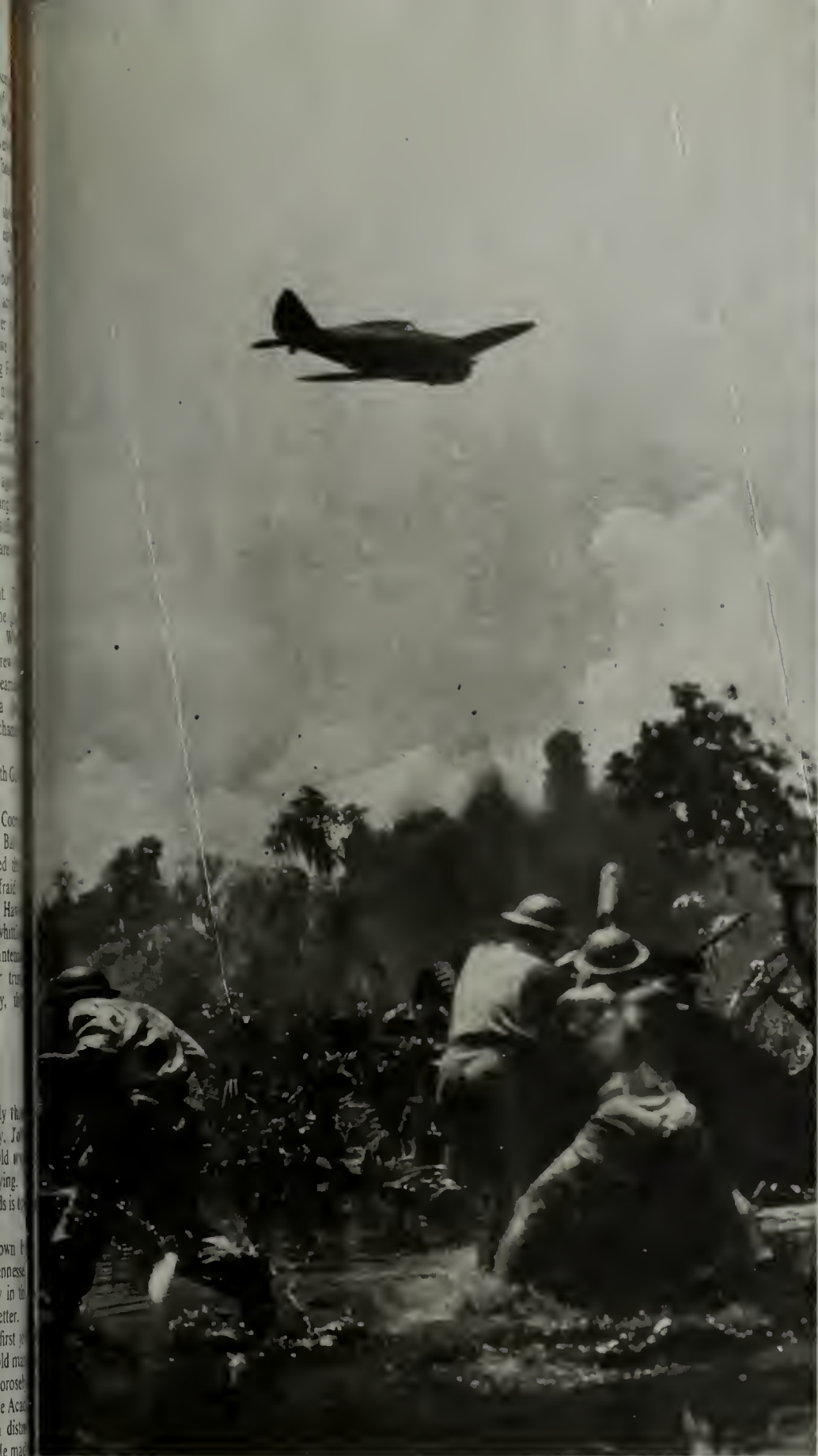
Recently a friend brought Hawks the news that Orson Welles considered Twentieth Century the finest comedy ever made. Hawks listened without a change of countenance.

"Don't tell me you aren't flattered when a man like Welles says a thing like that!" cried the friend.

"In small towns," answered Hawks glumly, "they used to put that picture on at noon and take it off at five o'clock. It played in dozens of places where it never had a customer. We finally figured out that native runners were going ahead with drums, spreading the news of how bad the picture was."

Hawks was born in Goshen, Indiana, where his family owned paper mills. Despite his slender build, he was a noted athlete at Cornell, being particularly good as a tennis player. He was teamed as a doubles partner with his brother Kenneth, who was killed several years ago





With no trucks available on Clark Field, the Mary Ann is refueled by bucket brigades. That's Lt. Williams (Gig Young) running toward the camera. Left: A Japanese Zero runs into fire from a Marine anti-aircraft unit hidden in the swamps



Above: The Japanese Fleet has been sighted off Lingayen and the only B-17 available, the Mary Ann, is hastily loaded with bombs to engage the enemy. Below: Air Force is a virile, fighting epic, full of the kind of action that delights Howard Hawks

in an airplane crash while directing a picture. Howard is over six feet tall and is now entirely gray, giving the impression of being a scientist or an engineer—which he was at one time.

During his college days, Hawks visited Hollywood and got a job at Famous Players-Lasky as a prop boy. In later years, when Hawks was doing Sergeant York for Lasky, the latter was amazed at finding Hawks chumming with the men on the set.

"Sure I know 'em," said Hawks. They used to boot me around out here."

#### Easy Come . . .

After his service as a World War aviator in France, he hurried out to Hollywood with his inheritance of \$150,000, cash money, which he promptly but unwisely invested in producing pictures directed by that famed harum-scarum clown as "Mickey" Neilan. In no time they made a profit of \$500,000—and picked it away just as quickly.

"The good old days in Hollywood!" says Hawks caustically.

Hawks is mild, exceedingly quiet of speech, and very tough of mind. Such

doughty fighters as Sam Goldwyn, the Warners and Darryl Zanuck will confess that they have never won a battle from Hawks. If they don't like the way he is doing a picture, he walks out. He walked out on Viva Villa, at M-G-M, and on Come and Get It, at Goldwyn's, just to mention two. Since this is *lèse majesté* of a peculiarly horrid sort, his friends used to hold their breaths for him. However, his only bad period came with sound, when the old-timers were run off the reservation on behalf of Broadway stage directors cashing in on their doubtful reputations.

"When they got tangled up in the camera, they'd be kind enough to let us help," says Hawks bitterly. "But it was over a year before I got another picture."

Hawks is one of the best golfers in the film colony, with a steady average in the low seventies, and he is also addicted to sailing and horse racing. He owns the Sea Hawk, a famous 65-foot Norwegian racing sloop, with which he has won several races as skipper and navigator. A few years ago, he designed a racing automobile with which Louie Meyer won the Indianapolis Speedway

(Continued on page 53)







Conner put it baldly to her. "Sayre, we've fooled around enough with this week-end marriage. It's no good"

## MARRIAGE ISN'T EASY

By Nancy Titus

ILLUSTRATED BY WENDELL KLING

**The story of a girl who learned that a sailor's wife is not always first in his thoughts**

ALL the way through the dark, deserted Newport streets, Sayre lay drowsily against Conner's shoulder, her legs curled under her on the car seat. It was four A. M., but dawn—wartime dawn—was more than four hours away. The night was drawn in a tight, black cap over the city.

Sayre yawned and curved her fingers about her husband's arm. There was no sleepiness in Conner. Just by the feel of his muscle under the thick fabric of his Navy overcoat sleeve she knew he was more than awake; he was alert, his whole body tuned to awareness. She marveled

at the quick transition he could make from sleep to complete consciousness, at the first sharp ringing of the phone with a summons for him to report back to the ship.

They drew up at the gates. The Marine on guard saluted and let them through. Conner drove down to the docks. His boat, Eagle 45, a two-hundred-foot patroller, vintage of the last war, but tough and seaworthy as an old salt, was alongside, its deck already active.

Conner said, "So long, kid."

She caught his face in her hands, wanting to see it clearly . . . to see the black brows and the black-lashed blue eyes; the flat, windburned cheeks, the big, strong nose and mouth.

She knew better than to say, "When will you be back?" She whispered only,

"So long, Conner. Bring me a U-boat."

For a moment he caught her close. "I'd like to bring you the universe."

Their hands, their lips, clung hungrily. The bitter quarrel of last night, the strain that had been between them for so long, was forgotten. Although it was not settled, could never be settled, it did not, in this minute of goodby, matter.

He was out of the car and striding along the dock. Several of the crew saluted and she saw his arm come up briskly, saluting in return.

*He's beautiful,* Sayre thought. *Conner. My husband. Dear God, take care of him!* An age-old prayer, but it helped to stifle that overwhelming desire to call him back to her.

She let in the clutch and drove off slowly.

As soon as she entered their temporary

suite in one of the many private Newport homes which let rooms to Navy men and their wives, she went to the ugly, old-fashioned bedroom and began peeling off the slacks and sweater she had pulled on hastily over her pajamas. She glanced at the marble clock on the massive dresser. Twenty past four. A long, long day ahead. . . .

"I'll make the bed and clean up. I'll write Dad and Madge and I might drop a few postcards to the girls in the store. . . . I won't eat until nine . . . that will shorten the morning. Bridge this afternoon with Captain Miller's wife. . . . If Conner's not back tonight, I'll . . . I'll . . ."

Grimly she forced herself to fill in that part of it. "I'll go to the movies . . . the evenings aren't so long if you go to the movies . . . I'll read until late."

When she had dressed in a dark skirt





THE SUN  
NEVER SETS  
ON THE  
FIGHTING JEEP

## TILL HELL FREEZES OVER

AS this is written the Russian flag still floats defiantly over glorious Stalingrad. Day after day, for endless, bomb-shattered, tank-battered weeks, those incredibly brave Russian soldiers, factory workers, women, and even children, have held Hitler's mad hordes at bay.

The crushing toll they have taken of Nazi armed forces and Nazi morale is a contribution to the Allied cause that is beyond computation today. And what an example of *love of country* it is.

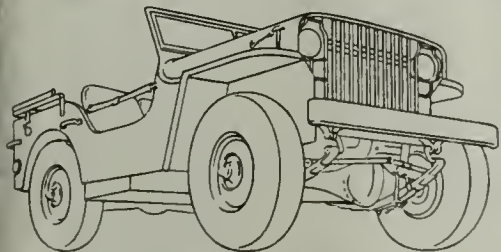
Aiding the heroic Russians, in fierce counter-attacks and in many other equally vital operations—as swift, as determined, as deadly to the Nazis as the inspired Russians themselves—are the Jeeps built by Willys-Overland.

Yes, on the volatile Russian front and on every other front in this war, the Jeep is on active duty. With its "GO-Devil" engine heart, and rugged body of steel, it is setting an example of all-out patriotic service; an example that every man,

woman and child in America must emulate if *our* fighting forces are to win this war.

The Jeep puts *everything it has* into every job it has been fitted to do in this war, *for your freedom*.

We are proud of the Willys-Overland engineers who assisted the U. S. Quartermaster Corps in designing the Jeep. And it is to *their* credit that the Willys-designed "Go-Devil" Engine drives *all* Jeeps being built for the U. S. Army and for our Allies. Willys-Overland Motors, Inc.

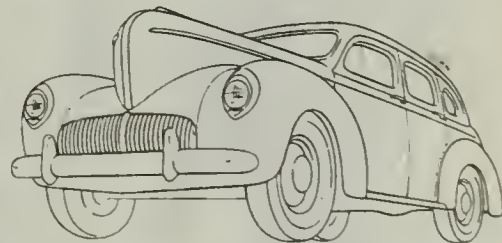


U. S. ARMY JEEP

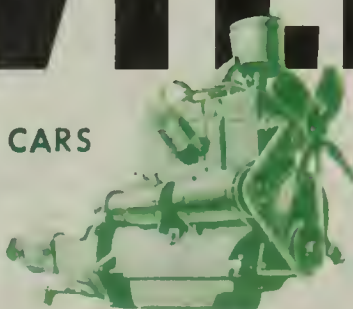
# WILLYS

MOTOR CARS

TRUCKS AND JEEPS



AMERICAR—the People's Car



THE GO-DEVIL ENGINE—power-heart of WILLYS CARS and all JEEPS





*What kind of  
men do  
career girls  
like?*

✓ An independent survey reveals they prefer men with: lean features, black hair, brown eyes, a flair for casual business and sport clothes—the kind of men who wear...

## ESSLEY Woman-Wise SHIRTS

Sure, Essley Shirts have a way with women—for women are instinctive judges of tailoring skill and quality. That's why they choose Essley Shirts for their men—and men choose Essley Shirts for themselves! Essleys are styled by America's leading men's fashion authority and tailored by famous Troy craftsmen. There is no finer quality combination! \$1.75, \$2.00, \$2.25, \$2.50 and up.

ESSLEY SHIRT COMPANY  
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Originators of the TRUBENIZED\* Collar  
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

and crisp blouse, she got out her typewriter and paper and sat at the desk in the living room. She lighted a cigarette and began the letter to her father:

"Dear Dave: This is quite a vacation I'm having. It's..."

Her head came down on the typewriter.

*I'm pretending and it's no good. I can't fool myself. I can't stay here, Conner, no matter how much you want me to, I can't. Even if I didn't have to work to take care of Dave... even then I couldn't give up my job and adapt myself to the life of a Navy wife; to this wretched life of waiting. This holiday up here has shown me that.*

IF CONNER had kept his promise to her... If he had held to the terms in that unwritten covenant they had drawn up before they were married... They were such simple terms. Sayre was to go on working, living through the week in her one-room apartment in New York and joining Conner in Newport, where he was stationed, for week ends and holidays. That was their extent.

But ever since the wedding, Conner had been going back on his word. Each week end she came to see him, he showed more clearly that he was growing impatient of their bargain, and intended to break it.

She thought: *Conner, why did I have to love you? I didn't want to fall in love. I knew why marriage couldn't work for me. Why did you have to come?*

But he had come. Right into her life, without knocking, without ringing the bell.

She was Sayre Tennant and she had never been more than ankle-deep in love and did not intend to be. She was that rare phenomenon, a young woman who was not a career girl but a girl with a career. Four years ago she had come to New York, a bright college graduate, to sell skirts and sweaters in the sportswear department of Mayne & Lewis; an eager youngster with no experience and a wealth of ideas. She had worked and fought for those ideas until she had established and become head of the store's college shop, The Campus.

Her big, generous father had, like her, worked up from the bottom rung, from newsboy to top-flight crusading columnist on the very paper he had once hawked. Still, though the heart attack that had caused his collapse five years ago had forced him to give up working, people spoke his name. "If Dave Tennant were around he'd do something about this..."

But Dave would never crusade again. The very fire he had used to scorch the things he hated and illuminate those in which he believed had consumed him. The paper had offered him a pension but he had refused it. "I will never take something for nothing!" he had roared.

Sayre would not ask that of him, but when he had to turn over his affairs to her, she had found there was not much left of the money he had once earned. He had always spent freely... sending her to one of the most expensive colleges in the East, giving her fur coats, a car, trips. Little remained but the big rambling house on Long Island Sound in Connecticut, the house he had built ten years earlier for Sayre's mother. Lila Tennant had lived in the house only a year before she died, but she had loved it and because she had loved it, Dave could not give it up. Sayre thought he felt that Lila was near him there.

But with no income he would have to lose the house. And his heart would truly

break were he penned in a small apartment.

The doctor said, "He must have no worries. Heaven knows he will fume over the state of the world enough, without adding any troubles." Sayre took the worries to herself. She mortgaged the house; she found the job with Mayne & Lewis. She said, "I'll pay my debt to Dave."

There was no room for marriage in the life she had created.

She had no idea of finding room for it on that late summer evening when she went to Madge Wilmar's cocktail party. She stood in the smoky, noisy room, chatting to a cavalry officer and a middle-aged lawyer, and thinking, "I like this way. Variety. No one man for me."

And then she saw the young ensign staring at her. He stood in the middle of the room, alone, with a sidecar in one hand and a fish-paste canapé in the other. His black hair was on end and his blue eyes were on her.

Sayre flicked him with her gaze and looked away. She was used to stare. She had long brown-satin hair, lighted by hidden flames, and amber eyes with the same unexpected fires, like sunlight shining through sherry. She had white skin and a wide, intriguing mouth and long, perfect legs. Any girl who looked like that is accustomed to inspection.

She did not know why her glance returned to him again. But when her eye caught his, he smiled and crossed the room. He said to the cavalry officer, "Madge wants to see you." He put himself between the lawyer and Sayre.

Sayre said, "That wasn't so subtle."

He didn't answer. He stood looking down at her.

He said, after a moment, "Wow!"

"I beg your pardon," Sayre said coolly.

"Would you mind pinching yourself to see if you're a dream?"

The blue of his eyes was entirely too warm; he was going entirely too fast.

"I'm perfectly real," she said smoothly. She should have moved away then.

"In that case," he said, "I'm not." And ate the canapé. "What do you think of this party? One of those affairs where half the people don't know the hostess and the other half don't know each other. And I'm the latter." She saw there was a humorous twist to his mouth, but strength too, and strength in his square-tanned hands. "But now I know you," he said. "That must have been what I came for. Let's go. I know a place where we can sit at a table with a checkered cloth in a dark corner, and drink beer."

Sayre said, "I'm sorry. I really can't."

"What did you say the name was?"

She had to smile at his persistence.

"Sayre Tennant."

HE SAID, "Look, Sayre... I'm Conner Lock. Ensign Conner Lock, U.S.N.R. Formerly of Pritchard, Rickard, Wickard & Rice. Advertising. No. 45 of Newport, R. I., and Eagle 45. Single. I'm twenty-six. Male. Unmarried. Hobbies, bowling and brown-haired girls. Now how about it?"

"I told Madge I'd stay a while," she said.

"Please." He touched her arm and his touch was a shock. The surprise brought the flames to her eyes. "Please, I've got three-day leave and the first day is gone. Where's your patriotism? What about my morale? That's got you, hasn't it? All right, then. We're going to that place where I can talk and you can think."

That was all there was to it. From the first, there was his own demanding against her own powerlessness to deny, her will to give in. There was the place with the checkered tablecloths. The little cell restaurant where they ate. The place



where they danced. And another where they talked and talked and somehow let their hands find each other. There was a taxi and finally there was a bench in Washington Square, with the shadows round them and the dimmed-out city towering behind them.

They sat silent, holding hands, and then, as though moved by the same set of muscles, they turned toward each other. Conner caught her to him, and the singing and the lightness and the fever in her body was something she had never known.

He let her go. "Will you marry me, Sayre? I know I'm going to ask you eventually. I'd rather do it now and get the worrying over."

Sayre leaned her head on his shoulder. She said, hardly recognizing her own voice, "You'd better start worrying now."

"You won't marry me . . ."

"No. . . . I mean . . . I will."

Later, when their senses had returned a little, she could say, "There'll be so much to work out,"—could tell him about her job and Dave.

Conner said, "We'll solve all that. When I walked into that party today I didn't believe in marriage, either. I didn't think it mixed with the Navy. Now I can believe in anything. As long as it's us."

He said so many lovely, understanding things. It *would* work out, because they loved each other.

Yet almost from the beginning it had not gone as they had thought it would. The first week end she had spent with him in Newport, Conner had said, "I wish you didn't have to go back." She cried, "Not half as much as I do. But I must, Conner." He knew how it tore her apart for him to ask her to stay when she so longed to, so hated the weekdays without him, yet could not do otherwise. Though he did not say it in words, he intimated more and more strongly that he wanted her to leave the store, give up trying to keep the house for Dave, and live in Newport. But not until last night had he put it baldly to her.

"Sayre, we've fooled around enough with this week-end marriage. It's no good. You'll have to come here."

He had been undoing his tie and he flung it onto the bed with a decisive gesture.

"I can't let you go back to the store this time when your vacation is over. I want more of you than a few hours each week."

SAYRE faced him, drawing a brush through her shining hair. "Conner, you told me we'd never have to go through this. I know how hard it is this way. It hurts me, too, not seeing you. But what can I do, my darling, when I have so many responsibilities?"

"I'm beginning to think I should be one of your responsibilities."

She put down the brush. "You agreed once on their importance."

"Yes," he said. "That was before I was a husband. Now I am a husband and I find I feel like one. I want to be one. I think I have the right to ask that you be here whenever I can see you."

"Aren't you forgetting it isn't just me? There's Dave."

"I could afford to take care of Dave if he lived with us. If you didn't have to build up your pride by hanging on to that white elephant of a house for him. Dave's a good guy. . . ."

"And the house is all he has left of what he's been. I won't let you sacrifice him."

"All right," he said with dangerous quiet. "Go on being the successful businesswoman, then. Go on being your father's brave little wage earner to prove

to him you're as good a man as he ever was. I'll go on being a game for week ends."

Anger ran all through her. She cried, "You wanted me. . . . You have to take me the way I am!"

"I wanted you," he said. "I don't have to take you."

When she lay beside him in the dark, later, his body was stiffly withheld from contact with hers. The late rising moon threw its light over the bed, touched his rough black hair with pale hands. His eyes were shut but she knew he did not sleep. Tears burned beneath her lids.

She turned restlessly and her arm brushed his. Instantly the blind, swift magnetism between them flared. He reached out, pulling her close to him, and she buried her face against his chest.

"Oh, Conner . . . Conner, we mustn't do this. I love you so."

He held her tightly, his mouth pressed against her cheek. "It's my fault. . . . But it *isn't* right for us. We couldn't have a normal peacetime marriage now. . . . But we ought to give it all the chance we can."

"Conner, I want to, but there's so much else to consider."

"I know," he said. "Something will happen to work it out for us."

SAYRE pushed back the typewriter. Something *had* happened. The very thing that must not.

She had made an appointment with the doctor for that morning, more to fill the day than anything else. He said, when she went to him, "This is too early for *me* to be able to tell you, but the test can reveal it without leaving any doubt."

She thought, returning to her room, "I should be impatient to learn the result of the test. . . . And I'm only afraid."

There was a letter from Madge waiting for her. Without much interest she opened and read it. Just the usual tidbits of news.

Then she was gripping the pages so tightly she all but tore them, her eyes scanning the last paragraph swiftly . . . going back to reread it.

"And I've been apartment-hunting for the baby sister, Tess," Madge wrote. "She's getting married next week to a Navy man, who, by the way, has Conner's old job at 90 Church Street in Public Relations. He's a good kid but don't tell Tess this. . . . I understand the Navy would give anything to have Conner back and didn't want him to leave in the first place when he asked for a transfer to a ship. Not that he isn't doing a splendid job on the Eagle but I saw Lieutenant Commander Nicolls yesterday and he said your C. was one man he really wished was twins. If that doesn't make you . . ."

She dropped the letter in her lap.

He had never told her anything about being in Public Relations. She thought he had been on the Eagle since joining the Navy. But they had been married so quickly there was much they had not had a chance to tell.

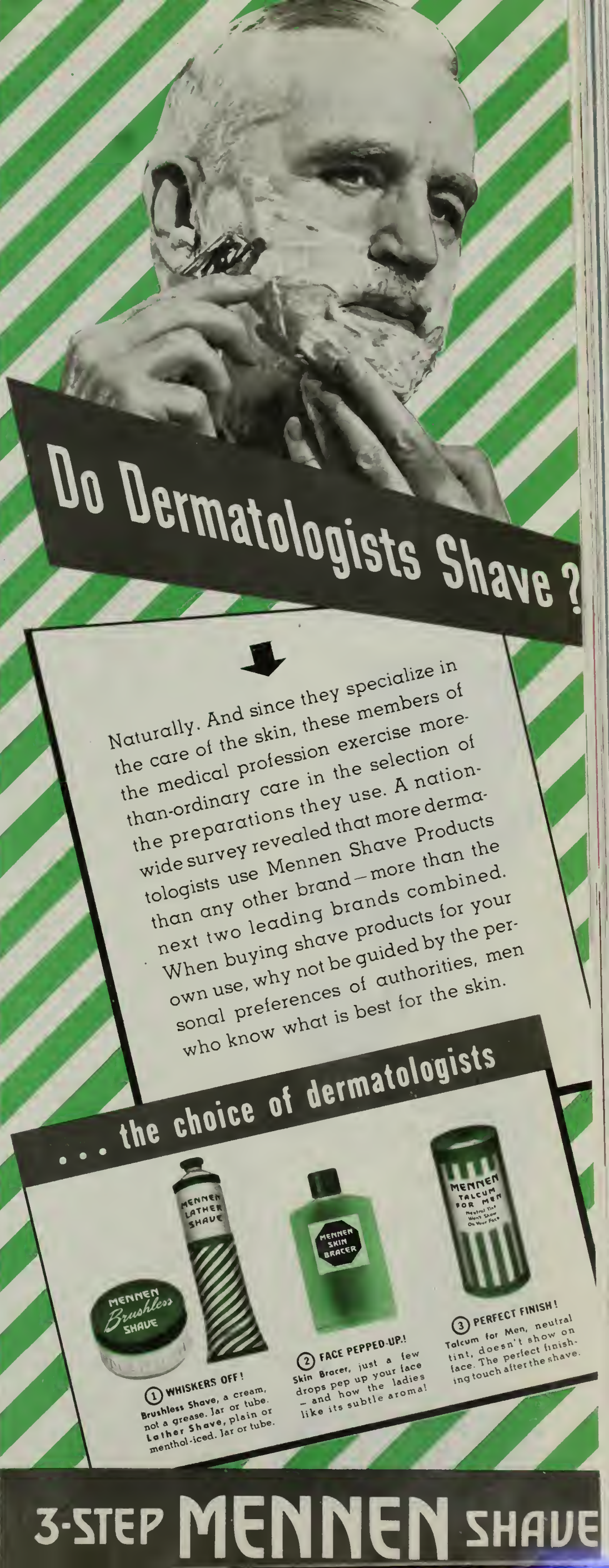
She thought, "If he had a Navy job like that now, we could live in New York. I'd be with him all the time. I could take off several months before the baby was born and then get a nurse. It would work out beautifully."

The sudden flowering of that thought filled her with new hope.

If he could be transferred back to shore. . . .

The hope lived with her for the next few days while he was still at sea.





The baby . . . why the baby *was* their salvation. Oh, surely, with a baby coming he would want a safer berth. They could have an apartment . . . see each



# Do Dermatologists Shave?

Naturally. And since they specialize in the care of the skin, these members of the medical profession exercise more-than-ordinary care in the selection of the preparations they use. A nationwide survey revealed that more dermatologists use Mennen Shave Products than any other brand—more than the next two leading brands combined. When buying shave products for your own use, why not be guided by the personal preferences of authorities, men who know what is best for the skin.

## ... the choice of dermatologists

- ① WHISKERS OFF!  
Brushless Shave, a cream, not a grease. Jar or tube. Lather Shave, plain or menthol-iced. Jar or tube.
- ② FACE PEPPED-UP!  
Skin Bracer, just a few drops pep up your face — and how the ladies like its subtle aroma!
- ③ PERFECT FINISH!  
Talcum for Men, neutral tint, doesn't show on face. The perfect finishing touch after the shave.

# 3-STEP MENNEN SHAVE



# THE "BLUE TIN" ENLISTS...

## THE NEW EDGEWORTH SEAL-PAK CARRIES ON!

I stepped into a store today,  
To buy a "tin of blue,"  
The clerk said "EDGEWORTH?...  
Here you are!"  
—But gave me something new;  
"Edgeworth has enlisted"—  
He informed me with a grin,  
"This SEAL-PAK Pouch has  
now replaced  
The famous true-blue tin."

"You see," he said, "it's  
moisture-proof,  
The inside's neatly lined,  
It folds down as you use it,  
It's conveniently designed—  
And Edgeworth keeps its flavor fresh—  
In SEAL-PAK, I've been told—  
It's easy, too, to fill your pipe..."  
"O.K.!" I said, "I'm sold!"



Easy to fill  
your pipe



Fits your pocket  
neatly

Yes, that blue tin of Edgeworth Pipe Tobacco, famous for 40 years, has now been replaced for the duration of the war, by the new and handy Edgeworth SEAL-PAK Pouch. You'll find this new SEAL-PAK Pouch easy to carry in your pocket—easy to fill your pipe from—and best of all it keeps your favorite Edgeworth Pipe Tobacco in a flavor-fresh condition. Edgeworth, you know, is America's Finest Pipe Tobacco.

Enjoy a generous sample at our expense.  
Write Larus & Brother Company,  
201 22nd Street, Richmond, Va.

**EDGEWORTH**  
"AMERICA'S FINEST PIPE TOBACCO"

other nightly. There would be no further ground for quarrels.

Two nights later the phone rang and Conner's cheerful voice was in her ear: "The fleet's in."

Her spirits soared. "I'll be down to get you in our go-cart, honey."

In their rooms he put his face against her hair. "It's so good to be back with you. . . Mmmmm . . . your hair smells nice. Like fog."

"Oh, Conner, that's not very romantic," she laughed.

"Why not? I like the way fog smells."

She slipped out of his arms and looked up into his brown face. His dark hair was tousled . . . his eyes blue as morning sky. His baby would have hair like that, the same eyes. Her heart turned in her breast.

"Conner . . ."

She was telling him, delight in her, because she could watch it come to him.

"Sayre, really?" He gripped her hands. "Are you sure?"

"Of course. I have to go back to see what the test was but . . ."

"It's wonderful, isn't it? It's swell. I hope he has your brains and my beauty!"

THE last sign of tension between them was gone. Certainly he would wish to be transferred again. She need only broach it tactfully.

Presently she did. She said, "Conner, you never told me you were in Public Relations in the Navy."

"Didn't I? I must have forgotten. There's a lot of my dark past you don't know. How did you find out the horrible truth?" He was teasing her, but she said, "Could you get back in again?"

His black brows went up in surprise. "I suppose so . . . never thought of it."

She did not pursue it. She had planted the seed. He would think of it now. He would see it as the solution for both of them.

She returned in the morning to the doctor. He had told her to come back sooner, but she had put it off until she saw how Conner took the news.

He told her at once:

"Mrs. Lock, you are not going to have a child."

She did not listen to the medical explanation, to his "Nothing at all to worry about . . ." She was clutching her purse, torn by a bewildering sense of deprivation. It was as though she had actually been carrying the child and lost it.

She was still shaken when she left the office. The belief in the baby had brought her more than pleasure. It had given her the answer to their marital difficulties. Although it had never been real, she felt the solution had been snatched from her.

Or had it? Would he still not see that a transfer back to New York was the best thing for them? . . .

She could not, when she met him that night, bring herself to tell him at once. They went with a group of other officers and their wives to the Skoal Room and all evening she was in agony, seeing his happiness and the difficulty he had in keeping to himself what he felt was his big news. She was so achingly, passionately sorry for him.

It was Clia Hobart, slick, sharp-tongued wife of Bill Hobart, lieutenant j. g. and Conner's immediate superior, who brought her a new kind of agony.

Clia asked Conner, "How did you ever happen to give up Public Relations, Conner? Don't you get sick of the Eagle?"

The question was casual but Sayre looked at Conner quickly.

"Sick of it?" he said. "Hell, no. That other work has to be done, but it was too much like my civilian job. I don't want to just taste this fight. I want to get my teeth into it. I wouldn't go back if

they offered to make me a rear admiral."

His words slid into Sayre with razor sharpness, cutting her before she knew she had been hurt. He would not go back. Not even when he thought there was to be a baby. He had no intention of making the move that would end their problem.

She knew when he drove her back to their rooms that he had thought all along she would be the one to yield. He put an arm about her, unaware of her withdrawal. "Tomorrow, Sayre, we'd better go hunting an apartment."

She said, "Conner—" but he went on: "Surely you don't mean to go on working now? This changes everything. Dave will understand that."

She said dully, "Don't . . . please don't. . . There isn't going to be any baby."

He turned sharply to look at her, "Sayre . . ."

"I was wrong. That's all. And I'm—

She drove down to Connecticut. Tomorrow she would have Sam, Dave's chauffeur, return the car to Conner. The day was biting cold, lashed with a December gale and a sleety rain. The rain sluiced over the windshield, coming harder, obscuring her vision. She did not care. Rain could not blind her more than her own tears.

She stopped in the drive when she reached her father's home, and stood for a moment, when she got out, looking up at the white house as though for some sort of assurance. She had not been home for some time, living in New York as she must through most of the week and going to Newport over Saturdays and Sundays. But Dave was wise. He would not question her unexpected arrival too closely.

When she went in she found him in the library, sitting on the window seat with binoculars to his eyes, staring out



"I know you'll do what's expected of you, Himpel. The Army's a little tougher than we are in that respect!"

I'm not sorry, Conner. Because I know now you'd have made no effort to make things easier. You never meant to go back to shore. You . . ."

"Wait a minute." An icy anger coated his words. "Let's get this straight. Did I say anything about going back? This is where I belong. This is what I want to do. And let's get something else straight. You wouldn't let a baby change your mind, would you? Or did you ever believe you were having one? . . . Was this just a trick, Sayre, to get around me?"

"If you can think it was a trick," Sayre said with cold fury, "then I think we never have had a marriage."

"I can think it." She felt his temper, white-hot, under the coldness of his tone, matching her own. "I can think it because I know we never had a marriage."

There was no retraction. That night Conner slept on the couch and in the morning he was gone. Sayre packed. She did not leave a message. There was no need. Both understood what the unspoken words were between them. It was over.

over the tormented waters of the Sound.

He put the glasses down when he heard her and turned. Sayre thought, with a pang, that he looked white and ill.

He said, "Hello, there. Didn't expect to see you this week. Conner have to go out? This is devilish weather."

BUT there was a note of envy in his voice. Sayre knew he was proud of his son-in-law.

"No. Conner didn't have to go out." She threw her sheared beaver coat over a chair and went to kneel beside him. He looked at her sharply but he said nothing more.

"What are you watching, Dave?"

"Not a darned thing. I'm trying to find something to watch. . . Sayre, if you knew how I wish I were in Conner's shoes. Able to do . . . see a little action. They won't even let me be an air-raid warden. A warden! . . . After what I went through at the Marne." His tone was bitter.

Sayre said, "I didn't know you were so bored."



"Bored? I'm more than bored."

Suddenly he raised the glasses to his eyes. "What's that . . . out there?"

Over the whining of the storm there was the sound of a plane. A wrong, irregular, spluttering note in the motor's tune. She leaned toward the window.

Dave said tersely, "Looks like a Navy scout plane . . . in trouble." There was some of the old excitement in his voice.

Sayre saw it, then, flying low, out of the mist, wavering over the wild water.

"Pilot's trying for a crash landing . . ." Dave said. "She won't last five minutes in this water. . . ."

The ship wobbled, fighting into the wind. Sayre clenched her fists. "He's too near the point. The tide will throw him against the rocks."

"There she goes!" Dave cried.

The plane hit with an impact they could hear; water foamed up like smoke, crashed over it, one wing dipped; the tail lifted with a wave.

Dave dropped the binoculars. "Call the filter station, Sayre, in case they haven't spotted it. Call the hospital and tell them to send an ambulance. . . ."

SAYRE saw the figure that had climbed out of the forward cockpit and was trying to struggle along the fuselage toward the rear one.

Dave snapped, "Hurry, Sayre. That's the pilot. The other must be hurt. They'll have Mae Wests but we've got to get to them. The Center will call for help if they've seen it. But we can get there first."

He was striding across the room. "Where are you going?" she cried.

"Out there. Sam and I will take the dinghy."

"Don't . . ." She ran after him. "Not you. Let me go with Sam."

"Sayre," Dave said, "shut up. This is my story. And don't say 'your heart.' I don't give two hoots about my heart. Get on that phone."

She made the calls, rushed into the hall and snatched a slicker from the closet. When she raced out the back way, her father and Sam were already running down toward the dock. She tried to plead with Dave once more.

"Don't waste your breath," he said, but he gave her arm a pat in reassurance.

Through the curtain of rain she could see the plane piled against the rocks now . . . and the two bobbling heads. One flier supported the other, trying to catch at a rock, pull himself up. She knew the barnacles and razor clams must be cutting his hands to ribbons.

Dave had already climbed into the boat and Sam had taken the oars. Sayre dropped into the stern. The little dinghy tossed as though it were in mid-ocean, water sloshed over its sides, rolled into the scuppers. Sam strained against the oars, his black face wet and gleaming. Sayre forgot her worry for Dave . . . forgot Conner, everything but the two figures out there. A shout came thinly to her ears.

Dave said, "Here, let me at the oars a while." He would not let Sam protest. He bent his great shoulders.

When they were near enough to see the two fliers clearly, they heard the chug of another boat's motor, but they had pulled up to the men in the water before the Coast Guard launch came in sight.

The pilot had given up trying to climb up the point and was holding the head of the other man above water. Sayre sucked in her breath. The second flier was unconscious, wounded, blood streaming over his face and mingling with the salt water and the rain. With his free hand the pilot clutched at the gunwale of the boat.

"Glad to see you, pal. Give Eddie, here, a hand up, will you, and get him out of those water wings."

Sam and Sayre pulled the limp, awkward body laboriously into the boat while Dave held the dinghy as steadily as he could, backing water to keep from drifting onto the rocks. Sayre bent over the figure sprawled at her feet.

"He's . . . been shot," she whispered. The pilot had let himself into the skiff.

"Yeah . . . he's bad, I think." He helped Sayre remove the unwieldy life belt, then took off his own and began to tear at his shirt. "He's bleeding a lot. . . ."

Sayre had opened her slicker and was ripping her blouse. "No. . . . let me stop it with mine. It's drier."

The launch had come up to them, idling its motors.

"We'll take over," the Coast Guardsman in the bow shouted.

Dave called back, "One man's in a pretty bad way. He should have attention. . . . There's an ambulance ought to be waiting back on shore. Please give us a tow in."

"Right."

Sam threw out the painter and a seaman caught it, fastened it securely to a cleat at the stern of the launch.

Sayre crouched beside the wounded flier. She looked up at the pilot, who sat on the stern seat, smoking a cigarette she had given him. His fair hair was plastered flat on his skull.

"What happened?" she asked.

He shook his head. "Sorry. I can't tell you that. I'll have to phone my base as soon as we get in. And the Coast Guard will want a report. But I can't tell you. You know how it is."

She protested: "My husband's in the Navy, too."

"Sure. You understand then."

The ambulance was waiting when they got back to the dock. The intern bent over the wounded aviator. He looked up quickly at Dave. "Can we take him into your house? This chap can't last to the hospital unless I attend to him now."

Dave said quietly, "Anything you say."

The four men from the Coast Guard launch filed up to the house with them. The intern and the orderly carried their burden to the kitchen, laid him on the table, and the doctor gave orders crisply; asked the others to leave.

Dave fixed strong highballs in the library. Sayre went to hunt dry clothes for the pilot and to put on a fresh blouse herself. While she changed she heard the flier on the phone in the hall and got, unintentionally, a part of the story. She could supply the missing details for herself.

The plane had been scouting fifty miles off the North Shore of Long Island and had spotted a U-boat on the surface, apparently having trouble with its engines for it did not submerge. Eddie had radioed the position and they had dived to attack. The submarine crew opened fire. The boat was destroyed in three attacks but when they came out of the last dive there was no answer when the pilot—Hank Winter, he had said his name was—spoke to Eddie on the two-way phone. He tried his own radio and found it dead. The motor was heating. The oil line had been hit. He thought he could make it back to the base. The motor heated more and more rapidly. He changed his course and headed in toward shore, where they could be picked up more easily, and made a crash landing.

It was incredible he should be telling such a story in dry, terse, undramatic sentences. But when the intern came into the

library, she saw Winter's coolness waver, his knuckles whiten and he gripped the glass he held.

"How is he, Doc?"

The doctor shook his head. "I've done what I can. I don't know whether I've saved him. He seems like a pretty strong lad. We'll take him on to the hospital. I think he can make it now. Who notifies his relatives?"

"The Navy. I'll see to that."

"If he has a wife you'd better send for her. He's been calling someone—sounds like 'Ellen.'"

"Yes. That's his wife. She's in Chicago."

The intern was putting on his overcoat. "He has one chance in a thousand to live until she gets here."

Sayre pressed her hands against her throat.

"He's got to," she cried. "He must live."

The pilot looked at her. He said slowly, as though he were talking to himself, "They had a fight a couple of months ago. She went back home then. She didn't want him to fly." He lit a cigarette. "He had to. If he's gone out, he's gone out his way." He got up. "Do what you can for the kid."

He left in the launch, still wearing Dave's clothes, his own in a bundle under his arm.

Dave watched the boat put away from his dock. "If he has a chance, Sayre. . . . That boy, Eddie. . . ."

Then his face went ashen, his lips blue and stiff, moving without sound. He slid to the floor at her feet. With a cry she dropped beside him, calling for Sam.

Together they got him up to bed and for the second time that day she was phoning for a doctor, fear mingling acidly with another new, unnamed emotion that was growing in her.

She waited outside the door for the doctor to come out of Dave's room, thinking, "I should have kept him from going." . . . And yet he had seemed almost happy. . . .

When Doctor Harrison stepped into the hall, she clutched his sleeve.

"Dave. . . ."

"Is going to be okay," he said. "It's surprising what the heart can take when it must, Sayre. In fact I think this did him good. He's come around nicely. Seems to feel he's done something useful. He's cut up about the boy who was hurt but he knows if there is that thousandth chance, he helped to give it. He was telling me the paper wants him to try a weekly column and I think he'll have to do it. It's worse for him to be cooped up in this house, out of things."

"Cooped up!" Sayre echoed.

SHE went down to the library and sat staring into the fire. She could not get the faces of the two fliers from her mind. The wet, blood-streaked face of the boy who had called for someone named Ellen. The young, strong face of the pilot who had said, "If he's gone out, he's gone out his way."

There was another face: Conner. Conner somewhere, hurt, calling her—calling her when she was too far away to reach him.

She jumped up, tore upstairs, got out of the wet skirt she had not yet bothered to change, put on a dry one.

She stopped in the door of Dave's room. "Dave, I . . . I've got to go back to Newport. Will you be all right?"

"Sure I will." Oddly he looked better than he had when she had come this noon. "I've got Sam. You go on."

She was driving again, through the rain, over the familiar roads.

It was dark when she crossed the

## "Behind the 8 ball, mister?"



● *Your car is stuck and your face is red from cold and embarrassment because you're blocking wartime traffic?*

It's a mess all right and you'll be plenty late.

*You wonder what you can do?*

You'll just wait this time, brother. Wait for a snowplow or a tow car. No use wasting rubber and gas trying to churn your way out.

. . . Let's hope this won't happen to you, gentle reader. And it needn't if you keep Weed Tire Chains handy for winter driving. Any garage or service station will put them on or you can do it easily yourself. But first you've got to have them.

So get out your used Weeds and have them reconditioned right away. If you need new ones ask for Weed American Bar-Reinforced—they give *double the mileage*. The next best buy is Weed Regular—the standard of value for 40 years.

AMERICAN CHAIN  
DIVISION  
York, Pa., Boston, Chi-  
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burgh, San Francisco

AMERICAN  
CHAIN & CABLE  
COMPANY, INC.  
Bridgeport,  
Connecticut



**WEED  
AMERICAN**  
BAR-REINFORCED TIRE CHAINS





Jamestown bridge. She could not see whether the Eagle was at the dock.

*Let her be in. Let Conner be there. Dear God, don't let it be too late. Don't let him be through with me.*

She drove straight to the gates. Yes, the guard told her, the Eagle was in. Conner was on board.

Relief flooded her . . . but her heart still pounded with fear. If she had already killed what he felt for her . . .

And then he was coming. He was there, in shiny oilskins, standing awkwardly beside the car.

"What are you doing here, Sayre? I thought you'd left."

"I . . . had . . . but I had to come back. Conner, I had to come. I'll never leave you again. I belong where you are. It's the only way." She rushed on. "I'll give

up my job. You're right. It's not important. Not as important as us. Dave doesn't need the house. He doesn't want it; doesn't want my help. He wants to help himself. He could be happy anywhere as long as he thought he was being some use. Oh, Conner, I . . ."

He had grasped her hands. "What happened, Sayre? Do you mean all this? What makes you say it, darling?"

"Nothing happened . . . not to me. That's it. I was waiting for something to happen. Something that would smooth it all out for us and make it go the way I wanted it to. I thought if I had a baby . . . if you were transferred back. Anything as long as it came from outside myself. As long as it saved me from giving up what I wished to have. But things don't happen. There aren't any solutions

—except the ones you make yourself, are there?"

He leaned in, cupping her chin in his hand. "No. There aren't, Sayre. I faced myself today, too. I was waiting for that magical occurrence that would change you, make you see things as I did. Today I knew if there was to be any change I'd have to have a hand in it. I was going to call you tonight, Sayre, and tell you . . ."

"Not that you'd try to get back your old Navy job!" Sayre cried. "No, Conner. You don't want that. This is what you have to do."

He laughed. "Sayre, I wasn't going to tell you that. I do know my place. I was going to tell you we couldn't wait for fate to take a hand. We'd have to do it ourselves. I think you need to work. You aren't suited for pure domesticity.

But you could work here. We never thought of that. I met the manager of one of the department stores here the other day. They're shorthanded. You could get a position. And Dave . . . I always knew he hated feeling indebted to you, but I couldn't point that out."

She took his hand and laid it against her cheek. "Conner . . . are you coming with me now?"

"No. I'm not free yet."

"Have you still got the room rented?" "Yes," he said.

"I'll be there when you come back. I'll be waiting for you."

The words stretched between them, warm and satisfying, words that were a bond and a comfort.

"I'll be waiting for you, darling."

THE END

## The Hunters

Continued from page 16

you remember," she said with a sudden sharp inflection, "what you wrote me once?" She quoted, "I am served first or not at all."

Michael was silent, the smile gone.

"Do you remember?"

"Yes, I remember."

"You wouldn't come back when I wanted you. After I married. You could have come, your next leave. . . . But no, you had to write that. Now you want me. And now—" there was something cruelly exultant in the low, deliberate voice, "now you are not being served first."

"Don't!" he said harshly.

"You were so very arrogant."

"I know. I was rather arrogant."

"Don't you wish you had come back?"

"No."

"Yet you want me now?"

"This isn't sneaking behind your husband's back."

"Only behind your wife's."

"Yes. And the back of your future husband. But," said Michael, very gently, "I am more versed in sneaking than I was. Not the raw boy you knew."

"ANYWAY, you have to eat your words," she said triumphantly.

"Every word."

"You were cheeky to write that. If I was willing—"

"I had scruples about you, my sweet."

"And now you haven't?"

"Only one."

"What's that?"

"I wouldn't come to your tent tonight, if you"—Michael paused, then murmured ironically—"I was the first blot on the escutcheon . . . I wouldn't make a dishonest woman of you."

"Sweet of you, darling!" Her blue eyes mocked, derisively. "So now you come because you're not the first?"

"Whimsical, isn't it?"

"Yet you don't like me to have had lovers?"

"Who am I to throw the first stone?" said Michael.

"Who indeed! Why shouldn't I have fun? Why not?"

"No reason—if you wanted to. . . . And Winston never knew?"

"N-no. I wasn't—careless. . . . I don't think he was exactly easy in his mind," she owned, with her cool, indifferent smile, then added thoughtfully, "but he didn't want to know."

"You'll find Sir Robert a bit stiffer."

"He'll be all right. . . . I'm going to make him an M. P."

"He won't like that."

"I shall."

"I should have thought you'd have

found one nearer home. Or," said Michael, casually, "were there stories going around?"

She looked sharply at him. "I don't know that I want you in my tent tonight!"

"As you choose."

"Pretty indifferent, aren't you?"

"Was I indifferent by the river?"

"No . . . no, you were lovely, Michael. . . . I like you when you're wild about me. . . . You're sure you won't be seen?"

"I'll make sure."

"Don't come until you're sure."

Their words went back and forth a little longer, then Claire rose, and with loud "Good nights," for the benefit of the camp, she strolled off to her tent. Michael stretched out in the steamer chair, finished his cigarette, then flung out a sharp "Hapana Kilali," to the groups of porters, that stilled their talk, and started them settling down to sleep.

He called his boy and told him to bring hot water to his tent. "Much hot water," he said, impressively. He went to his tent, lighted a lantern and put out his shaving things. The boy looked at them curiously when he brought the pail of water.

"Finished," said Michael. "Tomorrow at first cockcrow, send out the porters to the boma. Whether you hear shots or not. Understand?"

"Sikia, Bwana," said the boy, still eyeing the shaving kit.

"And do not wake me. Do not come to my tent. Tell the boy of the Memsahib Winston not to go to her tent. He is

not to bring tea, he is not to wake her for any reason. She wishes to sleep. Understand?"

"Sikia, Bwana," said the boy, expressionlessly. His eyes glinted.

"Now I want the camp quiet. Tell the boys to go to sleep. Quaheri."

"Quaheri, Bwana."

Michael washed and shaved; the lantern light threw his shadow on the tent wall and he thought the boys must be noticing it. They would tell about this shaving later. He put on a suit of silk pajamas—his only suit of silk—and wrapped himself in his bathrobe, put out the lantern and lay down.

THEY were at Constantia Bay on the Cape and the wind was ruffling the leaves of the silver trees on the slopes about them and the sea was half a hundred blues. She was uncertain, half won, half hesitant, crying confusedly at him, "How can I tell so soon? It's all so—strange." He had urged, "I need you so, Tommy! I need you as a man needs water in a thirsty land."

She had given him a quick, touching look. He had her then. Water for his need—his need that water could not quench. . . .

She must have looked back, often, to that day, thinking, "If it had not been so beautiful—! If he had not urged me so!" But never once had she admitted a regret. Not even on that night when he had told her they could have no children. He had tried to forget that night, but he had not forgotten it and now he looked

back to it quite steadily, seeing her face as it looked before she made it brave and cheerful for him.

If she had had children she might never have come to care for Bob. But children did not make up for everything. A woman wanted to be loved, to love someone she could believe in.

Bob was the right one for her. Bob would turn back to her, contritely, once he was shocked into awareness of what Claire was like. Michael could give that shock.

He thought about it grimly. He turned his torch on his wrist watch but it was not yet time. The darkness and the waiting and the tightness in his stomach made him think of waits in the trenches for the zero hour, only then his stomach had been tighter and his nerves had been crisped by dread. That young Michael had wanted, so terribly, to come through alive, unmaimed.

He had come through—a pretty decent youngster for all the bitterness and brutality of war. Not a drinking chap, then. His high spirits had been his own. Yet there must have been the seeds of his disintegration in him then, he thought; a steadier chap would never have played the fool because a girl was faithless to him. Perhaps a steadier chap would never have loved so wildly.

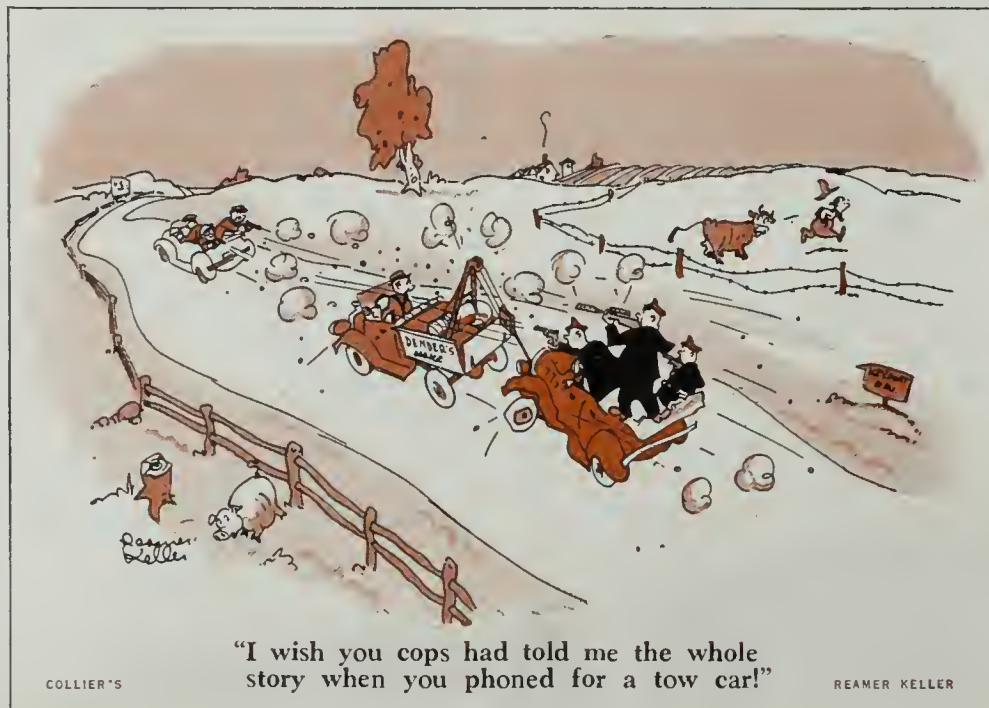
Well, that was all past—no use looking back on his life now. He had gone downhill recklessly and he would have gone further if it had not been for Tommy. He knew that; he felt a grateful affection for her and a deep compassion—very odd emotions for your wife, he thought, his lips curling sardonically, when you are going out to make love to another!

Tommy would never understand. She would think him an utter heel. That could not be helped. The first shock would not be pleasant for her, but Bob would help her to get over it. And she would help Bob to get over it. . . .

Almost midnight now. He got up, turned on his torch, dragged out his medicine kit. He tied some tablets into a knot of his handkerchief that he thrust deep in a pajama pocket. Those tablets would act swiftly. They would think it was his heart.

That was the ending he had decided upon.

It seemed almost foolproof. Claire might try to talk herself out of it; she might say he had come against her will or that he had staggered in, wanting help, but Bob would remember her convenient headache and all the other things, and the boys would talk about the supper and the laughter, and his boy would tell of his



"I wish you cops had told me the whole story when you phoned for a tow car!"

COLLIER'S

REAMER KELLER





## MORALE IS A LOT OF LITTLE THINGS

**M**AYBE IT'S THE HOT AND COLD TOWELS . . . Or the tingling stuff he puts on your face.

Or maybe just the improvement you see when you look at yourself in the mirror.

Anyhow, many a man has got his smile back in the barber's chair . . . the way an open fire lifts the spirits . . . or a new dress perks up a woman.

Funny, isn't it—how much little things count? Especially nowadays. Little everyday enjoyments . . . familiar things around you . . . simple pleasures . . .

They help to turn the dark clouds inside out—they boost the old *morale*.

☆ ☆ ☆

It happens that millions of Americans attach a special value to their right to enjoy a refreshing glass of beer

. . . in the company of good friends . . . with wholesome American food . . . as a beverage of moderation after a good day's work.

A small thing, surely—not of crucial importance to any of us. And yet—*morale* is a lot of little things like this. Little things that help to lift the spirits, keep up the courage.

And, after all, aren't they among the things we fight for?

*A cool, refreshing glass of beer—a moment of relaxation . . . in trying times like these they too help to keep morale up*





shaving and his preparations and his orders for the morning quiet.

He got out a whisky bottle, and two glasses and set them on a tray. That whisky bottle and two used glasses would be evidence. Pity he couldn't be there to see Bob's face!

He dropped his torch into a pocket of his dressing gown, took up the tray and made his way carefully out through the mess tent. The moon was under a cloud, silvering the edges of it; it was a beautiful sky but not a brilliant light for those two in the boma. He thought about them out there, in their circle of thorn. He saw Tommy's small dark head. Good little Tommy! "You all right, Michael?"

He looked out toward the plain. Tomorrow night he'd be out there beneath a spliced-together cross—Tommy would see to that—with rocks piled on him to keep hyenas from digging in.

He did not care, not particularly. He was sick of the whole show, and the thing to do was to go when the going would do some good. He wasn't losing many years. Tags of phrases floated through his mind. "This is a far, far better thing I do—" "Nothing in his life so became him as the leaving of it."

The world would not think so. Well, that couldn't be helped.

A man ought to have some last thoughts, but he had no coherent last thoughts and he felt too indifferent to evolve them. He felt like a waiter, carrying that tray. It was ridiculous to feel ridiculous, going to his death, for death was a solemn thing, a desperate finality, but he felt ridiculous and a little unreal and self-mocking, because he detected in himself, for all his wry bravado, a sorriestness that his death would be one more discredit to his name.

For a moment his face in the moonlight looked lost and lonely, the face of a younger Michael, asking how he found himself in such a plight, then he smiled bleakly, ironically, and moved on to Claire Winston's tent.

**TOMMY GARRICK** did not speak for some time after they started out from camp. She was afraid that if they began to talk, Bob would say something that would reveal his reluctance for that night in the boma, something that would make her offer to go back. So she trudged on in silence.

This was the hour, in Africa, that, next to dawn, she loved the most, when the sun was sinking and the shadows lengthening, and the air freshened each instant as the heat lessened, so that vigor sprang up in you and it was a pleasure to move, to feel the cool air on your skin, to look about in a light that was beautiful and not blinding to your eyes.

Bob was setting a swift pace against the coming of the dark, and she followed as swiftly, the three porters at her heels, loads on their heads, guns in their arms. They were talking back and forth to one another of their ill luck for having been chosen for this walk, and their voices had the wailing repetition of a folk song. "Kazi wa Wasungu," they intoned mournfully. "The work of the foreigners." The white men who could not carry for themselves. The white men who were forever saying, "Go here," and "Bring this," and "Come with me."

It was dusk before they reached the boma, and a lion was already grunting in the distance. Bob said, eagerly, "You know, if we got one first off—" and Tommy knew that he was thinking of a possible early return. But he was interested now and cheerful, careful of her comfort, making a blanket he had brought into a cushion for her back in the chair. Ironical to reflect how much this would have meant to them once, in

the old days, these twelve hours alone. Twelve hours in which they could talk to their hearts' content, with no fear of listening boys, could look their fill, could touch each other—it would have been a little bit of heaven once.

This was the first time she had been really alone with him since he came back from England. There had been that time when she had been packing on the veranda, but the boy was about then, and there had been a stroll, the evening at Fort Portal, but Michael and Mrs. Winston were strolling near, and there had been hours together in the car, but then Bob had had his mind on the driving and on the car ahead, and all she could do was to be as unobtrusive as possible and make him feel more at ease with her. And there had been that moment in the mess tent when she had flared out at him: "I am glad you are so dependable."

**NOW** she had long, uninterrupted hours. Suppose she stopped playing up, suppose she spoke out openly—not bitterly—and told him, "I know how it is—let's be frank. You can't help it,

rid, rending noise they made, tearing at the buck in the darkness.

She whispered, "Could we shoot?"

"No. Scare the lions. . . . They won't take too much. I'll shoot if more come."

"How about the torch?"

"That's right. Put the light on them. That may scare them off."

She drew in the barrel of her rifle and thrust the electric torch out the hole and clicked it on. Its ray fell on an uplifted hyena head, the eyes gleaming with reflected light. Bob made a clapping sound with his cupped hands and the head vanished. But in a few minutes the rending recommenced at the far side of the buck.

"They'll sneak off if a lion comes," Bob told her.

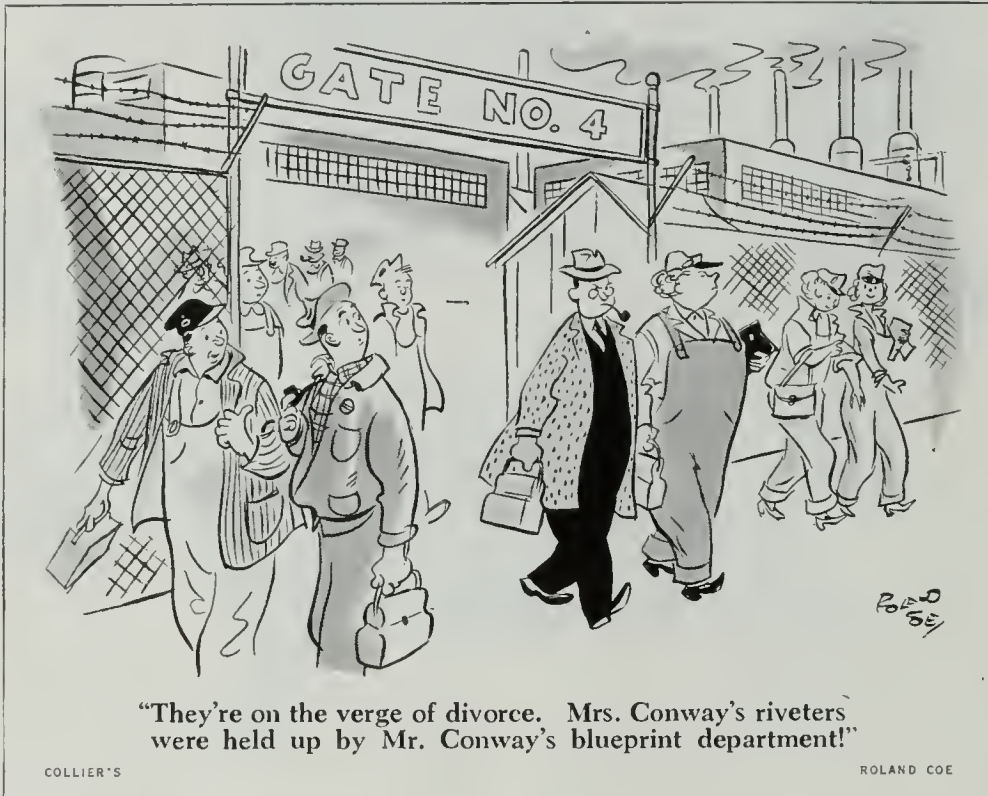
"I hate hyenas."

"Who doesn't?"

"Only other hyenas, I expect."

But even hyenas were exciting in the darkness of the plains. She breathed, "This is fun, isn't it?"

He made an affirmative sound. After a moment he said, "You love Africa, don't you?" and his voice was reflective.



and I can't either. But never think that I don't care."

Why should she let him go off, salving his conscience about her with talk of Michael's sobriety and "things being all right?" Could he actually believe she wasn't cruelly hurt? Had he forgotten everything? He knew that she had counted on him with all her heart and he had failed her!

She thought, aching, "Oh, my darling, my darling!" It was bliss and it was agony to be here alone with him. Their chairs were so close together that their shoulders almost touched when they leaned forward, and the blood beat in her throat and her head felt dizzy. Bob was strong, well knit; he had not Michael's tall, sinewy grace, but he had vigor and solidness and she longed, almost unbearably, to be close against him, to feel the strength of his arms about her. And now that it seemed to her utterly unlikely that she would ever be in his arms again, she looked back at those years of comradeship and wished she had done differently.

No, she couldn't have done differently. But she could wish she had.

Bob nudged her. "There's a hyena out there."

She leaned closer, peering through the opening in the leaves for the skulking shadow. He breathed, "Two of them." She could hear them, then, hear the hor-

She said passionately, "I love it!" It was almost like saying "I love you!" She added, "After the life here—well, there isn't any other."

To that he said nothing.

The moon was a long time coming out. Its rising time was an hour later than the night before, and then there were clouds, obscuring it; when it did emerge the light was pale and misted, but they could distinguish the dead buck quite clearly, and the bushes in the distance were shadows in a silvery pallor. They talked a little, softly, about the way that shadows seemed to change places at night, when watched, so that they seemed like stealthy beasts coming closer. "I could swear that one over there has sneaked up on us," Bob whispered.

"You get some shut-eye and I'll watch," Tommy told him.

"Not sleepy enough yet. Wait till we get your lion."

**HE SOUNDED** friendly and relaxed. She was glad she had not broken down, made him feel miserable and contrite. This was intimate and jolly. In the morning they would have a cheery breakfast (she'd brought bacon and eggs as well as tea) and she'd talk of the future, and of the pyrethrum crop and how he could put in that factory for coffee that he hadn't been able to afford before, and that would appeal to all the

planter in him. The trouble was, he really had not got back yet to his farm; all he'd been doing on it, since he'd come back, was to prepare for this safari. He hadn't thought ahead.

Out of the silence his low voice came, rather suddenly: "How ill—really—was Michael?"

Her heart sank. He was brooding over Michael and Claire, back in camp together, suspecting Michael's "touch of fever." But that fever was real enough, she thought, and she said so. She said, "He was lying down—he felt really seedy. I was surprised he went after buck. But he's always restless with a bit of fever. And I think he wanted to do something rather nice for us. You know how that old buck would have been."

"Just so he doesn't get to drinking."

She said a little stiffly, "He certainly hasn't let you down so far."

"No. But I think he'd had a few nips today."

"Well, I don't. The bottle that was out hadn't been touched since last night." She asked, "Why, what makes you . . . ?" but Bob made no answer.

She said, "He wants to keep fit, you know."

Bob was still silent. Then he murmured, "You know it isn't surprising that she had a headache. The wonder is, that she's stood up to things so well."

"Yes, isn't it?" said Tommy.

"The way she took on that lion!" His voice rose, unguardedly. He lowered it quickly as he owned, "I had all I could do to hold my shot."

"Me, too."

"I had a bead on him. If she hadn't fired the instant she did I wouldn't have dared wait longer. He was in the air."

"I'll never forget it. . . . I felt it couldn't be happening."

"I felt the same thing. I was stiff with fright. . . . She's got more nerve than any of us. She said she wasn't conscious of fright at all. Too intent on getting him."

"She was certainly sporting. . . . But she was frightened about that buffalo, though," said Tommy stubbornly, remembering Claire's white face.

**BOB** gave a little grunt. He said, "That gun of hers has no stopping power." He didn't like remembering the buffalo; it brought too vivid a picture of Michael playing the hero. He said, "We'd better keep still," though it was he who had started the talking.

They sat still, applying themselves to the business of watching and waiting. It was very queer, when you came to think about it, Tommy reflected, that they could be out here like this, queer that the convention of shooting a lion could create this situation. There they were, two isolated human beings in a ring of thornbush on the African plain, with not a soul to look down on them but that faint, faraway moon, and it was all permissible because they were occupied in trying to kill something. . . . It was fantastic and unreal. . . .

Bob would want to hurry back early in the morning. But he'd be hungry and he'd like the eggs and bacon. And if they did get a lion she'd take pictures. She'd brought her camera. She thought of everything that she could do to prolong their time together. Her mind spun little webs of plans.

"What's that?"

It was more an exclamation than a question. She stared out her peephole but she saw no change.

He said, "Hear that?" and she listened intently. A high-pitched quavering sound came to her on the wind, was lost, then came again.

She breathed, "What is it—?"

"Sounds like—" He was listening



again. "It sounds like natives," he said, "out there—across the plain."

"But there's no—"

There was no village, she was going to say, where an *n'goma* might be held. And this couldn't be an *n'goma*; there were no drums. It was a sort of chanting.

"There's a light. Look—d'you see?"

She stared. She saw a distant gleam, that vanished behind trees and then reappeared again.

"It's a safari of some sort," he said. "I wonder—"

There were posts and settlements beyond the plains, but they were on a distant motor road. This little wilderness was fairly untraveled by the whites, Michael had said. A native chief might be traveling, but that would be strange at night, and why travel in this direction?

THEY could see the safari now, a row of dark jogging shapes, and something that their eyes made out to be a litter or a carrying chair. Or it could be tusks slung on a pole. The chanting had grown clearly audible, and its rhythm and recurrent stress identified it as a song that carriers would sing.

"That's a safari, all right," Bob pronounced. "They're carrying someone." He watched a moment as the procession came closer, then said, "We'd better see what's up."

"But why—?"

Tommy felt dismay. She said, "It's probably some chief going through."

"More likely some white. Might be hurt, you know, or ill—some hunting party farther in. We can't sit here and not give him a hand."

"I don't see what we—"

But Bob had stood up; he cupped his hands and shouted lustily through the stockade of thorn, "Hello! *Jamba!* Who's there?"

The singing stopped; after a moment of silence a babble of sound broke out and then a voice, a white man's dominating voice, shouted back, "Allo! Allo!"

"Hello! Hold on—we're coming! . . ."

That's a white man all right," Bob flung out at Tommy. "I wonder what the devil's the matter with him?" He crouched at the entrance, struggling with the brush that filled it, and Tommy turned her torch on his hands and cautioned, "Look out! You'll hurt yourself."

He thrust the brush aside and crawled out and Tommy handed out his gun and then her own and crept out herself. "Look out!" she entreated, for a lion might be anywhere in the dark near that bait. She turned on her torch again, to pick out a path for them, and they started across the plain toward the huddle of dark figures.

A native, carrying a lantern, came forward to meet them, and with him a white man, a stocky figure in khaki shorts and jacket with a muffler—which for a moment Tommy took to be a bandage—tied over his head. Then the man began untying it as they approached. He bowed, quite formally, his eyes flicking from one figure to another.

"Madame—monsieur!"

"We're hunting lion," said Bob, with a little laugh for the humorous unexpectedness of such a meeting. "And we saw your safari—"

"We thought someone might be ill," Tommy explained.

"*Quel rencontre!*" The man, a Belgian, made a gesture that included the plains, the night, the natives gathered about them. "You make the chase at night, yes?"

"Yes. In a boma. . . . We've a camp a couple of miles away."

"And you are English—yes?"

"Yes. From Uganda."

"Uganda! *Les Anglais!*" The Belgian

seemed excited about that, and Tommy thought his manner odd. Then he asked, "And you have not heard?"

"Heard? Heard what?"

"The war, monsieur—madame. The war. We are at war."

"War?" said Bob blankly.

"Belgium?" said Tommy. And then, "With Germany?"

The Belgian drew himself up, as befitted the bearer of extraordinary tidings. He said slowly, hesitating a little for the English words, "Today, England and France have declared war on Germany."

"England—? England and France?"

"*Exactement!* Because of Poland. You have heard of *la crise* with Poland?"

"Why, yes—there was talk—" Bob's voice was stupid with astonishment.

"Now the Nazis have made war on Poland and England has promised Poland—"

"War!" said Tommy, incredulously. They had talked of war for long, of the possibilities of its happening, of the chances of escaping it, and yet, for all the talk, it did not seem possible that it was real, that England was involved—

"War," said Bob. His voice was sharp, now, grim with something almost satisfaction, something that said, "If it had to come, let's get it over with." He asked, "You are sure, monsieur?"

"*Bien sûr.* It has come *par*—how do you say—*par* radio? There is a very good reception at Nguassi where I have been. It has come this afternoon and *immédiatement* I think to leave, to return to Mburra where I live—I am trader, you understand—but the petrol has not come, so the road is impossible and I think to take this way across the plain. It is more short, *n'est-ce pas*, than to wait for the petrol? I have *mes affaires* to arrange. Who knows what will come now to Belgium? So I make the safari all this day and all tonight—*je suis fort*, you understand."

Even in her excitement Tommy had a flicker of wry thought that it was the natives who were being *forts*.

"You have not heard?" he demanded.

"Not a word. We've been absolutely out of touch. What's the situation?"

Bob asked a dozen questions, asking them too quickly, and repeated them more slowly, and the Belgian told them all he knew, which was little more than the bare fact that the declaration had been made. But there was no doubt about that. War had come. The struggle, so long foreseen, had begun.

IT WAS momentous. They stood out there, in the African night, at once oppressed and stirred. It was the beginning of something titanic. All Europe would be involved. The Mediterranean—Gibraltar, Suez. Africa . . . Australia, New Zealand, Canada. . . . And India—?

"We've got to get back," said Bob. "Our camp is two miles back," he told the Belgian. "You must stop there with us, Monsieur—"

"*Ramande.* Antoine *Ramande.* At your service."

"My name's McNare. And this is Madame Garrick."

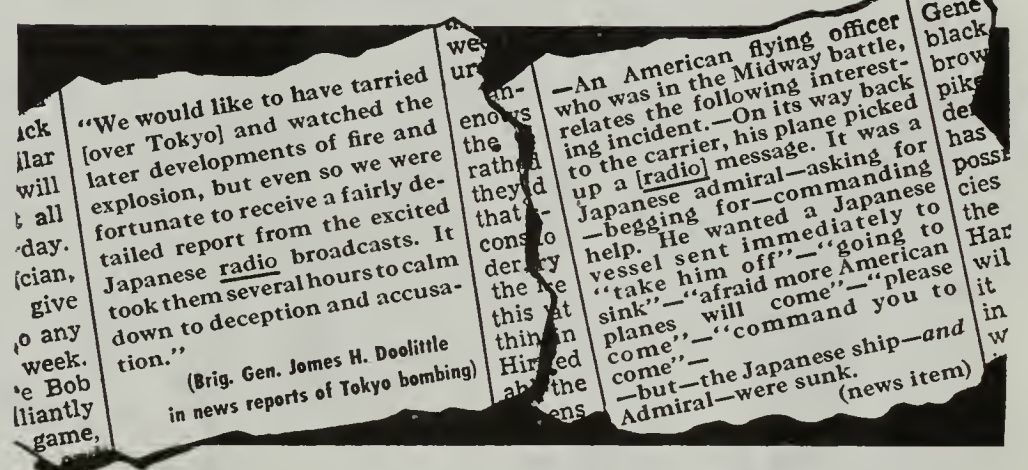
"*Enchanté.*" The Belgian made a polite bow. In the darkness Tommy could not see his expression when he learned she was not Madame McNare but she knew that he was thinking, "Ah—*les Anglais!*" She said quickly, "My husband is back at camp. And another friend. There are four of us."

"We'll go right back," said Bob. He thought a moment. "We've got three chairs and about three loads of other stuff—no, two loads, really—over there in the boma. Have you any men to spare to bring that in? It would save time."

(To be continued next week)



For Instance . . .



Interesting! Watch for radio use in the war news—you'll find it in the air—on the ground—and at home.

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ZENITH RADIO CORPORATION—CHICAGO





## When the Music Stopped

Continued from page 14

creature in town. Martha tried hard not to mind, tried hard not to fidget under this candid blaze of Latin curiosity. . . .

"Señorita—"

Heels clicked smartly together. She looked up at a young lieutenant to whom Concepción, blushing, had bowed in the plaza yesterday. "Buenos días, Señor Lieutenant," she murmured correctly.

"Luis Carbajal at your feet, señorita," he introduced himself in the old-fashioned chivalrous phrase, and asked permission to sit down. She gave it, grateful for the shelter any company would provide against that shining barrage of glances.

HOW charming he was; and what a stunning pair he and Concepción would make! This was what Martha was thinking when the boy's voice, lowered, stammering a little, came to her ears again. "The music last night—did it wake you, señorita, did it disturb—"

"But it was lovely—lovely," cried Martha, and her modest blue eyes smiled warmly at him.

The young face flushed darkly. The young eyes gazed, not returning her smile—and gazed—and gazed. . . .

"Oh," said Martha after a long moment, faintly.

"Did you understand the song . . . your hair like golden light, your eyes the color of heaven itself, your hands pale as the snows that fall in northern lands? I made the words myself yesterday."

No sound came from Martha's open mouth. The boy's glance flashed around him. "Ah, but they stare, they stare," he muttered. "And soon they will all gather round. Señorita," he looked at her with a kind of glowing despair, "I have the happiness to be on leave from my post at the garrison beginning tomorrow. Give me, I beg you, the happiness to be of service to you. Perhaps you wish to ride. Or to drive. Perhaps you wish to see sights—" His voice trailed off; animation fled from his face; he was on his feet, a soldier rigidly at attention before a short, wide, impressive figure packed neatly into a splendid uniform.

There was an instant's silence. Then, "Señor General," said the boy, performing a military duty, "the Señorita Martha Goode!"

The general's bow would have done credit to any six feet of streamlined bone and muscle. "Señorita Goode . . . Goode—is that not a word in English meaning—ah yes!" His eyes gleamed, his teeth flashed. "Goode! Is it not enough that the señorita is beautiful—must she be *buena* as well?"

And he bowed again, gorgeously. The young lieutenant, the image of a junior Hamlet, clicked his heels together dismally and retired to a distance, a mere watcher again.

The three solid-looking citizens opposite rose as one man; advanced; were reluctantly introduced by their friend, the general; bowed; turned phrases with vivacity and grace.

LIKE most other girls, Martha had had some extravagant dreams. There was the one, for instance, in which she was the center of attraction, the cynosure of all eyes. Men vied for her smile and women envied her. Flowers filled her room; exciting engagements sped her days; and every party, every dance was a triumph for her. The prettiest, the wittiest, the best-beloved. . . .

This was the dream that, slightly dazed

and quite incredulous, Martha found herself *living*. Wonderfully busy from morning to night; surrounded, courted, a whole town at her feet! It was fantastic; it took her breath away, and kept her eyes wide and her lips parted, and the color coming and going in her cheeks. And inevitably as the days went by, it left its mark: she bloomed, she glowed. She stood a little taller and stepped a little lighter, and blushed much less—in a word, she began to take to it all like a duck to water. What a vacation! What an adventure! What a tale to tell her friends back home! Alone in her room, she would gaze into the mirror, giggle, pinch herself—and turn away singing. Singing, smiling, sparkling—modestly, to be sure, for she was still Martha. Gentle of heart and mild in temper—enjoying a miracle, and perfectly aware that it couldn't last.

She was still Martha when Manuel

said, softly, "I should like you to see it."

She murmured, "I should love to."

His eyes shone. "Martha—my aunt from Tepic would be most happy to chaperon a visit; I have already written to her. Will you come—next week when my aunt will have arrived?"

Next week she would be on the train going homeward—to New York, to the kindergarten, to the modest apartment. That was where Martha E. Goode belonged: on earth, not in heaven, and she knew it. But his face was so close to hers, and her head was swimming a little, and she heard herself say, "Yes, I'll come."

"And will you stay, will you stay forever, Martha? Will you marry me?"

It had broken out of him; and he saw at once that he had spoken too soon. "No, no, don't answer me now. I want you to take your own time, to know me, to see my way of life that will be your



Cordoba y Valles came to town and took one look at her and stayed.

"But this," he had murmured when his friend, the mayor, whose guest he was, presented him, "this is extraordinary. I ride in for a day's business, for some conversation with my friends—and I find *you* . . ."

It was far more extraordinary than he knew: not in her tallest dreams had Martha ever seen herself sought after by such a man. The richest in the region, its leading *hacendado*; his sugar plantations, twenty kilometers away, were famed for their output—whole villages thrived and flourished on it. He himself was striking: tall, bronzed, with a touch of gray at the temples of his fine-boned face, and the calm look of a man who knew what he wanted, and knew how to get it—what *could* such a man see in Martha Goode? But they rode together in the brilliant sunshine, and laughed over cocktails in little outdoor cafés and danced in the moonlight.

Their eyes often met, their hands sometimes touched . . . and now there were strange moments when Martha could have sworn that her hair was as golden as she had ever wished it to be.

Then, one night—when he had been telling her about his home—the century-old stone and adobe house, the patios where bougainvillea bloomed the deepest crimson and mango trees yielded the sweetest fruit in the region—he

way of life, day by day and week by week. Don't answer me now, *niña mía* . . . beautiful!"

And he took her hands very gently and looked at her in the moonlight. It was a three-quarter moon. The stars were so thick they seemed to jostle, strike brilliance from one another. A soft breeze bore her offerings, all the perfume of the night, the echo of music. She had never seen or felt a lovelier moment—alas, too lovely, too perfect to be real—

But it had to be real, it had to be!

FOR a moment she was struck dumb by the passion of longing that surged up in her. Then she was stammering, "Manuel, listen, there's something I must tell you: It's a mistake, I'm not beautiful. In my own country—if you knew . . . No, don't smile, you've got to understand!" Her hands trembled in his, her heart beat wildly. "Manuel, listen—please listen—it's just that I'm new, different—the visiting girl—the stranger—"

But he kept on smiling, tenderly, adoringly. And he kissed her hands, and then her hair, and then her lips.

"There is nothing," he whispered, "so becoming to beauty as modesty." . . .

She awoke early, rose, and showered, and dressed.

And turned for a last look in the mirror.

Often in these weeks had she seen herself there, cheeks flushed, mouth open, eyes popping with wonder. But the girl who gazed back at her this perfect morning wasn't wondering, nor was she trying to pinch herself back to earth. No. Heaven was the *status quo*. Dreamily she raised her arms to admire their whiteness; and tilted her head so that the light shone on her remarkable hair; and observed that the little dusting of freckles on her nose had a rather piquant effect. Odd that nobody had noticed this. . . .

She did laugh at herself here, but softly.

And, humming the tune to which she had had her first dance with Manuel went out to the dining room. The usual stir and murmur greeted her appearance—and went to her heart today with unusual sweetness. Proudly she walked radiantly she nodded to the right and to the left of her, kind was the smile she gave Luis Carbajal at his corner table—and approaching her own, stopped short, transfixed.

A man was ensconced there.

SHE had never seen him before. But as she stared at him openmouthed, skyscrapers loomed before her eyes, the traffic of New York roared in her ears and radios blared out war news.

"Well," added a thoroughly American voice, "hello!"

"Señorita," it was the *patron* flying to her, "observe—a compatriot of yours!" His flourish suggested that he had produced the man out of a hat for her sake. "Señor James Donovan; he arrived on the train; he says he has not had the honor of your acquaintance in the United States. Señor," and now trumpets might have accompanied his tone and air, "the Señorita Martha Goode!"

Long and loose-limbed, Mr. Donovan bowed; and studied her; and smiled. "Won't you sit down, señorita?" he said in a Spanish rather better than her own. She sat down.

Five minutes passed while the *patron* suggested, advised and planned her breakfast. By the time she was free to greet her fellow countryman she had recovered at least part of her breath.

"How odd," she said, "how very odd to see an American here!"

Mr. Donovan laughed. "I, on the other hand, was prepared for you. In lyric measures—by the porter, the *patron*, the chambermaid, the waiter—by a rare little creature who was at the desk when I arrived." He glanced toward the cubby hole where Concepción sometimes sat to help her brother with the affairs of the hotel. "She's gone now. But yes in deed, I was—er—prepared for you." And again he studied her, and again he smiled.

She dug her spoon into luscious papaya. "Tell me, Mr. Donovan," her voice was steadier now, "if you don't mind my asking—how did you happen to get here? Huitzapil is so very much out of the way."

"Plane to Orizaba, bus to Tepic, and two wrong trains. I was on my way to Jalapa. Listen," he leaned toward her, "who's the girl that was at the desk? Small, dark, enormous eyes, skin the color of ripe apricot—"

"Concepción," said Martha, "the *patron's* sister; and I would advise you to forget about it. They're very strict about their womenfolks here."

It was her tone she regretted; it was her tone, prim and hostile, that made the man stare—with a twinkle fairly danc-





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in his eyes. "Miss Goode! And what is it you're after thinking of, my dear? I merely want to paint the girl."

The color rose to her face, full tide. "Oh," she stammered, "paint—you're a painter—"

"That's right," said Mr. Donovan with charm. "And do you know, it would be very nice of you if you were to suggest to the *patron*—who evidently dotes on you—that when I've a brush in my hand, butter won't melt in my mouth. In a word, I'm safe. I know I don't look it, being so handsome and all, but really I'm safe as Sunday school."

He was not handsome, though there were those who might consider him undeniably attractive. Martha herself, a lifetime ago, would have paid the set of those shoulders and that easy grin the tribute of a flutter or two. But now, as she looked at him, it only struck her that she had never seen a man she liked less. She picked up her coffee—felt a leap of satisfaction at the baffled look on his face as he tasted his. But he chattered on, undaunted.

A little nerve began to twitch in the back of her head. Visions began to drift in and out of her mind. Home . . . the kindergarten . . . the lonely apartment . . . She thought of last night . . . but last night hadn't happened; it couldn't have happened—not to her—not to her. . . .

THEN she saw Manuel enter from the *portales*. Her heart turned over, stood still. He reached the table; and for a moment, before he bowed to Mr. Donovan, his eyes spoke to her. He was still, to all appearances, just a friend, an admirer—the handsomest, the most distinguished of them all. But she had only to meet his eyes; to remember that in a week his aunt would arrive, and they would be gone. To those fabulous acres, the gracious house and the flowering patios that, at a word, would be hers. . . .

She could take Mr. Donovan for a week!

Take him she had to.

Manuel and he had hit it off at once. The general, the mayor—everybody liked him. Before the first day was over he had got permission from the *patron* to paint his young sister—provided that the fair señorita sat by, as chaperon. And lo, there he was, during the hour she had used to spend alone in the patio resting and dreaming under the pomegranate trees. There he was, easel, Concepción, grin and twinkle and all—

"You're a great help, Miss Goode. A lucky break for me all around to have found you here. If ever you should get to New York—"

"I come from New York."

"Oh, do you? You have an—un-metropolitan freshness."

To this pretty way of saying she looked small-town, she had retorted: "You have the gallantry of a Latin."

"Of a Donovan, Miss Goode. Neat but not gaudy." And he had grinned blandly. And, simmering, she had rippled out a laugh. And he had said, musing, a moment later, "Do you know, I've a feeling you don't like me." And she had replied, "But I do. Why, I practically adore you."

Lightly, brightly—with a glint of steel! Feminine steel—that seemed somehow a counterpart of the new and very feminine allure that had begun to gleam in her eyes and flash in her smiles. . . .

And kindle afresh the susceptible hearts she had already conquered! Yes, to Huitzapil she was more enchanting than ever; and yes, to Manuel she seemed lovelier every day. *How I wish we could be alone; there's so much I want to say to you.* But he could afford to wait—

only a little while longer. He could afford—for only a little while longer—to share her charm, her brimming spirits.

The hours passed swiftly, and she had a wonderful time. Serenades kept Donovan awake far into the night. They kept her awake too—but well, at the hacienda she would sleep, she would rest. Only four days more . . . three . . . two . . .

And, at long last, only one.

Only one day more! It came over her, full force, during that siesta hour in the patio, as she lay watching Concepción and listening to Mr. Donovan. She had skipped him at breakfast: a sudden whim had swept her past him—to the table of the stammering and overjoyed young Luis. She had spent the morning in her room, writing letters, going over her wardrobe, fussing at some length with the dress she meant to wear tonight at the weekly dance in the plaza. Her spirits were high—a little choppy with an underlying swell of excitement. She was think-

Señorita Goode would lie in it watching, and swinging and dreaming. I might even," he brought his brush down in careful strokes, "draw the señorita herself, and then you would do the watching . . . but what do you suppose she is dreaming of, Concepción?"

What would a fair girl dream of, swinging idly in a *hamacha* under the pomegranate trees? "Of her beauty," the answer came promptly in a clear little voice, "and of love. Of the whiteness of her skin, and the heaven of her eyes, and the golden light of her hair; and of how these things fire the blood in men."

Mr. Donovan burst out laughing.

It wasn't the first time he'd laughed like that—or looked at Martha as if he expected her to laugh with him! But that little nerve was throbbing in the back of her head, and the whiteness of her skin had scorched a bright red, and it had been a long, long week, and suddenly she couldn't bear another minute of it. She

wine at dinner at Don Felipe's house perhaps, since she didn't eat much, i went a little to her head. There was the man she loved sitting beside her, and the man she hated, across the table . . . easy smiling, watching her, and making no bones about it! The mayor's nephew proposed a toast to her; dark eyes shone upon her; Manuel grew handsomer every minute. So it actually seemed. And the handsomer he grew, the more she sparkled, the brighter she smiled. . . .

And ah, how enchanting it was out doors, in the plaza! The moon was full huge and yellow, it hung low over the scene, a fantastic lantern. Jasmine bougainvillea, orange trees in blossom yielded all their scent to the night. And over it all, above the soft hum of voices the gay and indolent laughter, throbbed that music, more potent than any wine. The promise of love, the very pulse of romance. It got in her blood; it got in her head—that fair head gleaming so conspicuously among all those dark ones.

She danced her feet off. With Manuel who held her close, whispering against her cheek; with, one after the other in a breathless whirl, the flower and glory of Huitzapil manhood. Surrounded courted; the prettiest, the wittiest, the best-beloved . . . almost, almost it was like a dream again. The hours passed in a kind of effervescent haze. Once Donovan claimed her, and she didn't refuse—she was ready, more than ready for him.

But he spoke once, only once.

"Are you very tired, Miss Goode?" he asked softly.

IT WAS so unexpected, she nearly tripped over his feet. Then recovering herself, she laughed in his face. It was a ringing laugh, and she could have sworn he changed color. No, not to night; he couldn't annoy her tonight—or ever again! She wanted to tell him why, but she didn't quite know herself her head felt so light. That moon, that music . . . a little later she saw him watching her as she whirled by with the mayor's nephew. She saw him dancing with Concepción . . . chatting with Manuel. They both waved to her, and he cheeks burned: she felt so charged with love and hatred, she hardly knew which was which.

Then again she was in Manuel's arms for the last dance, as radiant as if the evening were just beginning instead of ending. In perfect step they swayed to the rhythm of her favorite rumba. Slowly they circled away from the crowd . . . past the bandstand kiosk . . . past Donovan, chatting now with the young lieutenant who had never ceased following her with his eyes. In a path of moonlight, they drifted to the shadows; and there they paused, moved apart, and looked at each other.

His face shimmered before her eyes she felt curiously dizzy.

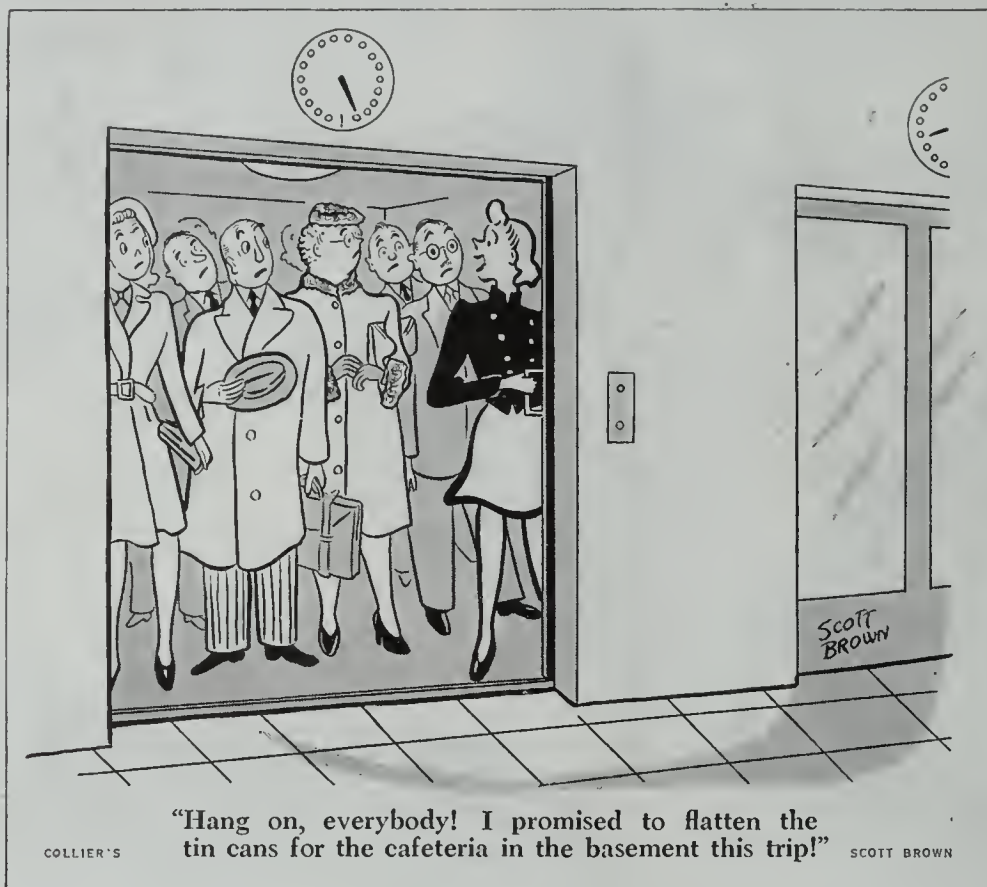
He said, "I'm glad it's over. I war you to myself. Tomorrow . . . my arrival on the morning train."

She said, "Yes—" and saw them young Luis striding ahead, Mr. Donovan at his elbow, as if he were trying to hold him back. Manuel saw them too frowned, clasped her and started to dance her back toward the lights—

But the boy stood in their way planted. Pale, determined, his hot eyes clinging to her face. "Señorita, I beg—must speak with you—"

Manuel said coldly, "Señor Lieutenant you forget yourself." Mr. Donovan spoke at the same time: "Come, my boy, tomorrow—"

"But you just told me she will be gone tomorrow!" Luis' young voice rang with despair. He took a step nearer to her.



ing of Manuel. Of the hacienda. Of the future. . . .

Suddenly that future was close, close as it had never been before.

Perhaps it was because Mr. Donovan, remarking on the sunshine, had just said, ". . . and would you believe it, probably at this moment there's rain at home, and sleet and what not. But still it won't be bad to be back. At a time like this, a couple of weeks of lying in the sun are enough . . . to get a chap thoroughly fit for a uniform. Yes—yes, there's work to be done. . . ."

It was not the first time he'd brought that up, raised an echo of the sound and the fury of a world she was leaving behind her forever.

Tomorrow! A stillness came over her. "Work to be done," he was repeating absently, then in Spanish, to Concepción: "Are you tired, *chiquita*?"

"No, señor."

"Excellent child . . . one day—when it's as peaceful everywhere as it is here—I'll come back and carry you off to my country. How would you like that, *linda*?"

"What," Concepción murmured impassively, "would I do in your country, señor?"

"You'd stop traffic, for one thing." He stepped back a pace and squinted at his canvas. "And you'd sit for me—and sit—and sit—and I'd string up a *hamacha* between two hooks in my studio, and the

swung herself out of the *hamacha*; faced him, the heaven of her eyes flashing fire, if not brimstone. And before she knew it, she had spoken to the man from the bottom of her heart:

"Go—to—hell, Mr. Donovan," said Martha Ellen Goode.

SHE was dressing for dinner, and for the dance in the plaza that would follow; and she paused and stared at herself in the mirror. Anger, recklessness, violent impulse—for the first time she had a sense of how much she had changed, and how extraordinary it was. She caught her breath, bewildered, felt a stab of misgiving—then it was gone in a wave of exhilaration. Yes, she had changed, inside and out!

With a gay laugh, she picked up her rouge—put it down again; obviously she she didn't need it tonight. Mascara, yes. Eye-shadow, yes. (She had purchased both only yesterday at the little shop across the square.) Now, lipstick. A touch of perfume. The corsage of orchids. A little strutting and posing, side view, back view, front view again—and she was ready for her *au revoir* to Huitzapil; ready for that, and for anything else. It was very odd: she was never to remember altogether clearly what happened that night.

There was that excitement, of course, chopping away in her, for all the world as if a storm were brewing. And she had





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oblivious of the others. "Señorita, I beg—this morning at breakfast you were so kind—I thought, I hoped . . . and tonight when we danced you said you would ride with me one day. How can it be then—is it true—will you be gone—?"

It was at this moment that the music stopped; and afterward she thought it was that that had done it: the crash of the final chord, the sudden stillness washing over the night, over her. The first thing she knew was how *tired* she was, from head to toe and through and through—she had never been so tired in her life! The next thing she knew was that she had to get away, and instantly, from the tormented face of that poor foolish boy, from Donovan's gaze . . . But Manuel held her arm. His voice stern with displeasure, he was saying something to Luis about the señorita being under his protection from now on—a guest of himself and his aunt at his hacienda—

"No, I can't!" That was the third thing she knew, in every quivering nerve. "Manuel, forgive me, I can't. I can't keep it up, it's too hard—don't you see, I'm not, I'm *not* beautiful! If you saw me in my own country you'd never look at me twice. Nobody ever has. Why should they? There are thousands of me—ask him. My compatriot, he'll tell you, and he's right; he's been laughing himself sick from the moment he arrived, and he's right, it's funny, it's a scream. Me, a glamor girl, me a beauty, me a—fake, a fraud, that's what I am! Oh, Manuel, forgive me, I tried to tell you but you wouldn't listen—no, let me go! I can't any more! I can't keep it up!"

SHE wrenched her arm out of his grasp. As she turned and ran, she saw Donovan catch Manuel by the sleeve. "Let her," she heard him say. "It's nothing, he danced too much, she'll be all right tomorrow."

But it was already "tomorrow."

There was no time to rest, no time to think. There was scarcely time, moving swiftly through the daze that enwrapped her, to do all she had to do. But she was nearly ready when dawn broke; and quite ready when at last she heard the

crazy whistle of the crazy little train. She stepped out into the patio. The cool luster of the morning stung her eyes. But the hotel still slept; there was no sign of life except for the Indian boy who was sluicing water over the blue and green tile.

"Sssh," she whispered to him, beckoning. "Come . . ."

"Sssh," she whispered again, as his mouth opened at the sight of her packed bags. "Quietly, Rosario. To the station. To the train. I'll carry the smaller ones."

It was a ten-minute walk, the back way. The station was deserted. She bought a first-class compartment, locked the door, drew the window blind, and waited—endlessly. But at last it came: the accelerated bustle . . . the lunatic scream of the whistle, piercing her heart once. The train shook as in an ague, groaned, moved. . . .

After a while she got up, unlocked the door. She was in the end car; the observation platform was only a step. She

unfolded one of the camp stools provided for sight-seers, sat down and watched Huitzapil, watched heaven disappear between the looming hills.

"Lovely, isn't it?" said a voice behind her.

It rent her daze, but she didn't turn, she couldn't move.

"I'm sorry, really—"

"Leave me alone," she said without expression, and still without moving.

"Miss Goode, my dear—"

She stood up. But he blocked the doorway. "You weren't, you know," he said, after a moment, "in love with him. Not really."

"Go away."

He didn't stir.

"Go away," she screamed and burst, like a thunderclap, into tears.

He drew her to him. "Here," he said gently, as if it were the least he could do for her, "my shoulder."

She wet it thoroughly, and blubbered against it heartbrokenly all the while, "Why—why did you hound me? Why

couldn't you let me be? What did I ever do to you? I wasn't doing any harm—never did any harm—until you came—you drove me to it! That boy—telling him—What business was it of yours—how did you know anyway that I was going to the hacienda?"

"There, Miss Goode, there, my dear," his voice was soothing, soothing. "I didn't know you were going to any hacienda. I told Kid Hamlet that you were going home. And you are, aren't you? And I knew you would—if I had to pick you up and carry you. I was catching this train myself, you see, and I wanted you on it."

Slowly, after a long moment, she raised her head.

HE TOOK her chin in his hand, mused down on her face. It was very tear-stained and very still. "Tst, tst, if Huitzapil could see you now!" But the twinkle in his eye was definitely on the tender side. "No," he said, "this funny little face will never stop traffic—not where it's going to: home, back home, where it belongs. But that cheek line now . . . I saw it once in a portrait by Matisse, and I think I've been looking for it in the flesh ever since . . . and for eyes that are set in just this way . . . and for a dash of freckles on a cute little nose." He bent suddenly and kissed that dash of freckles. "I bet," he went on, and his voice was a little husky now, "I bet you don't know how cute they are. Or how your eyes are shining—*shining*. And your skin . . ." he touched it, "and your mouth . . ." he paused.

The train lurched drunkenly around a curve, blotting out the last glimpse of Huitzapil, but neither of them noticed. He stared at her, and it was strange and wonderful to see his eyes completely sober now, frowning, in fact, widening with the shock of a perfectly new idea. "Do you know," said James Donovan slowly, unsteadily, "at that, they were right . . . I'll be darned if you aren't . . . any way one looks at it, you are—you are rather beautiful!"

And in that moment, as his lips found hers, she very nearly was.

THE END



## The Flying Hawks

Continued from page 37

ace. Hawks himself has driven in dirt-track races. For a time, he had one of the best racing stables in California but gave it up when his favorite horse, General Chandler, went lame and had to be destroyed.

His favorite sports now are hunting and fishing, and at least once a year he orgathes with Gary Cooper and one Ernest Hemingway, writer, at such a place as Sun Valley, Idaho. Their meetings always result in fearful assaults on elk, ducks, deer, pheasants, rabbits, field snice and pigeons. Hemingway, away from his typewriter, is apparently a character whose idea of play is to wrestle Cooper and Hawks, separately or together, in a room full of china. They are prepared for a series of lacerations and contusions, and this year Hawks came away with a busted hand. Cooper was slightly mangled.

"The arnica flowed like water," reports Hawks.

However, nothing counts now but Air Force, the biggest picture Hawks ever made and the most difficult. The Army fliers who helped on the epic were unanimous in declaring that although the chance of getting killed was much better in Hickam Field, the punishment they

took at Tampa was more trying. One major who led the dive-bombing attacks for the film in a P-43 got to within twenty feet of the ground and was rudely bumped up against by the gigantic explosions of dynamite set off to simulate bomb explosions. The major landed and came over to Hawks indignantly.

"One more like that," he cried, "and you'll be driving that thing yourself."

Jimmy Howe, the Chinese cameraman, handled the Chinese actors who played the role of Japs in the Coral Sea sequences. He used head-on lighting without any softening spotlights whatever; giving the subjects a harsh, straight black-and-white contrast. Then he gave his fellow Chinese a pep talk.

"You're actors, huh? Well, don't look so soft and nice. Who do you want everybody to think you are—Chinese?"

One morning, as a gag, Hawks had Howe listed on the bulletin board with the actors: "Jimmy Howe . . . Japanese General."

The crew made sure that Jimmy saw it, but were then worried by the incident because Jimmy turned swiftly and started away.

"Where are you going?" they cried.

The short, stocky Howe, whose temper

is famous in Hollywood, turned and bel-lowed his anger: "I'm packing up and going home!"

An idea of the particular care taken in making the picture can be had from the fact that the bomber used for indoor shots in the studio cost \$40,000 to build. It was absolutely correct to the last bolt.

"Put another side on that thing," said the awe-struck Army men, "and it'd be a swell glider."

### Accuracy for Realism

The temperature at Tampa was over a hundred, and the humidity seemed to be in the thousands. The crew used nine hundred gallons of drinking water a day, plus two hundred and fifty pounds of ice, plus 1,750 paper cups. Hawks insisted on absolute accuracy and was particularly anxious that nothing should be done that could be criticized by the most captious flier. He resolutely kept the planes from acting, in the usual Hollywood style, "with the gyrations of a punch-drunk humming bird."

"There is nothing more dramatic a plane can do than the simple acts of landing or taking off," he said.

The camera crews took long chances, shooting from the wings of plunging planes and from the cockpits of fighters. Even more trying were the shots taken while dive bombers plunged almost on the camera before zooming aloft again.

Next to Harry Carey, Jimmy Howe was the worrier of the troupe about flying. Before every trip he scrupulously examined his parachute. One morning when he felt he was ready, an Army major ordered him to check the parachute again. Jimmy opened it—to find it stuffed with newspaper comic strips. The gang roared at his indignation.

"Just wanted you to have something to read on your way down," explained Hawks, who is quite a jokester in his quiet way.

By this time, Hollywood is convinced that Air Force is going to be America's first great war film. Its sentiment is not manufactured; its emotions are real and deadly serious; it has the uplifting qualities that come from bravery and great daring.

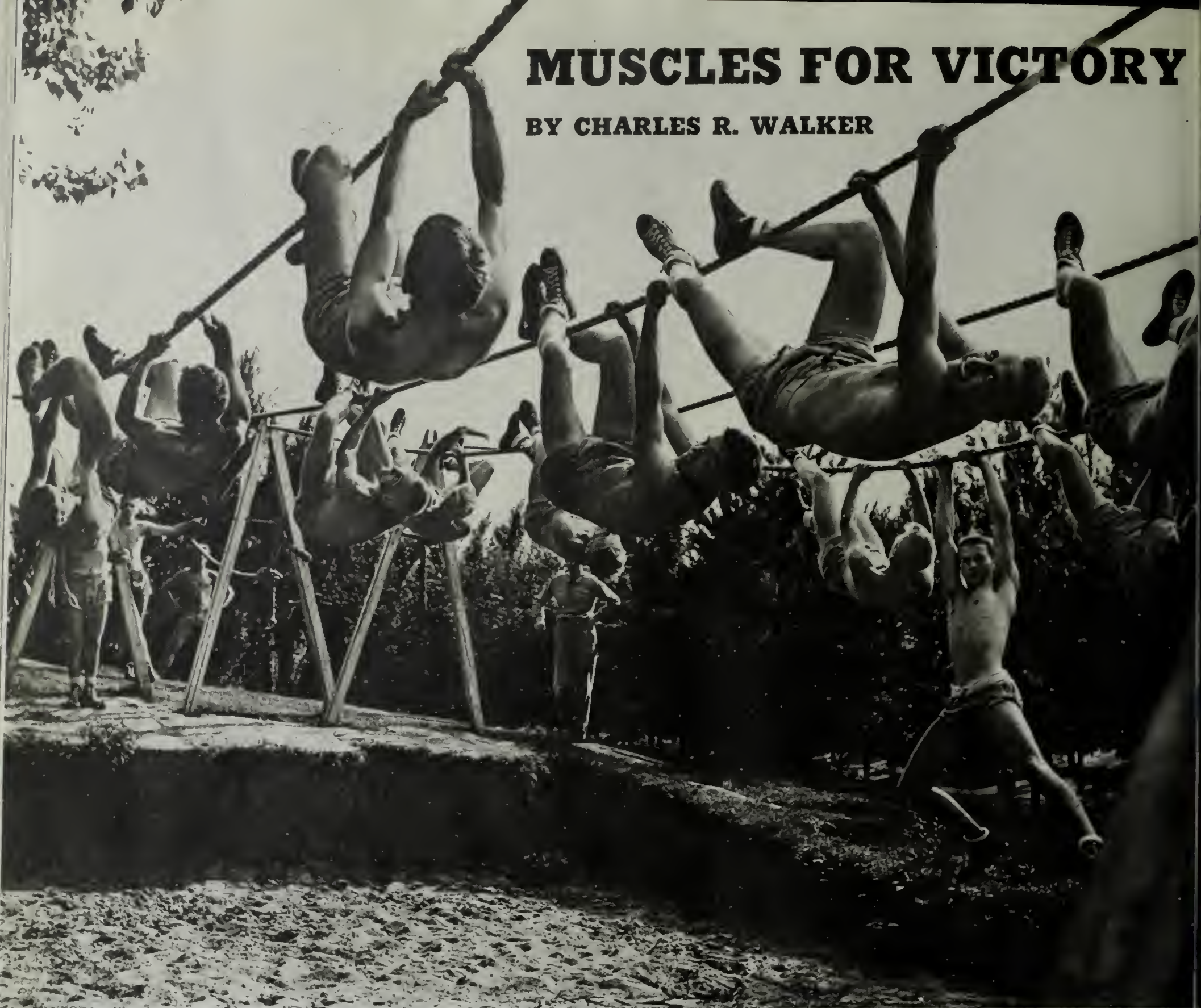
When William Faulkner, the novelist, saw the first rushes he said, "This isn't a motion picture; this is nine guys on a round trip."

THE END



# MUSCLES FOR VICTORY

BY CHARLES R. WALKER



Rope crawling, monkey-fashion, is an effective means of accumulating the grind necessary to achieve stamina. It plays an important part in air-cadet training.

Are you going into the Army? Then maybe you'd like to start toughening up now and save yourself a lot of grief when you take the "basic." A famous swimming coach tells how you can do it

**T**HIS is a motorized and mechanized war, and too many people think that if we turn out enough machines and technicians, victory is in the bag. They can't see the man for the machines; they forget that it is also, in the final analysis, more than ever before, a war of individuals.

Since the Germans swarmed into Poland three years ago, more men have fought hand-to-hand, more men have marched more miles carrying their equipment, and the coefficient of punishment has been greater than in any war in history.

To withstand the rigors of this kind of warfare, a soldier must be tough. As Bob Kiphuth, famous Olympic and Yale Uni-

versity swimming coach, puts it, he must have "plenty of mileage"—the accumulated grind which a man must submit to if he is to achieve victory stamina. He needs a "whale of a good motor"—which means the muscles of the pelvis, the abdomen and the trunk. Also, operation of tanks and planes, armored divisions and armored ships demands specialized muscles. The parachutist is dependent upon rugged stamina plus delicate muscular co-ordination. The soldier in the pilot tower of a tank should be strong in the deltoids, biceps and latissimus; they absorb the pounding he receives as the tank careens over rough ground. All the crew need strong abdominal muscles. On shipboard, well-developed upper body muscles are necessary for self-hoisting in and also out of hatches and for maneuvering in close quarters.

"The Army's thirteen weeks' basic training," says Kiphuth, "is too short a time to toughen up a man if he is soft. But it's long enough to make him miserable, because it's pretty strenuous. My advice is: Don't wait until you enter the Armed Forces. Begin now to accumu-

late mileage and to tune up your motor. Everybody must be fit if we are to win. In this war, quartermasters and telephone operators are often called upon to fight with knives and bayonets, not to mention fists and teeth. The tougher you are, the better will be your chances of survival.

## Getting a Head Start

"Start with a few simple tests which will give you your own score. Chin yourself ten times. Do push-ups off the floor twenty times. Broad-jump, standing, seven feet. Climb a rope fifteen feet, using your feet if you wish. Vault a fence four and one-half feet high, using both hands. Raise your trunk from a lying position till you're sitting up. Repeat this fifty times.

"That's not easy for everyone, but it will indicate your abdominal strength. Do a vertical jump of a foot and one-half, to measure your "explosive energy" and to see how far you can lift your total body weight straight up in the air. To do this, first make a mark eighteen inches above the highest reach of your right

hand. Then jump up and touch the mark or better it.

"Then you can find out about your all-round fitness and endurance by taking, if possible, the Brouha 'step-up' test which is used for Commandos in England and for some of our own troops. Any competent physical instructor can help you with this. A stool or box, two feet square and eighteen inches high, is placed in front of you. You step up on the box, then step down, and continue in a rhythm of thirty steps to the minute, up and down, every two seconds. At the end of four minutes the instructor takes your pulse at one- two- and three-minute intervals. The speed with which your pulse falls off toward the normal is an almost perfect gauge of your body over-all endurance.

"If you don't do too badly in the step-up test and can perform the others easily, your body has few motor or muscular defects. You needn't worry much about the thirteen weeks' basic you'll get in the Army. If you fail, get busy."

To help you get in shape for the hard work that is to come, here is a simple toughening-up program designed for



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These Yale students are not scaling the nine-foot wall around the Bowl to beat the ticket taker. Members of Yale combat teams, they are going through the paces



Hand-to-hand fighting combines the most destructive features of boxing, wrestling and jujitsu. Here pre-flight cadets try bone-crushing holds on each other



Rope climbing is a great "builder-upper" for those muscles that will be subject to the pounding that only a careening tank and a dancing destroyer can deal out



Rugged stamina alone is not sufficient for the highly trained soldier. He must also possess muscular control, displayed by these future aviators walking a narrow plank

The idea is to avoid the mail-order muscles. Body building means what it says, with emphasis on the whole body, and jogging and walking can be very effective aids

Aquatic ability is definitely essential. These air cadets dropping into the pool learn to swim under water, remain afloat motionless and zigzag to avoid strafing



Kiphuth for the average American from 15 to 20 years old. It is good conditioning work for other ages also, but Kiphuth particularly had in mind the thousands of 18-, 19- and 20-year-olds now eligible for the draft, most of whom are "very short on their muscle mileage."

1. Jog-walk a mile daily.
2. Go after your favorite sport.
3. Do some regular body-building at least five times a week. This means emphasis on the *whole* body. The average boy neglects his body for his muscles; overemphasizes his sprinting, tennis or baseball muscles, overdeveloping some part of his body machine at the expense of his motor.

Get from your physical instructor in school or at the Y a plan for free-moment body exercises. Follow it rigorously fifteen minutes a day. If you're already an athlete, you'll experience a surprising increase in your specialized skills. If you're in poor shape generally, the results will astonish you. This is not muscular strong-man stuff; the exercises are designed to step up the potential of your motor.

Pile up under your belt, so to speak, some exercise mileage. One of the best ways to make a deposit in your bank of physical stamina is to take a jog-walk daily or every other day—a jog-walk every day, alternating a jog with a brisk walk every quarter of a mile. Three times a week is better than every day this week and none the next. Figure out what is practicable and stick to your schedule like glue.

Go after your favorite sport, not as a spectator, but as a player. Every hour you spend on a civilian athletic field will pay dividends when you're drafted.

#### Combat Training for Victory

"This," says Kiphuth, "should be a minimum program for all American youngsters. But there is a maximum, also. If the nation is really serious about toughening up, I propose that every school and college in America set up competitive combat teams for physically ambitious and qualified young men. The team should be modeled on the Olympic Pentathlon, but adapted to training for war victories, not athletic ones."

He lists these five events and tests for a war pentathlon:

1. Body motor tests and contests, such as chinning, rope climbing and free vaulting. The standard in these should be high.

2. Wartime swimming. Every member of a combat team should be able to jump from a height of twenty feet fully clothed and swim under water for twenty yards; to swim quietly on the surface with war kit; to remain afloat twenty minutes, motionless; to rescue a comrade and swim fifty yards with him; to straight-arm an enemy in the water; to seize him from behind; and to zigzag in the water and submerge quietly to avoid gunfire.

3. Field conditioning. A forced march of fifteen to twenty miles with full pack.

4. Perform a manual-labor problem in record time.

5. Tests for personal-combat proficiency, including boxing, wrestling and jujitsu in combination, and a knowledge of the principles of hand-to-hand fighting.

"If you'll practice even the minimum program faithfully for a few months," Kiphuth concludes, "you'll get a big boost and satisfaction when you take your basic. Above all, it will enable you to lead when your turn comes. Military leadership is built on team play and physical fitness."



# The kid who used to raid the icebox



Next time you shop for food, keep this boy in mind . . .

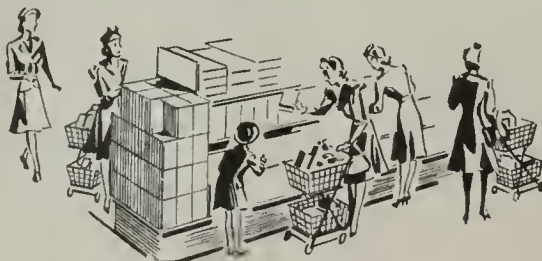
He is the kid who used to come in late at night and "polish off" mother's meal planned for the next day. Folks used to say he'd eat his parents out of house and home . . .

He's in the armed services now . . . along with millions of other boys. And, of course, he and all his buddies have taken their appetites with them.

Uncle Sam knows that these fighters need the finest food . . . and plenty of it. And so the men of our Army, Navy, Marine Corps and Coast Guard are the best fed in all the world.

We "stay-at-homes" must make sacrifices in support of our fighting forces. So consider this . . .

When you visit your A&P Super Market and learn that some favorite item is repeatedly unavailable, know that it has probably "joined up for the duration." And should you be asked by an A&P manager or clerk to buy only one of an item you usually purchase in larger quantity, know that it, too, is scarce because it is "seeing service." But remember this . . .



Your A&P Super Market has hundreds upon hundreds of good things to eat. Any average homemaker can shop from the shelves and bins

of an A&P Super Market and assure her family of downright good meals . . . of tasty goodness and needed nourishment. And, of course, A&P's famous policy of selling foods at the lowest possible prices is in effect today . . . as always.



## How You Can Help Win the War

"Let patriotism dictate your shopping list. When you market, follow these important rules: (1) Buy what is plentiful. (2) Buy what is fresh. (3) Buy what is produced locally. (4) Buy what your Government asks you to buy in its Victory Food Features. (5) Do not hoard." . . . from a statement of Claude R. Wickard, Secretary of Agriculture, in *The American Magazine*.



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## The Dark Road

By Elizabeth Foster

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD

A whole period of her life was a blank. She remembered nothing of it or the man she was to marry. And then she fell in love a second time

LISA moved a little closer to Oliver in the moonlight and laid her cheek against the prickly woolen surface of his American Air Forces uniform. The night was warm and still, and nothing disturbed the gentle peace of the English garden in which they were sitting. Oliver bent his head until their lips touched.

"Happy?"

"Yes . . . oh, yes!"

She ran her hands over his dark hair, loving the way it grew on his temples. Oliver kissed her finger tips. "You were so quiet, my sweet, I was afraid you were brooding about something."

"I was thinking . . ."

"Yes?"

" . . . how many hours we had left before the wedding. We have five days, fifteen hours, and thirty-five minutes. Childish of me to count them up, wasn't it?"

"No—very sweet! Darling!"

Lisa continued, "I was also thinking how wonderful it will be to have you with me all the time—I won't have to say goodbye to you for a *whole week!*"

The unconscious irony of this remark, and its wartime spirit of calm acceptance and gratitude made Oliver wince. He put his arms around her and tried to forget they were marrying on borrowed time.

He said quietly, pretending this was an everyday marriage: "You'll have me longer than that, my darling. We'll be together for years and years. Are you quite sure you want to see that much of me?"

Lisa murmured something flippant, but Oliver was in earnest: "No, seriously, my sweet!—I'm afraid sometimes you haven't given this marriage enough thought. I mean, it's all been so quick, and I don't

believe you've ever sat down and said to yourself, 'Do I want to marry an American flier I've only known five weeks? Do I want to have an American mother-in-law, and American kids, and American friends, and American—'"

"Have you any reason for thinking I don't know my own mind?" Lisa interrupted.

Oliver was silent. A little band of sweat had broken out on his upper lip and his hands twitched in his lap; but in the dark she did not see how nervous he was. She went on smoothly: "This is the second time today you've asked me that. Has anyone suggested that I was being a little foolish in marrying an American?"

"Heavens, no! They've all been simply swell. Especially your mother and father. But you don't know a thing about *my* mother and father, or my home, or—or my friends. You may not like them at all. You're taking a chance, Lisa!"

"So are you," she returned after a pause. "There's something I want to talk to you about. I—I was brooding about something a little while ago. I've been trying to get up my courage all evening to speak to you about it. That was why I asked you to come out here."

"Well, what's on your mind?" he asked after a barely perceptible pause.

"It's—it's hard to explain what it is. Just a certain feeling I've had lately. At first I didn't pay much attention to it, but during the past week it's been getting much worse, and I began to think it wasn't so funny."

Lisa's voice hesitated. Oliver was strangely silent. It was so unlike him to be unresponsive that she was surprised and troubled. (Continued on page 60)

Lisa's eyes were steady. "I wish someone had told me, so I wouldn't have had to find it out this way." Oliver shook his head. "I'll just tell the vicar you couldn't make it"



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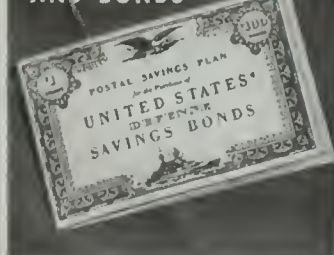
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"Oh, well," she faltered, "it wasn't really important."

It must have been important or you wouldn't have brought it up," he said quietly. "Go on, Lisa!"

"Well, for instance, tonight—you remember when Mummy and Daddy were talking about Uncle Hilary's journey up from Devon—I had it then, quite badly. Everything was all right one minute, and the next I knew exactly what they were going to say. They were going to argue whether he would have to change at Reading or whether the train came straight through. And then Mummy was going to tell Annie to be sure to have plenty of kippers in the house for Mr. Hilary's breakfast, and then she was going to tell Annie that Mr. Hilary was coming up from Devon to marry us, and Annie was going to look weepy and say, 'Oh, Ma'am, isn't it lovely!'"

Oliver said nothing.

"—and then they *did*," continued Lisa, "and everything went black for a moment and I thought I was going to be ill. Because *at that moment* I was sure I'd heard them say those very words before—I was sure this had all happened to me in a sense—and I tried to remember how and when—but the next instant the feeling was gone and I knew I was wrong because I've never been married before—never even been in love!"

Oliver counted ten before he spoke so his voice would not betray him: "Why, that's a perfectly normal feeling! I have it myself sometimes. You think you know exactly what everybody's going to do and say for the next two minutes, and it's quite amusing to watch it happen the way you knew it was going to, and—"

"Yes," she interrupted, "but I'm sure while *you* have it, one part of your mind knows it's wacky—you never have the ghastly feeling it's *true*—"

Oliver realized to his dismay that she was crying, but he could not trust himself to speak.

"I know you think I'm being very silly about all this, because you're not saying anything," she went on. "I suppose it looks childish and emotional to you—But don't you see why I had to tell you, Oliver? Don't you understand?—Oh, please say it so I won't have to."

"Lisa, I can't imagine what you are driving at," he replied, and this time he was telling the truth.

"Then I'll tell you, if you don't know! I had concussion once. I was out of my mind for days. I've always been afraid that my mind was affected by my accident. How do I know this isn't the beginning of something dreadful?—I had to tell you, Oliver! It wasn't fair not to. And—"

Oliver took her in his arms and kissed her. She resisted him for a moment because she wanted to say something more, but as his lips closed over hers all the dark shadows and fears which had been haunting her the past week faded away into nothingness. Nothing else seemed to matter, nothing in the world.

AFTER Lisa had gone to bed, Oliver sat alone in the dark garden regaining his composure. Then he got up and went slowly into the house. His future father-in-law was waiting for him patiently beside a tray of whisky and soda. Arthur Bellamy was a slender, gray-haired man in his late forties. He had been severely wounded in the last war, and as a result they would not give him back his old commission. He was a member of the Home Guard, which he called the Bath Chair Brigade. He was going on duty after midnight, and his arm band and his tin helmet were lying on the floor beside him. Oliver apologized for staying in the garden so long.

"There was a moon out," replied Arthur with a twinkle. "I expected you would."

Oliver sat down with an absent smile and let the older man mix the drinks. Although he had regained most of his normal composure, he was still pale under the summer tan. Arthur looked at him searchingly and then measured out two stiff drinks. He handed him his glass and then sat down in a battered wing chair on the other side of the hearth. One of the dogs woke up with a yawn and came and laid her head on his knee. It was Lisa's spaniel, Tessie.

"Lisa gone to bed?" said Arthur.

"Yes, sir," replied Oliver briefly.

Arthur waited a moment for him to reopen the conversation and then decided to speak.

"What's the matter, Oliver? Did something happen out there tonight?"

"Yes, it did."

"Something you'd rather not talk about?"

"No, I was going to tell you. I think you ought to know."

"Well, what was it?"

"She almost remembered."

THERE was a pause. Arthur Bellamy cleared his throat and shifted his long frame in the wing chair. "That's interesting," he said, finally. "What occasioned it? Was it anything that was said at dinner?"

"Yes, it was."

"I don't seem to remember saying anything that might make her remember the past, but I may have, unconsciously. What was it?"

"Very peculiar, how it happened—she says you were talking about her Uncle Hilary's trip, and a frightful feeling went over her that she'd heard you say the same thing before, under the same circumstances."

"But that's impossible! We never go as far as making arrangements for the wedding. No, wait a minute! I believe there was something said about Hilary marrying her, the first time. It's hard to remember what we did talk about there. After all, it was only one night, you know, and it's all so terribly hazy in my mind."

"Well, something clicked," said Oliver, "and she remembered the scene perfectly for about two seconds and then she says the whole thing vanished. Someday soon she's going to be able to hang onto one of those flashes of memory. It may happen any time now—on our honeymoon—maybe on our wedding day!"

Arthur Bellamy said nothing. Oliver sprang to his feet and wandered restlessly around the room. Finally he turned to his future father-in-law.

"You're not going to let me tell her, is that so?"

Arthur shook his head. "No, my boy, it simply wouldn't do."

"But I *must*, Mr. Bellamy! It's not fair to her to keep her in the dark any longer. She ought to be allowed to choose whether she wants to be faithful to that other fellow's memory. We're putting something over on her and that isn't quite honorable. I want to go upstairs now and tell her."

"Wait a minute, Oliver!" said Arthur quietly. "Sit down, and don't do anything until you hear what I have to say."

Oliver sat down reluctantly.

"You must realize," continued Arthur, "that the past, as far as Lisa is concerned, is dead. Even if she remembers that her first love was killed in action she'd have to marry some day. She's only twenty-two, Oliver! Her mother and I don't want her to be single for the rest of her life."

(Continued on page 67)



## Pal of the Puppets

Continued from page 15

ork. It has been so ever since he was youngster.

George Pal is, in a way, a part of Adolf Hitler's contribution to democracy. Hollywood regards him as a flesh-and-blood will-o'-the-wisp. Which he is, too, having been here and there and anywhere in recent years. Born in Celgled, Hungary, thirty-four years ago, to a pair of traveling entertainers, George was supposed to learn architecture, then settle down and amount to something. Fortunately, when he enrolled at the Budapest Academy, the registrar absently put him down for an art major. Later, when it was discovered that the new student knew nothing at all of the human figure, he was detoured into a three months' intensive course in anatomy. The mistake was discovered when George Pal returned to the academy. Too bad! You didn't need to study anatomy at all," exclaimed his professor.

When young Mr. Pal emerged from the school a full-fledged architect, his indignation over the error turned to rejoicing. Hungary didn't need architects, so he readily landed a berth in Hunnia Films in Budapest as an animator. Overwhelmed at this good fortune, George rushed to the home of his boyhood sweetheart, Szoka Grandjean, and persuaded her that two could live as cheaply as one. The exuberant couple considered this a sound idea so sound that they eloped, only to find on their return from the honeymoon that the young husband's job was merely an apprenticeship with no pay whatsoever until he became a full-fledged animator. Even after his apprenticeship, the young artist's salary was so microscopic that he migrated to Berlin to seek work at the huge UFA studio, leading

animated cartoon producer of Europe. Within sixty days, he was in charge of UFA's cartoon production.

Living thriftily, the young Pals managed to salt away half his salary, accumulating a nest egg that came in handy in 1933, when during an early Nazi reign of terror, the dread Gestapo came snooping around his home, merely because he was a foreigner. Pal abandoned his lucrative job, headed for Prague, at that time one of Europe's few havens of liberty, set himself up as a one-man animated cartoon business. Unable to afford even a secondhand cartoon camera, he decided to draw the pictures in his studio, then take them out to be photographed by a commercial film company. Unfortunately, in all of Czechoslovakia, there was not a single cartoon camera.

### Then Came the Big Idea

Then came the day when, standing before an exhibit of motion-picture equipment in a musty museum, he shattered the stillness with a resounding "Hurrah!" Alarmed attendants rushed up, only to find an excited young fellow who tried to explain how, by abandoning drawings and using three-dimensional models, he could use any old camera to shoot his pictures. In those days, European animated cartoons were sponsored by advertisers. Pal hit on the idea of using hundreds of cigarettes as puppet actors, marching and wheeling with military precision through the miniature sets. He offered his idea to all the cigarette manufacturers in Prague. They weren't interested, nor were any other Czech businessmen.

The following spring found the Pals

in Paris, where there were many more cigarette companies. The very first French tobacco concern to which George showed his work readily agreed to underwrite a puppetoon short, photographed in Gasparcolor, a then popular French color process. The picture proved a sensation and George Pal found himself famous.

At a Paris theater, one of Pal's films caught the eye of a dynamic Dutch advertising man who had lived in the United States. This Sies Numann lost no time in hunting up Pal to see how he breathed life and music into his little wooden figures. Like everyone else, Numann was overwhelmed at the idea of manufacturing so many thousands of figures.

"Can you turn out these pictures for a reasonable sum, say seven or eight thousand dollars?" he demanded.

George Pal's eyes danced. He had actually produced his first shorts for a thousand dollars apiece. Backed by Numann, he filmed scores of fantastically beautiful puppetoon films and became to European movie-goers the merchant of fantasy that Walt Disney is to America.

In 1939, filled with foreboding about the impending war and disregarding the pleas of his Dutch backer, Pal, with his wife and young son, slipped out of Holland for the United States in a matter of hours before the Nazi machine rolled into action.

George Pal stayed in New York for a while but, like a moth lured by a flame, he soon headed for Hollywood. Shortly after he left New York, Barney Balaban, who is the B in Balaban & Katz, theater magnates, president of Paramount Pictures, and a hard-headed showman, was dragged grudgingly one evening by his wife to a private movie party in Gotham. Prepared to be bored, Mr. Balaban sat up and blinked when a Pal puppetoon was flashed upon the screen.

"Who is this fellow, George Pal?" demanded Mr. Balaban.

"Oh, he's a young Hungarian who was here last week," someone recalled.

"Where is he now?"

Nobody knew. Next day, Mr. Balaban had Paramount operatives scouring the country for George Pal. It took them three weeks to find him in a cottage almost in the shadow of the Paramount studio in Hollywood. Somewhat flabbergasted at the astonishing American manner of doing things, Pal found himself hustled to New York to sign a contract with Mr. Balaban. The deal authorized Pal to produce a series of puppetoons to be released by Paramount.

### Satire—the Deadly Weapon

Having found his niche in American movies, George Pal is not content to entertain only. He still has nightmares of those dread Gestapo agents and he is going after the Nazis with a weapon that hurts—ridicule. In his newest puppetoon, the Screwball Army lays waste to Mr. Pal's beloved Vienna. They devastate their way to the park where stands the statue of Johann Strauss, a favorite Pal character. Mr. Strauss gets out his fiddle and leads the Screwball soldiers, like a Pied Piper, with the stirring strains of The Blue Danube, into the muddy river itself. When they're drowned, Johann Strauss hurries back to resurrect Vienna.

Where there's a Pal puppetoon, there's always hope. As Mr. Pal says, "With puppets, anything can happen."

THE END



COLLIER'S

"I guess we're going to the same cocktail party" R. M. BRINKERHOFF

## LIGHTER MOMENTS

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*These  
5 fine  
tobaccos  
are why*

# REVELATION

*Pipe Mixture  
is so  
superior*

## 15¢

No so-called "mixture" of only 1 or 2 tobaccos can smoke so good and cool



**Left:** Your ordinary mixture. Tobaccos cut same way, mat down — retain heat — cause soggy heel.

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# REVELATION

SMOKING  
MIXTURE

## The Roughest Thing Afloat

Continued from page 29

about the bum chow he was dishing out. We harped on it all that Sunday morning in a good-natured way until the cook finally gave in. "All right, all right" he told us, "I will fill all three freezers with ice cream this afternoon and I hope you fill your bellies until you bust at the supper table."

"True to his word the cook labored hard all afternoon. He had taken the apple pies out of the oven and had just packed the last freezer with salt at about five o'clock when, without warning, a torpedo crashed through our bow. All hands—and the cook—took to the lifeboat.

"A German sub surfaced, and its commander told our crew to row to one side as he wanted to 'put some more holes in her' by shellfire, to make sure she was going to sink. Since it was four hundred miles to the nearest land we decided to stay close to the burning ship as we would have a better chance of a passing plane or vagrant patrol boat sighting us. In spite of eleven shells the submarine put into our ship after the torpedo, she was still afloat in the morning, though burning fiercely. It was a torrid noonday sun which must have prompted one of the boys to think of that ice cream. He looked over at the blazing inferno and asked us if we thought it was still aboard.

"There's only one way to find out," I told him. So we rowed alongside the blazing freighter and three of us hands climbed up the Jacob's-ladder, walked through fire and smoke and over twisted, cracked and bent deck plates into the galley. There were the three big freezers of ice cream, oddly enough still packed hard."

And there in the shadows of rising columns of smoke sat thirty-three men in a lifeboat on the open sea, gorging their parched throats with apple pie and ice cream, which they scooped out of the freezer with boat oars.

Then there was that time we dropped five charges and got six explosions. We are still trying to figure that one out, since depth charges explode only once, and since the most tremendous concussion came with that sixth explosion. But Skipper Adair did not claim a sub. He wants more tangible evidence than that. I hope he gets it some time.

### Davy Jones' Apples

But not the kind of "tangible evidence" that bobbed up out of the deep blue on another occasion. This was down off the Florida Keys. We got an exceptionally jerky, metallic "pip" on our sound gear.

"This is going to be the real McCoy," one of the boys from the sound hut told me on the way to my battle station.

Seconds later we were blazing away with our depth charges. We dropped a smoke bomb to mark the spot and made one of those famous corvette U-turns at full speed, heading back with all eyes rooted on a patch of ocean 200 feet in circumference, where little flaky, cream-yellow particles were bobbing to the surface by the thousand. With much restraint we repelled our rooting pipes from letting out a loud whoop, for it looked for all the world this time as if we had struck pay dirt.

Directly over the spot again the water was now littered with, well, there could be no mistake about it—dried apples!

Skipper Adair reasoned there must have been a sunken cargo ship under us.

Her masts were what had given us that sharp contact signal. The dried apples were not waterlogged. Neither were the floating fragments of boxes they came in. The explosion of our depth charges had ripped open the seams of the old freighter below us and out popped the apples.

A corvette man won't complain about being hauled out of his bunk at all hours of the night to man his battle station, but one thing he does hate to have the war interfere with is play-by-play broadcast of his favorite football team or World Series game, when these are available.

I edit the daily press newssheet aboard our corvette and the morning the Cardinals and Yanks popped the cork on their 1942 World Series I duly warned all hands:

"We will broadcast a play-by-play of the World Series today but reserve the right to shut off the loud-speaker from our patrons in the event a sub is sighted. After sinking sub, play-by-play will be promptly resumed."

### Ball Game in Spanish

Nothing like that happened, but something menacingly worse did. We were again sailing in Caribbean waters. The heat was intense. The static was worse. Not a United States radio station could be heard.

Frantically your chief radiomar worked with the dials in the hope of tuning in something by game time. With only moments to spare I located Havana. The announcer was drooling out Spanish by the yard. My Spanish vocabulary consists of eight words, five of which are unprintable. But I recognized one—"pelota"—meaning ball. And another, "segundo." Somebody must have just hit a two-bagger.

I dashed down to the crew's quarter and awakened a boy named Perez. I asked him if he understood Spanish. I was just a shot at the moon.

"Fluently," he replied.

I was skeptical but brought him up to the radio shack, clamped the ear phones on his head.

"Is this fellow talking baseball?" asked.

Perez listened intently for a long moment as, eagerly, I tried to read the expression on his face to see if it portrayed any promise. Finally he shook his head.

"I don't think this is anything you want," Perez said. "This donkey is trying to peddle razor blades over the radio."

"Sit right down here and tell me everything that fellow says," I urged.

Perez obliged and translated one of the weirdest World Series games from Spanish to English, in whispered tidbits to Ensign Darby, who in turn rebroadcast it over the loud-speaker. Some funny things happened in that game. In some innings there were only two outs, but then for all we knew they were rationing putouts in the U. S. by now. One fly ball has not come down to earth yet—months later. But we finally got the right score and the gist of the game.

Perhaps the best description of life aboard a corvette was given the first time I ever boarded one. It was by a veteran British corvette man who, apparently reveling in some newly acquired American slang, told me:

"When you're aboard one of these things at sea, life is just a perpetual hand under."

THE END



## Five Who Vanished

Continued from page 34

"d," Jason answered dryly, "and then tell me what you think."

Emil Roth looked at the used bed, then at Jason. His eyes had a glitter of fright, but his face was wooden. "Is anything," he said anxiously, "the matter with it, Mr. Amboy?"

"All I want to know," Jason answered, "is what's become of the man who was in it?"

The steward shook his head with an air of bewilderment. "I'm afraid I don't know what you're talking about, Mr. Amboy. My chart shows that you took single occupancy of this room."

"And you hadn't the faintest idea," Jason said quietly, "that another man was sharing it with me?"

Emil Roth blinked his eyes. "Why,

think? Is he hiding somewhere on this ship or did he go out that porthole?"

The steward sat down weakly in a chair and put his hands to the sides of his face and stared at Jason's shoes.

"It means my job."

"It may mean worse than that," Jason said, "if we don't do some fast thinking. What did that fellow tell you?"

Emil Roth looked up at him with sick eyes. He said feebly, "Please let me have just a moment to think, sir."

"He told me," Jason said, "that he was Arthur N. Garson, the recent assistant district attorney of Los Angeles, and that two men had followed him aboard and would kill him if they found him. I agreed to let him stay here if he could fix it with you. Is that what he told you?"

ishly disagreed. "Don't you see what would happen to us in military court? You and I know that somebody got in here and killed this fellow and shoved him out that porthole. Who was he—a Nazi spy?" Roth stopped. He stared at Jason. "And how do I know that you didn't do it?"

"You've made a good point," Jason admitted. "And how do I know that you didn't do it?"

Emil Roth was nodding. "Yes, Mr. Amboy. It works both ways. What kind of witnesses would we make for each other? What military court would believe our stories?"

"Whoever this man was," Jason answered, "his story may have been true in spirit. At least, we can assume he had enemies aboard. One of them got in here and did away with him."

"Yes, Mr. Amboy," Roth agreed, "but you can't prove that. And anything like this on the high seas in wartime is entirely different from the same thing on land in peacetime. Even if we were cleared in the end, we'd be held for months of investigation. The Navy, the Army, and the F.B.I. would all have us on the fire. I know what these things are like, Mr. Amboy."

"SO YOU'VE been through things like this before," Jason said.

"I've been through several things like this before, yes—but never anything as bad as this. And if you report it, what can the captain do? With passengers and crew, there are more than five thousand people on this ship. Can he find the guilty party, Mr. Amboy?"

"Yes, I see your point."

"You haven't spoken to anybody," Roth went on eagerly, "and I haven't, either. By keeping our mouths shut, we're safe. It's the only way to do it, Mr. Amboy. I know. We won't be held or tried or embarrassed in any way. And I won't lose my job. And I need it, Mr. Amboy. The only reason I let him bribe me into staying here—"

"How much did he give you?"

"He offered two-fifty and I held out for a thousand and we settled for five hundred. I took it only because I've been sick, and so has my wife. We're just beginning to get our heads above water again. It's the only reason I've stuck to this job at all—the war bonus."

There were two sharp raps on the door. It opened. Emil Roth whirled about with a hissing sound.

Flack stood in the doorway. His gentle brown eyes were sharp with wariness. His life preserver was strapped snugly about him. He touched his gray mustache.

"You said a half-hour, sir. The time is just up."

Roth was glaring at him. "Who is this?"

"Take it easy," Jason said. "He's an old and trusted friend. Come in and shut the door, Flack. This is my room steward. Flack—Roth."

Emil Roth said nothing. He was half-crouching and still glaring.

"How do you do?" Flack said coldly. He closed the door. He looked inquiringly about the room.

"Our bird," Jason said, "has flown."

"I thought," the steward said in a thin, angry voice, "you hadn't spoken to anybody."

"This man," Jason answered, "is completely trustworthy."

"Completely," Flack calmly affirmed.

"He was evidently murdered and

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"Alfred only does the capitals"

...sir. It would have been on my chart."

"Roth," Jason stopped him, "we are both on something of a spot, and the less we spend pretending we aren't, the quicker we'll get somewhere."

"I'm afraid, Mr. Amboy, I don't—"

"Look," Jason stopped him.

HE SHOWED the steward the three drops of blood, now rapidly turning black, and the smear of blackening blood on the porthole rim.

"It's blood," Jason said. "It isn't red. Well, Roth, what do you make of it?"

The steward was so white that Jason was afraid he would collapse. He was holding his lips with the tip of his tongue.

"Sit down," Jason said gently, "and try to pull yourself together. Whatever happened to this man, I don't believe you can do anything to do with it. And it certainly looks like murder. Anyway, it doesn't seem likely that he walked out of the ship. You'll notice that all his things are gone, including the pajamas I lent him. He was half undressed the time I saw him. Everything is gone except the toilet articles you bought for him. The bed is still warm. So what do you

The room steward made a faint nodding motion. "That was what he told me. He threw himself on my mercy."

"Yes," Jason said, "he used that line on me, too. But I happen to know Garson."

Emil Roth's mouth was hanging open. "He was lying!" he blurted.

"Of course he was lying," Jason said quietly, "and that doesn't get us anywhere."

The steward's mouth twisted into a snarl. "He was a bad egg! I've been a ship's steward on and off for thirty years and I know one when I see one. I knew he was one! He got what was coming to him!"

Roth's eyes sharpened. "Have you reported this?"

"Not yet, but we'll have to."

"Do you realize what will happen to us if we do? We'll both be held on a murder charge."

"Yes, I know that."

"The least that would happen to us, Mr. Amboy, even if we could talk our way out of this, would be six months for giving aid to a stowaway. And it would be worse in wartime."

"But this has got to be reported," Jason said.

"No, it does not," the steward wasp-

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pushed out that porthole," Jason continued. "Roth has been trying to convince me it would be folly to report it to the captain."

His valet glanced doubtfully at the steward. "Just what is the evidence, Mr. Amboy?"

Jason showed him the drops of blood on the carpet and the smear of blood on the porthole rim.

"Roth is right," Flack said. "It would be folly to report it to the captain. You'd both be charged with murder. What has Roth to say for himself, sir?"

"The stowaway," Jason said, "told him the same things he told me."

Flack took out a cigar, bit off the end of it and lighted it. He considered Emil Roth judiciously. "I think we can dispense with you now, Roth. Mr. Amboy and I have several things to discuss privately."

"So you think you can dispense with me now," said the steward in a shrill snarl. "Well, to hell with you! I'm staying right here until I know what's what."

"Very well," Jason said. "We'll agree for the time being, not to report it. If I should change my mind, I'll let you know before I go to the captain. Is that satisfactory?"

Emil Roth sent another distasteful glance at Flack and said, "Yes, Mr. Amboy. I'm willing to leave it just like that." He went to the door and opened it. He gazed at Flack coldly, then, with an audible sniff, went out and closed the door.

Flack puffed at his cigar and looked thoughtfully at the door. "I haven't any faith in that fellow's integrity," he said. "If it weren't for the opinion I already have, I'd say he might very well be the murderer."

FLACK walked to the porthole and back again. He was puffing absently at the cigar and his hands were clasped behind him.

"This is a very interesting case," he said.

"It occurs to me," said Jason, "that it bears a certain resemblance to my brother's. The same clue was left on each scene—in my brother's case, a little smear of blood on a wrist watch; in this case, a little smear of blood on a porthole rim. And both men vanished."

His valet was nodding approval. "Yes, Mr. Amboy. It is obvious that the same person who killed your brother killed this man. I am very glad that you did not report the stowaway. It is obvious that his remaining here saved your life. I mean, it's very obvious that you might have been killed."

"Is that obvious?" Jason asked.

"Why isn't it?" his valet said tartly.

Jason's eyebrows went up with surprise. The change in Flack was a little hard to assimilate. "You found a snapshot of the stowaway in Channing Mace's suitcase," Jason said. "All we can safely say is that they know who he was and that he may have had some tie-up with them. Anything beyond that is sheer guesswork."

"But we can as safely assume," Flack said with his new obstinacy, "that one of the Grazzard party murdered him and pushed him out that porthole?"

"There seem to be reasonable grounds for that," Jason answered, "but there are no grounds for assuming that they mistook him for me."

"Perhaps you're right, Mr. Amboy," Flack said, and his air was one of indulgence. "Let's proceed on the assumption that we are both partly right and partly wrong."

His animated brown eyes roved about the room. "I am beginning to see a clear design," he said. "A new one. The stowaway," the valet continued, "was sent here by the Grazzards to spy on you."

When he had found out what he could, he was to kill you and throw your body out of that porthole. That was their plan, but their timing was wrong. By the way, sir, I suspect Mr. Mace of being the murderer. Do you?"

"No, Flack; I have no suspicions. But go on."

"Yes, sir—and I see this design very clearly. The stowaway was supposed to kill you. But Mr. Mace didn't trust him."

"Why not?"

"Because of the obvious consequences. Having killed you, what would have happened to the stowaway? Exactly what would happen to you if you reported his disappearance to the captain of this ship! Do you see what that implies, Mr. Amboy?"

"It's a little vague," Jason admitted, "but go on. You said Mr. Mace's timing was wrong."

"Yes, sir. When he came here, he as-

"Flack," Jason said gently, "I'm afraid the sight of that blood has affected you. We are both guessing. We are both excited. We had better both go to bed."

"Very well, sir," Flack said.

He went to the stowaway's bed, picked up the mattress and carried it to the door. He dropped it, with the bedding intact, on the floor so that it lay close to the door.

"I'm going to sleep here, Mr. Amboy," he said. "If they kill you tonight, it will be literally over my dead body."

Flack met Jason's eyes steadily and there was something a little ominous in his smile. "I trust you have no objections, Mr. Amboy," he said, and his voice held more than a trace of a jeer.

"No, Flack," Jason said thoughtfully. "And I appreciate your solicitude." He wondered how much further this once meek and humble little man would expand. He was still delighted with the blossoming of Flack, but he was begin-

ment longer, then gave her order to the steward.

Lorin was still staring at him heavily and Luana had not yet raised her eyes. She was studying the menu as if it fascinated her. She was pale and there was a dark look about her eyes as if she had slept poorly.

He glanced at Channing Mace, and he tried, as he picked up the menu, to keep his hands steady and to appear calm and unconcerned. If one of these four people had gone into his stateroom last night and killed the stowaway, he was inclined offhand to agree with Flack that it had been Channing Mace. The man's gray eyes, as cold as jewels, the cruel, thin mouth, his past record of violence, which had included one known homicide, favored that view.

Yet he found it easy to visualize Lorin, with his passionate nature, doing such a thing. As for Mrs. Hiram Grazzard, a murder of that sort seemed beneath her dignity, yet she was a powerful woman and perfectly capable, at least physically, of lifting a man's body and pushing it out a porthole.

He looked up from the menu and found Luana's dark green eyes looking at him. It was a direct, brooding stare without recognition, as if she were seeing, not him, but the things he stood for. And she did not return his tentative smile.

When they had all given their orders there was a moment of silence about the large round table, then Mrs. Grazzard said, "You look a little peaked this morning, Jason. Are you still worrying about your engine?"

"Mother," Lorin said heavily, "he doesn't like to have anyone ask questions about his engine. It's a very sensitive topic with him."

"You see, Aunt Bertha," Jason said, "your son is what we liquid-cooling men call an air-cooled man, and we find that we always throw the air-cooled man upon the defensive."

SHE chuckled. "I see. But I'm not interested in this childish argument you two are carrying on over the virtues of this type of engine and that. You say your plant was closed down. Why?"

"I thought I mentioned last night that I'd had to shut down to raise more capital."

"How much capital," she asked, "are you trying to raise?"

"A hundred and ten thousand dollars." He was aware that Channing Mace was bending forward, as if he did not want to miss a word of this, and that Luana was staring at him and that she was paler.

"That shouldn't be hard to raise," Mr. Grazzard said, and it seemed to Jason that there was something slightly mysterious, or significant, about this whole conversation.

"No," he said indifferently, "I don't think it will be."

"But if the engine is so nearly perfect," she asked, "why do you need so much?"

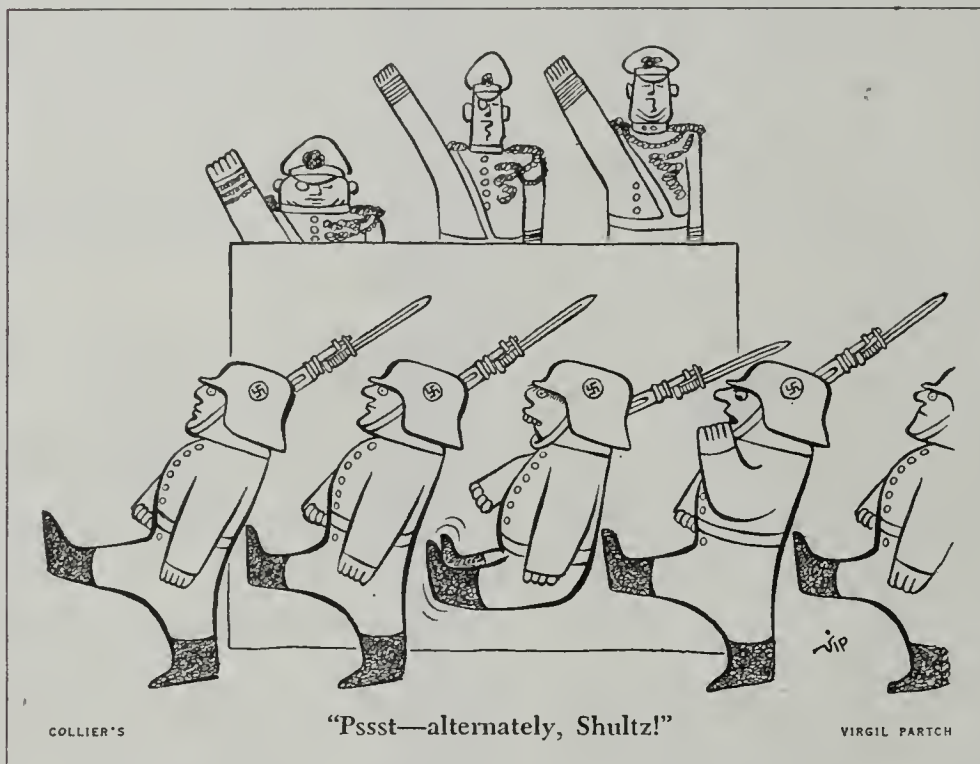
"I'm planning to put it into production," Jason answered.

"That won't be enough to put a new engine into production," Channing Mace said.

Jason glanced at him. And it seemed to him there was something menacing in the cold gray eyes.

"No, Mr. Mace. But that will start on its way."

Jason had no interest in the general conversation that followed. And he had little appetite for the orange juice, the bacon and eggs and the coffee and toast he had ordered. He was trying to push Luana into this grotesque pattern. He was certain that one of these three



sumed that the stowaway had already done away with you, so he killed him and put him out that porthole. Why? Because dead men tell no tales, sir."

Jason shook his head. "It's a very interesting design, Flack, but you're assuming too much with not enough proof."

His valet considered him judiciously. "I see we are back again to our divergent viewpoints, Mr. Amboy," he said blandly. "But I still insist that Mr. Mace killed the stowaway on the assumption that the stowaway had finished with his job of killing you. All the evidence points unerringly to that and to nothing else."

"Yet there is a possibility," Jason said firmly, "that the stowaway was telling me the truth in spirit. We can even assume that he knew that if the Grazzards found him aboard they would kill him."

FLACK surprised him by nodding vigorously. "For the sake of the argument, Mr. Amboy, I'll agree with you." There was elation in his soft brown eyes.

"And how did they discover he was aboard, sir?"

Jason shrugged. "They may have known it all along."

Flack was smiling slyly. "Or—might it have been Mrs. Mace?"

"I hate to think it might have been," Jason answered.

"And I," Flack said firmly, "think it was a grave mistake to give that woman your confidence. She is a treacherous woman. She is nothing but the Grazzards' stool pigeon."

ning to see the glimmering of trouble ahead.

When Jason awoke, Flack was gone. The mattress was back on the bed. It was eight-thirty o'clock.

The Grazzards were just seating themselves when he entered the dining room. Miss Cudlip had already eaten and gone. The silver at Mrs. Mace's place was untouched.

As he sat down in the place beside Mrs. Grazzard, he looked across the table at Luana, and he waited a few seconds for her to raise her eyes. But she didn't raise her eyes. The others were looking at him, and both Mrs. Grazzard and Channing Mace said good morning to him, but Luana Topping preferred to pretend that she was unaware of him.

He was conscious of the strain about the table as he took his place. Lorin was gazing at him with heavy-lidded eyes, steadily and with neither humor nor liking.

Jason said amiably, "Good morning, everybody. Mrs. Grazzard, I hope you slept well."

She was calmly appraising him, with neither approval nor disapproval. Her amber eyes were opaque and dull. Her strong, yellowish face, with its liver spots, looked, it seemed to Jason, more formidable than ever. And he sensed immeasurable depths of mystery and power in this awesome woman.

Mrs. Hiram Grazzard smiled. "You may call me Aunt Bertha, Jason."

"Thank you, Aunt Bertha," he said, and almost laughed.

She gazed at him unsmilingly a mo-



Mrs. Hiram Grazzard, her son, or her plantation manager—had slipped into his stateroom last night and murdered the stowaway. He watched their faces as they talked—and the only conclusion he drew was that he was dealing with a formidable triumvirate.

IT WAS a clear morning with a fresh blue sky and a gently undulating sea on which sun sprites danced with flickering fire, and the breeze was already warm with the promise of tropical islands. The convoy was making long zig-zags.

Jason found Natalie Mace sitting on the deck, well forward on the port side. She was knitting a sweater. She was pale and the fine wrinkles about her eyes were pronounced. Her mouth, in repose, looked cynical. But when she saw him and smiled, the illusion that she was much older than she had seemed last night vanished, and she magically became young and, in her bright blond way, extremely pretty.

A trace of the smile dimpled at the corners of her mouth and her blue eyes glowed.

"You're late," she said. "I've been expecting you for an hour." Looking up at him, she did not interrupt her knitting.

Her dimpling smile was disarming, but Jason was once again doubtful of her. He decided to let his suspicions coast along and to encourage her to do the talking.

"I've been having breakfast with the royal family," he said.

She laughed. "Was it fun?"

"Something was going on," Jason answered thoughtfully. "They asked me lots of questions about my engine. They seem to resent it."

"They're just curious," the blond girl said. "It's their way. Something is always going on. They're horribly upset about you and they want to know all about you."

"Why weren't you there?"

"No appetite. Too nervous. My brain ran wild all night. I didn't get to sleep till dawn. I found out some very important things and there are a dozen questions I want to ask you. Sit down, Jason."

Jason sat down on the deck on her left.

"I've found out who your stowaway is—in case he hasn't already told you. Has he?"

"No."

"And I've found the way we're going to destroy the Grazzards. It's going to be difficult and tricky, but it will work. Your stowaway is Hiram Grazzard's second cousin—Winfield Grazzard. And I think they know he's aboard this ship."

Natalie Mace was knitting rapidly. He realized that she was trying to conceal an almost unmanageable nervousness and excitement.

"And," she went on, "I'm sure I know why Winfield Grazzard is hiding in your stateroom. All these pieces have finally come together like the pieces of a jigsaw puzzle, and they make a very surprising picture. What I want to do is to give you the whole picture, because I want everything clear in your mind."

"This whole family background is hazy," Jason said. "Luana told me last night that Queen Bertha was a Grazzard before she married Hiram. What happened to him?"

Natalie laughed. "What happens to the husband of a queen bee or a black widow spider when he's outlived his usefulness? He died of a heart attack after a terrific quarrel they had. There are all sorts of theories about it, but the two most popular are that either he finally turned on her, or she turned on him—and they had it out. It must have been a terrific row. I understand the servants ran out of the house. Uncle Hiram was no sissy. He was a quiet sort of man. He was firm, quite opinionated, but very just. My private opinion is that she kept goading him until he finally blew up."

"Did anyone overhear the quarrel?"

"Yes. Luana's father and mother were living in the house at that time—it was before a separate house was built for the plantation manager—the one Channing and I now live in. But they evidently didn't talk about it. The third was Uncle Colton—Queen Bertha's brother—who is the crux of this whole thing. And, of course, he has never talked."

"You mean, Colton Grazzard is just someone else she dominates?"



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"Oh, yes—but more."  
"I want very much to find out who's running this show."

"Well, I can't answer you simply. There's a tradition in the islands that the Grazzard men have always been dominated by the Grazzard women. It's supposed to have gone on since Faith Grazzard and Captain Ebenezzer Grazzard, of the brig Sweet Hope, landed on Kahuna Island a hundred and twenty years ago. But I sometimes suspect there's been a shifting in the balance of power."

"In what direction?"  
"Well, Lorrin is surly and horribly self-indulgent, but he has strength. Sometimes I think he's stronger than the queen, and is running her. He has the same consuming love for the land—especially good fertile sugar land—that she has. And my husband has been rising in power ever since he took the management of the Kokala plantation. I know that she's afraid of Channing. He's a relentless and domineering person, you know."

"So you can't say definitely who the boss is."

"No. Everyone in the islands assumes that she is, because the Grazzard women always have been. I've had loads of time to look into the family history. The Grazzards have always been a greedy, grasping lot. They're land grabbers, and they're the sort of people who gave the missionaries their bad name, but the missionaries were not land grabbers, in spite of the tales you hear. The early missionaries were Calvinists, who believed in torturing the spirit and denying the flesh. And some of the other early settlers were quite honest in their dealings with the natives in land matters."

"But not the Grazzards?"  
"No, Jason. Captain Francis Sinclair, who bought Niihau, now owned by his descendants, the Robinsons, paid ten thousand dollars for it—in 1860—a very fair price. But Faith Grazzard paid nothing for Kahuna Island forty years earlier. She somehow wangled it from King Kamehameha the Second. She got land any way she could—as cheap as she could and by all the tricks she knew. And she set the pace. Every Grazzard since has used the same methods."

JASON was squinting at the sun glints on the convoy leader, a large destroyer. He found now, as he had last night, that most of his instincts were pulling in Natalie Mace's favor. He still felt that this pretty blond girl with her excited blue eyes might become dangerous, but only if her husband became seriously involved, and he was sure that she was not being devious.

He heard her needles click. "Jason, did your brother spend much time in Burma?"

He glanced at her. "Yes. He loved India and Burma. He was always going back there."

"And you gathered, of course, from the snapshot, that your stowaway has been in Burma?"

"Yes, I noticed the stamp on the back."  
"Jason, how well do you remember Kahuna Island?"

"Not very well, Mrs. Mace. It's a tiny island north and west of Kauai. Kahuna is Hawaiian for 'bewitched,' isn't it?"

"Yes. And Uncle Colton has become, since your time, a bright tradition as the prisoner of Kahuna. Kahuna is *kapu*—forbidden to outsiders. No one has been permitted to land there in years. If you try, you're shooed away by grim natives. Uncle Colton lives on Kahuna in magnificent exile, atoning for his sins. Queen Bertha goes over once a month in her big sampan with food and supplies. In the most palatial way, and on the grand-

est possible scale, Uncle Colton is in the family doghouse."

Jason was puffing thoughtfully at a cigarette. "I seem to recall some of this," he murmured.

"It isn't likely," the blond girl said. "You're probably thinking of the other island—Niihau—the one that's owned by the Robinsons. They're powers on Kauai, and their island is *kapu* too. When you were a little boy you may have seen Niihau feather leis which are treasured, or Niihau pupus—they're tiny, very rare seashells that are strung into necklaces and highly prized. Kahuna is north of Niihau."

NATALIE MACE, with her elbow on the arm of her steamer chair, bent closer to him.

"When Channing and I first went to Kauai, I was terribly interested in Uncle Colton, because I'd heard these stories about him. But I never saw him. No

and her eyes were flashing with excitement.

"Jason, here it is—and I'm afraid it the truth. I think they killed your brother because he knew what it was and was trying to blackmail them, and I think, your stowaway isn't very careful, they're going to kill him for the same reason. I've had to guess at some of this, but I'm quite sure that that's it." She hesitated.

"Go on," Jason said quickly.

"I was awakened this morning," the blond girl continued. "by Channing fairly tearing his suitcases apart. He was looking for that snapshot. He asked me if I'd seen it and I said no and I asked him what it was, and he said, 'Oh, just another blackmailer who has the goods on Uncle Colton.' I asked him who was and he said it was Winfield Grazzard. And he said if I mentioned it to soul he'd murder me."

"Was that all?" Jason asked.

"Wasn't that enough? He was in

### MR. FALA OF THE WHITE HOUSE

by ALAN FOSTER



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"Oftentimes a senator will mislay his hat"

one but his sister ever saw him. In twenty years, he hasn't once been off that island. He was called the hermit of Kahuna. Everyone agreed that he was an escapist—that he'd gone to Kahuna to get away from it all. He'd had a nervous breakdown. He was always very neurotic, and he'd been completely dominated by Queen Bertha since they were children."

"Is he older or younger?" Jason interrupted.

"Five years older—about sixty. His one passion, so they told me, was rare old books—first editions. It was only lately that the real truth came out. He wasn't a hermit by choice. He was virtually a prisoner. He had been, in his youth, a very black sheep. His sister, years ago, had yanked him back from the ends of the earth and finally immured him on Kahuna."

Natalie Mace bent closer to Jason. "It must have been something that happened in Burma. He spent a lot of time there. It may have been a murder. But it was something dreadfully scandalous. Everybody has been guessing—but no one knows."

The blond girl paused. She was pale

filthy temper. And that explains everything."

Jason had never seen her so excited. It seemed to him that she was on the verge of hysterics.

"What," he said gently, "does it explain?"

"But everything!" Natalie Mace cried. "It accounts for all the time your brother and your stowaway spent in Burma. Don't you see, Jason? They were digging up Uncle Colton's past to sell at fancy price to Queen Bertha! That's why your brother was killed, and it's why Winfield Grazzard is hiding on this ship. He and your brother were working together on this blackmail scheme! He's hiding because he knows they'll kill him if they find him!"

JASON glanced quickly around. Natalie's voice was almost out of control. "Don't you see?" she repeated. "An if you're tactful and persuasive, Winfield will talk. He's at your mercy. He has to talk! And once he tells you what was that Uncle Colton did in Burma we'll have the weapon we need for destroying these arrogant, horrible people (To be continued next week)



## The Dark Road

Continued from page 60

est of her life, and we're very happy that she wants to marry you."

"All right, sir, but give her the chance to make up her own mind about me."

"If you tell her the truth tonight, she may feel that in common decency she has to be loyal to that other boy, at least for a while," Arthur said. And by that time it may be too late, he added to himself.

"Why wasn't she told in the beginning, when it wouldn't have mattered?" exclaimed Oliver with feeling.

"I told you. She was in a coma for five days after the accident," replied Arthur. "When she regained consciousness she had blessedly forgotten everything about her ill-starred love affair. As she nearly died it seemed wiser to keep her in ignorance. After all, my boy," he added, "she'd only known him three weeks."

"She's only known me five weeks," Oliver reminded him, dryly.

"Yes, but in spite of the lightning quality of this courtship, Mrs. Bellamy and I feel that it is going to last. Lisa has been a changed person lately. She's alive, she's happy, she has everything to live for now. Why do you want her to remember anything about that other affair? Telling her won't bring Roger Kinnard back to life."

After a pause Oliver said, "What was he like, that other fellow? Naturally I'm curious."

"I saw him only once, you know, the night she brought him here to tell us they were engaged. The whole thing was such a shock for me at the time that it was hard for me to make up my mind now I felt about him. He was a flier, like you. He came from Yorkshire."

"Good-looking?"

"Yes, but Mrs. Bellamy prefers your looks to his. She also says she thinks you have more charm."

Oliver smiled feebly. "Well, go on—tell me some more. Was he very much in love with her?"

"With Lisa? Yes. He was desperately in love."

"I don't have to ask if she was in love with him!"

ARTHUR made no reply. He rose and hunted around the room a moment for his pipe and filled it. There was nothing to say.

"Where was the accident?" Oliver went on. "You never told me."

"On a back road between here and Oxford. It's a short cut and saves about four miles. The tree is still there at the crossroads. They've patched it up with cement now and put a warning beacon on it so no one else will crash into it. If you go to Oxford on your honeymoon," added Arthur, "as you said you might, I advise you to take the longer route by Chipping Norton."

"She's bound to remember some day, no matter what I do. Please, Mr. Bellamy, let me tell her tonight! It's only fair to her. This is my last chance before the wedding!"

"I know, Oliver, but I can't let you do it. I suppose I should have told you this before, but knowing your feelings in the matter, I went up to town on Saturday and talked to the specialist who took care of her at the time of the accident. I told him she was engaged to be married, and that her fiancé was very anxious to have her know the truth."

"Yes, and what did he say?"

"Exactly what I thought he would. He says that if we tell her now, just as she's

about to be married, he won't answer for the consequence. You see, Oliver," he continued as the boy gave a murmur of protest, "we never have known the whole story of that accident. It's quite possible she was trying to kill herself when she crashed into that tree. If she remembered that she was desperate enough to want to do away with herself, it might affect her permanently. If you love her, keep quiet."

Oliver buried his head in his hands.

"I hope," said Arthur gently, "that after you're married, it won't make much difference. Perhaps that sounds rather callous toward poor Roger Kinnard, but, as I say, life goes on."

Oliver's reply was inaudible, but Arthur seemed satisfied, for the strained look vanished from his face.

LISA was looking at the wedding presents. They were quite impressive for a wartime wedding. She was admiring the Waterford vase from her Aunt Matilda when she heard the faint tinkle of the telephone. She thrust the vase back on the table, and flew downstairs.

"Yes, Miss, it's him!" said Annie, the maid, inelegant with excitement. "He's calling long distance."

The connection was very bad, and Lisa could barely hear him. His voice sounded faraway and urgent: "Can you hear me, darling?"

"Not very well."

"Is that better?"

"Yes, a little. What's the matter, Oliver?"

"I can't tell you over the phone. All I can say is, prepare for a shock."

Oh, God! thought Lisa, he's going to tell me the wedding's off. Oh, God! I can't stand it.

"Are you there?" he shouted in a tiny voice.

"Yes, I'm here, darling. What is it? What's happened?"

"I'm afraid we can't get married on Saturday."

The hall grew black and she had to steady herself against the wall. She thought of Cook, already mixing batter for the cake, and Simmons filling the garden with flowers, and Annie rushing around with the vacuum to get the house ready by Saturday; and she had an insane desire to break into hysterical laughter.

"Lisa! Are you there? Can you hear me?"

"Yes, darling, I hear you," she said, trying to sound normal. "That's all right, we'll just have to put the wedding off."

"The hell we will!" was the reply. "I want you to come down here and marry me right away, this afternoon! There's a train at one-thirty—I looked it up. Can you make it?"

Three years of war had taught Lisa not to ask questions over the telephone, especially if you were talking to the Air Force, so she stifled her curiosity with magnificent self-control and managed to sound calm when she answered him.

"Yes, darling, I think I can make it. What'll I say to the family? They're not here."

"They'll understand," replied Oliver. "Just leave your father a note."

"Shall I bring the car?"

"Yes. No! Take the train."

"All right."

"Goodbye, darling! I've got to hang up now."

Lisa leaned against the wall for a moment. Then, pulling herself together, she ran upstairs and began to fling vari-

ous parts of her trousseau into a suitcase. While she was packing, Tessie appeared from belowstairs.

"We're going—to be married—this afternoon!" exclaimed Lisa breathlessly. "Tessie, did you hear that? We're going to be married in less than five hours! I'm so happy I could die!"

Yes, she was happy about this unexpectedly hasty wedding—deliriously happy. But in the back of her mind was a dark and as yet unnamed fear, which she wasn't going to think about until she knew why she had to be married in such a hurry.

It was twenty-eight minutes past one when she dashed up to the station in the family car. The only person visible was the stationmaster who was loading bags of meal on a truck.

"What's the matter?" asked Lisa with a faltering heart. "Where's the one-thirty to Oxford and Reading?"

"Didn't you know, Miss?" was the reply. "Owing to the bombing two nights ago, it's been temporarily suspended."

"What'll I do?" she gasped. "I simply have to get there—!"

"Where?"

"You know—there!" answered Lisa crazily. You never mention the exact location of an airdrome.

"I see, Miss—I heard you was getting married on Saturday. Congratulations, Miss!"

"I'm getting married this afternoon," replied Lisa wildly. "That's why I have to get a train, somehow, to— What'll I do?"

"Oh, I am sorry, Miss! There's a train to Reading from Oxford at two thirty-five. You can just make it if you drive fast."

"Drive—! Yes, of course! Why didn't I think of that before? There's enough petrol in the car."

As she turned on the ignition and started to back the car away, the stationmaster called after her, his voice full of sympathy and good will, "Take the short cut, Miss, near Wootton—it saves about four miles!"

SHE had ample petrol—the only really scarce commodity was time. She put her foot down on the accelerator and kept it there. Trees and houses flashed by as the world narrowed down to a strip of gray road leading to Oxford, and the clock on the dashboard moved inexorably toward the hour. Tredington, Shipston-on-Stour, Long Compton—recognizable although all the signposts were gone from the roads. And then a little dirt road branching off to the right—the short cut. She remembered it vaguely—or rather she had one of her flashes—but there was no time to think of anything as silly and unimportant as flashes. She must catch the two thirty-five to an unnamed airdrome south of Reading.

The little road was straight and lonely. She clung to the wheel as the speedometer climbed to seventy. The branches overhead made a green tunnel of the road—"green as a dream and deep as death." She was thinking what a pretty road it was when suddenly, without warning, she came to a tree at the crossroads.

The huge oak with its gaping side filled with cement loomed out of the mist, and with it came Roger's face—gay, brilliant, and adoring.

The car gave a sickening lurch as she avoided the tree and crashed into a soft bank of willow herb and hawthorn. And during that moment, when life hovered

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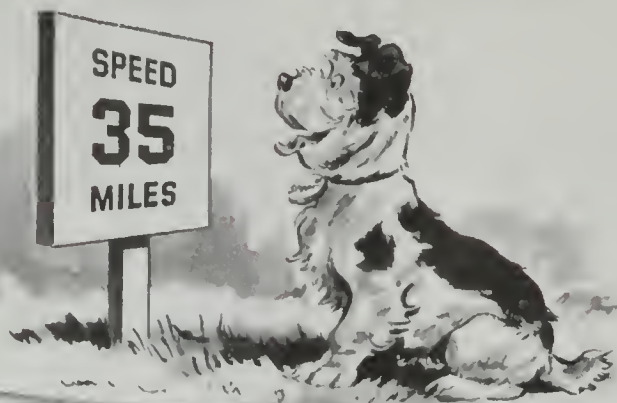
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in the balance a second time, she remembered all there was to remember.

—All those shy, secret meetings—that wild, unreal feeling, like wings! Those short, stammered sentences that held so much of wonder and of love! The little dark pub where he had asked her to marry him, and the bitter taste of the ale, which was sweeter than nectar! And then the handful of days when they had tried to hide it from the world because it had all been so quick. No one knew at first but Winkie Ellis, his best friend. The three of them had had dinner one night at the Savoy, and a fellow officer had seen them, and Winkie had laughed and said, "Now you'll have to tell everybody."

But it seemed hard to believe that anyone would understand how wonderful and how right it was, because she had met him on a Tuesday and had promised to marry him by Saturday. They made their plans for the wedding in that same pub. She was to be married in white satin and lace, because Roger wanted a dignified, formal wedding, and Uncle Hilary was to come up from his church in Devon to marry them. They had drafted a letter to Uncle Hilary, which was never sent...

A LONG shudder went over her, and all the color drained slowly out of her face. Although two years had passed, she could still hear Winkie's voice over the telephone saying, "Lisa, I've got some bad news for you!" Her stomach curled now, the way it curled that terrible afternoon.

—You had known, even before Winkie told you, that Roger was dead. Winkie wanted to help you, but he had to stay on duty, and the family was in London. There was no one to turn to in the first wild agony of loss, no one to comfort you. So you took the car out of the garage and drove recklessly around the countryside. You were grim and desperate—you felt that life was over. Life, which had been so sweet, and so full of laughter. There was nothing to live for now.

The car whirling through the summer afternoon, a tree looming ahead, and then darkness...

Lisa bowed her head over the wheel. "Oh, Roger, Roger, forgive me! Such a stupid childish thing to do! Not worthy of you, Roger! Are you there? Can you hear me? Oh, my heart's darling, how could I have done that when our love was so fine and so beautiful?"

I was cheap, when I should have been strong and brave!... Roger, darling, can you hear me?"

Another tide of memory flowed into her mind. A slender young man in an American Air Forces uniform looking at her from the other side of a crowded dance floor, his eyes full of lively interest. The sudden throb her heart gave as she saw him coming toward her. Then he was standing beside her saying, "Didn't I meet you at the Montagues?" She was afraid when she said "no" he would make some polite excuse and go away again, but he stood there looking down at her with an engaging smile. "Does it matter very much—because if it does, I'll go and find someone to introduce us. My name is Hamilton."

"And mine," she said with an answering smile, "is Lisa Bellamy."

He sat down beside her, and after a while, although they had not been properly introduced, he asked her to have supper with him. When he said good-night, he asked her for a date the next afternoon. She thought it was just because he was on leave and was lonely. It never occurred to her that it might be anything else. She was genuinely surprised and not a little shaken when, at the end of a week, he told her he was in love with her. He said that, of course, it was too soon to do anything definite about it, but in time it might lead to something really serious. And she wondered if he meant marriage, for by then she knew she was in love with him, too.

And now he was going off to war. The thought which you had pushed to the back of your mind all afternoon was too big to dismiss any longer. In a few hours, perhaps tonight when darkness fell, he was going to climb into a plane with his parachute strapped to his back and take off for an unknown destination, like Roger—and like Roger, he might never come back!

You remember all the things he had said to you, the dear words of love, the little kindnesses, and the way he smiled at you when he was happy. . . . You remembered a certain picnic at Godstow, the sunlight pouring down upon the lazy river and the cool shade under the willows and the water lipping against the sides of the punt. . . . Things shared, never to be forgotten as long as you lived. . . . And, above all, you remembered his unfailing tenderness.

As she sat there, bowed over the wheel of the car, she wondered if he knew the truth about her, if the family had told



COLLIER'S

CHON-DAY



im. She was almost certain they had, or Oliver had behaved very strangely the other night; she had caught a look of fear in his eyes as though he dreaded something. It couldn't be death, because he was sure he wasn't afraid of that.

"Oliver!" she said brokenly. "Oh, Oliver!"

The minutes slipped away. She had lost the train to Reading. She leaned forward and switched on the ignition. When she maneuvered the car out of the ditch, and turned it toward Oxford. She must hurry! Hurry!

"Oliver, Oliver! I'm coming—wait for me! I have something I want to say to you! . . ."

DUSK was falling when she saw the airdrome ahead, lying like a sleeping Mammoth in a curve of the Downs. There were guards around it; she couldn't be allowed to go in, but Oliver could be waiting for her outside the gate.

A moment later she saw him, looking dejectedly in the direction of the railroad station. She blew the horn and he came sprinting toward her with a cry of relief: "Lisa, darling—! What happened to you?"

"Nothing," she faltered.

"Did you miss the train?"

Lisa opened the door of the car without replying and asked him to get in. There was a little pub farther down the road and she motioned toward it. "Let's go there, Oliver. I want to talk to you." "But, Lisa!" he protested, "the vicar is waiting at the church to marry us—we're hours late as it is!"

"I know—but I want to talk to you first."

Only then did he realize what she was saying—the full import of her quiet statement. All the light in his face died suddenly as though someone had blown out a lamp. He stared silently ahead of him at the dusty road while Lisa switched on the ignition again and drove the car into the courtyard of the pub. Lisa walked ahead of him into the crowded bar and asked if there was a private room. Oliver ordered beer for himself and tea for Lisa. Then they were ushered into a small room with a large poster of Clovelly on the wall and the door closed behind them.

"I couldn't talk to you out there," she said. "I had to be alone with you. What I want to say won't take very long."

Oliver sat down heavily in an over-stuffed chair and looked at the fire where new flames were playing among the coals. Lisa sat down opposite him on the sofa and pulled off her gloves. There was an uncomfortable pause while their order was brought in.

"You know everything, don't you, Oliver?" she said at last.

"Know what?" he parried.

"Don't try to pretend you have no idea what I'm talking about. I took the short cut by Wootton, Oliver!" she said meaningly.

She forced him to look at her until their eyes met. "Well," he said huskily, "I suppose it all came back."

"When I saw the tree, it brought it all back."

"Well," he repeated, keeping his eyes on the dusty carpet under his feet, "it was a good thing."

"I remembered everything about Roger and me. There isn't a thing I've forgotten about him, not a day, not an hour."

"Fine!—that means you're completely over your amnesia," he said, and his voice was matter-of-fact and calm, although his face was as gray as the ashes in the grate.

Their eyes met again, and he knew

that she remembered she had tried to commit suicide. But her expression was unchanged, and her eyes were steady. "I wish someone had told me, so I wouldn't have had to find it out this way, but it doesn't matter. . . . What does matter is you."

Oliver shook his head. "That's all right. I'll just tell the vicar you couldn't make it."

Lisa went on as though she had not heard him. "And I remembered a lot of other things—things I can't forget."

"Such as?"

"The Sunday we went to Godstow—how happy we both were. It was so perfect and so sweet that nothing can spoil it. Roger and I never went to Godstow, Oliver. . . ."

He did not say anything. She leaned forward until she could have touched him, but she kept her hands in her lap.

"Oliver, listen to me!"

"Yes, Lisa?" he said, turning from the fire.

"I have all those memories of Roger now—the fun we had together and—and everything. But I can't forget Godstow!"

"Don't you think you'd better wait for a while? You don't know what you want this afternoon. You think it over for a while, and when I come back—"

"No," she said. "I sat under the tree for a long time, Oliver—I've done all the thinking I'll ever have to do. Roger's gone. He's part of the sky and the sea, or wherever it is we go when we're through. He can't come back, Oliver—but you can. You will."

"—And so," she said, taking a deep breath, "I'm thinking of the future, I'm not remembering the past."

"But you can't forget him as easily as that!" protested Oliver. "You were in love with the fellow, and he was in love with you. You haven't had a chance to make up your mind whether you want to be faithful to him or not. That's why I wanted to tell you the other night."

OLIVER rose to his feet, and his eyes were dark with pain. She touched him gently on the arm and he reached for her hand and held it.

"Oliver!"

"Yes, darling?"

"Do you want to marry me this afternoon, or not? I mean, what are your own feelings in the matter?"

"Of course I want to marry you, but—"

"—But you're afraid I'm still in love with Roger. How can I ever make you see that I can remember him, but at the same time I can't forget Godstow, or the things you said that afternoon, or the way you kissed me? I can't forget how we've loved each other!"

He pressed her hand and looked at the dying coals. "I love you terribly, Lisa," he said, "and it would make it a thousand times easier for me tonight when I take off, if we were married. But I don't want you to do this on the spur of the moment and then regret it."

"How can I have any regrets, when I love you the way I do? And anyway," she added, "everything we do nowadays is on the spur of the moment. You've got to learn to think fast."

Oliver paused and she could hear the flames fluttering in the grate and the soldiers laughing in the next room. A plane took off from the airdrome and she heard it whine away across the Downs.

"And if I don't come back—what then?" he said. "Perhaps I might die, like Roger."

"Yes, Oliver," she said quietly, looking up at him, "but this time I'll know how to live."

THE END

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an' power tae th' gentle"*

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Scotch that sets it apart . . .



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GIRLS BECAUSE OF YOUR—

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CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_





## A Letter from a Sailor

Dear Sir: I am a sailor at home on furlough and at the present time I am very *peevish* about the rationing setup.

In the first place, when a man on furlough goes home, he is creating a hardship for his entire family, due to the fact that his immediate family has to furnish the coffee, sugar and gasoline that he uses.

I don't think just because I have on a uniform, that I am a privileged character, but I do believe there should be some method established whereby my family would not have to do without essentials because of me.

It is beside the point that they (my family) are very willing to sacrifice anything in order that I may enjoy a brief visit with them.

It seems as if everything will be rationed in the future. So why doesn't someone take the initiative to see that the families of men in the service are treated better.

**WE** CALL the above a heart-warming and heart-tugging document. It goes to show what manner of men a lot of our fighters are—hard as Fortress armor outwardly, and inwardly

as generous and as concerned for the rights and comforts of other people as the old-time knights were supposed to be.

This sailor's letter reminds us of the yarn some columnist told a while ago, about a soldier who was having breakfast in a dining car and heard a lady at the next table berating the waiter because he could not serve her a second cup of coffee. The soldier listened to the tirade for ten miles or so, then got up, took his own cup of coffee to the lady's table, presented it to her with a bow, and said, "Madam, here is one thing more that I can do for my country." The pay-off was that the lady took the soldier's coffee and drank it.

We hope the hardship which the sailor describes in the above letter can be remedied somehow. It must occur innumerable times now, and will be multiplied all over the country as rationing extends to more and more commodities.

Whether this hitch can be unhitched or not, the letter serves to illustrate what sort of period this country is entering.

We are in an era when we can't eat exactly what we want, burn the kind of fuel we like best, go as far as we'd like to go in the car of a Saturday or Sunday, take a trip to some place we've long wanted to visit.

The war has done it to us, as wars always have done to even the wealthiest and most fortunate of nations.

There is only one thing for us to do about it, and that is to keep the old chins up and co-operate in any and every form of rationing or other restriction that our common sense tells us must be endured as a civilian contribution to the winning of the war.

Some pretty able, trustworthy men, by and large, have been handed various rationing and conservation boss assignments.

William M. Jeffers, rubber conservator, is a rugged railroad executive who has been around, knows that there are exceptions to all rules, and is determined to keep this country on rubber-tired wheels somehow. Paul V. McNutt, manpower boss, is an experienced politician—meaning he must know that you can order Americans into this job or out of that one with safety to yourself, only if they are convinced that your orders make sense.

Claude R. Wickard, now National Food Administrator, with full responsibility for and control over the nation's food program, has already had solid experience as Secretary of Agriculture and is an advocate of people eating more rather than less if it can possibly be arranged.

All three of these men have the positive "nothing is impossible" outlook, rather than the old familiar "can't be done" attitude that possesses the typical bureaucrat, with his small mind and his passion for inflexible rules and regulations whose enforcement makes more jobs for others of his kind.

Harold L. Ickes as Petroleum Co-ordinator has been doing well by general report. Ickes has courage, and nowadays seems to have found a new capacity to co-operate with men skilled in the oil industry.

If the President can keep on making appointments as good as these to key jobs, whose holders will have to muscle in on our private lives as one essential to the winning of the war, we ought to get through the era of rationing and privation as well as could be hoped. It will not be fun, and we cannot string along with those bright, cheery souls who keep yapping at us that all this is going to do us a world of good.

We don't look for it to do any of us any good. But that isn't the point. The point is that we have got to win this war or we shall all be taking orders from Berlin and Tokyo for the benefit of the Axis peoples, not of ourselves. To fend off that calamity, we've got to deprive ourselves now, no matter how disagreeable it may be.

After the war is won, many a bureaucrat will want to keep right on ruling, restricting and regimenting his fellow Americans. It can't be done and it won't be done.

That is not what we are fighting this war for, thank you very much.

We are fighting this war to keep our democratic system; and one essential feature of that system is individual freedom from all but the most elementary interference by public officials with the lives of private citizens. We mean interference by the courts and the police to keep one person from treading too heavily on other persons' toes, and so on.

As soon as the guns fall silent, we shall rear up unanimously and begin to howl for the restoration of our liberties—all our liberties—and we will get them all back.

We have to sacrifice now in order to be free during the long years to come.



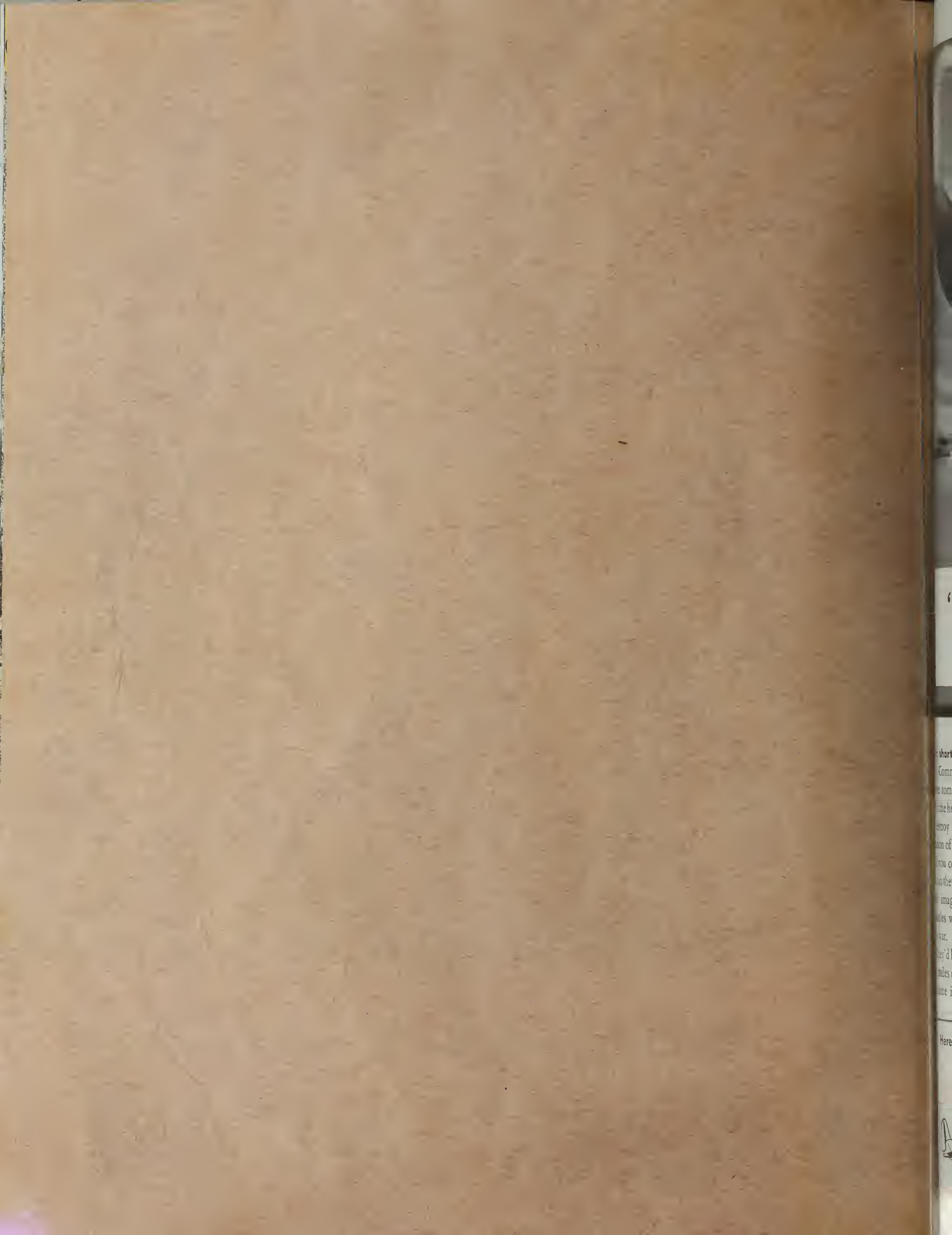


## WHY THE JAPS HATE THE NAZIS BY ROBERT BELLAIRE

DO NOT CUT, TEAR OR DEFACE  
BOOKS OR MAGAZINES

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CALIF.









*"Take it easy, Prince; we'll give you  
a run in London tonight!"*

a short, short way to Tipperary as the  
Command flies away. It will be even  
shorter tomorrow.

For the hearts and hands now building planes  
to destroy our enemies will be turned to the  
creation of a new and better world.

If you could only sit down and talk to the  
men in the aviation division of B. F. Goodrich,  
your imagination would be stirred by the  
miracles which are going to take place after  
this war.

They'd be able to tell you about the weather  
five miles up and the fight they've been waging  
to tame it. They could tell you hair-raising

stories of what ice did to planes before B. F.  
Goodrich De-Icers were developed.

They could tell you of a type of brake  
(called the B. F. Goodrich Expander Tube)  
which does wonders stopping the lightning-  
fast fighter planes we're building today, and  
they'd add, "We think your plane-of-tomorrow  
will have this new kind of smooth-stopping  
brake."

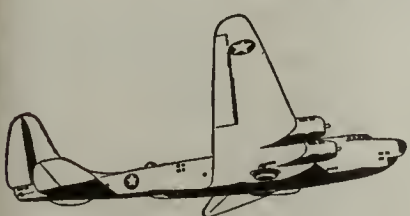
They could show you tires used on bombers,  
like the Flying Fortress, that are taller than you  
are and can absorb the 80-ton shock of landing

one of these giants. You'd recognize the  
name of these tires from your own driving  
experience, because it's "Silvertown."

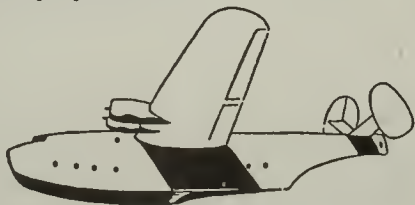
These are only a few of more than 80 natural  
and synthetic rubber products which B. F.  
Goodrich is turning out to hasten the day of  
victory. They'll be here *after* victory, too . . .  
so the airliner you hop for Europe  
will be that much more com-  
fortable—that much safer.



Here are some giant American cargo planes that are supplied  
with B. F. Goodrich equipment!



DOUGLAS B-19



MARTIN MARS





# Picture OF THE MONTH

**SPENCER KATHARINE  
TRACY · HEPBURN**

in  
**KEEPER OF THE FLAME**

*A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture*

**WITH:** *Richard Whorf, Margaret Wy-  
cherly, Forrest Tucker, Frank Craven,  
Horace McNally and Percy Kilbride*

**SCREEN PLAY BY:** *Donald Ogden  
Stewart, based upon the book by  
I. A. R. Wylie*

**DIRECTED BY:** *George Cukor*

**PRODUCED BY:** *Victor Saville; Asso-  
ciate Producer: Leon Gordon*



**CAPSULE REVIEW:** If one were to de-  
scribe the mood of this film, reference might  
be made to "Rebecca", for "Keeper Of The  
Flame" is a story of persistent suspense—  
definite, unswerving, with no resort to little  
tricks of bogus byplay. We see the Forrest  
family holding aloft the torch of tradition—  
the great man who was killed in an accident  
at a bridge. Steven O'Malley, as played by  
Mr. Tracy, is a journalistic inquirer who  
finds his mind and his life caught in the web  
of exaltation that was woven around the late  
Mr. Forrest. Call it a mystery, but certainly  
a different kind of one, for its realism is not  
only active but psychological.

That well-known animal magnetism called  
love which is generated between the two lead-  
ing characters is neither syrupy nor moon-  
drenched. Two strong men, in a sense, have  
come face to face—only one of them is a  
woman. The word 'best' is thrown around  
too easily—but this is Miss Hepburn's best  
performance. She is better than in "Phila-  
delphia Story" or "Woman Of The Year".  
Tracy, ever the master of restraint, gives  
his expected distinguished performance.

"Keeper Of The Flame" was directed by  
George Cukor just before he became Private  
George. Its supporting cast is one of great  
excellence, and it is produced by Victor  
Saville with painstaking care in the MGM  
manner reminiscent of "Random Harvest"  
and "Mrs. Miniver". Its details of atmos-  
phere, the play of light and shade on the  
remarkable personalities, have been captured  
with outstanding cameracraft by Director  
of Photography William Daniels. Miss Wylie  
should be pleased with what has been done to  
her book. And the public certainly will be.

**NOTES ON OTHER PICTURES:** "Stand  
By For Action" is hailed by American Naval  
Officers as the greatest picture of the Navy  
in action ever to have been made.

**TWO MUSICALS:** "Cabin In The Sky" and  
"DuBarry Was A Lady". Watch for both.

WALTER DAVENPORT  
AIMEE LARKIN  
QUENTIN REYNOLDS  
KYLE CRICHTON  
MAX WILKINSON  
JAMES N. YOUNG  
WM. O. CHESSMAN  
HENRY L. JACKSON  
GURNEY WILLIAMS

Politics  
Ditast  
England  
Screen and Theater  
Fiction  
Fiction  
Art  
Fine Feathers  
Articles

CLARENCE H. ROY  
DENVER LINDLEY  
FRANK D. MORRIS  
W. B. COURTNEY  
FRANK GERVASI  
MARTHA GELLHORN  
JIM MARSHALL  
ROBERT McCORMICK  
IFOR THOMAS

Articles  
Fiction  
U. S. Navy in Pacific  
U. S. Army in Far East  
Near East  
Articles  
West Coast  
Washington  
Photographs

# Collier

THOMAS H. BECK Publisher  
WILLIAM L. CHENERY Editor  
CHARLES COLEBAUGH Manager

## ANY WEEK

MR. WENDELL L. WILLKIE'S mail  
was better than ours this week. At least  
one of his letters was. It came from  
Winston Churchill. In it Mr. Churchill  
said: "Your visit to Cairo did no end  
of good and all your most sanguine  
forecasts were borne out by the ensu-  
ing battle." Mr. Willkie was not at all  
eager to have this letter published, but  
we won him over by reminding him  
of what we had printed about his visit  
to the desert. As if he needed remind-  
ing.

**ON PAGE 61 appears a message  
for every alert young woman  
in this country. It is pub-  
lished by the Women's Army  
Auxiliary Corps and shows  
you one vital way in which you  
can help win the war. We urge  
you to read it—every word.**

SOMEHOW, and against our better  
judgment, we got into a nice loud dis-  
cussion of 1943's war outlook. Natu-  
rally, it presently got to postwar talk.  
Somebody inserted the customary  
doleful prophecy of unemployment  
after the fighting stops. But fortunately  
there was a book publisher present.  
"Unemployment?" he cried. "Non-  
sense! Even if we have seven million  
men in our Army, they'll all be busy  
—busy writing books about their ex-  
periences. It is my firm belief, as a  
publisher, that there is not a man or  
woman in America with even the re-  
motest association with our Armed  
Forces who is not now writing a book.  
I shall doubtless publish some of them.  
But I predict that the biggest seller to  
come out of this war will be the tale of  
some fellow who was an extremely bad  
soldier, who saw no action, who was  
nowhere near anyone who was heroic  
or near any place where one could be  
a hero. In other words, the story of a  
guy who was of no use at all to the  
cause of the United Nations. If any  
of you discover such a man, with such  
unusual experiences, will you please  
let me know?"

FROM the home of the Honorable  
Theodore Bilbo, senator from Missis-  
sippi, comes advice that you are quite  
wrong if you believe that Negroes do  
not pay poll taxes in Mississippi even  
if they may not vote. Our informant  
understandably asks us to withhold his  
name. "It is the custom here," says he,  
"for our tax collectors to attach the  
wages of Negroes who work for rail-  
road companies and other large em-  
ployers of Negro labor in order to

collect poll taxes. But there's a catch.  
This attachment and collecting is done  
after the last date for payment has  
passed, so that the tax receipts may  
not be used to insure the privilege  
of voting. Did anyone think of asking  
the filibustering Senator Bilbo about  
this?"

IN AN offhand way, we've been ap-  
proached by several Army people ask-  
ing us to play down the Marines for a  
while and boost the American soldier.  
One suggested that it is in the inter-  
ests of general morale that we make no  
distinction at all in writing of the work  
of American ground forces—that all  
be called just soldiers. We spoke to a  
Marine officer about it. "Maybe they're  
right," said he. "We Marines have been  
having a hard time, though, to save  
enough of the enemy for the Army to  
work on a little. They didn't send us  
to Africa because it wasn't necessary.  
We've been kidding the Army along,  
telling them that they're just as good  
fighters as the Marines, and the damn'  
fools took us seriously and are believ-  
ing us."

A TIMELY bit of intelligence comes  
from a captain of Marines who was  
buying himself a pretty dashing outfit  
in one of New York's high-priced  
shops. A citizen who is no longer  
young but who undoubtedly will ac-  
quit himself with credit was buying a  
Navy overcoat. His wife was present  
to advise. The new Navy officer, sched-  
uled, we'd guess, for a noncombatant  
job, tried on several overcoats without  
any noticeable transformation. Finally  
the salesman looked to the lady for the  
final word. "I'm sure they're all regu-  
lation and very nice," she sighed. "But  
could you do anything to make him  
look less like a policeman?"



WE ARE getting a lot of letters pre-  
dicting the date or approximate date of  
this war's end. The winter of 1943 and  
the spring of 1944 are running neck  
and neck. Too, we're getting letters  
from ladies and gentlemen who deplore  
what they believe to be a growing hope  
that the finish will come sooner than  
that. None of those latter are in the  
fighting forces, of course. They merely  
(Continued on page 50)

## THIS WEEK

JANUARY 23,

### SHORT STORIES

**C. S. FORESTER**

**Notes for Your Guidance.**  
learns anything can hap-  
U. S.

**BETTY DE SHERBININ**

**The Little Victory.** War ga-  
the things he wanted.

**ISABEL SCOTT RORICK**

**Remember the Sabbath.**  
makes it an unholy night  
Mrs. Cugat.

**MICHAEL FOSTER**

**The Fire in Thy Lodge.**  
you defend is home.

**HAROLD LAMB**

**The Black Road.** It led to  
castle—and a girl.

**THE SHORT SHORT STORIES**

**Assigned Theme,** by Robe-  
Davis.

### SERIAL STORIES

**GEORGE F. WORTS**

**Five Who Vanished.** The f-  
parts.

**MARY HASTINGS BRADLEY**

**The Hunters.** The eighth  
parts.

### ARTICLES

**LEO S. DISHER**

**Oran Overture.** Crashing  
in a harbor of death.

**PHIL PERDUE**

**Miracle Bean.** Up-and-com-  
—the soybean.

**DOROTHY KILGALLEN**

**Princess in Exile.** Holland  
safeguards her royal family  
ada.

**ROBERT BELLAIRE**

**Why the Japs Hate the Na-**  
Sons of Heaven think Hitle  
cling in on their "supermen"

**IRINA SKARIATINA**

**Victory at Rzhev.** Picture s  
Russian offensive.

**RUTH CARSON**

**Hats Are Back.** With top-n  
signers to style them.

**FRELING FOSTER**

**Keep Up with the World**

**WING TALK.**

### EDITORIALS

**Youth and War.**

**Taxing Old War Dogs.**

**A Year Ago This Week.**

**Speaking of Peonage.**

**COVER**

**LAWSON**

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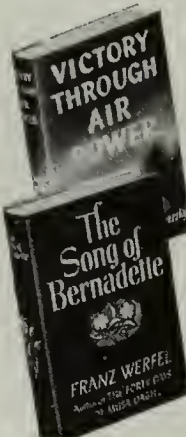
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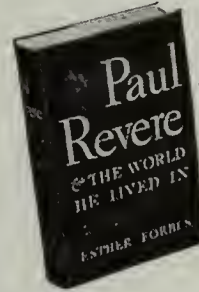
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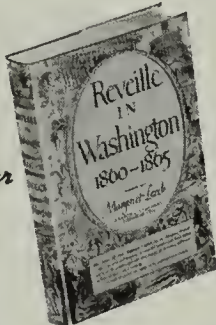


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**DARLING, IN THIS MOONLIGHT YOUR BRISTLES LOOK JUST LIKE PROLON!**

**FLATTERER! I'LL BET YOU TELL THAT TO ALL THE GIRLS**

For years hog bristle made the best tooth brushes... then along came round-end **PROLON**

Actual Photo-Micrographs

PROLON "ROUND-END" ORDINARY BRISTLE

Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic

WITH PROLON BRISTLES A PRODUCT OF DUPONT CHEMISTRY

Next time you buy a tooth brush, keep this in mind: Years of laboratory research have produced amazing new synthetic bristles . . . better, longer-lasting than natural bristle.

And among the new synthetic tooth brush bristles being marketed under various trade names, far and away the best are those made by duPont.

#### PROLON—no finer bristle made

"Prolon" is our name for the very finest grade of this synthetic bristle that duPont makes. So, when you read or hear competitive tooth brush claims, ask yourself this: How can the same duPont bristle, in another brush under another name, last longer or clean better than under the name "Prolon" in a Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush. You know

the answer . . . it can't!

Pro-phy-lac-tic's big plus is that Prolon is the only synthetic bristle that is rounded at the ends.

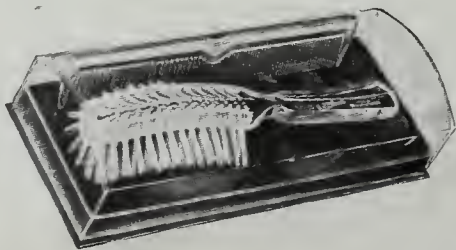
Yes, under a special patented process, exclusive with Pro-phy-lac-tic, we smooth and round the end of each and every Prolon bristle in the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush. See for yourself how much gentler these round ends are on tender gums!

#### Only PROLON has "round ends"

Remember, no other tooth brush has this important feature. So, next time you buy a tooth brush get the best you can buy for your money . . . get the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush—the only tooth brush, by the way, with a written six-month guarantee.

... and don't miss this new line of hair brushes in gleaming Jewelite!

Pro-phy-lac-tic's latest triumph! Dresser sets and toilet brushes in crystal-clear plastic. Choice of four gleaming, jewel colors. Transparent Jewelite backs. Moisture-resistant, snow-white Prolon bristles. \$1.50 to \$10.00—at most brush-goods counters. Illustrated: Roll-Wave, a unique "curved-to-the-head" brush . . . with comb, \$4.50



PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH CO., Florence, Mass.



## KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

No sandwich comes anywhere near approaching the smørrebrød of Denmark in size, variety and color scheme. Laid alongside one another butter side up on a large tray are eight slices of white, brown and black bread covered with generous portions of anchovies, sardines, cheese, veal, lobster, smoked salmon, roast beef, raw oysters and goose liver.—By E. V. Meuhl, Brooklyn, New York.

The only memorial in the United States to German military men of the first World War was erected in 1932 in Asheville, North Carolina. It overlooks the graves of the eighteen enemy sailors who died there in an internment camp in 1918.

Eugene Ely, a civilian aviator, was the first man to fly a plane from the deck of a ship when he took off from the U.S.S. Birmingham in Hampton Roads on November 14, 1910. He was also the first man to land a plane on a ship when he alighted on the U.S.S. Pennsylvania in San Francisco Harbor on January 18, 1911.

On a rock on Adam's Peak in Ceylon, a footlike impression, five feet by two feet, is the object of an age-old dispute among the adherents of three great religions. The Buddhists claim it was made by Buddha, the Hindus claim it was made by their god Siva, and the Mohammedans claim it was made by Adam when he stood there for two centuries, to atone for his sin in the Garden of Eden.—By Blanch Hamilton, Clifton, New Jersey.

The first contingent of America's North African Army required 700,000 different kinds of items of equipment and supplies. Among them were nearly 400 different items of clothing and personal equipment, 10,000 items for the Signal Corps, 68,000 for the Medical Corps and 100,000 for the Engineer Corps, including such things as bridges, trucks, well-drilling equipment, storage tanks and railroad locomotives.

Many persons in Norway still follow the old custom in which both man and wife wear a wedding ring on the third finger of their right hand and, when one dies, the survivor transfers it to the third finger of the left hand. Hence two rings on the left hand and one on the right signify that a woman has been widowed twice and is now married again.

A study of the works of nearly one thousand famous American and British writers to determine at what age they reached their greatest literary ability shows that their masterpieces were written, on the average when they were in their forty-sixth year.—By Grace A. Wagner, Long Island City, New York.

The invention of the Roberts Torpedo in 1866 was followed by the greatest patent litigation in American history. Before the legality of its patent was upheld by the United States Supreme Court in 1880, this device for shooting oil wells was so widely infringed upon that more than 16,000 suits and countersuits were filed, all those brought to a decision being won by the inventor.—By Salvatore Ridolfi, New York, New York.

For every American and Briton who can read and write the Japanese language, there are at least ten thousand Japanese who can read and write English.

Since 1862, when internal revenue laws again became effective, the alcoholic beverage industry has paid more than \$14,000,000,000 in excise taxes to the United States government. Other direct and indirect taxes levied by states and municipalities on dealers and consumers are beyond calculation.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher





## Josiah Sprinkle's oversize dollars

OUT OF THE ROUGH HILLS of Kentucky, one day in the early 1800's, came an old man, Josiah Sprinkle, carrying a sizable buckskin pouch crammed to overflowing with large silver coins.

Entering the town of Washington, the county seat of what was then Bourbon County, he spent his coins as silver dollars, although, other than their outline, they bore little resemblance to the national coin of the period. On one side of the coins was an owl, and on the other a six-pointed star. The inscriptions were rudely done, and the edges of the coins were smooth.

Being considerably thicker and larger than regular dollars, and of pure silver without alloy, they were actually worth more than those minted by the Treasury.

When pressed for information about his oversize dollars, Sprinkle was usually noncommittal.

Only once did he divulge that, many years before, he had discovered a rich vein of silver, had carefully worked it for years, and was now enjoying the fruits of his labors. But where his mine was, he would never say, nor was it ever found out.

We think it may safely be assumed that you are not so fortunate as Josiah Sprinkle. Rich veins of silver are not lying around just for the finding. But you can make your own arrangements to provide yourself with oversize dollars for the times when you need them most. The way you do this is through insurance.

In insurance, you pay out small dollars and get back big ones. This is because of what the economics professors sometimes call the "time utility" of wealth. In plain words, this means that your dollars are worth more to you at some

times than they are at others.

As, for example, when a burglary, a fire, an automobile smashup, or some other unexpected event causes damaging loss of your property, and, perhaps, serious injuries to you. That's when your insurance dollars, available for just such emergencies, look as big as cart wheels.

Your Travelers agent or broker will gladly explain just how you can best provide oversize insurance dollars for any emergency, and assist you in choosing the proper insurance for any hazard against which you want to protect your property, your pocketbook, and yourself.

**MORAL:** Insure in The Travelers. All forms of insurance. The Travelers Insurance Company, The Travelers Indemnity Company, The Travelers Fire Insurance Company, Hartford, Connecticut.



# PATTERN FOR PLEASURE

AS PREDICTED BY DAVE CHAPMAN



NOTED INDUSTRIAL DESIGNER

Dave Chapman . . . though comparatively a newcomer . . . has already become one of the foremost designers in the midwest. Over one hundred million dollars worth of Chapman designed products have been sold in a single year.



What do you think the radio of the future will be like? We have asked that question of a score or more of America's most noted industrial designers. Pictured above is the intriguing prediction that comes from the gifted pencil of designer Dave Chapman.

While both great Admiral plants are devoted exclusively to the production of radio communication equipment for our armed forces, Admiral engineers are already thinking and planning for the day when victory shall be ours. When that day comes, look again to Admiral . . . world's largest manufacturers of radio-phonograph combinations with automatic record changers . . . for "America's Smart Set" and exciting new adventures in radio entertainment. Continental Radio & Television Corporation, Chicago, U.S.A.

**TUNE IN . . .** 2:30-2:55 p.m. New York time, Sunday afternoon. Admiral Radio brings you "World News Today" over the Columbia Network . . . with direct short wave reports from the leading news centers of the world.

**Admiral**  
RADIO

**A M E R I C A ' S      S M A R T      S E T**



**WING TALK**

Officers' caps with the nonchalant droop indicate wearer belongs to the A.A.F., who customarily move wire stiffening. In group above are Generals Frank, C-dee, Eaker, Hunter and Spa. Carrying torch for the ground forces, General Eisenhower, right.

**H**ITLER used to win important victories without bloodshed by showing prominent visitors from neutral countries how strong Germany was. An inspection tour of the Reich's great aircraft and tank factories and its well-drilled land and air forces often was all that was needed to influence a wavering neutral country to enter the Nazi camp.

This one-time potent argument seems to have lost its force as an Axis weapon. Hitler's device has been used against him by Uncle Sam. Recently groups of officials and correspondents from the leading neutral nations have been invited to the United States and given a good look at our growing might. The result has been highly satisfactory to the Allied cause.

There were, for instance, the top-notch Turkish newspapermen who have just left America, following a trip through our arms plants and military, naval and air bases.

Several of the group had learned the rudiments of their profession at our Columbia University School of Journalism, but they were neither pro-United States nor pro-Axis; just pro-Turkey. They were much impressed with what they saw here. This was evident in their observations and their dispatches to their papers at home. Some of the group doubled in brass as both editors and government officials, so their views will have great weight in Turkey—easily the most important remaining neutral.

One of the visiting newsmen, after seeing the huge new aircraft factory at Willow Run, Michigan, cabled his paper that he believed it will turn out more planes than all the Axis plants put together. All of them were especially interested in finding out how we were going to meet the U-boat menace. A stay at the Kaiser shipyards did much to answer them here.

What made the trip especially valu-

able was that the group had just come from a tour of Germany. They were taken through great aircraft factories and arms plants as of old, but this was not what they particularly wanted to see. Just as in the United States they wanted to know how we would be able to beat the Axis submarines, so in the Reich they sought to find out how the Germans fared as to food and raw materials.

At first, they were greatly impressed. Everywhere they went, there seemed to be plenty of good food. They stopped at hotels, and the menus were surprisingly rich for a nation at war—especially one that in prewar days had given butter for cannon.

Some of the Turkish newsmen, however, soon began to smell a rat. The meals, though very good, were so very much alike. Was the New Order re-education so effective that the kitchens of Germany's best hotels all cooked according to party formula? Could it be possible that the best chefs of the country—egotistical and individualistic—are all true artists—had given up their own famed sauces and dressings and were following a Goebbels cookbook?

The Yankee-trained Turkish reporter did a little leg work. They found out that a perambulating Nazi commissar accompanied them. An entire kitchen crew with special supplies of food took over the hotel while they were there. When they moved on to another hotel in another city, the chefs and suppliers moved with them. And after they left the menus at the hostelrys went back to cabbage and potatoes. The backfire Nazi trick helped answer the principal question in their minds as to Germany's chances of winning the war.

**H**AVE you ever noticed that some Army officers' caps stand up stiffly and smartly, while others droop in a rather nonchalant manner? Look farther

(Continued on page 50)



## BLADES OF WRATH

THOUGH the mist of an English shadow comes a gigantic bomber. Across its battle-scarred nose is the name . . . *Spirit of Coventry*. As the setting sun catches the spin "props," it lifts its great wings gone.

In the sky above rocks with the of hundreds of Lancasters. From . . . and Kent . . . and Coventry rise . . . from every corner of and they come. The greatest strike force man has ever launched in . . .

*There will be blood on the moon tonight  
Germany . . .*

After night propellers made by Nash-Kelvinator have carried these . . .  
leading hosts on high . . .

Best on Britain's great Lancasters  
now on many of America's planes

—these staunch blades of wrath are veterans of hundreds of "fiercely opposed operational flights."

Each blade is so beautifully machined and matched with its brothers that a puff of a man's breath sends them turning in a fifteen-foot arc! Yet so powerful that they help take a thirty-ton bomber aloft and pull it along at 300 miles an hour.

A miracle of precision workmanship! Yet—this is only one of the many war production jobs entrusted to the skilled craftsmen of Nash-Kelvinator, who yesterday made refrigerators and automobiles.

All that we have—in men, machines and skill—is being poured into the job to get it done . . .

For they are *our* sons, too . . . those fearless fighters of the sky.

NASH-KELVINATOR CORPORATION

Keep the battle rolling—with War Bonds and all the scrap we can collect!

**NASH**  **KELVINATOR**

Our duty is twofold: To help build weapons for Victory and to help build the kind of America our boys have a right to expect when they come home.







## Telephone wire coming up

Here's a bomber-gunner hurrying to load his 50-calibre gun. . . .

In peace, a lot of that copper would have gone into new telephone lines. Now it's needed for shooting and winning the war.

That's why we can't build new lines right now. That's why we're saying—"Please don't place Long Distance calls to war-busy centers unless it's absolutely necessary."

Thanks for all your help and we hope you will keep on remembering.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

**WAR CALLS  
COME FIRST**





# Notes for Your Guidance

By **C. S. Forester**

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST

The sad case of a heroic young Englishman who went to Texas without an interpreter. He said too little and too late

SOME of the troubles that the squadron leader got into were undoubtedly due to the fact that his name was Eric Price-Marshall; some of them were due to the fact that, as a result of his early environment, he talked exactly like a stage Englishman in a Broadway comedy (there are really very few Englishmen who do talk like this); but the principal factor which, oddly enough, landed him in a military prison in Texas, was that he had mumps in Buckingham Palace.

Not many people can boast of having had mumps in Buckingham Palace, but then not many people (in fact, only three or four in the whole world) can boast of having a second bar to the D.F.C. It was to receive this supreme distinction that Eric was visiting Buckingham Palace.

He had just emerged convalescent from the hospital, because in his last action, the one in which he won that second bar, he had been slightly wounded. On his leave, between the hospital and Buckingham Palace, he had somehow caught the mumps but just how he had done so it might be more gentlemanly not to inquire. All we know is that he was seen dining with Marjorie Combermere-Clough at the Savoy one evening and we know that Marjorie put in some time later on in an A.T.S. isolation hospital.

Even squadron leaders with two bars to the D.F.C. are only human, especially when they are only twenty-two

and are under orders for immediate foreign service. That is the time when they catch mumps from attractive officers in the A.T.S. some way or another.

On the day of the investiture at Buckingham Palace, Eric had felt groggy and out of sorts; but when one has an appointment with King George, one does not allow a trifling indisposition to hold one back. So Eric walked over to the Palace from his hotel in the hope that the walk would make him feel better and, philosophically, was not very surprised when the treatment was unsuccessful.

He found his way to the right entrance with the readiness of long practice—for this was the third time that, in obedience to a royal command, he had waited upon His Majesty—and under the instructions of an official of the Lord Great Cham-

berlain he took his place in the line of officers moving forward to receive their decorations. By this time his head was swimming and he was experiencing difficulty in swallowing.

That same official (a kindly old gentleman in staff officer's uniform with a quadruple row of ribbons, who had marshaled him into line) began to eye Eric oddly the nearer he approached to the Presence; he hesitated about taking Eric out of the line, and against his better judgment and to his subsequent regret, he allowed him to proceed. Those last few minutes, while Eric was receiving his decoration, saw a remarkable acceleration in the progress of the disease. By the time Eric was leaving the big room quite a group of officers and officials were waiting for him.

Eric blinked sleepily at the group which came crowding into his cell, then blinked again more earnestly. "Good heavens!" said the air vice-marshal. "That's Price-Marshall"

"Just a minute, Squadron Leader, please," said the official in staff officer's uniform.

Eric halted and stood at attention.

"Do you feel quite well?" asked another officer with the badge of the R.A.M.C. on his uniform.

"Er—not very, been a bit under the weather all morning," said Eric.

"Is your face always that shape?" asked the doctor.

"What shape?" demanded Eric, not







a little affronted despite his dizziness.

The doctor indicated a gilded Louis Seize mirror hanging on the wall and Eric glanced into it. It was quite an unpleasant sight that he saw there. Eric was vaguely reminded of a hippopotamus that he had seen at the zoo.

"Heavens!" he said, after a second glance.

"Just come in here a minute," said the doctor, and the whole worried group of them made their way into a side room once sacred to ambassadors.

"Sit down there," said the doctor, turning Eric's face to the light. "Open your mouth. Say Ah. Turn this way. Does that hurt?"

"Ouch," said Eric.

"I thought so," said the doctor; "you've got mumps."

"By Jove!" said Eric.

"What do you mean by coming to the Palace with an infectious disease?" demanded the staff officer. "A highly infectious disease, I believe, isn't it, Sir Ronald?"

"Goodness knows how many people you have infected," said another official, the one with the empty sleeve, glaring at Eric indignantly.

"Perhaps," said the most white-haired of all the officials, "perhaps you have even infected—"

He could not possibly finish this speech, but everyone could guess what he meant to say and looked at one another in horror of the bare idea.

"I am wondering what action I shall take, Squadron Leader," said the staff officer, "and—"

"Well," interposed the doctor, "no matter what action you decide upon, the sooner we get him out of the Palace the better. I will write the order to hospitalize him."

"I am under orders to go to the United States this afternoon," said Eric, speaking up for himself at last.

"The United States will have to do without you for a week or two," said the doctor, and then, turning to the staff officer: "How can we get him out of the Palace without the public seeing him?"

That was how it came about that Squadron Leader Eric Price-Marshall did not leave for America in accordance with his orders, and how he came to be separated from his kit and his uniforms, which had already preceded him, and how, when he eventually set foot on

American soil, after a hideously uncomfortable fifteen hours in a bomber, his arrival was quite unheralded and the American authorities had given him up for lost.

Eric had spent fifteen cold and cramped hours in a bomber; he now spent three highly luxurious days traveling to Texas from the place where the bomber landed him.

For reading matter he had a pamphlet in his pocket, "Notes for Your Guidance," which a thoughtful Air Ministry had provided for the instruction of R.A.F. cadets and officers proceeding to the United States.

"You are going to America as guests," he read, "therefore you will receive almost unbounded hospitality."

That was certainly true, as Eric discovered in the observation car. It took him a little while to recover from the shock of being identified as an Englishman the moment he opened his mouth, but he had no sooner explained that he was a Spitfire pilot, wounded in action over the Channel, come to America to give tactical instruction to the United States Air Corps, than the hospitality began. People had a little difficulty

"Hands up!" rasped a voice, a Eric's dazzled eyes could barely make out the pistol with which the order was backed up. He put up his hands. "A holdup, what?" he said.

sometimes in understanding him, than to that ridiculous accent of his, and the were moments when he reciprocated the not understanding what was said to him in reply, but on the whole that railway journey was a tremendous success.

"Sensitize your mind," he read in his instructions, "listen more than you talk. Think of Americans as your distant cousins whom you do not know well but hope to know better. If you speak the standard English of the South you will be accused in America of having an English accent."

That was true too—and it must be remembered that Eric's accent was something even more pronounced than the "standard English of the South." Brother officers in his own mess had been known to smile at it. When they heard it first they had to glance at the ribbons on his breast and remind themselves that this

(Continued on page 22)



# CRAN OVERTURE

By **Leo S. (Bill) Disher**

UNITED PRESS CORRESPONDENT IN NORTH AFRICA

BY RADIO FROM LONDON

Loaded with high explosives and ammunition, crammed in the gunwales with Commodore and American shock troops, an old American Coast Guard cutter smashed the boom at Oran in the face of heavy fire. Here is the story of one of the most spectacular operations of the war

HERE was this kid from Kentucky, Lieutenant George Lawrence of Cadiz, stretched out in an armchair in the officers' lounge, swaying to the roll of an old American Coast Guard cutter that pushed southward toward the African coast. He took off his tin hat and let strong fingers drum against its rounded dome. Absently he

Onward sailed the six hundred!" When he looked up and grinned sheepishly. The old cutter—now known as H.M.S. Walney and flying the British flag—pitched through the blackness.

Across the lounge there was Mike, holding his glass against flickering light. Mike was a captain. Not long before he had climbed to the crow's-nest to watch the ships of the greatest armada of the war file out toward Africa while the Walney patrolled against U-boats.

"That sight was wonderful," he said, "Jersey Island twang coming quick in my voice. 'That sight and this Madeira won't forget as long as I live.'"

There was a young Lieutenant John S. Cole, Jr., of Lexington, Kentucky, sitting next to Mike.

"I wonder," he said softly, "I wonder if my kid's born yet. I wish I'd heard from my wife. I keep wondering."

Pimms, the navigator, said, "Damn it, the whisky's getting low. This ship won't get back her liquor supply."

The Walney rolled harder. We were heading to port because of the great extra weight of ammunition, depth charges and guns. It wasn't a good sign. We'd already had two engine breakdowns that took time for repair.

The chief engineer, his lips tight and his fists clenched, came from the captain's cabin. He poured a drink. Sweat stood out on his red forehead. He had to talk to somebody.

"The old boy called me in," he said. The old boy said: 'Chief, what you're about to say is the most important thing you ever said in your life. We are heading for Oran. We are going to break the boom in Oran harbor. Do you understand? We're going in with two old Coast Guard cutters and two motor launches under the guns of seven French shore batteries and eight warships. We are going to land Commando and American troops and naval ratings, capture the port, and board the warships.' "The chief engineer gulped his drink. "That's what he said. And he said, 'Hundreds of lives depend on what you say. If you say these old engines won't make it, we will transfer to a destroyer. If you say they will, we go ahead. And if they don't, so help me God, I'll have you court-martialed.' " The glass thumped down firmly

on the table. The chief engineer wiped a big hand across his mouth.

"I told him okay," he said. "I said: 'Sir, on my professional honor . . . they'll take us there.' "

The kid from Kentucky opened his mouth as if to say, "Onward . . ." but shut it before the words came out.

Next day a soldier on the transport just ahead of us lost his nerve and plunged from the deck into the water. We picked him up. He was in a state of collapse and was taken to our sick bay.

"There's a guy who really fell out of the frying pan into the fire," Mike said, grimly. "I hope nobody tells him where we're headed."

Everybody knew now that our luck depended upon two questions: Would the French at Oran resist? Would the warships there steam out to meet us as we went in after the main invasion began?

That night at eleven o'clock there was a hurried conference to decide what to do about a French cruiser which we learned was in the harbor. It was agreed that if necessary we would run close to the cruiser, board her with grappling irons, and try to take her with tommy guns and hand grenades. It wouldn't be any picnic. Our ship was loaded to the gunwales with ammunition, dynamite, bombs and grenades. We were a floating can of gunpowder.

"I have great confidence," the skipper told me later. "I believe we've got a good chance of getting in and doing the job." He pulled hard on his cigarette.

The blacking out of the men started. Black grease paint was passed around. Men began putting it on their faces and hands.

I propped myself up in a chair at midnight; my ankle had been broken on board ship two days earlier and was in a cast, gleaming white. Commando troops blackened with grease paint.

I began writing my story for the United Press, date-lined, "Aboard a British sloop-of-war approaching Oran"—The chief engineer stopped beside me.

"If you get out of this and I don't," he said in a low voice, "will you send this card to my wife? And tell her—"

## Floating the Plaster Cast

An American who had been reading a biography of Stonewall Jackson tossed the book on a table, looked at the cast on my ankle and laughed.

"When the bullets came," he said, "there stood Disher like a stone wall."

It was about time for action. I got my crutches and practiced hobbling around the wardroom. Already the surgeons, one American and one British, were busy there. I got a tube life preserver and fastened it around the cast on my foot so it would float in the water. I put another around my chest. Mike came in just after midnight. He had enough dynamite strapped around himself to sink the ship. There was a knife strapped to his leg. With his face blackened he looked a little like an end man in a minstrel show, but nobody mentioned it because we all knew what Mike was going to do if the old Walney failed to break the boom. He was going over the side and dynamite it.

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Correspondent Disher, wounded when his ship came under fire of French shore batteries as it broke the boom protecting the harbor of Oran. Here he is chatting with U. P. Foreign Editor Joe Alex Morris, left; London U. P. Manager Edward Beattie and Nurse Eleanor Ungerland of Brooklyn

After the shooting: three American soldiers walk in perfect security down the main street of Oran, while the residents of the seaport city stand by to watch without resentment





# MIRACLE BEAN

BY PHIL PERDUE

PHOTOGRAPH BY LARRY MONAHAN

It's the lowly soy—eventually you may walk on it, sit on it, ride on it and wear it. Above all, you'll eat it, for it's full of vitamins and good for man and beast

A tableload of soybean products, including everything needed for a complete meal—from soup to nuts



WHEN Herr Schicklgruber, years ago, making out a shopping list for stock war pantry, he put down planes, tank marines and guns. Then he jotted down soy. Much as we hate to admit it, Mr. Hitler was doing exceptionally good sense. The soybean has won him more than a few battles to date. In fact, rather competent military minds believe with that the soybean may be the "secret weapon" which Der Fuehrer has been mumbling of late.

In the insignificant-appearing little bean, has found lubricants for his war machines, glycerin for his bombs, paint for warships, plastics, and, most important, a near-perfect food for his Nazi troops and war workers. German army refer to their official soya manual (issued by German High Command and containing 278 recipes) as frequently as a new bride reaches for her book.

If Hitler thinks, however, that Germany has never on the secrets of processing, milling and cooking that potent and versatile vegetable, he is apt to be cruelly shocked by forthcoming reports from his secret agents. When it comes to knowledge of the nutritional nuggets to be found in the soybean, our food scientists, as usual, are in the front row.

They have found that soybean flour has three times the protein content of meat, produces energy with a minimum of fatigue, is alkaline in reaction, promotes a gram-positive intestinal flora that prevents what radio announcers allude to as "intestinal flatulence," is an excellent source of vitamins and minerals, builds nerves, and has antihemorrhagic value.

All of which prompts Lieutenant Colonel Cartwright, U.S.M.C. commissary officer, to observe: "The obvious conclusion is that it should head the list as the best of all foodstuffs for military rations."

Bearing this out, a majority of the world's armies, including our own, are marching on and replete with soybean products. Each German soldier carries a three-day emergency ration of edibles, and the Chinese and Japs, from whom the Germans borrowed the idea, long have depended on soy for their body-building proteins.

## Soy Flour Improves Army Sausages

Just how much of this wonder food is going into our own Army rations is the quartermaster's secret, but the Army isn't letting any soybean stalks get under its feet. Soy flour is being included in the Army's K ration for paratroops "to provide as complete a nonmeat protein as possible." It will soon replace the Army's pork link sausage to stretch the meat supply, improve the product nutritionally and lower cost. Soy flour also is being tried in bakery products: soups, gravies, cereals, pancakes, muffins, waffles, bread, and even in fruit-juice drinks. All have stood the test of the mess table.

Soybean flour, which is basically a protein food and not a starch like wheat flour, is as cheap as sugar and nutritious, and vice versa. One pound of soy flour contains as much protein as about three dozen eggs, or quarts of milk, or two pounds of boneless meat.

When you figure this flour at 4½ cents a pound, which is what the government has been paying for it, you can get out your comptometer and nutrition charts and get answers like these: For each 100 grams of protein, your eggs, steak and milk cost from 8 to 10 times as much as soy flour. On the basis of calories, your round steak costs about ten times more, your cutlet twenty-five times more, and cheese four times more.

Soy flour is a natural for stretching our meat rations. You can't, of course, transform a pound of soy into a sizzling, juicy porterhouse, but you can mix it in meat loaf, sausage, meat pie, and other stews and dishes, and get something really worth while. Mix a quarter of a pound of soy flour with three quarters of a pound of ground meat adds up to a pound of tasty loaf that is more nutritious yet appreciably cheaper than a pound of solid meat.

But meat is not all. You can use soy flour in a hundred other ways. Mix it in wheat flour, sprinkle it in cereal (if the manufacturers haven't already included it), use it to improve nutritionally gravy, soups, stew, mashed potatoes, cookies, chile con carne—almost infinitum. Or you can eat the green vegetable soybeans just as you would any other beans.

Soya products are now included in concentrated soups distributed by the Agricultural Marketing Administration for the nationwide community school lunch program. These soups (Continued on page 6)





# The *Little Victory*

By Betty de Sherbinin

ILLUSTRATED BY WARREN BAUMGARTNER

Juaquo knew that Clota had to be still for the artist. But this afternoon it was different. He went toward the artist and said, "There's a fever in the town"

Juaquo was a simple man, with simple wisdom. He knew that nowadays people cannot trust luck, or they will be defeated

GRADUALLY Juaquo realized what the German was about. That the knowledge came slowly was natural, as Juaquo was not educated to suspicion. He was a lad of twenty, dark as the caoba wood of his native hillside, red straight and strong as the tree, but ignorant in the ways of town people. He was from above Angras, from the green hillsides that overlooked the little harbor. There he and others like him lived in thatched huts by the side of the red earth path. There was plenty on the hillside, of fruit, of coffee, of cane to sweeten it, and fish from the sea below. The half-deserted port below was nearer to the world and its struggles. Its

people fussed with buying and selling, gathering a cargo for the dilapidated ship that came in occasionally, trying to make something from the sailors who came ashore from the patrol boat, when it docked on its inspection trips. And it was among these people that Meyer, better known as the German, ran the store and the post office. And for Meyer the German, Juaquo worked without suspicion—until the day it was rumored there was fever in the town. Juaquo was carrying in stores, piling them behind the counter and going back for more. Each trip he heard something new, for the store had filled with people and the excitement was considerable. It seemed a family had come down the valley with a sick child and the story of how another had died. At first Juaquo was unconcerned. It had nothing to do with him. He had no intention of working for the German permanently—there was no sense in

lending his strength to the building of another man's prosperity. He was working for a fine bed and some things. And when he had them he would marry Clota, who was so young and so tormentingly beautiful that it hurt him to think of her. It would be soon . . . very soon, providing there were no complications. AND more and more people kept coming into the store. Not to buy but to discuss. They came from all the twenty families in Angras. They kept questioning Meyer as if he knew exactly what the dangers were—and Meyer stood there all afternoon talking to them, and behind him stood Otto, the big red son who ran the little post office and sent the messages out on the telegraph machine. Meyer was as big as his son, but big around the middle, not about the shoulders. His skin was light; the sun inflamed it, the pressure of his blood blotched it when he was angry or excited. And his large head was kept shaved in

the heat. He was a man who did not spare his own energy, or the energy of those who worked for him. And with his activities he had done himself some good. He owned warehouses behind the store where he kept bits of coffee he bought up and held until he had a shipload. He owned the store. And much of Angras was his. Because of this, he was a man whose opinion people considered. "It's bad," Meyer kept telling the people, his tongue dealing heavily with the language he had never been able to master. "It's bad when the doctor is not here." And Otto, still behind him, shook his head. And the crowd, catching the sentiment, shook theirs. Juaquo as he went back for another load kept wishing the afternoon were over and the people were gone so that the German would close the place and let him go. And then, with the shadows  
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# PRINCESS IN EXILE

BY DOROTHY KILGALLEN

A visit to the crown princess of the Netherlands just before the birth of this continent's first royal child—a child that will mean new hope for patriotic Dutchmen all over the world

AS THEY came toward the house, making small deep footprints in the snow, the little girls looked like illustrations from Hans Christian Andersen—two plump Dutch dolls with silky golden hair, sky-blue eyes, and cheeks glowing with the red of fire engines.

Their mother looked out of the window into the strong sunlight and said, "Here come the children now," and in a moment they were bursting into the room in a bedlam of mittens, snow suits, galoshes and soprano voices, to surround "Mammie" and have her take off their outer wrappings. The mother tugged at overshoes and unzipped snow suits and unbuttoned sweaters with both hands, deftly, as if she had done it many times.

Smiling, she looked up and exclaimed, "Such a nuisance, all this dressing and undressing!" but her face, as she pulled off the knitted caps and smoothed the children's yellow hair, showed clearly that she felt the "nuisance" to be a very happy task for any mother—even for H.R.H. Juliana, of the Netherlands, Princess of Orange-Nassau, Duchess of Mecklenburg, Princess of Lippe-Biesterfeld, Queen-to-be of Holland in peaceful days to come.

Americans, unaccustomed as they are to royalty, would have understood that simple scene as they have never understood jeweled scepters and gilded thrones, for it is a scene that is duplicated on any winter day in Montana farmhouses and Massachusetts mansions. The Crown Princess of the Netherlands, in her Can-

adian exile, is awaiting the birth of her third child—a child which may be the first king of Holland since 1890—in circumstances as closely approximating the life of an average middle-class citizen as any royal person ever has been permitted to achieve.

She lives in a rented house not an inch too big for her family, in Rockcliffe Park, a modestly fashionable suburb of Ottawa, Ontario. She keeps only two servants, a cook and a parlormaid. She takes care of her own children, with the help of two friends who share her exile. She buys her children's clothes in the unpretentious Ottawa shops, where she delights the salesgirls by asking—and taking—their advice; she attends the local movie house; she has been seen shopping in the five-and-ten. Her new child will be born, not in a palace as were Beatrix and Irene, but in an Ottawa hospital, with what the princess fervently hopes will be as little fuss as possible.

Even Juliana's natural simplicity, however, cannot minimize the rapt interest surrounding the coming of this first child of European royalty to be born on the North American continent. If it should be a boy, excitement in Holland is certain to be so overwhelming that the people have been implored, by short-wave radio, not to provoke the Germans by making wild demonstrations when they hear the good news.

The princess herself shyly refuses to predict whether she will need a pink or a blue nursery. "I think it is better not to have premonitions," she says, adding

the inevitable soliloquy of all mothers-to-be, "If it is a boy I will be very happy, of course, but if it is a girl I will be very happy too. It does not matter."

There was a glow about her as she sat in the tiny morning room chatting about the children, her mother, her husband, Holland, and her people. Her face is pleasant and alert, her manner bright, rather sweet. Photographs never do her justice because they do not show that her eyes are a lively flower blue, her hair the pale brown color of honey, her skin fine and fair. When she talks she takes on great charm; her unquenchable qualities of intelligence and sympathy and sincerity begin to shine through the half-regal, half-girlish reticence.

She explained, with no breath of self-pity in her voice, that her husband, Prince Bernhard, now in England as aide to the queen, will not make the trip to Canada to be with her when her third child is born. The reason for this is simple and Spartan. Juliana realizes that other Dutchmen in exile are unable to return to their homeland no matter how badly their wives need them, and she does not wish to assume any privileges that cannot be shared by her countrymen.

She saw her husband only three times last year—each time because he was sent on a government mission that took him to or near Canada—and she considers herself very lucky.

"In 1941," she recalled, "we met only once."

Juliana and the youthful, speed-loving Prince of Lippe-Biesterfeld (who has

successfully lived down the handicap of being a German and is regarded by people as one hundred per cent Dutch) have been married since 1937 and have always been considered one of the most romantically mated and happiest of European royal couples. Certainly they were among the most conscientious and intelligent in their concern for their people.

Before the German invasion, they inaugurated the custom of playing host and hostess to regular gatherings of young people at their beautiful Soestdijk Palace—discussion groups at which young professionals would debate topics of economics and social questions. The prince and princess both entered freely into the discussions, contributed much to them and learned much from them.

Juliana, as a result, has a strong and shining admiration for the generation which will assume the job of rebuilding her nation when the war ends.

"I don't say this because it is my generation, but the younger generation of Holland is extremely progressive—we are progressive even before the threat of war," she said earnestly. "Of course, the progressiveness was sped by the war—but the foundation was there. Those young people were prepared for many of the very fine things, in the moral sense that the war has brought."

## Flight from Danger

When the invaders descended from the sky and the possibility was great that she like her mother, might be taken as hostage by the invaders, Juliana left her country, with her husband and daughter, aboard a British destroyer which the Nazis tried desperately to bomb.

Later, when it became desirable that she and her children remove to the greater safety of Canada, the princess acceded, convinced that her first responsibility lay in safeguarding the future of the House of Orange while her mother and husband in England work unceasingly to carry on the government of the Netherlands.

The Dutch approve this. Today, every church service in Holland starts with prayers for the queen and the princess. This is unlawful, but the Germans have no alternative except to pretend they do not hear the prayers. They are up against their old problem of not being able to arrest the population of an entire country.

Of the Holland that is now under the heel of the Nazis, the young woman who will some day be queen spoke with pity and quiet anger and fierce pride. "The Germans can have all the professors of psychology they want," she said contemptuously, "but they will never understand the Dutch people."

She receives daily cables containing all possible news of Holland and is informed of all underground movements. She does not disguise her triumphant pleasure in reporting that the stolid but courageous Dutch have proved eminently successful at sabotage.

"They have been asked not to do anything violent which would react upon themselves, but they have accomplished a great deal by slow-down movements everywhere and by accidents." She smiled at that last word.

"It's very interesting to notice how the

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Brought from war-torn Europe to safeguard the future of the House of Orange, Princess Juliana and her children live quietly in Canada. — Irene, left, Beatrix and Prince Bernhard



KARSH—COURTESY NETHERLANDS INFORMATION BUREAU





Mr. Hemingway and Mrs. Cugat set to work. It was only a matter of moments before a somewhat flattened Louderback was brought to light

## REMEMBER THE SABBATH

By Isabel Scott Rorick

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

The calamitous affair of Mr. Cugat and the cellar shelves. An enlightening story of the All-America headache—the job-bungling handy man

SOME men are what is known as “handy around the house.” They can, if need be, fix a dripping faucet, plane off a door that sticks, put up a hook in the back hall or paint the cellar steps. The craftsmen of the genus have workshops in their basements, expensively equipped, and will turn out, in their spare time, an occasional end table for the living room or furniture for the yard. The dreamers, touched with genius, will devote whole lives to model planes or trains—or ships in bottles. Mr. Cugat, though, was none of these.

He was a good provider—sober and industrious, well thought of in financial circles for sagacity and acumen, an excellent poker player and a natural athlete, but he was about as handy as a seal in mittens. Mr. Cugat had been spared, however, any realization of this. His confidence in himself was modest but sublime. In spite of the fact that the base plugs he investigated blew the main fuse, door knobs he tightened came off in his hand, plaster cracked, glass shattered, nails bent double, paint formed puddles and he always cut himself, he was wont to say offhandedly that he must get

around to fixing this or that some of these days, so as to “get it done right for once.”

Fortunately for everybody concerned, the jobbing department of a contracting firm by the name of B. Allerton and Sons Co., at the urgent behest of Mrs. Cugat, generally got around first and, at a price, put things to rights before they could again come to Mr. Cugat's notice.

But one night after dinner he said in a businesslike tone, “I want to look at the basement.”

“What for?” asked Mrs. Cugat uneasily.

“Well, I bought a little wine today. I've decided to lay some away. Start a cellar. The Lord only knows how much longer we'll be able to get anything imported, so I thought I'd buy some while I could and I want to see where's the best place to keep it.”

“Oh,” she said, relieved. The hot water heater had been acting up again and she was afraid he'd decided to look into it. The last time he'd looked into the hot water heater he'd had to go around for a month without any eyebrows. “There's the fruit room,” she said hesitantly, leading the way down the stairs.

The fruit room, however, not unnaturally, appeared to be full of fruit. But clear it out and it was just what he needed. Yes siree! A narrow strip of wood could be nailed along the back of the shelves and another along the front, so that the bottles could be tipped and it was dark and cool. He began making enthusiastic plans.

“But where will we put the jelly?” protested Mrs. Cugat. “There aren't shelves anywhere else and Anna and I planned to can a lot this year—vegetables and things—because of the war.”

“Oh, we can put up a few shelves somewhere else for that,” said Mr. Cugat easily. “There's plenty of room in the laundry.”

“Well, all right,” she acceded doubtfully. “I'll call Allerton's in the morning, then.”

“Allerton's!” he expostulated, shocked. “Do you happen to know, young lady, how much you have to pay a carpenter, per hour, these days?”

MRS. CUGAT, of course, did not. Neither did Mr. Cugat, when pinned down, but anyway, it was universally known to be an exorbitant wage and like throwing money into the street to call one in for just a few shelves. He'd put up a few shelves for her and her jellies—some Sunday after golf. Order up the lumber tomorrow, he said indulgently, and he'd do it this Sunday! Mrs. Cugat attempted tactful dissuasion, but he'd begun to like the idea. Very well, leave it to him then, he'd order the lumber himself, the first thing in the morning. He had a customer, as a matter of fact, who could probably get it for him wholesale. Was there some kind of rule around? He'd just take the necessary measurements.

Mrs. Cugat, actually impressed, produced the tape measure from her knit-

ting bag and he repaired, whistling, to the laundry to stretch it professionally here and there, eyes narrowed.

Perhaps Mrs. Cugat's tape measure was to blame or maybe the obliging customer was simply overgenerous but the truckload of lumber that rolled into the yard the next afternoon looked like a lot. Mrs. Cugat, anxiously, from a window, watched while three men took just under an hour to unload it—partly on the new perennials. Anna exclaimed with interest. A new back porch? She'd wanted to say something for a long time. Summer nights the kitchen got so hot she'd been near to fainting.

Hastily dashing this hope before it could develop the proportions of a grievance, Mrs. Cugat said no, Mr. Cugat was just planning to put up a few shelves in the laundry so they could use the fruit room for something else. Anna looked blank.

“The mister?”

“Yes,” she said lightly, and avoided Anna's eye.

Home from the office, that evening, Mr. Cugat was to be seen from the back windows regarding the pile of lumber soberly. When he came into the house, however, his tone was casual. “Must have made my measurements a bit generous,” he observed, “but no harm done. It's a pretty good idea to have some spare lumber on hand these days.”

“But where will we keep it?” she asked anxiously.

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The bald-headed little man is Yosuke Matsuoka, once Japan's foreign minister. He has just laid a wreath on a German war memorial

## Why the Japs Hate the Nazis

By Robert Bellaire

FORMER UNITED PRESS CORRESPONDENT IN TOKYO

**The Sons of Heaven think there's room on earth for but one race of supermen—and they don't mean the Germans**

ONE drizzling morning last spring in Kyoto, Japan, a stoutish little German in the uniform of a Nazi general bowed solemnly as he approached a Shinto shrine to worship Japan's war dead.

The stoutish little man, followed by other uniformed Nazis and a dozen Japanese plain-clothes policemen, was the German ambassador to Japan, General Eugen Ott. Except for the raindrops, his well-cut uniform was immaculate. His dozen military medals glittered and jangled as he walked.

As Ott knelt to worship at the damp, moss-covered shrine, he was humiliating himself as part of a nation-wide "good will tour" ordered by Berlin in an effort to stem growing anti-Naziism in Japan.

For some months, Ott had been losing ground in his fight to get the Japs to follow his Fuehrer's orders. At no time had Tokyo ever placed its world-conquering program on Berlin war time. But now that Hitler was demanding that Japan open a second front against Soviet Russia, the Japs had become more insolent and independent than ever.

Tokyo had given no publicity to her independence from the Axis or to her growing hatred of the Nazis. Open acknowledgment that the Berlin-Rome-Tokyo Axis actually was made of glass would merely have comforted Japan's enemies as well as Germany's. But the harder Ott and his Nazi agents tried to rivet the yoke on Japan, as it had been riveted on Italy, the more the Japs hated the Nazis for trying to dictate to them. The Nazis might be supermen, but the Japanese were *gods*—the Sons of Heaven.

Ott's appearance in Kyoto was his twentieth such performance in two weeks. He had also made more than

fifty speeches—urging the Japanese to trust Hitler and accept his leadership. But few Japanese had come to hear him. The government-controlled press had virtually ignored him. Not one of his speeches appeared in print. Several newspapers, however, entertained their readers by printing photographs of the superman Nazi kneeling in worship of the "despicable."

When Ott finally struggled to his feet in front of the Kyoto shrine, he decided to give up his good will tour and return to the capital. Word had reached him earlier that morning that a dozen Nazi agents and more than one hundred of their Japanese stooges had been arrested in Tokyo during the previous night. The charge against them was "attempting to interfere with the administration of Japan."

As Ott returned to his chancellery in Tokyo that evening, still trailed by a dozen Jap detectives who said they wanted to "protect" him, he probably wondered whether those arrests of the

previous night had not been timed as a personal warning to him to terminate his Chautauqua activities. At least, he could tell himself, this obviously was not the season for a Nazi good will tour of Japan anyway.

The Japs have many reasons for hating the Nazis. Some of these reasons are Hitler's own fault. Others are the natural outgrowth of Japan's nationalism and religion—her fanatical belief that it is the mission of the Japanese race to dominate the entire world, including Germany.

Competent Japanese spokesmen have described that mission thus:

"The ultimate end of politics is the conquest of the world by one imperial power, and Japan is prepared to fill this glorious role—her destiny dictated by the gods. Those who resist must be subjugated."

No exception is made for Nazis, and the Nazis know it.

"If Japan goes to war with America and Britain," a ranking member of the





German and Japanese officials drink a toast to the Axis pact. At the extreme right is Herman Stahmer, mysterious German agent supposed to have induced the Japs to sign

German embassy staff in Tokyo told me a few weeks before Pearl Harbor, "our days will be numbered here too. Japan will wage a race war in which we Germans will be regarded as enemies along with the rest of the white race. It is only a matter of time. They intend to conquer all of us, but they are smart enough not to tackle all of us at once."

He then quoted a remark made by a member of the Japanese cabinet several days earlier:

"Because you Germans are our allies," the Japanese leader had told him, "we give you the honor of being the last white men we will drive out of the Orient."

Since a Japanese is expected to be pro-Japanese, and pro-nothing-else, the Japanese government has tried to suppress everything which might make popular sentiment friendly toward Germany.

Not only has the government been suppressing Nazi-subsidized secret societies, but any popular celebration of Japan's membership in the Axis has been outlawed in effect.

On each anniversary of Japan's nominal adherence to the Axis, Nazi propaganda agents in Japan have attempted to organize mass meetings throughout the country. They have distributed thousands of huge Nazi flags which were to be hung along all city streets. They have tried to arrange short-wave propaganda broadcasts from Berlin for rebroadcast over Japanese long-wave stations. But everywhere the Tokyo government has thwarted them.

Since all mass meetings in Japan require police licenses, the government has found little trouble in suppressing Nazi plans for such demonstrations. Police officials issue just one permit for the entire country, and that is issued to the government itself. Speakers are carefully selected. Their speeches must not create sympathy or friendship for Germany or Italy. The meeting is held indoors, so that attendance will be limited to a few hundred. Newspapers are instructed to give the celebration little publicity.

Two years ago, the Germans managed to have the streets of Tokyo decked with Nazi flags the morning of the anniversary, but by noon, most of the Nazi flags had disappeared. I called the editor of one of Japan's largest newspapers to ask

him why the German flags had been removed from his building.

"Police orders," he said. "We were told we could not fly the flag even of our friendly enemies."

The Nazis were even less successful in their attempts to bring Berlin propaganda broadcasts to the Japanese people. The Japanese government took the position that Berlin short-wave stations were so powerful that long-wave rebroadcasts in Japan would be unnecessary. Technically this was true. But possession of a short-wave radio receiver in Japan is punishable by imprisonment or death. Very few Japanese ever heard Berlin's Axis anniversary programs.

I once asked the Japanese Foreign Office for an explanation of the government's obvious attempts to suppress pro-Nazi propaganda in Japan. The reply said: "The government does not find it necessary to suppress pro-German propaganda, because there is very little popular pro-German sympathy in Japan."

The popular Japanese nickname for the Germans is "The Vultures." For several years, Japanese cartoonists have been using the vulture to impersonate Germany.

"Every time our embassy protests against these cartoons to the Japanese Foreign Office," an exasperated German news-agency correspondent told me, "the Japanese claim these vultures are really eagles."

The Nazis won the nickname of "Vultures" by making the Japanese feel that Hitler was attempting to reconstruct Germany's pre-World War I empire in the Orient at the cost of Japanese blood.

#### The Vultures' Demands

The Nazis invited this feeling by the demands they made upon Japan on the grounds of "Axis partnership." The Germans have demanded:

1. The use of former German islands in the South Pacific as "bases from which to attack the United States."

2. A major share of the booty in the fabulously rich Netherlands East Indies, to which the Nazis claim to be the rightful heirs because of the Nazi occupation of Holland.

3. Major economic concessions in Japanese-occupied areas of China.

Japan's reply to all these demands has been a polite but firm, "Very sorry. . . . No!"

"We are partners," the Japanese concede for convenience. "You keep Holland, and we will keep the Indies. You fight the United States in the Atlantic. We will do the fighting in the Pacific. As for China, that must be a special Japanese area. We won that for ourselves before we became partners with you."

Ken Tsurumi, scheming Japanese army agent who operated in the Japanese diplomatic service, was quite frank in his off-the-record discussions of the Nazi problem when the Nazis were making their biggest bid for concessions in occupied China early in 1940.

Tsurumi, a former consul general in Seattle, Washington, and in charge of Japanese espionage activities in Singapore immediately prior to December 7, 1941, spoke with authority. His remarks reflected the opinion of the Japanese army—the only opinion which has mattered in Japan during the past ten years.

(Continued on page 48)



the signing of the anti-Comintern pact is celebrated by the German ambassador with a speech in which the Japs are urged to trust Hitler and accept his leadership. Jap officials listen in amused silence

thirty members of the Hitler Jugend are welcomed to Tokyo by representatives of the government and youth organizations. Later they established a "youth's kingdom" by joint encampment with Jap youths



Baron Kiichiro Hiranuma, former Jap premier and the empire's No. 1 Fascist, as he appeared in 1940 just after his appointment as home secretary. Later an attempt was made to assassinate him



# Five Who Vanished

By George F. Worts

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING



## The Story Thus Far:

IN SAN FRANCISCO, early one morning, a girl enters Jason Amboy's apartment, knocks him out, takes a packet of letters (written by Jason's brother, Wayne) and steals away. A short time later, Jason is notified that Wayne—who has been working for the powerful Grazzard family in Hawaii—cannot be found and has probably been murdered.

Jason boards the first ship he can get and starts for "the islands." Before he does so, however, Flack, his eccentric manservant, does some clever sleuthing and learns that the intruder is Luana Topping, of Kauai Island, Hawaii. . . .

Among Jason's fellow passengers is Luana Topping. He meets her, chats with her. She gives no indication that she has ever seen him before. Some of the mighty Grazzards and their satellites are aboard, too—old Mrs. Hiram Grazzard, the dictatorial head of the clan; her son, Lorrin, who is Luana's fiancé; Channing Mace, manager of one of the Grazzard plantations; and his attractive wife, Natalie; and one or two others. Jason (distantly related to the family) sits at Mrs. Grazzard's table.

To Jason's amazement, Flack is also aboard. The fellow is disguised and using the name of "Rodney K. Kitchener"—telling him to beware of the Grazzards. . . .

Jason finds a stowaway in his stateroom. The fellow tells him that he is Arthur N. Garson, of Los Angeles, and that he is being pursued by two passengers who want to kill him. Jason (who has met Arthur Garson) knows that the intruder is lying. Nevertheless, he permits him to share his stateroom. . . .

Jason makes a new friend—Natalie Mace. She tells him that she hates the Grazzards, who, she suspects, have done away with Wayne. Jason tells her about the stowaway. She goes to his stateroom. The stowaway is not there; and, when Jason finds some drops of blood in the room, he feels sure the man has been murdered. But—following a talk with the steward, Emil Roth (who has been bribed by "Mr. Garson")—he decides not to report the matter to the captain.

Ignorant of what has happened, Natalie Mace tells Jason that she has learned the stowaway's identity—he is, she says, old Hiram Grazzard's second cousin: Winfield Grazzard. She believes (so she says) that Winfield and Wayne had been trying to blackmail the Grazzards. She suggests that Jason somehow inveigle the fellow in his stateroom into talking, telling what he knows!

V

THE blond girl watched Jason's face expectantly. When he didn't answer, but continued to consider her, her smile faded and her eyes narrowed.

"Don't you believe me?" she said.

"I believe you're saying what you honestly think is true," he answered. "It's your conclusions that I'm not so sure of."

"But what's wrong with them?" she asked, and her air was now aggrieved. "I've given hours of thought to them. Every piece dovetails perfectly."

"But it's all based," Jason argued patiently, "on such slight evidence, and all of it is so circumstantial. We accept that my brother was killed. We know the identity of this stowaway. You've heard these rumors about Uncle Colton. And this morning your husband told you that Winfield Grazzard is 'another blackmailer.' It seems to me you've put all that together to establish a point that's somewhat fantastic."

"It isn't fantastic at all," the girl said warmly. "It's entirely logical. It explains everything. And whether I'm right or wrong, I won't quarrel with you."

Her hands were trembling. She gathered her things together and started to get up. "I'm going to my room and lie down, Jason. I've a splitting headache. You've upset me more than I can tell you. I'm sure I'm right about all of this. It works out too perfectly."

Jason got up as she did.

"Think over what I've said, my dear," she said. "Talk to your stowaway. I think you'll find I'm right."

She walked away. Jason was more than half sure that Natalie's reasoning was sound and that her convictions were justified. But he would not admit that he believed his brother might have been a blackmailer.

Life aboard the Tasmania was, despite the overcrowding, settling down to an easy routine. Soldiers and the other passengers gathered in groups on the decks, played cards, shot craps, sang songs and talked about the war.

The convoy was spread out in two columns with the leader usually off to the north, the other destroyers roving about or bringing up the rear.

All over the Tasmania, new friendships were blossoming. There was a great deal of hilarity and rough joking. With everything so pleasant, the calm, sunlit sea, the good-natured crowds, it was hard for Jason to realize that a terrified man (Continued on page 40)

Still shaken by his discovery, Jason said heedlessly, "Luana, I wonder if we can't clear up an awful lot of things by trying to be perfectly frank"

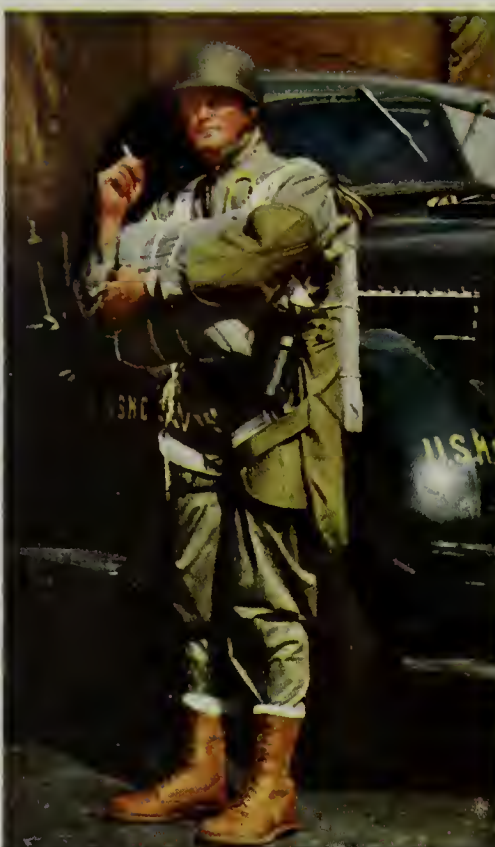




Cash helmet, coveralls, Camels — they're "standard equipment" with this truck driver. That's a General behind him—a "General Lee."



Ski champion, U.S. Army model 1943. His cigarette is a flavor champion of many years' standing — Camel — the Army man's favorite.



"Tell it to the Marines!" And this Marine paratrooper, with his parachute pack, will tell you the favorite pack with Marines is Camel.



Dolphins on this sailor's right sleeve mean undersea service. "Pig-boat" is his word for submarine—"Camel" for his favorite smoke.

# Standard Equipment

# Camel

IN THE ARMY  
IN THE NAVY  
IN THE MARINES  
IN THE COAST  
GUARD

With men in the Army, Navy, Marines, and Coast Guard, the favorite cigarette is CAMEL. (Based on actual sales records in Post Exchanges and Canteens.)

FIRST IN THE SERVICE



On land — on sea — yes, and in the air, too, the favorite is Camel. As this high-altitude Army bomber pilot says: "Camels suit me to a 'T'!"



The "T Zone" where cigarettes are judged

The "T-ZONE"—Taste and Throat—is the proving ground for cigarettes. Only *your* taste and throat can decide which cigarette tastes best to you...and how it affects your throat. For your taste and throat are absolutely individual to *you*.

Based on the experience of millions of smokers, we believe Camels will suit your "T-ZONE" to a "T." Prove it for yourself!

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina



On the right sleeve of these men, above, there's a small white shield. That means Coast Guard. And with men in the Coast Guard, the favorite cigarette is Camel.



Take a jouncing Jeep, a Johnny Doughboy —an "I'd walk a mile" grin—add 'em all up and you get CAMEL—the fighting man's favorite.



## Notes for Your Guidance

Continued from page 12

was the Price-Marshall whose feats in a Spitfire had become almost legendary from the days before Dunkirk until now—it was hard to believe that a man who spoke like that could at the same time be a man of cold daring and brilliant efficiency.

The station nearest to the airfield at which Price-Marshall had to report was only a flag stop, and Eric was the only passenger to descend. The station agent looked at him inquiringly as he stood in his crumpled tropical suit with his little handbag—all the luggage he could bring in a westbound bomber from England—wondering what he should do next.

"The Freshwater Aerodrome?" asked Price-Marshall.

"What?" said the agent; never before in his life had he heard the sort of accent that Price-Marshall used, just as he had never heard the word aerodrome.

"I mean the airfield," Price-Marshall said. "The Freshwater Airfield."

"Are you visiting there?" asked the agent.

"I suppose that's what you'd call it," said Eric. "How do I get there?"

"It's up the road a piece," said the agent.

"Can I get a taxi?"

"Taxis are scarcer than hen's teeth in this town," replied the agent.

"I'll call up the airfield then, dammit. Where's a telephone?"

AT THE Freshwater Airfield a bored enlisted man answered the telephone and endeavored to make sense of what an apparently demented foreigner was saying at the other end.

"What was that? Who is this?" asked the private.

"I want to speak to the officer of the day," exploded Price-Marshall, shouting into the receiver. "Price-Marshall is my name. Eric Price-Marshall."

The bored enlisted man called the attention of his sergeant to the maniac at the other end of the wire.

"I think this guy must be an Englishman, Sergeant," he said, "and he keeps on saying he is some sort of marshal."

"Marshal?" said the sergeant. He picked up the instrument just in time to hear Eric's next explosion: "I want the officer of the day. Hallo. Hallo. Are you there? This is Price-Marshall speaking. Eric Price-Marshall."

"Gee," said the sergeant. A great light was dawning on him—a false dawn, but vivid enough for all that.

"Here," he said to the private, handing back the instrument, "go easy with this guy. I'll be back in a minute."

The sergeant ran like a hare in search of the officer of the day while Eric at the railway station was surprised and gratified at hearing a sudden change of tone at the other end.

"Yes, sir," said the private, "hold the line a minute please, sir. We're getting the officer for you, sir."

The sergeant (he was undoubtedly the cause of much of the subsequent trouble) saluted the officer of the day breathlessly. "There's a British air vice-marshal on the phone, sir. Wants to speak to you."

Once the idea of an air vice-marshal was put into the head of the officer of the day it was hardly likely that when he heard Eric say "Eric Price-Marshall" on the telephone he would be disillusioned; especially as the officer of the day knew that a British air vice-marshal was at that moment visiting certain airfields in the United States.



"Of course, I've never actually seen Dorothy Lamour in a movie. I've just seen her at Army camps, bond-selling rallies, on radio shows and at her house for tea one day!"

COLLIER'S

JEFF KEATE

"Yes, sir," he said very deferentially, "you're at the station, sir? I'll send down for you right away, sir."

Eric hung up with a sigh of relief.

Meanwhile the officer of the day referred hurriedly to a chart and confirmed what he had already suspected, that an air vice-marshal is the equivalent of a lieutenant general and in consequence only two or three grades below the Al-mighty. It was clearly a matter for the brigadier general commanding the airfield.

"Well, for gosh sake," said the general, "this is a surprise visit, I suppose. Call my car—I'll meet him myself. And I'd better have an escort. Warn the guard to turn out when we get back."

ERIC, sitting disconsolately in the scanty shade at the railway station, heard the high-pitched note of the police sirens approaching him and at first did not believe they could have anything to do with him. He knew they were police sirens, of course—his education had included visits to the movies. The motorcycles came shrieking up through a cloud of dust and stopped at the station, and a car stopped behind them, and a dignified military figure stepped out from it into the sunlight and looked around expectantly. Eric got to his feet—this must be the officer sent down to fetch him—and walked toward the general, fighting down the overwhelming British shyness which nearly mastered him.

"Air vice-marshal?" said the general, a little puzzled.

"That's me," said Price-Marshall in all honesty—he was quite shy enough not to hear properly what the general had said, to say nothing of the fact that he was ready by now to make undue allowance for the American accent.

The general looked at the man of twenty-two in the crumpled tropical suit.

"Pardon me, sir," said the general, "we weren't expecting you this morning."

"I'm not surprised, sir," said Eric, "my schedule was upset."

He was referring to mumps in Buckingham Palace, of course.

"It's a pleasure to have you at any time," said the general.

They shook hands, the general still scanning the visitor's face closely.

"Pardon me, sir," he said, "I didn't expect to see someone quite so young in your rank."

"Oh, that's nothing," said Eric. He was undoubtedly very young to be a squadron leader, and he was modest about it. It had just dawned upon him that the single star which the general wore indicated brigadier general's rank and not that of second lieutenant as it would in the British army. "It's very good of you to come and meet me like this, sir."

"You're very welcome, sir," said the general, holding open the car door and handing Eric in despite the latter's modest holding back. The car and the motorcycles rushed away, dust flying and sirens shrieking. Eric went back in his mind to "Notes for Your Guidance." "You will receive almost unbounded hospitality, the American standard of hospitality being as high as any in the world." This was certainly true, seeing that they had sent down a general and a police escort to meet him.

"Was this all the baggage you brought, sir?" asked the general.

"No, I sent my kit and uniform on ahead," said Eric. "I hope they got to the aerodrome."

"I will inquire as soon as we arrive," said the general.

The car tore around the last corner and stopped at the gate of the airfield.

"Will you inspect the guard, sir?" asked the general.

"Well—yes, of course," said Eric, remembering that, in the words of the pamphlet "you will be expected to feel and show appreciation." The request to inspect the guard was quite surprising but, to quote once more, "you will not be expected to tell your hosts what is wrong." If they wanted a mere squadron leader—albeit a squadron leader with two bars to his D.F.C.—to inspect the guard of honor a squadron leader had better do so. He climbed out of the car along with the general and walked up and down the rigid lines of men standing at attention.

"A very fine body of men, sir," he said, raking wildly back in his mind for memories of when he had seen guards of honor inspected—it was not a thing he had ever done before in his life.

"Thank you, sir," said the general holding the car door open for him again.

They drove slowly across the airfield toward the general's quarters.

"You've got a Spitfire there, I see," said Eric, looking eagerly around him.

"Yes, that's one of the machines we have for tactical instruction."

"It's fine to see one again," said Eric. "Do you think I could take her up today?"

IT WAS four weeks since Eric had last flown a Spitfire, and a Spitfire pilot after that period of deprivation yearns for nothing so much—more keenly even than a drunkard yearns for drink or a lover yearns for the sight of his mistress—as to fly a Spitfire again.

"Of course," said the general.

They reached the general's quarters, and the general made the introductions:

"My wife, Mrs. Townsend. My daughter, Louise. My aide, Lieutenant—"

But Eric did not hear anything after he heard the word Louise, and shook the hand which Louise offered him. The memory of Marjorie Combermere-Clough faded abruptly from his mind.

"I hope this room will suit you, Marshal," said the general opening a door, "the bathroom's through here."

"Thank you very much, sir," said Eric. In England he was always very irritated by people who did not address him by his full name with the hyphen, but in America he was determined not to be. And the general, even though he was a general, had never met an air vice-marshal before and was a little doubtful about how one should address one socially.

"Lunch will be ready in half an hour," said the general, "and I'll find out about your baggage."

It was strange to Eric to find that he was expected to take up his quarters with a general, but then everything else was strange to him—it was even gratifying, to one so unpolitically minded, to find that America was so careful of the comfort of the armed forces of her ally. Price-Marshall wallowed in his bath and scrubbed from himself the dust of the plains and the prairies, before he came down to lunch. And a benevolent destiny at lunch gave him the seat next to Louise, so that he only gave half his mind to the general's suggestion that he should take up the Spitfire with a camera gun to show what the machine could do when opposed to an American plane and an American pilot.

"There's a dance at the Post tonight,"





## You're holding up a million-dollar bomber ... try **SYNTHETIC RUBBER**

FOR months a great airplane company had been working night and day to get into production on a new bomber wanted by the Army. Millions had been invested in tools and jigs. But now the latest models were developing a "bug" that threatened to hold up military acceptance.

The trouble was in the gaskets and valve packings of the hydraulic control system that operates the wing flaps, bomb doors and landing gear. These fittings were not oil-tight. They didn't hold the pressure, controls didn't respond properly. After a dozen different types of gasket proved no better, the airplane manufacturer hit the ceiling.

As a result a rush order came to Goodyear for a trial set of gaskets made from our oil-resistant synthetic rubber Chemigum. They were molded and shipped in four days, and proved so satisfactory that we received orders for more than one hundred different sizes of gas-



kets and packings required in the control system.

That was back in 1940. Today this great

bomber is making a magnificent record on all fronts. Its hydraulic controls are standing up, thanks to the oil-impermeability of Chemigum.

Resistance to the disintegrating action of oil and solvents is only one of the many superiorities of Chemigum over natural rubber. It withstands abrasion better and does not become brittle at low temperatures. Today Chemigum production is being vastly multiplied to supply military needs—but the day is not too far

off when there will be a surplus to give you tires and other "rubber" necessities of excellent quality at reasonable cost.

# GOOD YEAR

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

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# How MUCH\* are YOU smoking?

\*Government figures show smoking at all-time peak.

**W**HETHER you are smoking more—or smoking less—this is a good thing to know:

**When smokers changed to PHILIP MORRIS, every case of irritation of nose or throat—due to smoking—either cleared up completely or definitely improved!**

That was reported in medical journals by distinguished doctors—their findings in work with actual men and women smokers.

**NOTE** we do not claim any curative power for PHILIP MORRIS. But this evidence clearly proves them far less irritating to the nose and throat . . . protection added to pleasure.

*And do they taste GOOD!*



## CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS

America's FINEST Cigarette

Louise was saying. "I hope you'll be coming."

"A dance?" said Eric. "That's top-hole. That is, if you are going to be there."

"Oh, I shall be there all right," said Louise.

"And will you dance with me? I mean, may I have the pleasure of dancing with you?" asked Eric.

"I shall be looking forward to that," said Louise.

The general's aide explained apologetically that Eric's baggage had not yet arrived—naturally it had not occurred to the aide to make inquiries for the baggage of Squadron Leader Eric Price-Marshall, which at that moment was lying tucked away in an obscure corner of the Post—and offered to fit him out with an American flying suit. Eric eagerly acquiesced; now that the prospect was squarely in front of him it would have been very hard for him (supposing he had been able to choose) to decide whether he would continue in Louise's society or fly a Spitfire. The prospect of either was delightful, and he got eagerly up from the table.

**A**N INTERESTED crowd watched him ascend. No one could help being interested in seeing how a man with a lieutenant general's rank handled a plane—especially a man with all the contradictory qualities of this one, with his fantastically youthful appearance and absurdly affected accent. If even English officers were sometimes led into doubting whether Eric was a good Spitfire pilot on account of his speech, those hard-bitten young Americans were certainly justified in having their doubts.

They gathered eagerly around Captain Bergfried when he came down—the sham fighting had taken place too high for the fine points to be observable even through binoculars.

"Boy, oh boy," said Bergfried, "I have to hand it to him, that guy can sure handle a plane. If that had been real it would have been harps for me."

Bergfried headed the rush of men who went forward to greet Price-Marshall as the Spitfire descended. The camera gun was whipped out and rushed away for the film to be developed, and when later they ran it through in the projection room Bergfried sat and bewailed his own lack of skill. The blurred picture of his plane shot suddenly into the middle of the screen and stayed there, writhe and twist as it would. The little audience in the seats writhed and twisted at the same time, as they realized the prodigious acrobatics which not only the target plane but also the Spitfire, must have been going through when the pictures were shot.

"Boy, oh boy," said Bergfried again, watching the picture of his plane dancing helplessly on the screen.

The film flickered to an end.

"Don't you go putting my film on," expostulated Bergfried, but the operator was inexorable. And there was nothing to see except twice a fleeting glimpse of Price-Marshall's wing tip and a momentary view of the Spitfire so far off that it was only a speck on the screen.

"You got me so mad I had a crack at you at long range," explained Bergfried. "I wouldn't have hit you."

"You might have, with luck," said Eric. "That's about the range I was wounded at."

"So you've been wounded too?" said Bergfried.

The Post's opinion of the British air vice-marshal was rising steadily—at the cocktail hour Louise heard enough of the Post gossip to confirm her in all she had thought about him at first sight.

She felt a pleased glow inside her—a proof of her infallible intuition in at first sight a man who had so accomplishments and such a brain record. It only remained to be seen her intuition remained good on the subject of whether or not he was married, and, sure enough, discreet dinner conversation revealed that her intuition had been just as acute in this respect well, and that Eric was still unmarried.

The man had just everything, she herself as soon as she had discovered that he danced the rumba as well as handled a Spitfire, by Captain Bergfried's report. From one point of view it was quite surprising, seeing how well he danced, that she should agree to time out from the dance floor to him how brightly the moon shone in Texas, but from another point of view it was not really so surprising.

Meanwhile in the Post an officer on duty was chatting over the long distance telephone with a friend of his at another airfield. "By the way," he said, "we've got this British air vice-marshal here. Has he been your way yet?"

There was a long pause, and then the man at the other end said, "Will you tell that again?"

"We've got the British air vice-marshal here. Does that seem strange to you?"

"Yes. We've got him here. What's your man like?"

"Only a kid, but they say he can handle a plane like nobody's business."

"Hold the line a minute." Air Vice-Marshal Darlington—a red-faced man in his forties—was at the moment completing his education by playing poker with a group of senior officers of the American Army. He laid down his cards a little impatiently when somebody asked urgently to see him.

"I am sorry, sir," said the officer, "but are you only air vice-marshal in the United States?"

"Yes, of course," said Darlington.

"I've got the Freshwater Field on wire and they say they've got an air vice-marshal out there too."

"Oh they do, do they? Where's the telephone?"

The wires ran hot with the conversations that flashed backward and forward along them that night, from one airfield to another, and from both of them to Air Corps Headquarters, and to F.B.I. and back again.

"The man's a spy," were Darlington's last words. "Lock him up. Keep him in jail—handcuff him—make sure he doesn't get away. I'll be over in the morning and see what he has to say."

**E**RIC and Louise were still admiring the moon when half a dozen but men suddenly closed around them. The glare of their flashlights left Eric dazzled.

"Hands up!" rasped a voice, and Eric's dazzled eyes could barely make out the pistol with which the order was backed up. He put up his hands.

"A holdup, what?" he said. "I thought they only happened in Chicago."

"Shut your mouth, you dirty spy," said the voice.

"How dare you?" said Louise.

"You keep out of this, Miss Townsend, I'm sorry you had to be mixed in it," the voice apologized.

"Mixed up in what?" said Louise.

"Ask this guy, he knows."

"He doesn't," said Eric.

"Shut your mouth," said the voice again, rather inconsistently, and Eric was just going to point this out when something was dug into his back and another voice said, even more unpleasantly, "C'mon. Stand up. Get going."



There was no resisting the demand, and Eric stood up, feeling most undignified with his hands over his head. Somebody stood close behind him and reached over his head, then Eric felt cold steel on his wrists as they handcuffed him.

"Get going," said the voice again, and Eric stumbled down the path.

"I am going to get the general," said Louise with a sort of sob, brushing past him and running ahead.

"Just as well to have her out of the way," one of the men said.

ERIC found himself in jail. It might, he thought, be a practical joke or it might be just a nightmare, and whichever it was, the morning would bring the explanation. He laid himself on the uncomfortable bed and composed himself to sleep as well as his handcuffed condition would permit. A few minutes were enough to show him that Louise's appeal to her father must have been ineffectual. Nice girl, Louise.

The same thought was still in his mind when a jingling of keys and the clash of bits woke him in the morning. He blinked sleepily at the group which came crowding into his cell, and blinked again

more earnestly when he saw the blue of the R.A.F. among the khaki. That made him sit up hurriedly. Air Vice-Marshal Darlington looked at the disheveled figure with a day-old beard, and then looked again, in just the same way as Eric was looking at him.

"Good heavens!" said Darlington. "That's Price-Marshall."

"That's who?" said the general.

"That's Price-Marshall," repeated Darlington, and as far as he and the general were concerned there was no need for further explanation. It was only Eric who needed to be told why he had had to spend the night in prison.

The general took him off to his quarters for breakfast, and again he sat next to Louise. Eric had always said that the test of whether one should marry any particular woman or not was if one could bear the sight of her before breakfast. Louise passed the test satisfactorily. And Louise had always thought much the same regarding whoever it was she would marry. So perhaps it was as well that Eric passed the test, even though he had slept in his clothes and had not shaved since yesterday.

THE END

## Remember the Sabbath

Continued from page 17

He sighed, suddenly weary. "Don't ask me to figure out anything tonight!" he exclaimed. "What a day! I haven't had five minutes to catch my breath."

"You're going to carry it in soon, though, aren't you?" she pursued nevertheless. "It's ruining the grass."

"I'll carry it in," he said patiently, "but I don't have to do it before dinner, do I?"

Dusk finally fell, blotting the raw pile from sight and mind, and Mr. Cugat relaxed peacefully in his chair. The next day he had to go to Washington.

Mr. Cugat was having to go to Washington more and more often of late and, frankly, Mrs. Cugat was getting good and sick of it. At first she had been excited and proud to think of him down there at the helm, helping to make history, mingling with the great, but Mr. Cugat had quickly pricked that pretty bubble.

"The only mingling I ever do is with men about like *myself*," he informed her flatly.

"But you and Mr. Atterbury must meet some well-known people," she protested.

"Not in outer waiting rooms," he muttered.

"I mean," she explained patiently, "after you get in."

"We don't get in," he said in a disgusted voice.

"Never?"

"Never."

Mrs. Cugat was indignant. Lying awake and thinking about it, in her lonely bedroom, on the nights he was gone, she calmed herself by fashioning dreamy palliatives—something she was very good at. Mr. Cugat, finally coming to the attention of Morgenthau or somebody, would be asked to take charge of some difficult tax problem that nobody else could figure out and he would handle it so brilliantly that he would be appointed to some perfectly marvelous position and they would have to move to Washington for the duration, where they would have an apartment at the Carleton and meet simply *everybody*—like Lord Louis Mountbatten and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

Here, Mrs. Cugat, finding it necessary

to digress at some length to plan what she would wear for this happy occasion and to dwell on the envy that would surely gnaw at the breast of her good friend, Mrs. Sturm, would usually drift into such a pleasant mood that she'd drop off to sleep without further ado. Which was just as well, for she needed her sleep; the little burdens of everyday living seemed to weigh twice as much when borne alone. And now all this lumber piled up in the yard!

"Well, well! What are we building—an air-raid shelter?" called next-door neighbor, Mr. Cressey, jocularly over the rose bushes on Monday evening.

"Just a few shelves for the cellar," she called back.

Mr. Cressey's eyebrows raised politely. "My!" he said. "Planning on *quite* a few, eh?"

It seemed, somehow, disloyal to shout, for all to hear, that Mr. Cugat had just made a mistake in his measurements, so she let it go by simply nodding brightly.

"Look who's building an air-raid shelter!" bawled a young voice down the block not a moment later. One of the Louderback children, thought Mrs. Cugat resignedly. The Louderback children were a large and virulent brood, who jeered continually and on principle. Anna reported that the Louderbacks considered the Cugats stuck-up. Mrs. Cugat was scared to death of them.

"My deah! How chi-chi!" rang the reply.

PINK and very stuck-up, Mrs. Cugat retired to the house and endeavored to put the whole thing out of her mind. But on Tuesday, in the middle of lunch, the doorbell rang. There were questions and answers and a closing of doors. "What is it?" she asked anxiously, as Anna appeared in the dining-room door.

"Mr. Ernest Hemingway to see you," Anna announced primly. "I put him in the library."

Mrs. Cugat sighed. "I think you must have the name wrong, Anna," she said gently. "What did he say he wanted?"

"He wants to see you," Anna explained patiently. "He's one of them—you know—writer fellas."

Mrs. Cugat, holding firmly to reason,

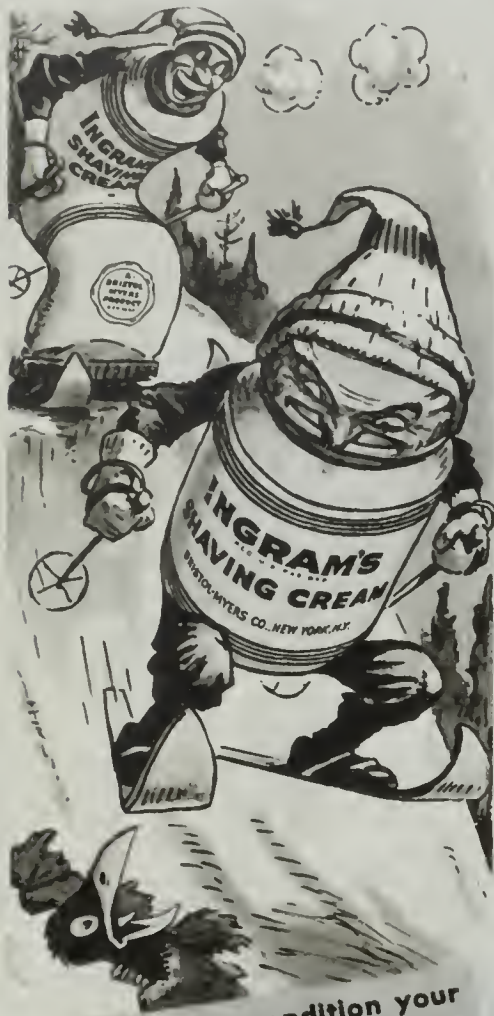


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put down her fork. "Are you sure, Anna?"

"Yessum."

She faltered at the library door but managed to turn the knob.

"Mrs. Cugat?" inquired a very young man with a snub nose. Mrs. Cugat nodded blankly. "I'm from The Morning Spy," he said, swallowing. "I'd like to get a story on this—ah—air-raid shelter."

Mrs. Cugat explained gently.

"You mean you aren't going to build one?" he gulped.

"I'm afraid not," she apologized. "It's just one of those silly things that got started—"

Mr. Hemingway rose violently to his feet, ran his fingers through his hair, walked over to the window and stood looking out, legs spread, back hunched. Mrs. Cugat was distressed. It seemed to mean a good deal to him. He turned the face of a haggard baby. "I've got to get a story," he bit out. "I've got to make good!" And then, in a more normal tone added, "You see, this is my first assignment."

Mrs. Cugat said she was so sorry but what could she do?

"Nothing, of course," he replied in dignified despair and turned back to the window.

After a minute or so Mrs. Cugat cleared her throat tentatively.

"Look," Mr. Hemingway said abruptly, turning around again, "what in the world are you going to do with all that timber?"

Mrs. Cugat sighed and embarked upon the explanation of the shelves but she was brought up short by a terrified scream from somewhere outside followed by what sounded like the cascading rumble of an avalanche. They dashed to the porch. Anna came running around the side of the house.

"Come quick!" she panted. "One of them Louderback brats has got buried beneath our boards!" Mr. Hemingway vaulted over the railing.

In the side yard, the once neatly towering stack sprawled like a heap of jackstraws. From its depths came a faint whimper.

"There was one of 'em on top," gabbled Anna, "and one layin' down on the grass. When it started to go, the top one jumped but the other never had a chance!"

Mr. Hemingway tore off his coat and they all set frenziedly to work. It was only a matter of moments, really, before a somewhat flattened but apparently unhurt Louderback was brought to light but it seemed like an eon. "When my mother hears about this," it said disagreeably, "she's goin' to be plenty sore!" Mrs. Cugat, Mr. Hemingway and Anna sank to the back steps without breath to answer.

**B**UT Mr. Hemingway suddenly recovered. He walked over to his coat, put it on and extracted, from a pocket, a notebook and pencil. "What's your name and age?" he asked Anna eagerly.

Anna obliged him. "Let me have yours?" he said, turning to Mrs. Cugat. Mrs. Cugat, absorbed in picking slivers out of her thumb, complied abstractedly.

Mr. Hemingway beamed. "Boy! What a scoop!"

"Look," said Mrs. Cugat slowly. "What was it you said your name was?"

"Harvey E. Hemingway—E for Ernest. Quite a coincidence, isn't it? I mean us both being writers. Oddly enough," he added modestly, "our styles are not unlike." He turned to go and waved a hand. "Well, be seeing you in the papers!"

It wasn't until fright had subsided and she began to function normally again

that Mrs. Cugat started to worry about him. But by then it was a little late.

"Local Socialite Rescues Tot," announced The Morning Spy next day right on the front page, with a murky picture of her (taken ten years before, in a particularly hideous hat) beside it. "The little boy under the pile of lumber tried to move, but it wasn't any good. It was there crushing him down. 'Maybe I'll be here under this lumber until I die,' he thought. 'Can this happen? Maybe it never did happen—'" The Hemingway style (Harvey E.) here abated somewhat—possibly under the whacks of a blue pencil.

"Mr. and Mrs. Lester P. Louderback's little boy, Sonny," continued The Spy's story chattily, "can thank his lucky stars that Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Cugat, 28, member of a prominent family and wife of the banker, George B. Cugat, of 202 Huntington Drive, was around yesterday. Buried beneath several hundred feet of heavy lumber, the lad was rescued only just in time by the heroic efforts of the ninety-pound blue blood who, with no thought for herself, toiled unceasingly to extricate him, administered artificial respiration and then collapsed. 'Anyone would have done the same,' she is quoted as saying when rescued by her maid."

By Thursday morning no less than a dozen persons had arrived to inspect the scene of the accident—some with cameras. Anna spent a happy hour posing. By Thursday afternoon no less than two dozen had gathered, and Sonny Louderback was trying to take up a collection. Grimly, Mrs. Cugat called Allerton's and for ten dollars and thirty-two cents, which of course covered Social Security and unemployment and workman's insurance, had the lumber carried out of sight behind the garage.

Mr. Cugat, back, once again, from the waiting rooms of Washington, was highly amused. He also seemed rather relieved to find the lumber out of his sight for a while, even at that price. Lord, he was tired! Washington was a madhouse.

Then his wine came and, reviving, he carried it downstairs and, with boyish enthusiasm, unpacked it all over the laundry floor. Sunday came and went.

"Darling, you seem to be so busy just now, don't you want me to call Allerton's again and have them come and finish up those shelves?" Mrs. Cugat urged tactfully. "Whether by accident or design, the laundress had kicked over one

bottle and it had splashed liberally—the clean laundry. Burgundy.

"Hell, no, honey," Mr. Cugat protested earnestly. "Won't you ever get it in your little head that we've got to stop saving money?"

"Will you get at the shelves pretty soon yourself, then? This Sunday, maybe? It's terribly inconvenient—"

Mr. Cugat promised that he would.

Sunday morning arrived and Col. Cartwright called to fix up the usual foursome, but Mrs. Cugat, on the alert, forestalled him. "George can't play golf today, Cory," she said firmly, "he's going to put up some shelves in the basement."

"Well, can't I talk to him a minute?"

"No," said Mrs. Cugat and hung up the phone.

"A perfect day, too," muttered Mr. Cugat wistfully from behind the fun papers.

**H**ATTED and gloved and ready for church, she came out on the porch an hour later to find him still sitting there. "You'll find the key to the cellar door in the back hall," she informed him pointedly.

Mr. Cugat threw down his papers with a sigh, rose, stretched and pulled up his trousers. "Okay," he said, "where are my overalls?"

"Overalls?"

"Yes."

Mrs. Cugat said she'd never seen him in a pair of overalls in her life. He looked pained.

"I had them the summer I worked on the ranch," he explained patiently.

"That was three years before we were married. They were probably given away ages ago."

But Mr. Cugat thought not. What would anybody give away a perfect good pair of overalls? They must be somewhere around.

"The only place I can think of is that trunkful of stuff that your Aunt Edith sent over," she suggested. "It's way up in the attic and I'm not a bit sure where the key is. Can't you just wear an old pair of flannels?"

This, it appeared, was not to be thought of. Mr. Cugat ascended to the attic. Dubiously, she left him there.

And found him, to her dismay, still there when she got back. "Come up and look here a minute!" he shouted happily in answer to her call.

He hadn't found the overalls but he'd found a lot of other things. Old class books, photographs of teams and gle-



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clubs, a bundle of letters from a girl named Honey and goodness knows what! Mrs. Cugat looked ruefully around the attic.

"Dinner!" trumpeted Anna, two flights below. Mr. Cugat's jaw dropped in astonishment.

The afternoon shadows lengthened, and Mr. Cugat dozed in the porch swing. Mrs. Cugat bent over him with compassion. Poor darling, he was working so hard. His face looked drawn and very thin. She shook his shoulder, feeling like a brute. "If you're going to get at those shelves—" she began.

Mr. Cugat blinked, glanced at his watch and rose with alacrity. "Jeepers, yes," he said, "how'd it get so late?" And without more ado, leaped down the steps and disappeared around the corner of the house. She followed him anxiously to see if there was anything she could do to help and found him already behind the garage, stalwartly shouldering lumber, a Louderback watching lynx-eyed.

"Where you going with them boards?" it was inquiring suspiciously.

Mr. Cugat grunted: "Down cellar."

"Why?"

"Building shelves."

"Building shelves!" shrilled the mite and proceeded to go off into fits of typically derisive Louderback laughter. "What you going to keep on the shelves?" it piped, when it could speak.

"Toad meat!" barked Mr. Cugat and, swinging around to leer, accidentally caught the Louderback neatly with the end of the board and knocked it flat.

Screams of "He hit me, Mamma!" rent the Sunday quiet as Mrs. Cugat hastened apprehensively across the street after the victim to explain. Mr. Cugat, callously, had continued on his way.

**B**UT when she got home, a bad half-hour later, she found him back in the porch swing. "We haven't any saw!" he explained, surprised and indignant.

"Oh," said Mrs. Cugat blankly.

He shook his head and sighed. "You women! There's nothing out there but an old hammer, a bent screwdriver and a funny-looking thing."

"Well, up to now—" she began a little sharply but he cut her short.

"Every household ought to have a good set of tools," he declared, adding kindly, "I'll buy you some in the morning."

Mrs. Cugat sat down wearily. "Did you leave all those boards in the laundry?" she asked.

"I never got them that far," he grumbled. "They were so long, I couldn't turn the corner and, as I say, I had no saw, so I had to leave them in the areaway. I'm afraid it makes it a little hard to get in and out—"

Somewhat to her surprise, he bought the tools the next day—a beautiful set of them, in a chest—and after dinner, took each out and examined it enthusiastically. Mrs. Cugat kept a watchful eye on him but, in handling something or other called an adz, he managed, as usual, to draw blood. Dr. Buell arrived and took a small stitch in him. Another Sunday came and went. That week the laundress kicked over a second bottle of wine and got a misery in her back—presumably from going through the areaway bent double.

Then Mr. Cugat was sent to Washington again! Really, it was getting to be the limit! Nice, of course, that out of the whole office he was always the one chosen to go but he was worn out from being on the sleeper so much and trying to catch up with his regular work in between. She was getting sick and tired of being left alone, too. And all for nothing! She felt like speaking to Mr. Atter-

bury. As for Mr. Cugat, she felt like speaking to him, and was going to.

"I'm going to call Allerton's, regardless, if you don't get those shelves built this week," she said when, obviously still unremarked by Morgenthau, the seat of his trousers shiny, he came wearily home once again. "The laundress is looking for another place and I don't blame her! The cellar's a shambles!"

**M**R. CUGAT admitted that this was so and on Sunday after lunch meekly and of his own accord called Cory, canceled his golf and prepared to get down to work. "You didn't find my overalls?" he asked hopefully.

"No," said Mrs. Cugat.

"Did you look?"

"No," she said again flatly. He picked up his new tools and descended to the cellar.

An hour passed, during which he could be seen toiling back and forth from the garage to the basement carrying more boards—four Louderbacks watching

wall and their legs outstretched. They were covered with sawdust and hung with shavings, and their hair was curled with perspiration. Between them was a sticky glass pitcher, half-full. Two empty wine bottles, an orange squeezer, a bag of lemons and a plate of cookies were on the ironing board. They greeted her with enthusiasm and pointed excitedly to the opposite wall. "Look at the shelves!" they chorused proudly. "All done." Mrs. Cugat looked.

The shelves, a palsied structure in four staggered sections, towered cautiously to the ceiling. "Darling," she exclaimed, "so many!" The artisans beamed. "What makes them lean forward like that?" she asked hesitantly.

Mr. Cugat considered them with care, head on one side, brow furrowed. Then he lifted the pitcher, drank, and got, rather painfully, to his feet. "We don't quite know," he said anxiously. "Do you think it will make any difference?"

Mrs. Cugat touched the structure carefully and it swayed gently back and then

headache must be even worse than that beetle juice, of course. He were wide and staring. "I can't," he said. She sat up on the edge of bed and tried to concentrate again, tried, again, to struggle upright and back. "I think I've hurt myself."

"Can I help you?" she asked, going over and putting an arm on his shoulders. She gave a little tug. Mr. Cugat yelped. "George!" she exclaimed, really alarmed. "What is it?"

"Well, I slipped off that ladder yesterday," he admitted sheepishly. "I'd better call the doctor."

Back from the phone, she heaved over him sympathetically with a water bag. "Dr. Buell is coming over," she said, "and I called the office," she added with a little gasp. "They were frightfully upset. They said Atterbury was going to Washington again today and you were supposed to go with him. I told them this was time he'd have to get along with somebody else."

Mr. Cugat quivered beneath the covers. "Gosh!" he groaned despairingly. "He'll have to take Bemis, and he'll make a fine mess of things! Give me a phone!" But at that moment, Dr. Buell arrived.

Mrs. Cugat retired to the hall to be anxious, but not greatly alarmed. They were babies about such things. Besides, it would do Mr. Cugat no harm to be a day or two in bed, he was worn out. If Bemis made a fine mess of things around in waiting rooms, so much the better—it would make Mr. Cugat's coming around all the more appreciated.

**T**HE doorbell rang and she went to answer it, Anna being busy in the basement, dourly and without comment transferring her jellies from the old room to their new home. She opened the door to confront no less a personage than Mr. Atterbury. "What's all this I hear about George?" he rumbled, bustling in. "It can't be anything serious. Let me see him! Is he up here?" He started for the stairs.

"The doctor's with him," Mrs. Cugat protested, fluttering after him. But Atterbury kept right on going.

"George, my boy," he bellowed, "in here?"

Mr. Cugat was lying on his stomach, face contorted. Dr. Buell was poking gently at the small of his back.

"By Gad, George, you've got to get up," exclaimed the source of Mr. Cugat's income, breathlessly from the foot of the bed. "We've got to be in Washington this morning!"

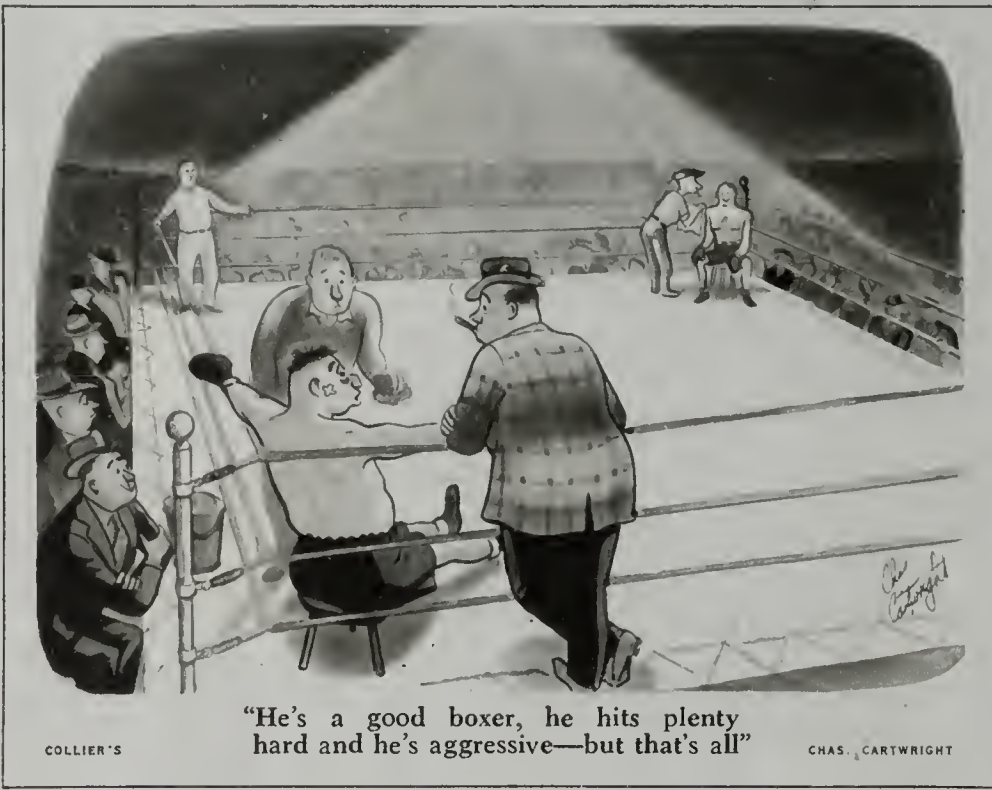
"It's his sacroiliac," said Dr. Buell blandly. "He couldn't get to Washington tomorrow if the President was expected."

Mr. Atterbury waved his arms. "That's just it, you fool!" he bellowed. "The President is expecting him! Expecting us to lunch!"

Mr. Cugat strove agonizingly. Dr. Buell probed hopefully. Mrs. Cugat wept. But it was no use. Mr. Cugat couldn't even turn over.

Mr. Atterbury, at length, threw up his hands. "Well, I'll have to take Bemis, suppose," he growled, consulting his watch. "He's a good man though, Bemis—fine strong fella—" Without another glance at poor Mr. Cugat, he clumped disgustedly out of the room and down the stairs unattended—Mrs. Cugat being too prostrate to move. The front door slammed awfully and the house shook. Then—far below them—came a muffled crash, a thin scream. Mr. Cugat's shelf had tipped over.

THE END



from a respectful distance—and then a reassuring pounding began. Better stay upstairs, she reasoned sensibly, so as not to distract him. Zit-zawk, zit-zawk, went Mr. Cugat's new saw. Mrs. Cugat, inspired to industry, got out some darning. How nice, having him at home on a Sunday, busy around the house instead of off playing golf all day!

Twenty busy minutes went by and then the front door slammed. Hastening to the banister, she peered over just in time to see Cory making purposefully for the cellar stairs. Good Lord! She waited uncertainly but, to her relief, the sawing began again. Somewhat reassured, she went back and sat down.

The darning was finished before it began to dawn on her that the sound of the hammer and the saw had become somewhat intermittent. Quickly suspicious, she went to the head of the cellar stairs. But a new pounding began and of such briskness that she hesitated and then decided to let well enough alone and run over to see her mother.

She stayed longer than she meant to and when she got back, the house was dark. Coming up the walk, she thought she heard singing. Opening the front door, she found, emanating from the cellar, a sweet intermingling of Mr. Cugat's mellow baritone and Cory's lilting tenor polishing off "To the tables down at Mory's." She hurried down the stairs.

The warblers were sitting comfortably on the floor with their backs against the

forward again. "It would be awful," she said, "if it tipped over."

"I thought of taking this clothesline," said Cory, rising, "and tying the whole thing to those pipes up there—" He took the pitcher absently from Mr. Cugat and started to lift it to his lips but, recollecting himself, politely passed it first to Mrs. Cugat. "Have a little beetle juice," he urged.

Mrs. Cugat drank gratefully.

"Did you look at the shelves in the fruit room?" she ventured, after a little. "It seems to me, they're nailed to the wall in some way."

"There's a different principle involved here, entirely," said Mr. Cugat with dignity.

In the end, after another experimental pitcherful, made this time with just a dash of gin, it seemed sensible to adopt Cory's suggestion and lash the shelves, more or less firmly, to the hot-water pipes. Mrs. Cugat hoped she wouldn't be there when Anna got her first look at this arrangement. But the mundane concerns of tomorrow seemed suddenly immaterial. Lightheartedly, they repaired to the kitchen to make a rarebit.

**M**R. CUGAT'S alarm clock rang stridently at half past seven next morning, and Mrs. Cugat turned her head with a groan. Mr. Cugat, bobbing up like an automaton, in the other bed, sank suddenly back on his pillow with a sharp exclamation. She blinked at him. His





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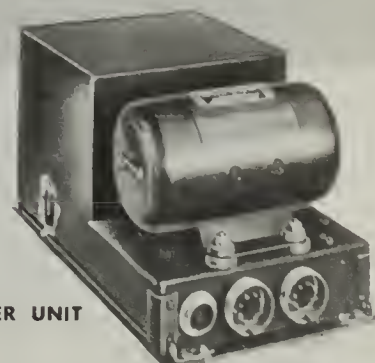
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# The Hunters

By Mary Hastings Bradley

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

## The Story Thus Far:

CLAIRE ALLOWAY, an English girl, jilts the man she loves—Michael Garrick, who is in Africa—and marries the *wealthy* John Winston. A few years later, Michael (who still adores the girl who had let him down) marries and settles down on a coffee plantation in Uganda.

Unfortunately, Michael drinks far more than any man should; and his wife "Tommy"—meets and falls in love with a young neighbor: Robert ("Bob") McNare. Apparently Bob adores her; and when he goes to England (to take over a baronetcy he has inherited) he tells her that, some day, he will marry her.

Tommy waits patiently, for months. Then Bob returns. He is accompanied by a beautiful blond widow—Mrs. John Winston!—whom he had met on the boat coming out; and it is obvious that he is infatuated with her. . . .

The meeting between Mrs. Winston and Michael is a strange one. Introduced, they act as though they are perfect strangers. And Tommy

and Bob—now Sir Robert—suspect nothing. . . .

At Bob's suggestion, the four—Claire, Tommy, Michael and Bob—go to the Congo for a long lion hunt. Claire and Michael are often alone; and Michael soon learns that the woman he had once loved is a conscienceless flirt—and worse—who does not care for Bob but who wants a title.

Once he is sure of what Claire's true character is, Michael makes his plans. While the little party is preparing to go out and try to bag a lion, he tells Claire to pretend that she has a headache, so that she and he can be alone together. He tells her that he will fake a touch of "fever," that he, too, will stay in the camp.

The ruse works. Tommy (who is still in love with Bob) and Bob go to a near-by boma, and Claire and Michael do not accompany them. . . . In the boma, Tommy and Bob get no lions. Instead, they meet a Belgian—on his way to the coast—who tells them that war has been declared. Bob listens to him; then: "We'll go right back," he says quietly.

VIII  
THE Belgian, it appeared, had extra carriers to alternate with bearing the chair, and they all went to the boma. Bob kept saying, "We must get back to the cars—" and the Belgian asked, "You have automobile—yes?"

"At the village. We can make it there in one day, if we start early enough. Then we'll take you on in the cars."

They set off, Tommy in the carrying chair which she did not want to take but which the Belgian forced upon her. Sitting in it, swinging along rhythmically to the porters' quick jog she heard the voices of Ramande and McNare ahead. She heard Maginot Line and Siegfried Line and Suez. She heard Ramande telling how he had fought in the last war, a boy from Lille. "Les Boches!" he said explosively. "Toujours les Boches."

The tent was bright. Mrs. Winston sitting up, her robe about her. instant Bob appeared she said gently to Tommy, "You won't mind, Mr. Garrick, seeing to that hot water? I've something I must tell Sir Robert."

The Boches. The Jerries. The Huns. Those words were some of Tommy's earliest memories. Standing out in front of Grenville Farm, a little girl of six, watching the troops swing past. Her father working shorthanded, doing what he could. There were no more laborers and groomers to do. . . . The older sisters working for him, and then the other girls, in kitchen. She had helped, too. . . . Bud Gray came back with a wooden leg and worked with them; he said the peg leg was fine making holes to plant in. But she had seen him with his sleeve across his eyes, crying with the pain of the nerves kept growing against the stump. Dr. Thorpe had come back with no legs at all. And his two brothers never came back. . . . Bob Firth with his teeth missing from gas, and an empty sleeve. . . .

They took Belgian refugees on Grenville farm and two little children were pitiful. And an older girl was vacant-eyed. And an older woman was disagreeable and stayed in bed and wanted trays brought up though she wasn't ill, not really. Mother had lost patience with her. . . . But the little children were sweet. Or so scared.

Four years of that. . . . And then many years, and the war was only an old memory, something that happened when you were a child, that would never happen again. There were other young men who said they would never fight, that there was no need to fight. . . .

She thought back to the England she had left. Talk of Mussolini but not much worry—at least not at Grenville Farm. They said in Exeter that Mussolini was all right for Italy; he had cleaned it up and travel was much pleasanter. I saw beggars now before the churches. . . . Germany was rearming, but a strong Germany would be a useful bulwark against the Soviets. . . . The Nazis said that Hitler were a dangerous lot, but they were riding for a fall. A pity about the treatment of the Jews, but, undoubted that that would not last.

Out in Africa the continent seemed far away. There were Nazi settlers pouring into Tanganyika but the concern about them was not as great, in Uganda as the concern about the Hindu settlers in Kenya, not for a long time. And the Germany had grown darker and darker like some monstrous eclipse over the world's sunshine, but still one thought that light would somehow prevail.

And now it was war. The fact of it was dazing.

Tommy's thoughts went back and forth, and under her excitement and foreboding there rankled a small private grief—the safari was over. She had lost her night, the night that might have meant so much, and now she would lose other chances she might have had.

They were nearing the camp and Tommy got out of her carrying chair to walk with the men. The moon was bright now, and the tents looked white in it; at a distance they looked snow-covered. The place was utterly silent except for the muffled snoring of the porters in the brush shelters behind the tents, and had a curiously deserted air, due to the lonely look of the table and chairs in the moonlight in the open.

To Tommy it seemed a long time since they had set off from table, with Michael and Mrs. Winston wishing them good luck. She thought of it, ironically; and





## WE'RE GETTING "MORE FRIENDS PER GALLON" THESE DAYS

WHEN our local rationing board gave us that 'A-Book' of coupons, I said to my wife: 'This means good-bye to our friends. We can't do much driving on 3 or 4 gallons of gas a week!'

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So we got together—and now we're taking turns driving the dads to work, the mothers to market, and the kids to school.

And frankly—we've discovered that sharing our car, instead of being a hardship, is really a blessing in disguise. For neighbors who formerly were little more than nodding acquaintances are beginning to drop in evenings for

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Now more than ever—A Symbol of Friendly Companionship





## IT'S DINNERTIME IN AMERICA

**I**T'S DINNERTIME...or will be soon. What are you going to have? Steak's a little bit high. Maybe some lamb. Or chicken.

Enjoy it. Enjoy every bite of it while you can. Enjoy it even if it is rationed, even if you *do* pay more for it than you've paid in years.

At least you can still get it...

Not too far in the future...if the Japs and Nazis win...you may be glad to get a scrap of the cold skin of a chicken from a refuse pile. You may fight over a leaf of spoiled lettuce. May risk your life for a bone with a few scraps of meat on it.

Is this revolting? Does this seem drawing the picture a little too grim, a little too black?

It isn't. And it's time that we here in America realized it isn't. Right now, just to feed our armed

forces, we are rationing certain foodstuffs. Can you imagine the shortages the Germans and Japs would make here if *they* took over?

*Planned* shortages. Planned as part of their revenge for our being a "have" nation. Planned as part of their scheme to keep us subjugated for generation after generation.

There's no reason why they should spare *us*, if they're victorious. They've spared no one else. People in Poland and Greece and Yugoslavia now grub for miserable shreds of food from garbage piles. People like *us*.

Think about it. Think of it as something we and our families may face...think about it as one of the things that lost time, half-hearted effort, "letting the other fellow do it," can bring about...

think about it as one of the realities of total war.

Now is no time to relax. Now is the time for all of us...for you who read this advertisement and for us who sign it...to do all in our power to get this war over sooner.

It's up to *you*...and *us*.

## AMERICAN LOCOMOTIVE

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at moment the war with Germany seemed timed by personal malice.

With grunts and sighs of tiredness the carriers were putting down their loads, squatting down beside them, getting their pipes out of their banana-fiber bags. One man was already twirling his fire sticks, another, more sophisticated, had drawn out a box of matches, and another had gone to where the embers of the campfire glowed dully in the ashes. Beside those ashes two chairs were standing, close together, and Bob eyed that conjunction a little askance, then held his wrist up in the moonlight so he could see the figures that had long ago lost their luminosity. "Half after one. . . . Might as well rout everybody out and start backing."

MICHAEL carried the tray carefully to Mrs. Winston's tent. The clearing was a wash of silvery gray, the shadows indistinct, part of the vague obscurity of night. Once he paused to look off at a dim shape, an obese bulk visible in a patch of light, but the shape did not stir and Michael walked slowly on.

"Claire—?"

"Michael—?"

The flaps of her tent were unfastened and he stepped into the darkness within. "Put on a light," he said in a low voice. "I want to set down this tray."

"Tray?" From the darkness came her laughing whisper. "What have you got a tray for?"

"Drinks, my sweet." His somberness had vanished; he felt suddenly gay and amused at the fantastic adventure. Two conspirators whispering intimately in the dark. He murmured, "A light's all right if you don't turn it on me." A shadow would show on the tent wall.

The round eye of a torch showed bright, throwing its light across the tent from the cot. It flickered on an airtight, spread with a white cloth where silver toilet things were grouped, then moved to a suitcase, on its side, posing as a low table. Michael stepped cautiously forward and set down the tray on that, and the light played curiously over the bottle and glasses, then clicked off.

He turned and tied the entrance flaps with tight knots, then groped for the foot of the couch and sat down. She was curled up at the farther end. She asked, "You're sure no one saw you?"

He chuckled. "Someone did. A brute of a fellow."

"Michael!"

"Be easy. Only our old friend of the other night, Monsieur l'Hippopotame."

"What?"

"Out for a bit of night grazing. Out in the open. Just moon enough to see him by. He didn't budge. Stood and stared."

"I thought I heard something! A little while ago. I thought it was you."

"Nothing so solid."

"But if a hippo's wandering around won't it wake the porters?"

"No fear. They're snoring like Billy-be-damned. You're in luck to have your tent so far away."

"But isn't he dangerous—?"

"The hippo? Oh, they roam about at night, but they come and go to the river in those ruts you saw. They stay out of the way."

"A hippo!" said Claire with a soft laugh. A hippo was an amusing concomitant to a night's tryst.

He chuckled with her. "Rather a lark, isn't it? We dodged a number of things, in the old days, after your mother put her foot down, but we never had to reckon with a hippo before."

"Do you think he knew what you were about?"

"Definitely. He winked."

"You donkey!"

He heard her leaning back against the pillows. He said, "I'm putting on a light. Just for a moment," and took his torch from the pocket of his robe, and flashed it on her. It lighted her lovely face and shining hair spread on her shoulders, the soft throat and satin-smooth white shoulders, banded by sheer lace. She was curled up against the pillows, her blue robe across her. He said softly, "Circe, Circe!" looking a long time on her before he clicked off the light and dropped the torch back into his pocket.

Out of the dark she whispered, amusedly, "What do I turn you into, Michael?"

What, indeed? . . . So many Michaels. . . . And, ultimately, a cold, uncaring Michael who would be a horrible embarrassment to her.

"You'll see," he said lightly.

Suddenly he leaned down, and kissed her.

Then he stood up abruptly. "Don't rush your fences, Michael!" he said in a hard voice.



She laughed. "You always did, you know!"

"I know. Remember that spill I took at Braemere? Trying to lead the field? I nearly broke my neck."

"I was frantic till I got to you."

He had lain in the gorse, dizzy from shock. She had galloped up, with that young cub of a whipper-in who was so hot for her, and old Lamentor on her heels. She had got off her horse and flung herself beside him. "Michael—are you hurt?" That was the first time her voice had told him that she cared. She had looked at him out of those great blue eyes with a stark sincerity of fright. His chagrin had turned to purest ecstasy.

HE SAID harshly, "If I'd only had the cash!"

"Poor Michael!"

Her husband must have had tons of cash. John Howard Winston. She hadn't known of any John Howard Winston in those days. She had said that nothing mattered but love, that she would wait.

Well, life being what it was, he could hardly blame her for not waiting. And, love being what it was, he could hardly blame her for writing him to come back, to be her lover. . . . But—those other lovers! And now he—and then Sir Robert!

"How's for a drink?" he said abruptly.

"All right," she lazily agreed. "We didn't have a sundowner, did we?"

"No. This is a moondowner."

"A toast to our one night."

She wasn't going to let him forget it was for only one night, was she? She needn't worry about that. There would be a definite finality to this one night.

If he spun it out, if he kept her oblivious of the time—and he could lie about it for she hadn't her watch on—that finality could happen pretty far into the morning, and the commotion about it might still be going on when Bob and Tommy returned, for Bob would be in a lather to get back early. A pity he wouldn't be there to see Bob's face! All the explanation in the world wouldn't explain away that situation.

He hoped she'd forget about the bottle and the two glasses. He'd tuck them under the cot when they got through drinking. Drinking would keep him from putting his arms about her for quite a while.

If only his heart did not knock so. It

His great scheme had gone to pot. He was no dead lover, only a trapped one. He felt chagrin and disgust and then a flash of sheer, involuntary relief at being let off from that dramatic finality, and a mocking self-derision at recognition of his relief.

He was a rotter! He couldn't even kill himself in time. All he could do now was to stay put and be discovered.

But he wouldn't have it that way. Devil take it, he thought wryly, you had to be a bally corpse before you could stick around and give a woman away!

In a flash he was at the back of the tent, tearing at the cords that tied the flap. No use—there were natives out there, milling around. Sent to look for him, probably. They'd be shouting for him in a moment.

"Natives out there," he said to the rigid figure beside him in the dark. "You step out in front. If they come here, talk to them. Say you haven't seen me. I'll get away later."

He'd hide under the bedclothes. Like Falstaff. Or was it in the laundry?

The voices out in front were coming nearer. They sounded strained, uncertain. They were at Bob's tent now. "No, he isn't here," Bob was saying. Then Tommy: "Do you think a leopard—?"

"No."

"But—"

MICHAEL was at the entrance to the tent now, his fingers struggling with the knots he had tied so tight. He hadn't expected to untie those knots. Through the canvas he could see a light. They had a lantern. The voices were conferring. "But what—?" A low murmuring. Then, "We'll have to tell her, anyway." They were coming again.

No chance to hide from that light. Claire could not keep them out of the tent. Tommy would come in.

"Back to bed," he breathed, over his shoulder. "Pull up the blankets. You have a chill."

He heard swift movements behind him. Then, outside, Tommy said softly, apologetically, worriedly, "Oh, Mrs. Winston! Sorry to wake you, but—"

Michael flung open the flap—had they noticed it was being untied?—and called out, "I say! You back?"

Tommy was standing there, with Bob beside her, holding a lantern, and back of them a trailing procession of boys and natives staring, goggle-eyed, as he stepped out. The silence was thick with shock, discomfort, constraint and uncertainty.

"You back?" he flung again, into that silence. And then, as if recollecting that his presence there called for a word of explanation, "I'm acting as boy. Mrs. Winston's ill. She called her boy but he didn't come, so I did. She had a chill."

From the shadows behind him Mrs. Winston's voice came languidly: "I wanted something hot. I thought the boy could fetch something. . . . Is that Mrs. Garrick?"

"Mrs. Garrick and Sir Robert," said Michael, gravely, informative.

He was enjoying himself now. He was doing this well, he thought. Very casual, very correct. Eyes bland and direct. Not a glint toward Bob McNare. He addressed himself to Tommy:

"You'd better carry on now. Get the boys to heat some water. You had the spirit lamp, you know, so I couldn't concoct anything. I brought some whisky. That helped, I think."

They could make what they pleased of the two glasses. They would think it perfectly in keeping for him to take a drink when offering one as medicine.

Tommy spoke up, determinedly nat-

was beating in his side, and in his throat and in his ears. He was dizzied with it. It would be funny, he thought wryly, if it suddenly stopped beating, if he did not need those tablets. . . .

"MICHAEL!"

"What, sweet?"

"You hear that?"

He sat up, turning his head to listen. He heard a confused murmuring of voices, somewhere out toward his tent. He thought of the hippo, of an accident to a native. If some fool had thrown a spear—

He jumped up, pulled on his dressing gown.

"Michael, what is it?"

"Listen!"

They both listened intently. She was sitting up, her body rigid. The voices were louder, indistinguishable. Bob McNare was out there, saying something. Michael could not hear the words but he could hear the voice. Then he heard Tommy's voice.

Claire breathed, "They're back! What time is it?"

"S-sh!" In the dark he found her robe, thrust it toward her. "Put this on."

They were back, all right. And they had missed him—Tommy had. He could hear the voices of the boys. They had routed out the boys and were questioning them.



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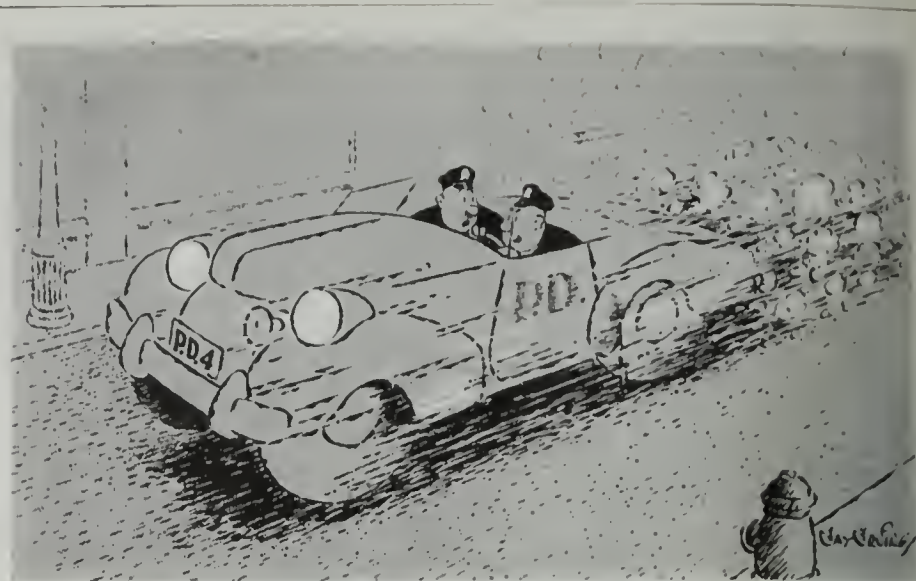
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COLLIER'S

"No, no, Moriarity! Just prowl!"

JAY IRVING

ter of fact, though her voice was not quite natural: "Has she got a tempera-  
ture?"

"I wouldn't know."

"I think I did have," said that languid voice from the tent.

Michael hid a grin. The little devil! Carrying it off with her tongue in her cheek. He told them, smoothly, "Bit of luck you came back. But what happened? Lost your bait? I didn't hear any shots."

Bob said abruptly, "There's a war on. England has declared war on Germany."

That curt announcement struck Michael speechless. His eyes went incredulously from one to the other. Then excitement blazed. "War? How the devil do you know?"

They told him in spurts of words and phrases, Bob stiff and constrained, Tommy breathlessly explanatory. From within the tent Claire made a startled exclamation.

"Where's that Belgian fellow?" Michael wanted to know, and McNare said, "Back there—somewhere. Wondering what's going on."

Tommy said hurriedly, "That's why we didn't shout for you—we didn't want him to wonder."

"Oh, to hell with wondering!"

Michael shrugged off the situation that a moment before had held all his thought. They could think what they pleased. Appearances had been saved, at any rate, and they could go on from there. The fact of war dwarfed every other fact; it was ridiculous to bother about personal emotion when men, millions of men, were to die, and women and children, when the fate of England was at stake.

"We've got to pack up and get out of here," he said. "We've got to get back in touch."

"That's what I thought. That's why we came back," said McNare. Then he said, very stiffly and formally, "But if Mrs. Winston is ill—"

"She'll make it in a carrying chair."

Claire called, "You want to start—now?" Her voice was dismayed. She asked plaintively, "Isn't anybody going to tell me—"

"I'd better see her," said Tommy shortly and went in. Claire called, "Please! Sir Robert!"

Michael swung off in the dark, to find the Belgian. After the first steps his hand went quickly to his side and he stood still, his body bent. His knees trembled and he felt weak all over. It was too much, he thought, to have a war flung at him on top of the shock of that return, after the tension and passion of the night.

Careful, Michael! You don't want to pass out now and miss the excitement.

Steady does it. . . . God, what a fool he'd have been if he'd done himself in, as he'd planned to do. He'd never have known about this. . . . He'd been crazy to dream of taking himself off. A man's place was on top of the earth as long as he could stay on top, and before he went under he'd send a few of those damned Nazis before him. He wasn't too old to fight. He could do something. England would need all she had.

England. Memories assailed him. That other time. The crowds on the streets, the cheering, the frenzy of excitement. Oh, to be in London now! Sixteen years since he had been in London. A sharp hunger for the city he had known assailed him, for its streets, its shops, its restaurants, the roaring traffic and the sheen of lights of wet pavements and the gray stone of the Houses of Parliament. For the sound of Big Ben.

He straightened. The acuteness of the pain had passed. He'd manage now, he thought; he'd have to, if he wanted to go back and get into the show. He'd go on the first ship, find some examining chap of the old days who knew him, who knew his record—oh, he'd wangle it, somehow. . . . If only it wasn't all over before he could get in.

McNARE, hearing that "Sir Robert" started to turn his back and make off, but the fear of giving himself away kept him rooted, in painful hesitation. His one clear thought was to try to behave as ordinarily, to keep his guard up.

"Please come in a moment."

He came just inside the flap; he had given Tommy the lantern to take in and the tent was bright. Mrs. Winston was sitting up, her robe about her. The instant he appeared she said gently to Tommy, "You won't mind, Mrs. Garrick, seeing to that hot water? I've something I must tell Sir Robert."

Tommy spun about and went out the tent. Bob had a strong impulse to follow her, but that was too ghastly rude, he thought; you couldn't be rude to a woman even if she was a beast.

"Robert!"

Her voice was so soft that involuntarily he came a step nearer; he stood in stiff attention looking down at her with unwilling eyes.

"Don't be too critical of Mr. Garrick for having rushed in. He was quite nice, really. Frightfully decent, in fact." Claire smiled up wanly. Then, in a rueful voice, "It was all rather horrid—I was afraid I was going to be sick. . . . I think his whisky did save me. . . . I know he's often been rather—cheeky—so I wanted to say this, so you'd know he hadn't been tonight."

The soft sincerity of her voice was dumfounding. So, too, was the homely



"I'd rather draw a package of Sir Walter Raleigh"

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future of Claire Winston afraid she might be sick. Bob did not know what to think. There was such innocence in her clear eyes. Such unconsciousness of any darker depths to his thought than a fear that Michael might have been premeditating.

Yet—that headache. Well, a headache was a natural prelude to a chill. . . . But Michael's elaborate bathing and shaving that the boy had told about. . . . Yet Michael might be shaving to be ready for an early breakfast with her—Michael then shaved at night to save himself the trouble in the morning, Bob remembered. Michael hated to get up.

But Michael's brags? Michael's boasts of Mrs. Winston's willingness? Well, he had thought Michael a liar, then, and why should he believe him now, through the fortuitous evidence of a chill and an untimely visit to her tent?

Michael had been out in the boma with Tommy, and Mrs. Winston had called, he, himself, would have come running. . . . Because he suspected Michael, had he a right to suspect her? To believe her a cheating trickster? The mere notion of it was unbelievable in the light of her clear glance.

He felt ashamed of himself; he felt a confusion of shame and a dawning of infinite relief and a pricking of wariness that mistrusted believing in her because he so wanted to believe in her—and at the same time he felt revolted at believing Michael because Michael was so poisonous. He did not know what to think. All the facts that had seemed such damning evidence whirled in his mind, like pieces in a shaken kaleidoscope, unable to settle to a pattern so he could know what he really saw in them.

Then, suddenly, his mind caught hold of something; he remembered that Michael had never once glanced smugly or triumphantly at him, as surely Michael would have done, if he'd been playing the profligate. Michael couldn't have resisted the impulse to exhibit his winning, to satirize the situation. Michael had been too smooth, but that was Michael, savoring the unconventional atmosphere of his presence there, but not even Michael had dared to inject a sly suggestiveness.

The pieces of the kaleidoscope fell into

a bright pattern, the pattern of Mrs. Winston's innocence and truth. His mind was not such a fool that it absolved her from playing the romantic, a little, with Michael in the past, encouraging, amusedly, his admiration, but it cleared her of any dark complicity in this night's doings. It seemed to him particularly characteristic of her that she was not saying anything about misjudging her, but only about misjudging Michael. She wanted to let him know that she understood that Michael could be presuming and to reassure him.

Or, there might be a little more to it than that—she might think he was blaming her for having let Michael wait on her. She had no notion of anything baser in his mind—you had only to look at her to know that. He had never seen her so gentle, so appealing—like a Madonna. That gold hair on her shoulders. . . .

He turned his eyes quickly away, afraid she might surprise the feeling in them. He did not know what to say and he had to say something; he could not stand there all night, tongue-tied, groping his way back to sanity. When he did speak his voice was gruff from the restraint in it.

"That's all right. I'm glad he was on his good behavior. . . . He's an odd sort."

He was staring down at the whisky bottle and the two glasses under the cot and he looked back quickly to her, not to seem to be staring at them.

"Sorry you're so seedy," he said awkwardly. "If you don't feel up to going—"

Claire smiled up at him. "I'm not too bad," she reassured. "I'll make it."

She continued to smile to herself after he left the tent.

IT WAS a hard safari, by any standard. They started out in moonlight, took only the briefest pauses for rest and food and a short nap at midday, and it was dark before the line of tired porters straggled into the village where the cars had been left. Claire Winston made the trip in the carrying chair, in her role of invalid, which wasn't very sporting of her, she thought amusedly, and the Belgian shared his chair with the others, until he fell asleep in it, in the afternoon.

That carrying chair isolated her from



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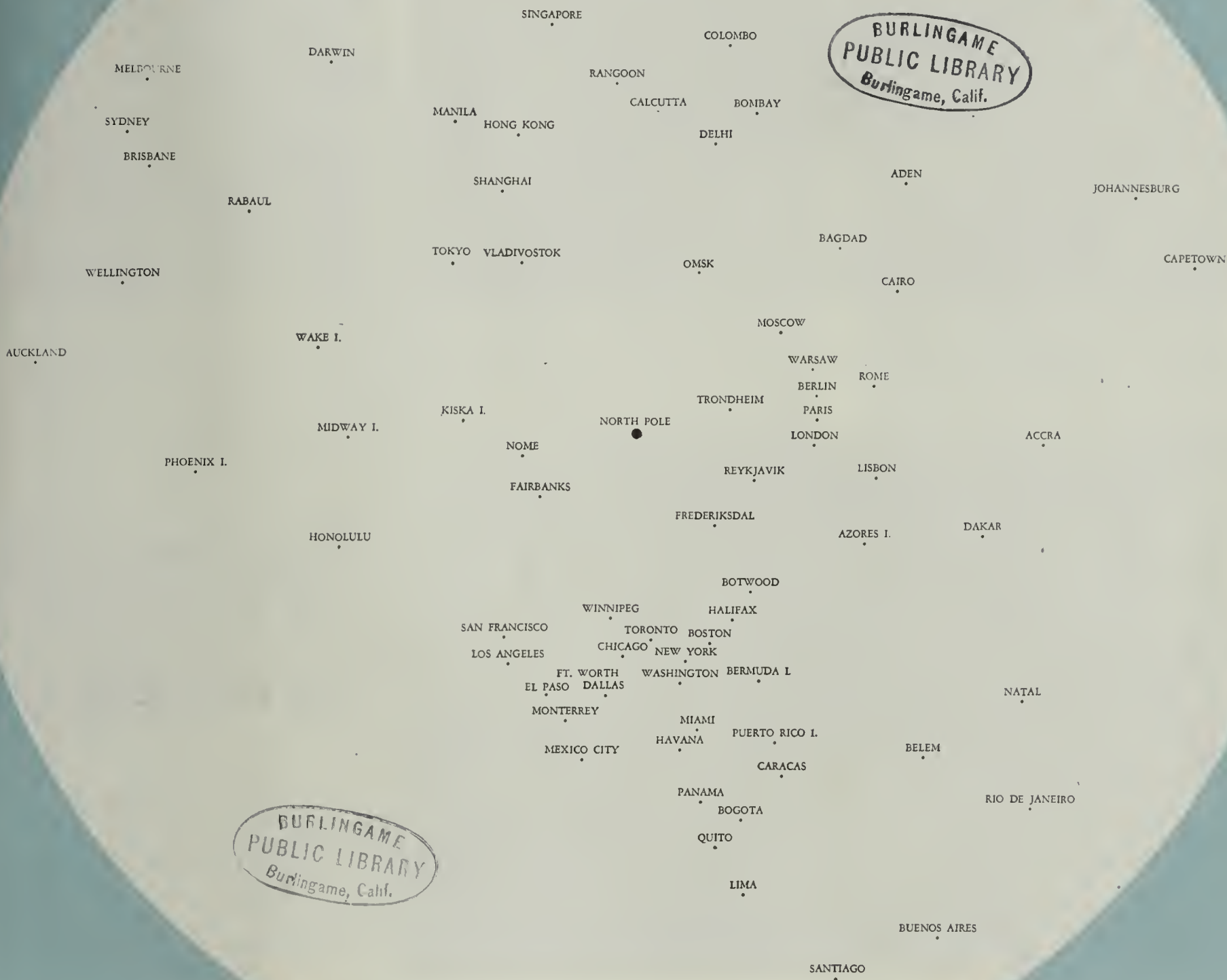






# AIR MAP

PERTH



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THE WAR is forcing great changes in the lives of people all over the earth. Some are temporary; others will remain.

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But there is no map of the invisible air.

\* \* \*

The land and sea miles that separate places remain the same. But airplanes cancel the surface barriers and change the proximity of places. Inevitably, as all peoples continue to become closer neighbors, they will have a more direct influence upon each other. No phase of our lives will be immune to the effects of this new propinquity.

\* \* \*

The air map above shows nothing but the names and

locations of places. As our guide we use a polar projection map.

Next, we remove all surface "pictures" of lands and waters, in order to emphasize the essence of what aviation means. Air is not divided into many different parts as are continents and oceans. Air is one unit, boundaryless and universal.

\* \* \*

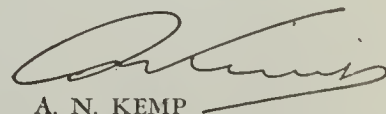
Air is much larger than all waters and lands combined, and is available, alike to all inland and coastal places, everywhere. Therefore we believe air is the dominant realm for transportation. We know that there will always be need for ships, trains and motor vehicles, but we believe that the relative value and effectiveness of all surface methods will be determined according to how well we use what only air transportation makes possible.

Fortunately for our nation's war effort, the United States has the world's greatest system of Airlines. As

one part of their war-work, they are operating numerous new routes to many foreign lands. Another part is the maintenance of an even better air transportation service on the home production front. Great as are these contributions to date, in order to win, Air Transportation must shoulder much more of the war burden.

\* \* \*

But our air efforts must not relax with victory. Immediate development and expansion of America's aviation is necessary also in order to protect our nation at the Peace Conference. Then, either we will be dominant in the air—or we will be dominated in the post-war, air-world.

  
A. N. KEMP

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The terrific fire power of the tommy gun won this action for the Russians. Rushed into the battle on tanks, marksmen armed with these versatile weapons are shown swarming into the village from the rear. Germans who weren't killed fled in panic



As Russian infantry units push the Germans back, a Tatar medical orderly, under heavy rifle and machine-gun fire, crawls over the battlefield bandaging the wounds of his injured comrades



Russian soldiers firing through the windows of a battered railway station recaptured from the Germans. This particular building was strongly but unsuccessfully defended by the Nazis

The surviving inhabitants of this desolate ash heap, once a thriving village, shower kisses and embraces upon the victorious Russian soldiers who have rescued them from Nazi bondage

# VICTORY AT RZHEV

These stirring pictures, taken by Red Army photographers during the Russian offensive at Rzhev, were brought to America by Irina Skariatina, Collier's correspondent in Moscow



Above:  
soldier  
native v  
treating  
and tw





Above: The day of days for Red soldier Yegor Baikov! Entering his native village on the heels of the retreating Germans, he finds his wife and two children alive and well

Below: These women are smiling now, because the Russians have recaptured what's left of their village. Under Nazi rule they knew nothing but hunger and misery



This old woman, Ekaterina Ustinova, is showing a Red soldier the remains of her most cherished possession, a fine samovar. Because she failed to hide her joy at the approach of Russian troops, the retreating Germans riddled the samovar with bullets, destroyed her cottage

A grinning Russian infantryman removes the machine guns and ammunition from an abandoned German pillbox





## Five Who Vanished

Continued from page 20

had been murdered on this ship during the night, that his body had been pushed into the sea, and that the most prominent civilians on board were responsible.

He encircled A deck, then went down to B. He was a little worried about Flack. Flack, in his sudden blossoming, was all at once unpredictable. There was no telling what he might be up to now. He went to Flack's room, but Flack was not there.

Jason was returning to A deck when his room steward overtook him. "I just wanted to know, Mr. Amboy, if everything is all right," Emil Roth said.

"So far as I know—yes," Jason said.

"I mean, sir, there's no longer any question of reporting it?"

"No, Roth."

His room steward seemed greatly relieved. "That's fine. I'm pleased to hear you say that, Mr. Amboy. But I don't trust that fellow Flack."

"Why not?"

"Well, sir, in the first place, his name isn't Flack. I checked over the passenger list."

"Don't let it worry you," Jason said. "He is quite all right."

"Is he?" the cynical room steward said. "I'm not so sure, sir. It's none of my business, Mr. Amboy, but I wouldn't trust him. He's sly."

Jason said gravely, "Well, I'm grateful for your opinion, Roth."

"Don't mention it, sir. Just keep a weather eye on him, that's all I have to say. And by the way, Mr. Amboy, I found this while I was cleaning your room just now. It doesn't seem to mean anything, but I thought it might interest you. I found it under your bed. There's a little smear of blood on it, so I thought it might have belonged to—that fellow."

IT WAS a yellow slip of paper and Jason recognized it at once. It was the slip on which his stowaway had been writing when Jason had gone into the stateroom after dinner. He recalled the man's deliberation in folding it down the middle and then across and pushing it into his vest pocket. And he recalled that one of the man's fingers had been stained with green ink from his fountain pen. This paper had evidently fallen out of his pocket at the time of his murder.

Jason thanked Roth and took the slip of yellow paper into his room. He sat down on the bed and spread out the yellow paper on his knee.

Down the left-hand side was a neat column of double capital letters. Several of the pairs were connected by a line to a pair of letters in another column. A precise pen line ran through three of the double letters, and a broken line ran through one pair:

H	S		
B	S		
L	S		
C	M		
N	M		
L	S		
B	S		
C	S		
H	A		?
J	A		?
E	A		
M	A		

The letters were drawn very ornamentally and there were meaningless scrolls in the margins. On a sheet of ship's notepaper, Jason made a column of names, based on the column of initials. The initials IC and VA meant nothing to him.

Hiram Grazzard	
Bertha Grazzard	----- IC
Lorrin Grazzard	----- IC
Channing Mace	----- IC
Natalie Mace	----- VA
Luana Topping	----- VA
Bruce Topping	
Caroline Topping	
Wayne Amboy	----- ?
Jason Amboy	----- ?
Clark Amboy	
Mary Amboy	

A line had been drawn through the initials of Hiram Grazzard, of Luana's father and mother, but not through the initials of his father and mother. The broken line through his own initials had, it seemed to Jason, unpleasant implications.

He realized that this slip of yellow paper was of immense value. Only that small smear of blood had saved it from Emil Roth's dustpan.

The longer he studied it, the more it told him. It gave him, if not a working blueprint of the enemy's plans, at least something to work on in his mental laboratory. It told him what he wanted to know about the stowaway. And he believed he knew what "IC" and "VA" stood for.

Jason Amboy folded up the two sheets and placed them in his billfold. Then he went on deck. He was more than ever anxious to find Flack, to warn him to be extremely careful, and he wanted to ask Luana some questions.

He did not see Flack. He found Luana on the after deck watching the other ships in the convoy. He stopped. Her dark

color, her soft brown hair, her slim loveliness made him forget, as usual, everything else in his mind.

"I'd love to have a little talk with you, Cousin Luana," he said.

She turned her head quickly and looked up. She was smiling and her dark green eyes were aglow. Her smile vanished and the glow left her eyes. Her lips thinned a little.

"How sad!" she said. "I've received orders to have nothing more to do with you. Isn't that a pity, Cousin Jason?"

There was deep distrust, or dislike, or both, in her expression.

"Really?" Jason drawled. "It is indeed a pity, Cousin Luana. I thought you weren't afraid of anything in the world."

She gazed at him a few seconds. She blushed. Her eyes remained narrow. "This isn't a good place to talk. Lorrin is coming. Where shall I meet you?"

"On B deck—as far forward as you can go. I'll be waiting. To get there—"

"I think I can find my way," she stopped him.

He went forward. He was trying to keep his thoughts on his problems, but they were distracted by Luana. It amazed him to realize that he had fallen in love with this lovely copper-skinned girl who was so independent and so untamed, because it was the last thing in the world he wanted to happen. It had been coming over him slowly, and here it was.

JASON crossed the forward well deck. The wind was blowing hard. He looked down at the bright blue wave with its snowy crest that was being sliced by the sharp cutwater. He supposed he had begun falling in love with Luana yesterday morning when he lay bound and gagged on his bed and she had bent over him and said in her low melodious voice, "Don't be alarmed. I'm not going to hurt you, Mr. Amboy." And each time he had seen her since, the effect she had on him had been progressively more serious. Something had to be done about it.

Something, he decided, was going to be done about it.

Now and then he turned his head to

look aft and he presently saw Luana approaching. The firm wind tossed her hair about and agitated the ends of the ribbon which bound it. The skirt of her red silk dress ballooned out and up and she held it down about her slim legs.

She pushed her hair back from her glowing face. She laughed and said "That's a nice sailing breeze, Cousin Jason."

Still shaken by his discovery, he said heedlessly. "Luana, I wonder if we can clear up an awful lot of things by trying to be perfectly frank."

Her green eyes were glowing. "Is that another truth game, Cousin Jason?"

"Call it that."

"All right," she said recklessly, "let's play it. I adore games. Where shall we start?"

Jason tried to put his thoughts in order, but they were being tossed about on the seas of his emotion. "Let's start with you," he said. "I saw you for the first time yesterday morning at approximately four forty-five, and I've been falling in love with you ever since."

The green-eyed girl gazed at him with alarm. "I don't think I'm going to like this game, after all, Cousin Jason. You see, I'm engaged to Lorrin."

"You aren't in love with him," Jason said.

She studied him thoughtfully, still with her head tilted. "All right," she said with decision. "You've asked for it, and here it is. I've been falling in love with you just as steadily as you've been falling in love with me. I didn't want it to happen because there's nothing—utterly nothing—we can or will do about it."

"Go on," Jason said.

"Even if I hadn't given my word to Lorrin, even if I hadn't taken the bit in my teeth and announced it to those reporters—and I'm awfully glad that I did—I wouldn't do anything about it."

Jason Amboy had started to move toward her. He stopped with his hand near hers on the rail. "Have I the right to ask why?"

"Because I don't trust you. I never could trust you. Keep away, Jason. I'm not sure, but I think I know what you are underneath all your kindness and this nice way you have with women."

"What am I?"

Luana smiled wisely. "You are so akamai, Jason. You are akamai nui loa."

"What does that mean?"

"Very, very clever."

JASON was growing angry. "Haven't we sent up enough trial balloons?" he snapped. "You suspect me of something. Let's talk about it."

Her lower lip was suddenly full with stubbornness. "You're too smart for me."

"Stop saying that!" Jason pleaded. "What is it?"

"Why don't you ask Queen Bertha?"

"So," Jason said bitterly, "it's Queen Bertha. Or is it Prince Lorrin? Or Prime Minister Channing? Or all three?"

Luana's eyes had grown large. "I don't know what you're talking about."

"Isn't it true that you're suspicious of me because you've been told to be?"

Her expression quickly became resentful. "Now I have no mind of my own."

"It isn't that," Jason said, and he tried to control his voice. "They're too akamai for you."

She smiled again. "But not for you, Cousin Jason."

He was growing desperate. "Luana, I love you. I've told you nothing but the

## BUTCH

by CPL. LARRY REYNOLDS



"Hadn't we oughta remind him he's supposed to have his draft card with him at all times?"

COLLIER'S





## THE CASE OF THE UNCOMFORTABLE PASSENGER

by Raymond Clapper

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I'VE typed out newspaper stories in a good many odd places. On the steps of Warren Harding's front porch at Marion, Ohio, in the corner of a White House ante-room, in the rain in front of the Capitol when Franklin D. Roosevelt was inaugurated, in the court-house yard at the Scopes evolution trial at Dayton, Tennessee, and in trains and the back seats of automobiles riding over hair-pin mountain roads.

But I think the biggest story I ever covered was written on top of a crate of tommy-guns in the hold of a cargo plane 6,000 feet above an African jungle.

The ship was a "flying freighter" of the Air Transport Command, hauling 5,000 pounds of Army freight over trackless wilderness to a remote U. S. Army outpost. It was fighting equipment that

couldn't wait...guns, ammunition and motor parts.

We made the trip that night in ten hours. By surface-ship, rail and motor truck, it would have taken ten weeks!

I say it was the biggest story I ever covered because on that flight, I saw all our concepts of transportation thrown into the scrap heap. I saw the military textbooks being rewritten. And I got a glimpse of what our peace-time world will be like when this war is over and won.

These transport planes, operated for the Army Air Transport Command by Airline personnel, are spanning oceans and continents with vast aerial bridges. They hurdle the Atlantic in 16 hours. They

fly to Australia in four days. To Cairo in five. To Chungking or New Delhi in a week. They bring the farthest fighting fronts to the back doors of America's factories—just as today our domestic Airlines bring factories from California to Connecticut door-to-door.

Our pilot this trip was a big veteran from Ohio, who until a month before had been pushing an Airliner across the midwest. Over sandwiches and coffee he told me: "The Army and the Airlines make a terrific ball-team. We had the pilots, the ground crews and 20 years of experience and the Army had a job for us to do. Every day the job grows bigger . . . because we're getting set to make Hitler sorry he ever heard the word *blitzkrieg*!"

I'm inclined to string along with him on that.

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## How to make your gas ration book go farther

WHETHER or not you go in for numerology, you'll agree that 4 is your all-important number these days—4 gas coupons must cover all your driving needs.

If you can make your gasoline go farther, it's just the same as having extra coupons in your hook. So, today, the P. S. job is to help you get more miles out of each gallon of gas.

By comparing the gas you put in your tank with the mileage on your speedometer, you can find out if your car is getting the gas mileage it should. Now that you're driving only 28 or 30 miles an hour, your car should deliver almost 30% more miles per gallon than it did when your average speed was 50. If it doesn't, it's usually a sign that something's wrong—that some part needs Preventive Service—needs to be repaired or adjusted. Your service man, after a short examination, can tell you what it is that's making a gas glutton of your car. For example, he may find it's the distributor.

### The Distributor Can Kill a Coupon

The distributor is the "allocation board" of your car's electric current—allotting the current on a definite and precise schedule to each of the cylinders. Inside it, directly under each of the "octopus tentacles" is a contact point. Circling over these contacts, like the sweep hand on a clock, is a rotor. As the rotor passes each contact, current goes out from the rotor, through the "tentacle" to the spark plug in the cylinder head.

Current to the rotor is supplied through a sort of automatic switch or "breaker," the points of which, in present-day

driving, open and close 100 times a second. Naturally, each time this happens there is a small, hot electric arc that jumps the gap between the points and flashes off a microscopic part of the points' surfaces. In time, the points burn away to such an extent that it upsets the distributor's schedule and the plugs do not get enough current, or else get it too early or too late to fire the gasoline to get full power from each explosion.

Your service man has scientific testing equipment to tell whether the points are opening "on time," whether they are badly burned, if the condenser that steadies the current from the distributor is weak. Have him make a test regularly.

### Remember, Too

The distributor is only one part of the electrical "department" of your car that needs to be watched. And don't forget P. S. for your car's other departments—the fuel system, the cooling system, the engine, the body, the running gear, and the exhaust system. They need regular P. S. attention, too.

**This Collier's column** has endeavored to call your attention to certain car facts that will help you make your ration book go farther. In review—the first step is to check the mileage you're getting. Then check your service man for P. S.

**There'll be more** Preventive Service columns in later issues. In the meantime, send for the **FREE P.S. Check List**. This form will help your service man tell you what Preventive Service is needed on your car now—and what can be deferred. To get your free copy, merely write to Collier's P. S., 250 Park Ave., N. Y. C.

truth. My brother disappeared from Kokala. I'm on my way there to try to find out what happened. That's the whole truth about me. You might explain just one thing. Last night when you passed me on the stairs—why were you so frightened?"

She seemed astonished. "When you were coming down—about midnight?"

"Yes, Luana."

"But I wasn't frightened! I was furious. I'd just had an awful quarrel with Lorrin—over you."

Jason was disappointed. He was sure she wasn't telling the truth. She was protecting Lorrin. It was hard to believe that that look he had seen in her face could have been caused by a lovers' quarrel.

Luana was shaking her head. "No, Cousin Jason; I don't like this game. It's intrigue, and I'm not any good at intrigue."

Before he could say anything, she was walking away. He wanted to call her back. But he didn't. He turned and looked down at the bright blue wave that was being carved out of the sea by the Tasmania's sharp prow.

WHEN noon passed, and still his valet had not reported, Jason grew concerned. He began a systematic search of the ship, and found Flack in the after well deck, talking with a tall, red-haired man who wore a tight black sweater and dungarees. Both were smoking opulent black cigars.

The red-haired man, who had dazzling and wicked green eyes, was doing most of the talking. He was making large sweeping gestures and now and then he grew so excited that he thumped himself on the chest.

Flack, whose resemblance to a middle-aged bookkeeper was enhanced by his contrast with the rakish and raffish appearance of the red-haired man, was hardly less excited.

Jason was upwind from them, so that he heard only a few words of their conversation. But the words he heard were sufficient. They were "cat rig" and "cherry picker." He heard Flack say, "Well, sir, I raised and lowered that boom and got hep on gear ratios so I could hold on high boom or far boom."

And the red-haired man said, "Sure, sure! It's all in getting onto it. But it ain't always as easy as it looks. I've got a wisecracking brother who's a rigger who used to say to me, 'The way to make a rig runner is to catch a dumb truck driver and kick his brains out,' but I set down a load of steel right near him once and I sure cured him!"

Flack and the red-haired man laughed. For the time being, Flack appeared to be in safe hands, so Jason decided not to intrude.

He went to his room, wrote a note instructing Flack to meet him at the paddle-tennis court at seven and slid the sealed envelope under the door of his valet's stateroom.

At seven, Jason went to the boat deck. It was drizzling. He waited in the lee of a deckhouse until seven-thirty, but Flack did not appear. He returned to his stateroom and telephoned Flack's room, but Flack did not answer. He felt somewhat uneasy, but he reasoned that there was no cause for concern. Flack had obviously found a friend in the red-haired man and they were no doubt still talking about the operation of cranes.

Jason dressed for dinner, deciding on a white dinner jacket and a maroon tie. When he reached the table, everyone was there but Luana. He took his place between Mrs. Grazzard and Natalie Mace. Miss Cudlip, more militant than ever in a lettuce-green dinner dress, was

vivaciously describing a match she had seen between Tilden and Budge.

Lorrin sent him a surly glance as he sat down, and Channing Mace's gemlike gray eyes were on him. Mrs. Grazzard said in a firm, friendly voice, "Good evening, Jason," and Natalie Mace said demurely, "Good evening, Mr. Amboy."

He had not seen her since their talk the morning. She was pale and she seemed far away. He sensed tension in her and in Lorrin, and he wondered if there had been some new development.

When Miss Cudlip finished her point-by-point account of the Tilden-Budge match, Mrs. Grazzard and Channing Mace began a discussion of the effect of the war on the Hawaiian sugar industry, and this led to an analysis by Lorrin of the German beet-sugar industry and its present domination of the European market. Jason was surprised at the crispness and the intelligence with which Lorrin discussed it. He had never before seen this surly young man in his role of young sugar magnate.

Luana did not appear until dinner was half over. She was wearing her cerise satin dinner dress. She seemed excited. Her dark green eyes were electrically bright. She glanced at Jason, and it was a puzzled glance.

"I'm so sorry I'm late," she said, and her voice was higher than usual and, it seemed to Jason, tremulous with excitement. "I was talking with some people and the time just slipped by."

Lorrin was scowling, but he said nothing. Mrs. Grazzard had stopped eating. She was tapping on the edge of the table with her long gold pencil. She stared for several seconds at Luana and said heavily, "You know how I feel about punctuality."

Luana was blushing. "I'm terribly sorry, Aunt Bertha, it really was unavoidable."

"Unpunctuality," said the formidable woman with the dull amber eyes, "is never unavoidable."

Throughout the remainder of dinner, Luana was preoccupied. She occasionally sent Jason a bright, searching glance as if something in her mind concerning him puzzled or excited her. He had suspected, when he sat down, that there had been a new development in this dark intrigue, and he was now certain of it.

He had a few seconds alone with Natalie when they all arose from the table. She said softly, "Has he talked yet?"

Jason realized that she was referring to Winfield Grazzard, the stowaway.

"No."

NATALIE was looking up at him expectantly. She made a little grimace of displeasure. "But, Jason, you have him completely at your mercy." Her blue eyes were surprised and puzzled. "You must be absolutely ruthless. There's an old Hawaiian proverb—I kahiki ka ua, ako ka hale: when the rain is far away, thatch your house. Get busy!"

She turned away to join her husband. Jason returned to his room. The phone was ringing.

A muffled voice said, "Mr. Amboy?"

"Yes."

"It's Kitchener, sir. Will you meet me at once at the tennis court?"

"Yes," said Jason.

There had been a strange thickness in the voice, and Jason wondered if his valet had been drinking.

It was raining when Jason reached the boat deck, and it was almost dark.

The rain beat into his face as he mounted the steps and opened the iron-grilled door of the tennis court. As he opened the door, a dark figure came toward him from the center of the court.

Jason was never quite sure whether or



as this dark figure came toward him, the gray afterglow in the west gleamed for a fugitive moment on wet red hair. What confused him and at the same time had prepared him for what followed was his curious impression, aided perhaps by the murky twilight, that Flack had grown several inches taller. But he wasn't sufficiently prepared to defend himself.

THE dark figure moved toward him on sure and silent feet. Jason saw the head coming up, and he stepped quickly to the right when he realized what its intentions were. A fist or some heavy object struck him on the left temple. If he hadn't been moving away from the blow, and if his head hadn't been swinging away, the blow would have at least knocked him unconscious.

It was a glancing blow, but its impact was sufficient to send him staggering backward. The sudden hard pain seemed to burst in his brain in a glitter of fiery needles.

The grilled door behind Jason was still open. He stumbled backward and fell backward down the steps to the wet deck. He fell on his left shoulder and hip and lay for several seconds unable to move while his head spun.

He rolled over on the wet deck and got to his knees, but he could not lift his head. He shook it, to clear it. Then two men in yellow cilskins were helping him to his feet.

He broke away from them and climbed drunkenly up the steps to the paddle-tennis court. His assailant was gone. Jason ran to the door on the opposite side of the court and ran down the steps. He looked forward, then aft, but there was no one in sight.

With his head throbbing, he went to his stateroom. There was a lump on his left temple. The left sleeve of his white dinner jacket was worn through at the elbow, where it had slid along the deck, and he was wet from head to foot.

He telephoned Flack's room and,

when there was no answer, he started to change to dry clothing. He had his choice, he realized, of two explanations of what had just happened. Either Flack was in trouble, or Flack had talked. He recalled the strange thickness of Flack's voice on the telephone—if it had been Flack's voice. Flack, intent on some wild scheme of his own, may have been outwitted. If he had been drinking, and if he had talked too freely, the mysterious attack might be explained.

Considering all the possibilities, Jason began to feel somewhat ill. He recalled his dim and possibly erroneous impression of the gleam of dying daylight on wet red hair. And he wondered if the lean and rakish person with whom he had seen Flack talking in the afternoon might fit somehow into this mystifying pattern. He had been worrying vaguely about Flack since last night, but only because Flack's audacious new personality had become a source of potential trouble. Now he was genuinely alarmed.

He was almost dressed when knuckles rapped sharply at his door. He called, "Come!" The door opened and a young man in a khaki naval uniform came in—a blond young man with alert blue eyes.

He said crisply, "Are you Mr. Jason Amboy?"

"Yes," said Jason.

"Captain Horngold wants to see you at once in his office."

Jason turned back to the dressing table mirror and finished tying his necktie. "What for?"

"I don't know, Mr. Amboy." The other's manner was officially cool. "He requested me to bring you to his office at once."

THERE were three men in the captain's office when Jason Amboy went in. Captain Horngold was a stocky, gray-haired man of about fifty who wore pince-nez glasses and resembled a prosperous broker. Jason had met him at a Bohemian Club dinner a year previously.

Captain Horngold now wore the khaki

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# PARKER Quink

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uniform of a naval officer with the epaulets of a commander. His face, with its fine lines, its tautness, betrayed the strain that the war had placed him under. Jason had not seen the captain since the Tasmania had sailed. He had heard that Captain Horngold spent all of his time on the bridge. This room was just off the bridge.

The captain was seated stiffly at one end of a long mahogany table. His right hand was cupped on the table. His left was on his knees.

A tall, wide-shouldered man of thirty-five with curly dark hair and steely gray eyes stood beside the captain with his knuckles on the table. He was bending over slightly and his eyes were staring at Jason the instant Jason opened the door. He, too, wore the khaki uniform of the Navy, but with a lieutenant commander's epaulets. Jason had seen him about the ship and had heard that he had been, in peacetime, the Tasmania's chief officer.

**B**EHIND Captain Horngold and the tall curly-haired man, and to their right, stood Emil Roth, the room steward. His face was gray and it looked damp and his eyes had the swimming quality of fear. His lips were apart and he seemed to be breathing rapidly.

The captain was gazing steadily at Jason through his pince-nez glasses. "Mr. Amboy," he said crisply, "this is Lieutenant Commander Matthewson."

Jason felt cold and shaky. Captain Horngold was looking at the discolored swelling on his left temple. All his resemblance to a prosperous broker seemed to vanish when he spoke. He suddenly revealed himself, in spite of his glasses and his comfortable double chin, as a man accustomed to dispensing authority with hard bluntness.

"A very serious thing has happened, Mr. Amboy," the captain said. "Do you recognize this?"

He lifted his cupped hand from the table to disclose a gray mustache. It lay on the table, with one end seeming to droop a little more than the other.

Jason moistened his lips. He said cautiously, "A false mustache, isn't it?"

The keen gray eyes of Lieutenant Commander Matthewson were very alert. Captain Horngold was gazing steadily at Jason. "Yes, Mr. Amboy. The man who wore it vanished from this ship some time this evening."

Jason felt a chill speed the length of his spine. He felt sickness start in his heart and spread outward. And he felt his mouth swiftly going dry. He placed his hands on the table, palms down, and stared at the gray mustache and supported himself on stiffened arms.

"It was found on the floor of your stateroom, Mr. Amboy," the captain went on in that hard, relentless way. "And this"—he took his hand from his knees and placed an envelope on the table beside the gray mustache—"was found on the floor of the stateroom of a man whose name, on the passenger list, is given as Rodney K. Kitchener."

Jason stared at the envelope. It was slightly soiled. He recognized his own handwriting. Across the upper edge of the envelope was a narrow smear of dried blood about an inch long.

He tried desperately to think. He thought of the telephone call he had received, presumably from Flack, about a half-hour ago. He thought of the savage blow that had been aimed at him by his unknown assailant on the paddle-tennis court. It was hard to come to grips with the most important fact of all. Flack had vanished, leaving the customary clue—a smear of blood. Jason's heartbeat settled to a slow, measured pain.

"This mustache," the captain said "was found in your stateroom, Mr. Amboy, by your room steward while you were at dinner."

Jason recalled that Luana had not appeared until dinner was half over, and he recalled her excited expression and the impression he had had at the time—his suspicion that there was a new development. And he wondered if this was it.

He looked beyond the captain and Lieutenant Commander Matthewson at Emil Roth. The room steward's mouth was still open, as if he were having difficulty with his breathing. Staring at Jason, he winked. It was not an ordinary wink. It was a grotesque exaggeration on the part of eye muscles, intended to leave no doubt.

Jason stared at Emil Roth, who, unobserved by the captain and the chief officer, now swiftly placed the tip of his right forefinger to his lips and shook his head. The entire pantomime was as expressive as it was mystifying. It implied that the case was not nearly so clear-cut as the captain and Lieutenant Commander Matthewson might make it appear, and that Jason was to say nothing that might betray him—or either of them.

"We made extensive inquiries before sending for you," the captain went on. "Several of the crew have identified this mustache as having been worn by this man Rodney K. Kitchener. This note"—he dipped his head toward the envelope with its smear of blackened blood—"is signed by you."

The captain paused. He looked at Jason expectantly, but Jason was still too shocked to speak. "Roth brought me this mustache," the captain said. "And this note was found. Then I sent word that Kitchener was to report to me. He wasn't found. I've had this ship searched in the past two hours, Mr. Amboy, from trucks to keelson, and from cutwater to counter. Kitchener is not aboard this ship, Mr. Amboy."

**J**ASON tried to moisten his lips with his tongue, but his mouth was dry. He felt his arms shaking, and his knees.

"A thorough search has been made of Kitchener's stateroom," the captain went on. "The bunk was taken apart, the bedding was inspected, the carpet was taken up, his effects were examined. Two facts of interest were discovered. One was that Kitchener's real name was Flack, the other, that Flack was in your employ."

Captain Horngold bent forward. "When he came aboard, he was wearing a disguise—a gray wig and this gray mustache. Who was this man, Mr. Amboy?"

"My valet," Jason answered in a husky voice.

Captain Horngold straightened up a little, with an air of surprise. "Why was he wearing a wig and a false mustache? Why was he traveling under an assumed name?"

Jason was trying to arrange his thoughts, but his brain was still numb with shock. "That," he answered, "takes a bit of explaining."

"We're ready to hear you, Mr. Amboy."

"Flack was, all his life, a very suppressed individual. I think he was what is known as a split-personality type. One side was meek and conventional, the other, extremely romantic and adventurous. In the five years he worked for me, he was the soul of meekness—the perfect servant. The instant I decided to go to the islands, the other side blossomed. He saw himself, at last, as an adventurer. The fact was, he was virtually out of control."

Jason stopped because he saw that



his explanation was falling on cold and unresponsive soil.

"Why was he traveling under an assumed name?" Lieutenant Commander Matthewson asked.

"It was the name he used on his union card. He was a crane operator. He told me he had a job waiting in Pearl Harbor on one of the outer islands."

There was another long silence while Captain Horngold and his chief officer stared at Jason.

"Do you know of any reason," the captain asked, with an air of measuring his words with the greatest care, "why this man should have vanished from this ship?"

"No," Jason answered. "I know of no reason."

"You must admit, Mr. Amboy," Captain Horngold said, "that it's very mystifying."

"Mystifying," Jason agreed, "and horrible. Flack was not only my valet. He was probably my best friend."

"Do you know if he had enemies aboard?"

Jason had an impulse to tell the truth. But he might be, he realized, wisest to put this whole problem into official hands. Then he recalled Emil Roth's wink and his expressive pantomime.

"I don't think Flack had an enemy in the world," Jason replied.

Commander Horngold settled back in his chair.

"All right, Roth," he said curtly. "Now tell your story."

"Yes, sir," said the steward in a quavering voice.

"Step up here," snapped Lieutenant Commander Matthewson.

Emil Roth came forward. He was gray and perspiring. His manner was that of a man about to wring his hands with anguish, but they hung at his sides, with the fingers wriggling a little.

"Tell it to Mr. Amboy, just as you told it to me," the captain directed.

"Yes, sir. This evening, just about six o'clock it was, this man Kitchener—or Flack—stopped me in the hall as I was coming out of your stateroom, and he

asked me if I knew where you were. When I said I thought you were on deck, he didn't go. He started to talk. He was very blue. He said he'd been thinking about his life and about his future. Then he asked me if I'd ever known of a passenger to commit suicide by jumping overboard."

"Did Flack say that?" Jason said incredulously.

"Yes, Mr. Amboy. I said I'd sailed on many different ships and that four different times a passenger had ended it all by jumping overboard. Then he asked me if anybody who might know him—that is, anybody on board—would be in any way involved if he disappeared in that way. And I said I didn't think it was likely. That was about all. He seemed very blue, but I didn't really think he had any idea of jumping overboard."

JASON had been very fond of Flack and he was sure that Flack, in spite of their recent differences of opinion, had been equally fond of him.

Someone had killed Flack and thrown his body overboard. The evidence—the familiar evidence of the smear of blood—indicated that Flack had met a fate identical with that of Winfield Grazzard. He had been killed in his stateroom, and his body had been pushed out the port-hole.

Jason was sure that Roth was lying. If he wasn't lying, then Flack must have talked about suicide for some sly purpose of his own. And some plan he had cooked up had gone astray and he had been murdered.

"Well, you were wrong, Roth," the captain was saying vigorously. "You've been at sea years enough to know better. You see, Mr. Amboy, the trouble is, no one saw Flack go overboard. We assume, from his confidences to Roth, that he committed suicide, but we cannot be sure. And there are certain circumstances that I consider extremely suspicious. The fact that this mustache was found on the floor of your stateroom is one of them. How did it get there?"

(To be continued next week)



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LEONARD DOVE

COLLIER'S





# THE FIRE IN THY LODGE

By Michael Foster

ILLUSTRATED BY GEOFFREY BIGGS

The land was friendless, and she learned to endure it only when she realized the true measure of her husband's love

STANDING in his stirrups, the rider stared with a puzzled frown away to the northeastward, at the transcontinental train which, miles away, stood motionless beside the dusty trees of Yellow Horse Creek.

The railroad was still so new through this early Montana country that often, when he had ridden this way during the day, he came out of his way to this high hill at evening to watch, with a sort of dubious wonder, the transcontinental crawling eastward into the distances, and to listen to its faraway lonely wail. He had never seen it stop before, and it gave him a queerly uneasy feeling to see it mysteriously halted beside that dry creek bed, where there wasn't even a shack within miles. It was so far away that he couldn't see if any people were moving around outside the cars.

A sliding, scrabbling sound of hoofs behind him, and Lance MacRae turned his head. His son, on his blue-eyed paint horse, was coming down the slope of loose shale from the higher cliff which he had circled away to climb. As the pony's unshod hoofs left the shale and entered the sagebrush, they became quiet, like the feet of a wild animal. Reining up beside his father, the boy lifted an arm, silently pointing.

To Lance, looking at the small dark elflike face, he was heartbreakingly like his mother, who had been quarter Indian—her grandmother had been the daughter of one of great war chiefs in these mountains. But in the boy, more of the Indian had come out than his mother had ever shown. In his silent Indian manners and in the quiet dignity of the wild and the free, perhaps, more than in his appearance. Lance nodded.

"It does look queer, Jeff. Stopped out there," he said. "May have a hotbox."

Jeff looked away without interest, and pulled his pony's head around. As he went off at a long canter across the hillside, Lance watched him, and then after one more doubtful, puckered stare at the train, whirled his big horse and followed.

The boy rode like an Indian, too, in spite of the high-cantled stock saddle—a loose, lithe but clinging way of riding in which the legs seemed somehow to merge into the pony. Without sadness, any more, because he had later and more searching sadnesses to dull his heart, Lance remembered the first time he had ever seen that brave-eyed and quiet girl who had ridden with him the long boundaries of this upland ranch—who had camped in the starlight and the sage with him and become the mother of the boy.

He had first seen her in the sun-drenched street of a raw, frontier cow town, when he was new and awkward to

the wild range land. Still homesick for his dark, time-haunted hills of Tennessee, still grim and silent-lipped from the deadly border raids of his hell-riding ragged column of Confederate cavalry and sullen from the corrupt horrors—the carpetbaggers, the hunger and the ravaged fields, the looted houses—of the Reconstruction, he had ridden into town to drink alone and to wait for the weekly mail stage.

When the stagecoach came careening in, its wheels muffled by the deep dust, he stood a little apart from the others in front of the saloon-express office, watching the driver saw back on his reins and then climb stiffly down from his high seat to throw open the door. The second person he helped step down to the plank sidewalk was a slim, panther-lithe girl in a flounced white organdy dress. As she moved a little to one side, waiting for her baggage to be tossed down from the railed top of the stagecoach into the waiting hands of men below, she turned incuriously to glance around—and was looking up into the impassive face of the tall Southerner who was standing indifferently there.

For a long, strange minute their eyes held, widening a little with something like surprise, something almost like a queer, indefinable recognition. He would remember her forever as she was in that first instant: her parted lips, her vividly living, delicate face in the shadow of her bonnet against a sifting radiance of dust in the sun. . . .

They were married the next year, in the early spring. And as they left the wind-battered little frame church, with the words of the preacher still in their ears, she laid her finger tips very lightly upon his arm, and in a voice almost a whisper said something in the Shoshone tongue: a little fumblingly, with uncertain pauses, as if she had once known the words by heart and was trying to remember them now. Looking down at her bowed head, he asked, "What is it, my dear?"

"It's something my grandmother said. She told it to me—her own grandmother had told it to her—so that I too could say it on the day I was married. It's something like: 'I will go with thee, and my feet will follow thy trail upon the mountains. And the fire in thy lodge will never go out, for I will carry a little of our lodge-fire with me wheresoever far we travel, and I will tend it with my love upon the trail, and blow it into light again with the breaths of my heart wheresoever a stopping place is our home.'"

They rode in comradeship over the hills to the valley they had chosen for their home, and, when their son was born—on a night when the maniacal ghosts of blizzard howled and battered at the doors for her—she died. . . .

Toiling up the hill on his tired horse, Lance thought—with that puzzled heaviness of heart which is familiar, sooner or later, to every man who has been married to two women—about the tall red-haired girl he had brought home on the train from Boston last year.

She was the sister of his banker in Chicago, and he had met her in the big new

Lance was watching the slim little ghostlike figure that had just reached the head of the stairs. He started for the door but Joanna stopped him with a word: "Lancelot?"

(Continued on page 51)





# The Black Road

BY HAROLD LAMB

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK STREET

A man and a woman of the Middle Ages take their stand and make their fight against the tide of Mongol conquest in Europe

WHEN he saw the first stars over the mountains, Mark pulled in his racing horse and laughed. It was dark and he was safe. "Faith," he said to the roan mare, "we are still alive on our skins." But he spoke between his teeth; he made little sound. Even though he now felt himself to be safe from the danger that followed on his heels he kept moving along the path. Mark, late Sieur de Kerak, believed in taking no chances. He reined his horse to the side of the roadway where he could not be seen under the trees. His long body was covered with fine steel mesh, darkened so that it did not gleam, and oiled so that it did not squeak when he moved. Over this he

pulled the black mantle that he had picked up when he began his long ride, months before. No ponderous helm of steel showed the outline of his head; he wore only a round steel cap. No long unwieldy sword clanked at his hip. Mark had left the family swords behind him.

Instead he carried, loosely thrust into his belt, the most deadly and efficient of weapons, a morning star. This morning star had a two-foot shaft of wood, strengthened by iron, with three slender chains hanging from it and, at the ends of the chains, three spiked metal balls. A swinging blow from this morning star—as Mark's arm swung it—could crush in the armor or the head of a man.

Mark knew weapons as well as he

knew war. His hard body had scars in it that ached when he felt the night's cold. Only a sure instinct had kept him alive, and Mark trusted his instinct more than any talisman or prayer.

Now, that instinct told him to keep on going. Behind him, witless people were dying each day by the thousand under the hoofs of that strange horde emerging from the steppes of Asia. It was like a whirlwind, that tide of horsemen.

Mark listened, as he rode, to the heaving breaths of his horse and the stir of the wind in the forest mesh. He put his hand into the small sack of barley tied carefully to the saddle horn. Beneath the barley, his fingers touched objects like sharp stones; only these were precious stones, carefully selected—pigeon-blood rubies, emeralds of India and glorious amethysts, a treasure of them, enough to ransom a king.

His father, the first lord of Kerak, had voyaged out of England with the heedless Richard the Lion Heart, and his father had left his bones in Kerak overlooking the barren ridges beyond the Dead Sea. Mark, born in that waste borderland, had wrested wealth from it

The wall came alive. Men rose between the crenels, and battle-axes smashed the climbers. Giant Poles swung flails as if threshing wheat

and he meant to return to England with that wealth, to make the acquaintance of the homeland he had never seen. He had grown very tired of his castle above the greenish-blue of the Dead Sea, and its sour wine and olive trees.

"The crusades," he told himself, "are running out, like the sands of an hourglass. Ay, they are done!"

Suddenly he checked his horse. A gleam of light showed above the trees. So high up, it must come from a tower. A tower, by the same token, meant a good large seignior, and that meant food. He ached with hunger, and the mare would be the better for an hour's rest.

Seeking along the edge of the trees he found the break that marked a road going up, and up this he made his way, alert for a challenge. It came when he saw the loom of a wall and the light overhead.

"Stoy!"

"Slava bohu!" he shouted. "Glory to God!"

A torch flickered in a doorway, and three bearded men looked him over, (Continued on page 54)



## Why the Japs Hate the Nazis

Continued from page 19

"Japan really has no allies," he told me two years ago in Shanghai. "She can have none. In the first World War we ousted Germany from the Pacific. It would not only be folly for us to permit her to rebuild her empire out here, but it would be to forget our holy mission in the world. Under our pressure, America and Britain have been backing out of the Orient without a real struggle. It is Germany that will worry us most. We feel they are not only more determined to hold what they have, but they plan to overrun the world."

A year later, the Nazi menace suddenly loomed larger for Japan. France had collapsed. Japan was waiting for Germany to deliver to Britain the death blow which would topple Britain's Far Eastern possessions into Japan's lap, like ripe apples. But Hitler turned away from Britain to invade Soviet Russia.

As the Nazi legions swept eastward toward Moscow, the Japanese realized that this ambitious partner they hated and feared might soon be their neighbor in Siberia—within bombing distance of Tokyo.

American-educated Yosuke Matsuoka, Japan's jingoistic foreign minister of the time, with remarkable hindsight told his friends, "Here is our enemy. We can handle the Americans and British. They are predictable. Hitler is the greatest threat to our holy mission."

Matsuoka had reason to be bitter at the Nazis. He had just returned from a "triumphant" visit to Berlin where "Hitler promised me that Britain would be conquered in three months." At Hitler's suggestion, Matsuoka had negotiated a nonaggression pact with Josef Stalin while en route back to Tokyo.

### The Bitter Lesson

"Hitler made a fool of me," Matsuoka confessed privately. "He was using me as a shield for his plans to attack Russia. But we will not let the Nazis use us again. We will not forget this lesson."

The army soon forgot Matsuoka, who went into retirement "to give my overworked brain a rest." But the lesson his blunders had taught was not forgotten.

When the Nazis bogged down for their first terrible winter in Russia, Tokyo suddenly awakened as if from a terrible nightmare.

Japanese newspapers carried huge headlines announcing, in great jubilation, the Nazi defeat. Japanese diplomats in Berlin were ordered to aid Japanese newspaper correspondents in evading Nazi censorship, so that all possible details of the German disaster could be enjoyed by the Japanese public. Here were the two most powerful nations of Europe obligingly blowing each other to pieces. The longer they fought, the easier would be Japan's path to world conquest.

The Japanese do not have the same hatred for the Italians they have for the Nazis. In Japan, the Italians have become the same standing joke they have become elsewhere in the world because they have permitted Hitler to dominate them.

Italian diplomats in Japan two years ago protested to the Japanese Foreign Office against "undignified" jokes which Japanese stage comedians were telling about Italy.

In one of these jokes, Mussolini, in great excitement, calls Hitler on the telephone.

"Adolf, this is going too far," Mussolini explodes. "The Gestapo has just ar-



rested a hundred Italian policemen here in Rome."

"Don't get excited," Hitler reassures him. "I'm sending two hundred Berlin policemen to take their places. That's more than fair, isn't it?"

But the Italians are more than standing jokes to the Japs. Italy is the pitiful object lesson which all Japanese regard as an eternal warning against too close relations with Hitler.

The Japanese know, of course, that Hitler sent his agents pouring into Japan just as he sent them into Italy. But the Japs are determined that these Nazi agents shall wield no real influence.

More than 2,000 Tokyo police are assigned to shadow the staff of the German embassy, which alone numbers over three hundred persons. Many of these German diplomats call themselves "advisers" to the Japanese government, but they are nothing more than teachers.

Their influence on the government of Japan has been greatly exaggerated.

"You Americans taught us to eat ice cream," Japan's foreign minister, Masayuki Tani, once told me. "We thank you for that. But you cannot tell us when or where to eat it. In the same way, the Germans taught us the art of blitz warfare. They have given us the blueprints for the Messerschmitt planes. But where and when we use them, is something Japan will decide for herself. We will tolerate no interference with the administration of our government which has the wisdom of the gods to guide it. I fear Mr. Hitler has yet to understand this."

The classic case which brought about the eventual arrest of the dozen Nazi agents in Japan last spring was the Nazi attempt in 1941 to assassinate elderly Baron Hiranuma, then Japanese Home Minister. Hiranuma, as head of all the

country's police, had been conducting a cleanup of German-subsidized secret societies in Japan. He had not ordered arrest of Nazi agents, but he had thrown into jail several hundred Japanese who had been accepting money from Nazis.

Investigation of the attack on Hiranuma revealed that twenty-four hours before he was shot, the Tokyo correspondent for Stefani, the official Italian propaganda agency, had telephoned Home Office to inquire about the bare "condition." Home Office officials did not realize the significance of the call at the time, but they did twenty-four hours later, when Hiranuma was hovering between life and death with several bullets in his head and his tongue shot away.

The Stefani correspondent, when questioned by the enraged police, could only say that a German diplomat had told him the previous day that Hiranuma had been shot. The German apparently lied his dates wrong. The would-be assassin later confessed to being a member of one of the Nazi-subsidized secret societies which Hiranuma was attempting to liquidate.

### Curbs on the Nazis

Japanese short-wave broadcasts are not mentioning the dozen Nazi prisoners who were taken in Tokyo while Ottavio was worshipping the Kyoto war dead. Perhaps their fate will remain unknown until after the war. But other Germans with whom I was able to establish occasional fairly direct contact after Pearl Harbor were complaining bitterly against curbs on their freedom in Japan.

Germans frequently were confined to their homes for hours during air raids and regular army maneuvers. Germans no longer were being permitted inside Japanese factories where they formerly had acted as advisers. German homes frequently were raided by Japanese police who no longer even apologized. Germans were not permitted to travel between Japanese cities without special permits for each trip. Few such permits were being issued. Germans were finding that many Jap shopkeepers refused to sell food to them—or anyone else of the white race.

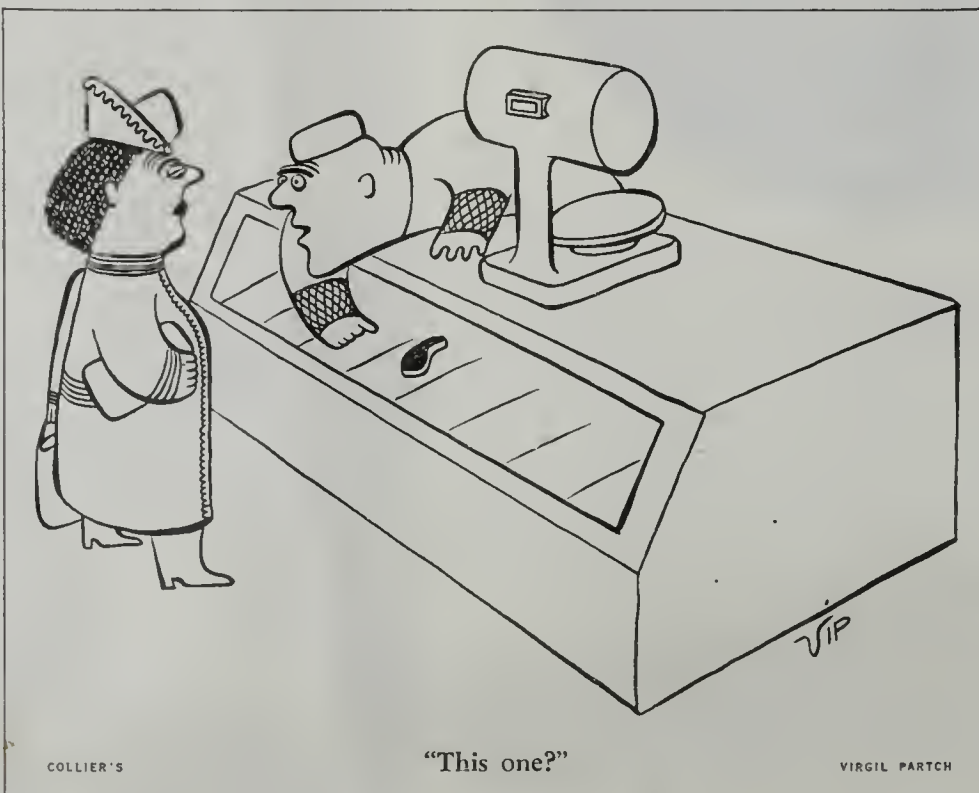
In addition, Japan recently announced her official policy toward all non-Japanese business interests, including German, in all newly occupied areas of the Pacific.

As one German commented, "The policy places us in exactly the same position as business interests of countries with which Japan is openly at war."

The Japanese announcement of policy said: "Business interests of non-Japanese ownership may operate freely in the areas, provided they accept complete Japanese direction as to policy and operations. Any non-Japanese interest which refuse to accept Japanese direction will be regarded as enemy property and confiscated. Persons responsible for such lack of co-operation will be regarded as enemies and punished accordingly."

Much of Japan's hatred for Germany obviously has come from Hitler's effort to control Japan as he controls Italy but most basic is Japan's consuming hatred and contempt for all the white race and for all of what Japan considers the human race. For theirs is the wrath of the gods.

THE END





# Some good news about Tin we think you should know

IT'S NO SECRET that the Japs are camped on 80% of the world's tin supply and that America is facing a critical tin shortage.

You have been asked to salvage every single tin can you use—to save every possible ounce of this vital war material. But, today, there is *good* news about the tin you salvage—and we believe you should know that news.

**This is it: A new electrical process makes the tin used in tin cans go 3 times farther than it did before.**

Tin plate was formerly made by dipping thin steel sheets in molten tin. It produced a satisfactory coating, but used more tin than was really necessary.

American engineers devised a new method—*electroplating* the steel with pure tin—and the result was a coating that required only *one third as much tin*.

But the new tin plate had disadvantages. It was porous and did not provide complete protection against the acids in certain kinds of food.

*Then Westinghouse stepped in.*

Our research men and engineers, in co-operation with engineers of the steel industry, found a way of using *radio waves* to *heat* the dull, imperfect surface so that the tin fused almost instantly into a smooth protective coating.

**And the process is fast. A single machine can turn out enough tin plate in 18 minutes to cover an area the size of a football field!**

This new device is a typical example of

*electronics at work*—a result of Westinghouse electrical research and “know-how”. Already it is being installed in mills that turn out tin plate for a third of all the nation's food cans.

Naturally, this does not mean that there is less need for you to salvage your old tin cans. On the contrary—*more than ever*, tin is needed to protect the food supplied to our fighting men all over the world.

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### Care for Your Car for Your Country

## Any Week

Continued from page 4

fear that hostilities will cease before, as Mrs. Henrietta Cotton Brown of Knoxville, Tennessee, has it, "all our enemies, active and otherwise, are exterminated for good and all." However, there are signs that the citizenry are preparing for postwar business problems. One of these signs was seen on a small but tightly closed lunchroom near Yakima, Washington. Mr. Fred Solice of Portland, Oregon, says that it read: "Closed for the rest of the duration. Owner at home thinking up plans for grand peace reopening." And from Fort Smith, Arkansas, Mr. Edward J. Minsterlein reports that a filling station he saw bears the notice: Proprietor in the Army. That's the tip-off. Stick around." And we have a letter from a young lady who works for the Office of War Information. Increasingly, she says, writers of letters to that enormous agency want to know when "whatever it is that's going on will stop going on." At least one letter of that sort started out thus: "Dear Sir: If you can tip me off within two or three weeks of the date when this war will be over, I will thank you by cutting you in on something nice in a business way. I can't move till I know." However, there are those among us who look forward to peace with a minimum of enthusiasm. Mr. Cathcart Willis of St. Paul, Minnesota, overheard a very young girl saying to another very young girl, both of them hurrying to work in the morning: "And then I said to him, 'It's fine for you when you get out of the Army and back to work again, but I hate to think of us girls going back to just being women again.'"

AMONG our casualties when the American Army landed in Africa was Colonel

Demas T. Crow. He was killed by machine-gun fire while nearing shore, where he hoped to induce the French garrison to capitulate without fighting. He volunteered for the job. It was his one hundred and thirty-seventh time under fire. Collier's for October 3, 1942, he wrote an article: How Anti-British Tales Start. the assignment that brought him death he was an expert. He was an experienced observer for the Army Air Forces, and Lieutenant General Delos C. Emmons has called him "our most valuable foreign observer." He was a brave man, a wise man, a humorous gentleman, grand soldier. And we know too many men we could better afford to lose.

DOUBTLESS you've heard a great deal of highfalutin talk about government national and international, after the war. Anyway we have. But any shining glory propounded by the sweetness-and-light lads will lack the backing of Mr. Ed Mortone of Dallas, Texas. "You quote somebody recently," writes he, "to the effect that we are fighting for the right to continue to elect incompetents to Congress. That's what we want to preserve. I do not propose to stand for having visitors from some half-pint state like New York or Pennsylvania or California coming touring through Texas, stop at a filling station and tell me that their states are worse run than mine or that they send funnier men to Congress. I have pride, have. Also, I have enough trouble figuring out already what my representative in Washington and Austin are doing. I we get some system where guys with ideals and do-good theories take over, won't have any idea what they're talking about and won't know how bad I'm getting gypped." . . .

W. L.

## Wing Talk

Continued from page 8

and the odds are that Captain Sloppy Hat will have a winged insignia on his shoulder and lapels.

Army Air Forces officers, by custom, take the grommet or wire out of their caps when they buy them and never replace it.

Ostensibly, they do this to enable them to wear earphones when piloting a plane. But the nonflying officers of the AAF as well as pilots assigned to desk jobs follow suit.

The real reason, say Army airmen, is that they wanted a distinctive cap of their own, but were turned down by the War Department. Army bigwigs have always discouraged movements to distinguish between the air and ground forces. But the AAF officers weren't to be denied. They got around the brass hats with a logical custom. And besides, that sloppy cap can be worn with a certain air.

At some of the Navy bases, a somewhat similar stunt has been pulled. Either black or tan shoes can be worn with the Navy khaki uniform. So by informal agreement here, naval airmen wear black footgear, and the deep-sea sailors wear tan, or vice versa.

THE roving members of the Army Air Forces Transport Command are as full of stories as the old-time traveling salesman. Some of their tales are on themselves. There is the one about Major Marshall L. M. McCrea, former

American Airlines executive who before the war was manager of the El Paso Airport.

A few months ago, McCrea was stopping off at a town in Brazil, en route to or from Africa. He got some food and something to drink at a little inn and called for the check. It read—28,000 milreis. He protested vigorously. This was a fine way to rob an officer of an Allied country. The waiter just shook his head and called the manager.

"But what is the matter?" the latter exclaimed. "The major's check, it is right. Twenty-eight thousand milreis—eighty-three cents in North American money. That is correct."

REMEMBER when the big B-19 Army bomber was first unveiled? Douglas officials scratched their heads trying to think of a suitable name for the 80 odd-ton monster. Gargantua was considered and dropped. Ditto Mastodon and dozens of others that were in some way symbolic of gigantic size or of ruling the skies.

Finally they decided on Hemisphere Defender. It never went over like Flying Fortress, Airacobra, Spitfire, etc. But now the Army pilots at Wright Field have another name for the B-19—which is doing much valuable work as a flying laboratory for tomorrow's huge bombers.

The biggest airplane ever built in the United States is called Junior! . . . J. G. N.



## The Fire in Thy Lodge

Continued from page 46

townstone home on State Street, but they were married from the ancient narrow family house in Boston. She was wide-eyed with wonder, carefully restrained, all the way out west on the train, and for her first few weeks as new stress of the great ranch house. The lovely pale mask of her face had never shown her feelings very much, her clear cool voice only rarely betrayed her most passionate self, but he had thought she was quietly happy in her own rigidly repressed way—until the night she suddenly burst out sobbing in his arms, in the darkness.

She wouldn't tell him why, only shaking her head and pressing her wet face deeper into the hollow of his shoulder, and he had to guess: that she was lost in the alternate empty loneliness and wild, loose, lusty turmoil that marked the seasons of frontier ranch life; that she was frightened by the wild new land, and hated its enormous primitive stances in contrast with the dim drawing rooms, the narrow streets, the little split hills of Boston.

But she never let him know in words. He just went on, into the next day and the next week and the next month, with her tight self-discipline regained; being even more tender to him, as if she were making herself be tender; being even kinder to the half-wild little boy, until the dutifulness began showing through although once or twice Lance had seen her watching the boy with a sort of mute pain, almost fear.

WHEN he looked back and tried to analyze, Lance had an idea that Joanna's actual mute rebellion dated from the sad business of the flower garden. He had marked out a plot against the south wing of the big log-and-timber house, had it fenced and laid with paths of mountain river gravel, and planted in firm designs a New England garden—mon verbena and phlox and morning-glories. In the evening the cow hands carried pails of water, wobbling back and forth between the corral tank and the flower beds in their high-heeled boots.

The garden was very beautiful in a feminine and delicately formal sort of way which awed them and made them awkward on the paths. And then came the hot winds and the fierce afternoons of the Montana summer, and in a week the garden was a neat design of dried stalks and yellow leaves on baked powdery earth. In a windy sunset, Joanna stood looking at the ruin for a long time, and then she walked away and never went back to that side of the house. . . .

Topping the ridge, Lance looked down into the valley of the ranch house under the mountains. It was all in blue shadow, now, but patterned by corrals and pastures and fields, so that the one great shadow of the range of peaks was, from this height, many broken shadows of varying values of tone and of distance upon the flat floor of the valley. And the silver ribbon of the home river holding the last of the sky's light. With a weary gesture, Lance tossed away his dead cigarette and put his horse on the downward trail.

At the corral, the slouching figure of his foreman materialized out of the dusk and his slow voice asked, "Find everything nicely on the north ridges, boss?"

"Yes. The bunches are pretty well scattered in the draws and the feeding's good," Lance said. "Some Indian sign,

But lots of travois marks traveling west, so all the women and young ones were along. Probably old Limping Bear's bunch going into the mountains for the berry month."

"Yeah, I saw that trail out in the open."

"How is the east range, Cal?"

"Nicely, boss. One yearling wolf killed about eight miles this side of Yellow Horse Creek. Summer pair of wolves, but I couldn't find the den, and no sign of the pups. So I left poison."

Lance walked on. The rambling roof of the ranch house loomed before him against the first stars, and unconsciously he made a long, troubled breath, almost a sigh. Pushing open the massive door, he went into the living room.

JOANNA had not come downstairs yet and it was dark and beginning to be cold because no one had lit the fireplace for the evening. His boot heels echoed emptily in space as he went to the far end of the room. Kneeling, he struck a match to the dry grass and mountain pine-knot kindling under the logs; and sitting back for a moment on his heels, watched the enormous high-ceilinged room emerge waveringly from the darkness as the licking flames took hold and climbed.

The uncertain light was kind to the massive furniture, hand-hewn from native wood, and it was silky on the skins of cougar and bear and mule deer, and it was a primitive and smoky light upon the colors of the Indian rugs and, high above, upon the railing of lodgepole pine which ran along the mezzanine gallery where the bedroom doors stood in a shadowed row. Only in the far corner, under a lofty window, did it find a darkly suave high light—upon the rounded corner of the concert grand piano which he had had shipped out for Joanna and which they had carted across the miles of range from town in the slowly lurching chuck wagon.

He arose suddenly as the door of Joanna's room opened above him, and going to the foot of the stairway, watched her white face, her dim gown, float along the shadow-haunted gallery and down the stairs. He held out his hand.

"How are you, darling?" he said softly.

"Good evening, Lancelot." She kissed him coolly.

"Have you had a pleasant day?" he asked.

She started to nod listlessly—and then suddenly, so suddenly he gasped, she was looking at him with a shaken, a frightening intensity.

"I must talk to you." Her voice shocked him: strained, hoarse, hardly more than a whisper, as if her throat had constricted spasmodically. "I have reached . . . I must . . ."

"W-why, of course," he said.

With a visible effort, she seemed to recover control of her voice. "Has Jefferson come in?" she asked quietly.

"I guess so," Lance said. "He rode ahead of me."

"He is always so quiet. I never know when he is here. . . . I will talk to you after dinner, then," she said. "What I have to say is nothing that a child should hear. . . ." He saw that she was shaking.

IT WAS a silent dinner table. Jeff ate silently, and quickly with hunger, but being careful about the formal manners his father had taught him in the years when they had dined alone. Joanna and Lance, at opposite ends of the long table, with the massive old silver candelabra

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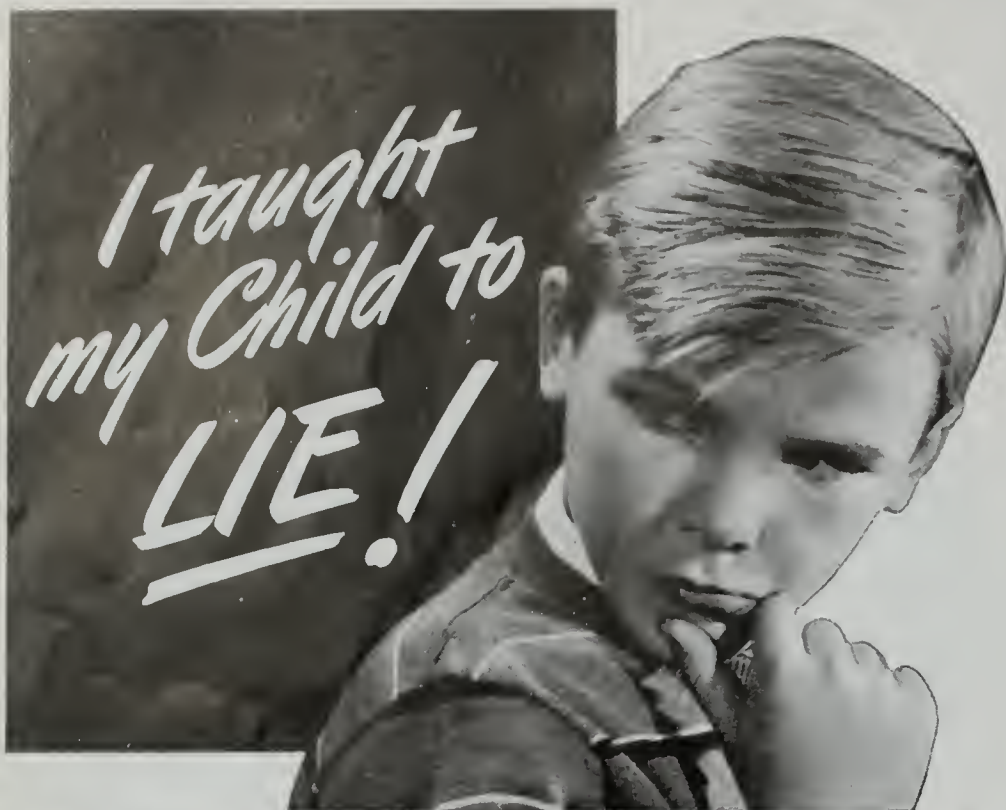
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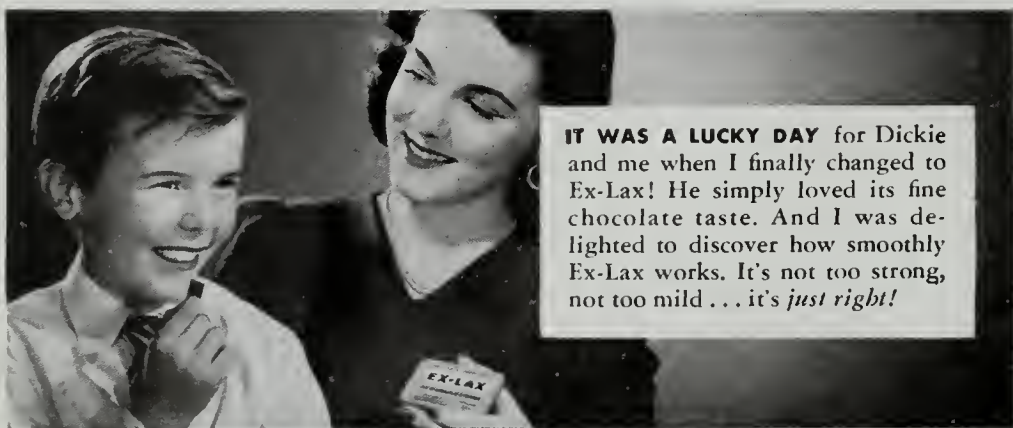




**I DIDN'T MEAN TO**, of course. But Dickie had such a dislike for that laxative I used to give him, he would actually fib when he needed relief. The stuff really tasted awful! And it acted even worse. It was just *too strong*!



**SO, I TRIED** giving him another laxative—with no better luck. Dickie would gag on it every time. And, when he did get some down, the medicine only stirred him up inside and failed to give him the relief he needed. It was just *too mild*!



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from Tennessee between them, abandoned dinner-table conversation after a few halfhearted attempts. Even in the haze of candlelight, her face was paler than he had ever seen it, and it looked drawn, with shadows under the cheekbones.

After dinner, Jeff climbed the stairs to his room and closed the door softly. For a long, careful minute, Lance busied himself lighting a cigar at the fireplace. Joanna was wandering up and down the room, at first almost casually, letting her fingers trail absent-mindedly over furs and the backs of books, adjusting a silver vase of mountain wild flowers. But almost at once her stride lengthened, and Lance saw that her hands were beginning to clench and unclench at her sides.

"I can't stand it any more," she said in a dreadful, suppressed voice.

Lance pitched the new cigar into the fireplace and closed his eyes. Joanna said, from the other side of the room, "You know I love you." But she did not come nearer to him, nor even turn toward him.

"Yes," Lance said quietly, "we love each other."

"But this land—this horrible, raw land. Ugly, and empty, and brutal. The people are brutal, their lives are brutal. And empty—I don't suppose you would leave it, and take me home, to the East, where people can live as . . . ?"

"No," Lance said.

He thought: Brutality? Perhaps, a little. As in any new country. It takes tough men to tame wild land. But he had tried to keep her from knowing that phase—that, after all, rather minor phase—of life here. As for ugliness and emptiness, he had tried to make her days here beautiful, and he had thought her life would be as full as his.

"Well, I have to go," she said. "You must understand me. I have to go. Have you ever been afraid of insanity? I think I am partly insane, now. Sometimes. Another winter here—another endless, endless, terrible winter and I . . . I am afraid of the winter. . . . I—"

She broke off on a strangled, dry sob, turned sharply and stood staring out through the black panes of a window, at nothing. From the set of her shoulders he could see that she was fighting for control. After a while she said without looking around, "I suppose you think I am weak."

"No. Not weak," Lance said wearily.

"I don't belong here," she said. "Per-

haps you do—you think you do—but don't. I am not meant for this way of living. I can't cope with it. I've tried but I can't. I'm not a pioneer. I'm not

Looking sadly at her, Lance thought that perhaps she was right. Perhaps she did belong in a dim New England parlor, with a background of family portraits, and curios and jewels and crystals and silks her ancestors had brought ships from the far seas; perhaps she did need the richness and the quietness and the peace of old traditions and old ways of life. But her New England ancestors had been pioneers on a bleak coast, facing the snows, the winter forests of new world. They had built their homes in a wilderness, and they had fought and killed for their homes.

"This country, this frontier life," Joanna said, "has nothing to give me. I am not alive here. I am a stranger in this incredible house, I am an intruder in it—"

For a second he was terrified that she was going to say "in this house that a frontier woman helped you build," but she finished: "—in your way of living. And in Jeff's."

**HE COULD** have said, in sudden anger, that this new country, and this frontier life, and this house had nothing to give her because she had given them nothing. He could have told her that no corner of earth can give you anything of its beauty and its richness until you give yourself to it, a little, at least; that to be a stranger, one must choose to be. But he only bit his lip and finally said hesitantly:

"You know, I—I wish you would ride with me tomorrow. You never have you know, not really, not all day. I'm going along the south ridges tomorrow and it's very beautiful along there. At this time of year. We could . . . could talk this over as we—"

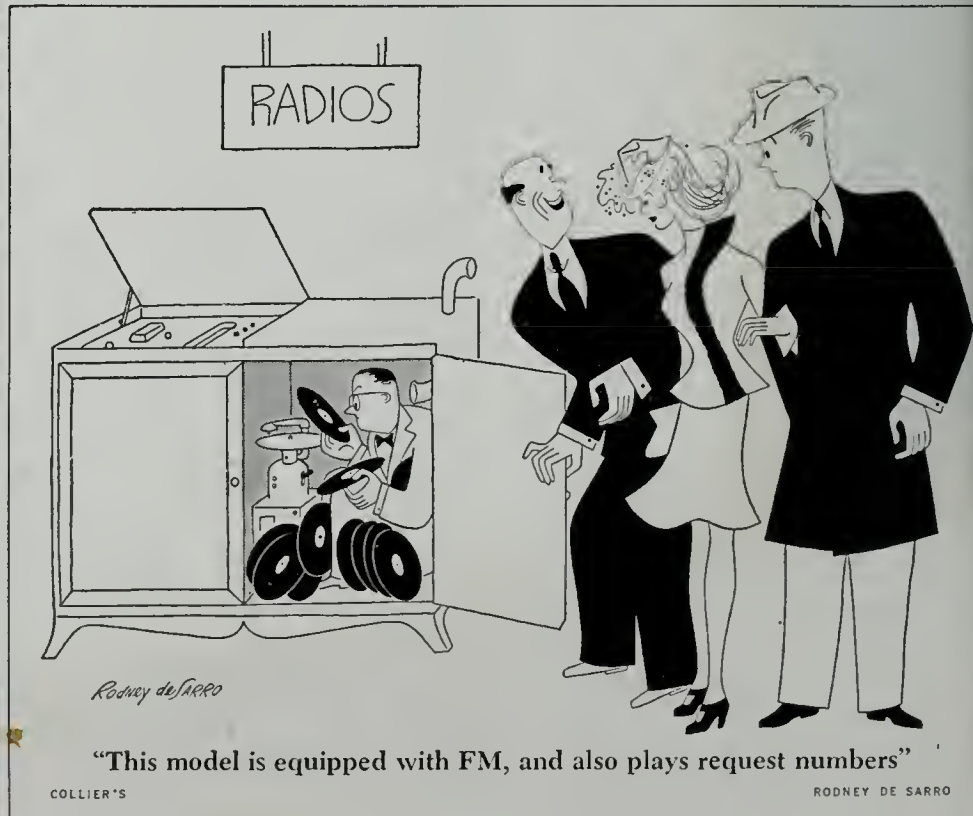
"Lancelot," she said quietly, almost gently.

"Yes?"

"I must go," she said. "I must. Perhaps I will come back. I will if I can, if I can learn to see our life together, here. Because I love you. But I need to—to gather myself. Please understand."

"Yes," he said. "I guess I do. Where will you—"

He paused, listening. A hurried arriving trample of hoofs on the river gravel outside the big front door; deep drawling voices growling curses, questioning, back and forth; a pony, spent with running, blowing with a long wet breath. "It's settled, then,"



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he said. "Do as you like, my dear. Let me know when you want to go and I will pardon me a minute."

He went toward the front door, to answer the banging knocks. It sounded like somebody banging with a pistol butt. He scowled, and hesitated, thinking, *Dinks, maybe Harvey and his foreman on the way home from town, or maybe people from one of the big new Eastern outfits on the Warbonnet River.* With an apologetic glance at Joanna, he went on and unbolted the door. Joanna was staring in fastidious disdain toward the stairs.

AS THE heavy bolt slid back through its home-forged iron brackets, the door barged open abruptly and slammed against the wall and he jumped back—but not quickly enough. The rim of a gun muzzle was making a steady ring and silver O at his belt buckle, and the dusty dust-and-sweat-streaked front of the man behind the steady, hairy hands was coming into the light, into the room. Lance raised his eyes slowly, feeling the familiar crawling and knotting of a vein in his forehead.

The man had pale, piggy eyes, and a fast-gray black handkerchief tied around his face, over the bridge of his nose. The black handkerchief bulged in front, from his mustache, and it bulged at the side around the jowls.

"Easy, boy," the man said, in a deep, seriously musical and friendly voice.

"Yeah," Lance whispered. His eyes lifted swiftly under slit lids to left and right. Two other men were coming behind the man, one at each shoulder. Ordinary, dusty men, with black handkerchiefs over their faces. They had their guns out, too. On second, swift look, one seemed to be only a punk kid, with scare-widened blue eyes and a wet, blond, dusty curl of hair sticking out over his forehead from under the sweatband of his hat. That was the one to be afraid of, Lance knew; that pistol muzzle was making little, jerky circles with nervous tension. The other one was a man, murderous cadaver of an old-timer, dead but stupid. Lance turned and started running toward the closet under the stairs where he had hung his gun belt.

A gunshot, empty as the slamming of a door in the vast, high room, and a haze of splinters fanned out from the peeled-log stair rail in front of him. The 45 slug left a shattered gash in the oiled wood. Lance stopped, the soles of his shoes skating a little on the floor. Grudgingly, he raised his hands a bit, not quite shoulder high, and turned.

"That's it, boy," the big man said. "You have real handsome hands. Hold them where I can admire 'em."

Joanna, shrinking against the wall, was staring at Lance, too, with eyes like pools of green ink in her white face. As he looked at her, she felt the wall and started walking toward him, and toward the stairs, like a sleepwalker.

"Good idea, ma'am," the big man said. "You stand right with him. Makes it simpler, for us and you, too."

With stiff jaws, frozen lips, Lance said, "What do you want?"

THE three men were coming toward them, walking with tired, wobbling deadliness on the high heels of their boots. The boy was behind Joanna, his nervous gun wavering at her back. The other two guns were steadily on Lance, as they came.

"We don't want nothing but horses, boy," the big man said. "We had a little accident. The kid's horse, here, he got unfortunately shot. Him and the old guy been riding double."

"Ah," Lance said. He knew now why the transcontinental train had been stopped beside the trees of Yellow Horse Creek. These men were train robbers. . . .

"So," the big man said, "the kid, here, will stay with your wife while me and the old-timer goes with you out to your corral. And we will look over your remuda and get us some horses. It won't take long."

"M'mp," Lance said.

"The morning string is in the corral already, ain't they?" the big man said.

"Yeah," Lance said. With agony, he had noticed, in a quick upward glance, that Jeff's door—the last door on the mezzanine gallery, the one above the fireplace, was gaping widely open. Another swift upward flick of his eyes, and he saw a small dim ghost stealing this way along the gallery. "Yeah," he said loudly. "It's all right. Let's go."

"You understand, boy," the big man said, "that if the kid, here, hears any shots or any noise out by the corral, his trigger finger is liable to jerk, even if he is staying here with your lady."

"Yeah," Lance said. "Let's go. Come on."

Joanna was staring at him, almost with disbelief. But Lance, under his lowered brows, was watching the slim little ghost-like figure that had just reached the head of the stairs.

He started toward the door, his hands still half raised unwillingly, but Joanna stopped him with a word:

"Lancelot?"

THE three masked men, moving with him, had slipped around in a moving arc, to keep their guns on them both. So now they stood at the foot of the stairs, a fan of guns. The kid was in the middle.

"Yes, my dear?" Lance said. Silently, silently, the little ghost figure of Jeff was coming down the stairs.

"I—" Joanna said. "P-please, can't we—"

"Come on, you," Lance snarled harshly, but his voice cracked with fear as he saw Jeff, halfway down the stairs, crouch against the wall to size up the strangers, his small intent face, almost thoughtful, turning from one to the other. "Come on, come on, let's get it over. It's all right. It's *all right!*" Lance said. "We won't have any fight over it. Do you hear?"

"Well, boy," the big man said, "that's right handsome of you. We didn't expect you'd be quite so—"

But with a quick, sliding, descending patter of bare feet, Jeff had made his choice and was the rest of the way down the stairs—and had leaped. Like a mountain rattler in a leaping strike from his coil, like an arrow from an Indian bow.

He was on the kid's back, clinging as a cougar clings; killing silently with skinny little hands knotting, digging in and knotting, around a scrawny windpipe. Jeff had picked the dangerous one.

Lance jumped, throwing himself in front of Joanna as the kid's gun made a dirty orange stab of flame, but the stab was knocked downward, toward the floor, and the gun went clattering as Jeff silently twisted his knotted hands, and Lance's right arm felt cracked to the shoulder as his fist slogged into the jowls of the big man. His knuckles felt the black cloth of the handkerchief and the flesh of the jowls and the cutting edge of the jawbone. The big man spraddled grotesquely as he fell and the whole shapeless askew black mask had an expression of extreme surprise.

And then as Lance turned and started for the old-timer, before him and under

"First off, I'm going to ask you where you got that shirt."



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him darted the figure of Joanna, reaching—no, diving—for the gun the kid had dropped on the floor, and then the old-timer's gun stabbed once with the same dirty orange flame, and a large, lazy blow caught Lance on the left shoulder and spun him around, quite painlessly, a half turn around, and his legs were suddenly pleasantly tired and he had to stagger to make the turn complete so he would still be facing the old-timer.

And as he fell in slow motion, he saw something queer. It was as if an invisible hand were slapping the murderous old-timer on the chest in jovial greeting.

jabbering a speech he did not know. The one with the torch took him by the hand and led him into the hall where logs blazed in a huge fire hearth. Mark took in the place with a glance—the heads of stag and buffalo fastened to the walls, the flax hanging from the rafters, the crude swords and huge embroidered coats of the score of armed men who filled the benches by a long table, the yellow-haired maids carrying wine jugs, the spinning wheels stowed away in the corners. "The hall of a small nobleman," he thought, "who likes hunting. But where is he and what is he?"

**T**HERE was a high seat, empty, at the table near the fire. There were gold dishes and a white cloth at that place; behind it, a shield of arms bearing something like a dragon, obscured by smoke.

It surprised him that these people seemed to be getting ready to dine, rather than flee the place. One of the men bowed to Mark and pointed behind him. Mark did not turn around. He preferred to face these strangers and he chose to keep the sack of barley slung over his arm.

"Panna Marya!" growled the bearded man.

"I hear you, brother," said Mark to himself, "but the devil himself couldn't make me turn my back to twenty swords."

Then he heard a woman laugh softly behind him and he swung around quickly enough.

She had not meant to pose there. Only she looked like a painting, like the stiff dragon on the shield. For pearl strings lay heavy on her young shoulders, and silver tissue made a crown on her dark hair. Such things did not fit her because her lips were quivering with laughter, and her eyes merry and knowing. She was holding a silver tray and on that tray, a dish of salt and a piece of broken bread.

"Chlieb sol," she said, curtsying. She chattered at him, the words meaning nothing to Mark. He had not seen a maid like this in his life's time, because he was newly come out of the East. "Eheu, hospes," she cried at him. "Oh, guest, speak, can't you?"

She was speaking Latin then, and Mark had once been taught that language by a wandering friar. Only this youthful Marya rattled it out like a bird singing: "I greet you, sir. And the bread and salt of my house I offer you."

A side of mutton was what Mark craved. Swearing silently, he took a morsel of bread, dipped it in the salt and chewed it. Then the girl Marya in her queenly garb fetched him a gold cup of spiced wine.

It felt heavy in his hand, and he guessed the gold to be solid and old. As he drank, he thought that this cup,

Every time the invisible hand slapped, the old-timer's shirt jumped a little and a little dust fanned out. And just as Lance hit the floor, he got his head around and saw Joanna, backed against the stairs, the kid's .45 spitting steadily from her calm, white hand.

And pitching forward from his knees to bump his head on the floor, Lance had two fading notions:

"The Puritans aren't dead."

And—

"Any place you defend is, a little, at least, home. Joanna has put in a stake here, now. She belongs. . . ."

## The Black Road

Continued from page 47

slipped into his bag, would pay his way to Venice. "A kiss with the cup is good," he grinned, remembering a verse that the friar had not taught him.

For a second, Panna Marya's eyes searched his. Then they widened, fastening upon something on his shoulder. "A kiss, truly," she whispered, slipping up to him, taking his hand. She still looked into his eyes when his lips touched hers and his arm pressed hard against her slim back.

"Nay, you will spill the wine." She smiled. "I did not know that you were crucifer. An honor it is, so to greet a cross-bearer."

No more had Mark known that he was a crusader. The black mantle he wore had a cross sewn on the shoulder because it had belonged to his father.

But Panna Marya acted as if Michael the Archangel had dismounted in her hall. She clapped her hands, she cried out, the towheaded maids scurried around like hens when grain is scattered, old men climbed into the gallery among the stag heads and began to make music. The men-at-arms clanked around Mark, jabbering, and Marya skipped back to interpret.

The giant Kmita, captain of the men-at-arms, pulled off his iron cap and swept his beard below his belt in a bow.

"My people say it is a good omen that you should come at this hour," cried the girl. "And I say so, too."

She led him to the high seat by the fire and made him sit where the gold service gleamed on the boards, while a flustered maid offered him a silver basin of water to rinse his hands before eating.

Kmita drove the maids back to the hearth and brought the platters of smoking pigeon and pork and venison to Mark himself, bowing each time. It was the custom of her people, Marya explained—the Polish people. Didn't he know? He shook his head, eating fast.

When he got up, taking his bag on his arm, Marya looked at him, dismayed.

"But it is night. You must sleep and rest and break your fast with us, Mark!"

He did not think he had heard aright. "You mean to stay?"

"I? Yes."

"Here, in this castle?"

The girl Marya seemed to be troubled because he did not understand. She had been visiting Kracow, she said, for the Easter festival when she had heard the country was invaded. So she had hurried back to the Dragon—as she called the castle.

"You think you can defend this place?" Mark asked. "With what?"

Hesitating, she pointed at Kmita and the henchmen, chewing tranquilly at their meat.

Mark shook his head impatiently. "Lady, the horsemen who follow after me have laid Cathay in waste. Men say

Toward midnight—long after uproar was over, long after Jeff had gone upstairs to bed, to dream whatever strange, silent dreams he might have under the mountains of his people—Lance lying on the long hand-hewn sofa, strained the bandages of his shoulder, push the sheet and blankets away from his face, and look at Joanna.

She sat, holding out her hands to the fire on the hearth as if they were cold, if to warm them; and her face was very beautiful, and very abiding, in the firelight.

THE END

that they cracked open Kiev like melon, and now they may be venturing into these mountains of yours—"

"True—we know. But I had hope"—her gray eyes appealed to him—"that you, a war wager, might abide with us. How her eyes held him! He could feel the touch of her lips and he did not want to leave her behind.

"Listen"—he was glad the henchmen could not understand him—"it is too late now to evacuate the folks here. But we can drive our horses tonight and with luck get others at Kracow. Change your dress." He glanced at the old-fashioned strings of pearls. "Take your jewels in a bag. Have a fast horse saddled, but hurry!"

The girl Marya gripped tight the carved arms of her chair. "To go away with you? Only we two?"

"It's a chance, a good chance. What did you say about an omen?" Mark was thinking of the road ahead, full of refugees. "In a month we can be in Venice. And if Venice is not safe, then there is the sea and England."

"Eng-land?" She did not seem to understand. She said something about her father the castellan, and her grand father, and the way they had built the castle, and something else about a dragon that watched over it, protecting it.

"Dragons are not what they were," Mark laughed. It was so like the girl to think of a legend at a time like this. "Not in these days."

"But this one is!" She brushed the mass of dark hair from her cheeks and smiled at him. "Come! I want you to see!"

Slinging the bag on his arm, he followed her out of the hall through the massive doorway of the donjon. "Now, look," she said, holding to the door.

**B**EDLAM resounded outside. Torches flared in the courtyard where wild figures pushed through the outer gate—huntsmen with game on their shoulders, peasants pushing long wagons creaking under loads of kegs and sacks of food. Women with babies lashed in shawls behind their backs, and older children herding in steers and sheep.

Mark recognized these people as refugees he had passed on the road.

"My father said the castle was ours in time of peace and it is for them in time of war. They have no other place to go."

"By the eyes of God," Mark muttered, "are you coming?"

"I—they would not know what to do without me."

Her fingers caught at his and then let go. Why had he sat here gossiping like a midwife for two hours?

He jumped down the steps, pushing toward his horse. "Close the gate and knock out those torches!" he shouted,





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his skin cold with the feel of danger here. Swinging into the saddle of the roan mare he rode through the gate without looking back.

At the main road he stopped, listening. Evidently the Poles were all inside the castle, because he could hear nothing. But down the road the way he had come, a gray patch blacked out and then reappeared. Something was moving there without making any noise.

Wheeling the roan mare he trotted up the road. Drawing the morning star from his belt he held it where the chains would not jangle. He did not see the riders ahead of him until he was close to them.

There were three of them, waiting, silent. Mark dug in his spurs, bent his head and swung up the battle mace. A bow snapped and something jarred against the steel mail above his belt.

He took the middle rider on his right hand and lashed out with the morning star. The spiked balls smashed into metal and flesh, and that man fell from the saddle. Mark spurred through between the others.

He did not see the rope that caught him over the head and shoulder. Since he was bending forward, it tore him from the saddle when it tightened. Hours later he saw that one of the Mongols had a pole tipped with a long rope ending in a noose. If Mark had seen it cast—

But he felt the dirt of the road in his fingers and the soft run of blood in his mouth, and in a moment he felt the sharp wrench of a twisted arm. The rope held him tight, helpless as a trussed pig, with his horse vanished into the night. Leather creaked above him—he caught the stench of wet hides. A figure picked up something from the road, and he heard the clank of the morning-star chains.

The man standing over him groped for Mark's head. "Adam tzeel!" this one demanded. "What—man?"

"Farang," Mark said. A Frank of the West, he was.

The Mongols seemed amazed that he could speak a language some of them knew. One said, "This one truly has a voice. It will be of use to us."

They pulled him to his feet by the rope, to see if he could stand. For a moment, curious as children, they examined the morning star they had taken from him, passing the weapon from hand to hand. Then one of them noticed the light in the tower above the pine trees. At once they covered the blue, painted lantern, and a low command was repeated back through the ranks of the pagan riders.

Turning off the road into the pines they began to climb toward the castle, taking Mark with them . . .

AT SUNRISE, Arslan Khan, the Mongol officer, called Mark up to him. "Our bows are strong, our horses swift, our hearts hard as the mountain rock," he said, smiling. "Do you understand my words, Farang?"

Mark nodded. It was easy enough to understand the words of Arslan Khan, but not so easy to guess what his meaning might be.

With an effort Mark drew closer, dragging the leg on his injured side and holding his wrenched arm carefully.

"Then tell me," demanded Arslan Khan, "why the white-faced men in that stone house do not come out?"

They had climbed to a knoll opposite the massive, iron-studded gate of the castle, over which floated a banner bearing a white eagle. The gate was closed. The round towers, nicely spaced for cross fire, appeared stronger than the Englishman had thought in the night.

But along the battlements no heads showed. This silence puzzled the Mongol.

"How would I know?" Mark said thoughtfully. "Ask them?"

Instead, Arslan Khan sat down on his leopard skin tranquilly. He leaned back against a stone slab on which the outline of a dragon showed. This slab, Mark thought, was the entrance to a tomb overgrown with ivy, set into the knoll. At least, it bore Marya's family crest.

"Nay, you will ask them, Farang, with these words."

Carefully Arslan Khan placed Mark's morning star by his knee. Two other gnomelike horsemen sat impassively behind the prisoner, apparently paying him no attention. Down by the road, a half-dozen Mongol troopers let their horses graze. No others were visible, although Mark felt certain that three or four hundred had come up the road that night. They want those Poles to sally out, Mark reasoned. So far, the Poles were lying low.

"Tell them," the Mongol went on, "we are servants of the great Khan who holds the world between his hands. We have no bad hearts toward the Christians. Tell them to throw their weapons over that wall and open that gate. Then if they give up to us what treasure they have hidden away we will take it with the weapons and go. The living people and their cattle we will not take." His eyes shifted to the silent Englishman. "Make your voice clear. We have no mind to kill those Christians."

"And if I will not?"

"I myself will kill you."

Mark shrugged. "I will do as you wish. Only give me a horse. I am too lame to move."

The Mongol glanced at him impatiently. "A wounded bird has no need of wings," he grunted.

That, Mark reflected, was true enough. Arslan Khan was much too experienced to give his prisoner a chance to ride for it. So Mark began dragging himself painfully down the rise toward the silent gate, a long bowshot away. Close behind him the two guards followed, not troubling to draw their swords.

Midway to the wall he stopped, noticing a movement within the embrasures over the gate. "Panna Marya!" he called.

After a moment her voice answered.

"Listen," he said clearly. "These Mongols who hold me offer you a fair surrender if you open that gate."

"Yes, Sir Mark." Her voice came down to him, muffled.

"Don't do it. Don't hear to their

promise. Belike, they will try old tricks. Keep lights going at night a watch, or you are all dead."

"We hear, O Knight of the Cross," voice quavered as if laughing, "and bow to thy wisdom! It must have served thee well." Then the voice changed. "Only, listen to me now. Kmita has a plan to reach thee. Ay, to go out—"

"Devil take Kmita! Keep him behind the gate."

"But he will not—"

"If he follows his feet a spearcast or side, he will be dead before you can set orisons for him. Let be!"

For a moment the Polish girl kept silent. "What will you do?" she asked.

Mark hesitated. "What can I do? Nay, I go with these pagans and I will keep my hide whole."

Her foolish valor angered him. At least, he thought, now these Poles would trouble no more about him. Being angry he almost forgot to drag his leg as he turned away with the two Mongols.

Painfully he dragged himself up Arslan Khan's observation point. "The Christians," he said bluntly, "will surrender. They ask only for the time until the sun is highest in the sky, to come together and dig up their treasures."

Arslan Khan's eyes narrowed. "Kaithe voice that spoke for them was woman's voice."

"Aya tak. Ay, so. Their commander is a woman, a princess."

STILL the Mongol pondered. "What precious things have they? What treasure?"

"Cups of gold and strings of pearls. Enough to fill the arms of one man." For an instant, Mark remembered his own lost jewels.

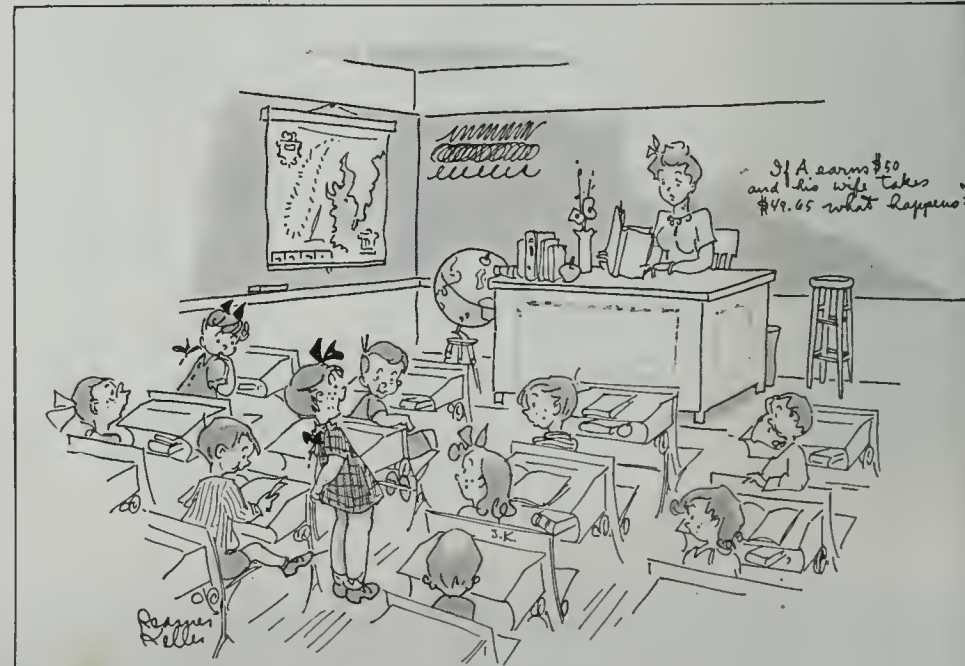
The Mongol's eyes glowed green as he struck his hands together. "Now will go over those walls and rip those Christians open like melons."

He shouted an order.

Mark heard, at first, only a stirring and trampling along the ground. Then he knew it to be a rush of hundreds of horses.

The charge came headlong out of the pines, along the road. Lashing their horses, the riders spread to each side. Sharply the speeding mass divided, half of it reining in almost under the shadow of the wall, the riders snatching arrows out of the sheaths at their hips and sending a flight of shafts upward at the summit of the wall. They kept their horses in motion, yelling, "Kiari-ghar!"

The first half of the riders did not rein in until their horses wheeled against the



"Do you want me to tell all I know about Antony and Cleopatra or just what the textbook says?"

COLLIER'S

REARER KELLER





COLLIER'S "By rule of thumb, I'd say it was off about 3/10,000" DAVE GERARD

... of the curtain wall between the ge and a tower. Those pressed against the wall stood up in their saddles, grasping at one another and the rough surface of the stones. Above them lances were thrust up against the wall, and men scrambled up on the shoulders of the first rank, hauling themselves higher on the hooked lances, clutching at the crenels of the top.

In less than a minute they were at the parapet, climbing like monkeys, screaming their, "Ghar-ghar!" Somewhere behind them drums pounded in cadence with the voices.

Mark knew the attack had been blind, in speed, the racket meant to confuse the garrison until the first Mongols could get their footing on the wall itself.

That wall, however, came alive. Men leapt between the crenels, and battleships smashed down on the climbers. Giant Poles swung flails down as if threshing wheat. Two of them heaved heavy beams over the parapet. Kmita's swordsmen, running up from the gate, began to slash with their blades, and the other-clad Mongols were smashed down like fruit from a shaken tree.

FOR the moment, Arslan Khan was paying no attention to his prisoner. Paying on his haunches, he was staring at the wall but not at the spot where his riders still struggled to climb on the bloodstained lances. He was watching the other face of the wall, in deep shadow. Here a half company of his men had piled up to the foot of the wall. They had no horses and they wore gray felt robes that made them look like giant poles crawling up. And the first of them carried pole ladders that they cast up at the parapet. Metal hooks on the ends of the ropes caught over the stones. Men pulled themselves up the ropes bracing their feet against the stones.

Mark swore silently. The racket by the gate drowned out the noise made by the climbers.

Then he saw figures running on the summit of the wall—figures of Polish women. They began to chop at the ropes with axes and to throw blankets over the heads of the climbers, while they worked the ropes. Panna Marya was among them. In a minute the ropes were cut. The Mongols below, enraged, could only loose arrows at the women.

Arslan Khan shouted an order, and the surviving Mongols began to run back clumsily toward the knoll.

From the wall, crossbow bolts flick-

ered. The archers covering them circled desperately to avoid the iron bolts that smashed among them. They will not try that again, Mark thought.

Moving his head slowly, he saw that the two men behind him were intent on the road below. Arslan Khan sat rigid as a statue before the tomb, his breath hissing from his body. For the moment he was not thinking of the prisoner who had deceived him.

Without hurrying, Mark got to his feet, crouching. The leg that had seemed helpless was firm beneath him as he jumped at the Mongol. And Arslan Khan moved with the swiftness of an animal. One hand snatched the long knife from his girdle, stabbing at Mark's throat.

Mark swung down his head, feeling his shoulder strike under the Mongol's arm. They rolled over on the ground. But Mark gripped hard the shaft of the morning star for which he had made his leap. He rolled over in the dust, gathering his feet under him, knowing that the Mongol was quicker than he. "Ghar!" he heard at his back.

He gave himself no second to stand. Crouching, he whirled, lashing behind him. One of the spiked balls of the morning star caught the Mongol's leg and he staggered, off balance. Swinging up the steel flail, Mark brought it down on the Mongol's light helmet; and Arslan Khan whirled to the ground, his skull crushed—even as his dagger arm struck at Mark.

Reaching down to pick up the dead man's shield, Mark thrust his injured arm into it and stepped forward to meet the rush of the two guards, who had drawn their swords.

He took a blow on the shield and struck with the morning star. But the agile Mongols sprang back, having seen how death flashed from the flying spikes.

Facing them Mark backed toward the stone slab of the tomb. Other Mongols were running up from the road with bows. He could not reach a horse now and he tried to put the tomb at his back, to face them, as an arrow whirled by him.

He heard a grinding and a crash beside him. He saw the stone slab fall into the dust, and a giant figure raced from the tomb. "Slava bohu!" it roared. And with flailing sword, it crashed into the nearest Mongol.

It was Kmita, mad with excitement. Behind him the dragon tomb spewed forth clumsy men in mail, racing one an-

other toward the leading Mongols. They struck with heavy battle-axes and they threw long spears.

Those Mongols, startled by the apparition of men pouring out of the hilltop, turned and ran down the hill, dodging among the pines for their horses. Behind them labored the Polish men-at-arms, calling to them to halt and fight.

Mark looked once into the tomb, seeing no grave, but an open passage leading down, crowded with the garrison of the castle pushing out after Kmita. He went with them.

To the Mongols it seemed as if an army, hidden in the ground, had been lying in wait until now. They hurried away with their horses and wounded, down to the road through the mountains. . . .

"It was," said Panna Marya, "a thought of my father, who was castellan of these mountains. He said we should have two gates here—one seen and one unseen. We called it the dragon's lair."

Reflectively, Mark rubbed his lame arm, sitting on the doorstep of the hall beside this girl.

"Now it is clear to me, lady," he said, "that you have met pagan fighters before."

"We have so," she nodded, "for a hundred years." She looked at him, pleased.

Sitting there in her gleaming gown, she thrust the dark hair back from her slender throat. The scent of the hair was in his nostrils, and the light of her in his eyes. She will never be afraid, he thought.

"They come over the road because it is the road through these mountains," she said. "The black road, we call it." And she hesitated, turning her face from him. "You will not be taking to the road now, Sir Mark?" she asked.

HE THOUGHT about that. Through the courtyard he saw Kmita pushing by the cattle and carts, past the peasant women who were milking cows and piling hay for the wounded to lie on. Through all this bedlam of a farmyard with its folk, Kmita was carrying a cloak which Mark recognized as his own.

When Kmita reached the steps he held it out in his great paw. Bowing to the belt he shouted angrily, his eyes gleaming.

"He is saying," Panna Marya explained, "how he wanted to go out and rescue you when the pagans made their surprise attack. He is saying that if harm had come to a knight of the Cross at our gate, it would have been a shame to us forever."

Mark took back the cloak which the Polish captain of men-at-arms had found along the road and he thanked Kmita. He smiled and Kmita grinned.

Here he was, with the Cross again, with his wealth gone galloping off. Here he was, not in a palazzo of Venice but shut up in a frontier castle with hordes of pagans roving the countryside.

Panna Marya looked up at him, troubled, trying to read his mind. "Last night," she whispered, "when you rode away, I was frightened."

"You?"

"Yes—of the night and being left alone. I—I wanted so to go away with you to Venice and to live."

Mark, late lord of Kerak, swore silently at himself, understanding now for the first time how frightened this girl was and how she had made a feast of supper the evening before, thinking it might be her last. He shoved away a bawling calf, put his good arm around her, and laughed.

"Panna Marya, the devil take Venice! This is where we belong, both of us!"

THE END

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## Oran Overture

Continued from page 13

"Look, doctor," he said to the American surgeon, "if they get me in both legs, shoot me—no, don't." He was grinning and pretty casual about it. He might have been joking. "But if they get me in both eyes, for God's sake put me away—but give me a drink first."

Mike drank a glass of water and wandered out.

When the doctor began laying out his instruments on the mess table I went out, too. The cutter rammed through the blackness of the Mediterranean. The phosphorescent water seemed to hiss against her plates. Somewhere just ahead were the curving black hills of the African coast. Behind us came our sister cutter and the two launches.

My battle station was the bridge. I hobbled over to the ladder, crossing the deck beneath which our men, packed in tense silence, awaited the signal that meant the boom had been broken, that their job was beginning. There were six hundred of us, just as the kid from Kentucky had said. I climbed to the bridge.

## The Black Cliffs of Africa

The skipper was waiting for word that the main invasion forces had begun landing on each side of Oran while we headed for the harbor.

"This is my meat," the captain said. "This is what I've been waiting for. You know, it's only when I get a whiff of battle smoke that I really begin to live."

We stood quietly in the darkness. Then we saw lights—little pin points of light to our right. Abruptly there were the black cliffs of Africa. There was Oran.

A wireless message from headquarters told us the invasion had started elsewhere. An order came: "There has been no shooting so far. Do not start a fight." Metallically the loud-speaker system carried the order to the men packed below decks, lying on their bellies as close together as sardines. There was a nervous little chuckle in response. Then we waited. The Walney surged toward the harbor entrance. The chief engineer had kept his word. We were there.

Something was happening down the coast. A sizzle of brilliance crept across the sky; exploded lazily. A lookout's voice came clearly, "Star shells off starboard, sir." A British warship was creating a fireworks diversion on schedule. Still the shore was black. Then from somewhere a searchlight blinked. It turned idly for a moment, then swung upon us. It snapped off, there was darkness again, and then the angry crash of gunfire.

We turned out to sea; turned again, and headed back toward our goal. We had crossed a thousand miles of the Atlantic from Britain and pitched through two hundred and fifty miles of the Mediterranean, and here, at last, was our goal—a little boom made of chains stretching across the entrance of Oran harbor. We had to break it. We had to get inside the harbor and seize ships and shore batteries. An order was passed to the men below, "Lie flat for crash. We are approaching boom." We braced ourselves against the devilish symphony of machine-gun and artillery fire. Our Tommy guns began talking back.

Shells and bullets crashed into us, and almost as the Walney shuddered with the impact, she snapped the boom. We were through. It had been as easy as that.

But in another moment there was a second grinding crash. We'd struck and

splintered one of our launches. And then shore gunners really got our range. Up in the forward turret Mike died in a quick flash of high explosives. The next shell crashed into our engine room. Our power was gone and we were drifting. For a minute we drifted unmolested in sudden quiet. It was the turn of our sister cutter. She was in a deluge of fire.

Later I learned that at the critical moment of passing the boom her skipper was struck in the eye by shrapnel. The cutter crashed into the breakwater, but most of the personnel got ashore before she blew up.

We drifted slowly past a floating dry-dock. For a second I saw part of the breakwater wall and in the glare could read three painted words, "La Belle

up. My crutches were knocked away in the first crush of falling men. I fell and crawled to the outside wing bridge in an attempt to see. Shell bursts wounded me in both legs. The Walney caught fire below deck. Pimms, the navigator, died on the bridge. I could see only a dull red glare and one man moving on the bridge. It was the skipper. "Who is it?" he shouted. I told him and he shouted something but I never heard, because we got another direct hit. I don't think the captain moved after that, but behind me, dimly, sketchily, I could hear another voice shouting. It was Lieutenant Cole, who had been worried about his wife. He was swaying like a tall, slim wraith on the smoky rear of the bridge.

"Okay!" he was shouting. "Everybody

ship and the pier. My eyes closed. My fingers clawed water. I touched a wall and discovered I was again determined to live. I hauled myself up until I got my elbows over the pier rim. Then the weight of the cast on my leg caught me and I knew I couldn't make it. Slowly and painfully I began losing my grip. Then a single hand groped down and braced me. I swung my good leg up and it caught. Then the hand from above began to pull, and I rolled over the edge with open, gasping mouth pressed against the stone surface of the pier. I could see the man who had pulled me up as a half-unreal figure swaying near me. But I was alone enough. He had used only one hand because the other had been shot away. I never knew his name, never even knew his nationality, because just then a bullet struck my injured foot. Another bullet later hit the wall and bounced into the temple. I was crawling, sprawling in the dirt, crawling again.

## A Tunnel of Agony

An American soldier and I eventually called out to a French patrol and were taken prisoner to a hospital tunnel, cut deep into a cliff and choked with wounded men.

At dawn I was shifted to an open loambulance. Natives gathered around staring curiously, shaking their heads as they saw the gaping wounds, blood and tatters. A British seaman with his almost shot off cursed them in a faint Yorkshire accent. Later, in a long hospital ward, a French nurse stuck a cigarette between my lips and a doctor found a total of twenty-six assorted holes in me. I tried to sleep but the hospital shuddered to the roar of big guns.

In the next bed the American soldier who had helped carry me woke up and grinned. "Ain't it," he asked, "a hellu day?"

Our first meal came in buckets carried by an orderly who left hunks of dark brown bread at each table. Soup and mashed beans were served in tin plates. Black wine came in tin cups. Sometime next day, a man across the aisle died shouting deliriously. A retired French naval officer came into the ward, listened to the sound of guns coming nearer. I said, "Very soon we will be your prisoners."

Sometime in that interval doctor came, leading the soldier who had jumped out of the frying pan into the fire. He didn't have a scratch on him but wouldn't or couldn't talk. Word of the number of casualties was passing around, and survivors learned that the young lieutenant who had worried about his wife was lost, and that the kid from Kentucky had been machine-gunned to death in the water.

Later we could hear machine guns firing beneath the window and tanks rumbling into the streets. Then there was a sudden flurry among the French in the ward.

An American Army sergeant came through the doorway and paused. His head was bandaged, his battle dress covered with mud. He walked unsteadily but his ugly mug was sweetened by a smile of triumph. All over the ward Americans began sitting up excitedly, but one fellow with a busted shoulder was the first to realize what had happened—that it was all over at Oran.

"Hey, Sarge!" he shouted. "Great God, Sarge! Come here!"

THE END

## "FOR EXTRAORDINARY HEROISM"

On November 22d the author, United Press Correspondent Leo S. Disher, was awarded the Purple Heart by Major General Lloyd R. Fredendall of the A.E.F. in Africa. The citation stated, in part, that Disher "distinguished himself by extraordi-

nary heroism and meritorious performance of duty against an armed enemy . . . although several times wounded . . . and displayed great devotion to duty and rendered meritorious public service by recording the details of the attack on Oran."

France." We dropped our Commando troops. Then came the most incredible moment of the whole attack. Our chief of staff was as British as Yorkshire pudding. But he came to the bridge in American coveralls, wearing an American helmet. Amazingly he had two six-shooters strapped to his belt in high Western cowboy holsters, and a Tommy gun under his arm. He was almost a caricature—a musical comedy Englishman's idea of an American. Or perhaps, a Frenchman's idea. And that was his real purpose—to make things look as American as possible at first glance.

## The Skipper Makes a Plea

The skipper turned and said, "All right, let them have it." The guns on shore began to fire again, but our chief of staff took his hands off the butts of his six-shooters, gripped the loud-speaker microphone and began talking to the French on shore in their own language. He even spoke French with an American accent. "Cease firing," he said. "We are your friends. We are Americans. Cease firing." It seemed to me then that hell exploded all around us. We were hit time and again. The chief of staff was a brave man. His voice went on amid the awful noise of battle until he fell against the microphone with his six-shooters still unfired in their holsters.

Everything was happening at once. The officers below decks began directing American assault troops under the command of Lieutenant Colonel George Marshall of Jacksonville, Florida, to midships, where they were partially screened by the superstructure as they went over the side. A shell hit one of our fuel drums, spreading liquid fire along the deck. A destroyer loomed in front of us. We tried to ram but missed, and there was a savage burst of fire from its guns at almost muzzle-end range. The bridge was raked and raked again.

A French cruiser began firing too, and then a submarine on our portside opened

get off! Get ashore!" Somewhere below, our depth charges began exploding. "Everybody ashore!" Our ammunition began blowing up. I never realized until many hours later that he was shouting all the time directly against a blank wall. He has been reported missing in action.

A shell exploded inside the sick bay directly below, killing, among others, an American doctor who was operating on the wounded. The British doctor was dying from a shellburst in the wardroom. He was also hit while operating. I suddenly wondered in a brief flash what had happened to the soldier we had fished from the water and put in the hospital section. Out of the frying pan was right! I began crawling again. I had to crawl over men who had been standing beside me a few minutes earlier. My hands were wet and sticky.

The task-force commander, meanwhile, had been hit in the shoulder by a bullet and knocked from the bridge ladder by a shellburst. He swam ashore. The Walney was lurching and heaving. Remembering the "Get ashore" order I stumbled past the ship's railing which had been torn away by shell fire and fell into the water. The inflated life preserver around my chest had been punctured by shrapnel. The life preserver on my broken ankle held my leg up, but my head was under water until I could rip the preserver off. I swam to a merchant ship's hawser, to which five men were clinging in an apparent trap, with a high wall on one side and French fire behind. They showed wet and ghastly in the glare of the burning cutter, while the water around hissed with the impact of bullets and metal fragments. I looked back at the Walney, expecting to hear the final explosion any moment. She was dying, fearfully, shuddering with explosions. I thought that in one red flash I could see the Stars and Stripes still flying from her stern. She went down that way. She never struck her colors.

With infinite weariness I swam into the blackness between a lurching merchant





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## Miracle Bean

Continued from page 14

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Cresta Blanca Chablis (crisp and dry)

#### California red wines

Cresta Blanca Claret (Superior (med.-bodied))  
Cresta Blanca Burgundy (robust)

#### California sweet wines

Cresta Blanca Sherry (medium-dry, nutty)  
Cresta Blanca Port (ruby)

tune in! JACK PEARL and Morton Gould's orchestra in Schenley's "Cresta Blanca Wine Carnival." Your Mutual station every week.



California Wines, Cresta Blanca Wine Co., Inc., Livermore, Cal.

contain about twenty-five per cent soy flour, which adds a substantial quantity of high-quality protein to the children's diets. And how do the kids like it? They love it.

If at this point you are ready to grab your hat and dash for the nearest grocery to stock up on this paragon of the kitchen, don't be in a rush. You probably won't find soy flour on your favorite grocer's shelves—not just yet—even though he may have a few new cereal or bakery products that contain it. Before soy flour can become generally available, there is a lot to be done in the way of setting up processing and distribution machinery. You may not get much of it until after the war.

Health-food stores have been carrying soy products in bulk for some time, but not at a nickel a pound. They also have soya in a host of special foods such as meat products, macaroni, cereals, bread and crackers, and they sell the tender vegetable beans in cans. These health-store stocks merely indicate what is going to be seen later in the general groceries.

Until recently, we haven't thought much about soybeans as a food, despite the wholehearted endorsement of the Chinese and certain other less worthy Oriental peoples.

#### Proteins at Bargain Prices

We've been eating soybean oil in shortening, salad dressing and margarine for years, but the strong beany flavor of the soybean itself hasn't appealed to our Occidental palates. Our modern food chemists, however, have taken care of that. They have discovered that, through simple curing processes, the bean loses its objectionable taste and acquires a pleasant, nutty flavor.

With this taste barrier out of the way and with American soybean production now second only to China's, the soybean in one form or another is headed for a permanent corner in our kitchen cupboards. It can't replace eggs, meat or milk in our diet. Even the soybean's most ardent enthusiasts still demand eggs for breakfast, drink their milk conscientiously, and dig as regularly as possible into a T-bone. But the soybean can serve as a supplement to these other highly important foods, and a very valuable one at that. Ready to benefit most, perhaps, will be the six million low-income families who can't afford all the proteins they need in the form of the higher-priced animal products.

Although new to the American kitchen, the soybean is hardly a novelty in American agriculture and industry. The main purpose for growing the soybean in this country up to now has been for its valuable oil. After crushing the bean for the oil, we have fed the meal that is left to our livestock and poultry. Researchers in the Department of Agriculture, state colleges and private industry, however, have looked deeper into the little bean and found countless other important uses. In it, they discovered a highly desirable source of adhesives especially valuable in the big plywood industry, sizing for cloth, paints, soap and plastics. They have even found that the soybean is a fair source of synthetic rubber. Subsequent tests may show it to be better than fair.

Henry Ford, who misses no bets, originally was interested in the soybean from the plastics angle. Now his laboratories are doing all sorts of things with it. Re-

cently he turned up with a suit spun from the wool-like material his scientists had made from soybeans. He thinks it has great possibilities for upholstering his favorite flivvers. A firm in St. Louis is now making a leatherlike pair of ladies' pumps out of soybeans. And so it goes, as our scientists find more and more magic in the soybean.

When America was plunged into this war, Secretary of Agriculture Wickard called on farmers to increase soybean production by about 50 per cent to provide the much-needed oil for our war program. To say that farmers responded is hardly adequate. Soy raisers in Illinois, Iowa, Indiana, Ohio, Missouri and the other producing states answered with an increase of nearly 100 per cent, or double 1941 production, to give us a bonanza crop of about 200 million bushels.

All of which inevitably brings us to Doctor William J. Morse, who two decades ago called the cards that the soybean industry is turning up today. Doctor Morse's office in the Department of Agriculture in Washington for years has been the center of gravity for soybean enthusiasts. Since 1907 when he was graduated from Cornell, Morse has been a champion of the soybean, taking the torch from the hands of the late Doctor C. V. Pier, who likened the soybean to "gold from the soil."

For more than thirty-five years now, Doctor Morse has been preaching the soybean gospel, writing bulletins, making speeches, advising with growers, studying soybeans from all angles. In 1923, he co-authored a textbook, *The Soybean*, as complete a lexicon on the subject as has ever been published.

Spurred by the work of Morse and a handful of plant scientists, processors and farmers who have persisted in pushing the soybean into the limelight in this country, soybean production has shot up

until its graph line resembles the of a climbing P-38. In 1924, U. S. production totaled about 5 million bushels. In 1930 it passed 13 million, and in 1935 it leaped to 107 million. Now at 200 million bushels, the potential is not yet sight.

The Department of Agriculture has its eye on the soybean, contemplating with intense interest these war days, the marketing as well as the production angle. The department is working the soybean industry to make this cost food available to people throughout the nation as soon as possible.

#### Food of the Future

Heading this ambitious campaign the department is a stalwart, blond young soybean devotee named Don Payne, is thoroughly sold on his job of finding new food uses for soybeans and letting the public in on the secret. One of Payne's biggest worries is that interest in soy products may develop so fast the industry won't have time to get the products in retail stores, causing interest to die rapidly.

"Soy products are definitely out of the food fad class," he says. "They are destined for a significant role in our everyday diet."

Payne is on the staff of the Agricultural Marketing Administration, which has as one of its big jobs the purchase of tremendous quantities of American food products to send to our Allies. The billions of pounds of food being sent, a significant portion is soy flour, grits to be used in meat and bakery products, soups and other foods to help war partners stretch their diminished food supplies. The use of these products by the United Nations is furnishing clues as to the best ways to produce them here at home.

THE END



COLLIER'S

"I believe they went that way"

CHAS. CARTWRIGHT





## How *WAAC* OFFICERS ARE SELECTED

The task of directing the work and personnel of the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps as it takes over more and more noncombatant duties for the Army is the responsibility of a select group of women. Much of the success of this pioneering women's organization naturally depends on the wisdom, tact and ability of its leaders. The WAAC is growing rapidly. From its nucleus of a few hundred candidates a few months ago, it is expanding to the 150,000 authorized by Executive Order. This presents many new opportunities for women who might qualify as officers. If you have been thinking of joining the WAAC and believe you have the makings of an able officer, here's the way to proceed. First, enroll as an auxiliary to take your four weeks basic training. Women qualified for Officer Candidate School then receive eight weeks further training

and at the successful completion of the course are commissioned Third Officers (equivalent to Second Lieutenant).

The system of commissioning from the ranks has been set up to give every woman equal opportunity to compete, and to assure the Corps that its leadership will maintain the high caliber necessary to fulfilling the WAAC mission of making it possible for more soldiers to reach the front.

More and more WAAC officers are needed now. This may be a splendid opportunity for you. WAAC pay is equal to Army pay. And valuable experience and training may be useful later. To join you must be 21 to 44, inclusive, a citizen of good repute—regardless of race, color or creed. For further information on WAAC pay, promotion and opportunities, go to your nearest U. S. Army Recruiting and Induction Station.

### WAAC PAY SCALE

Officers	Equiv. Rank	Base Monthly Pay
Director	Colonel	\$333.33
Asst. Director	Lt. Colonel	291.67
Field Director	Major	250.00
1st Officer	Captain	200.00
2nd Officer	1st Lieutenant	166.67
3rd Officer	2nd Lieutenant	150.00
Enrolled Members		
Chief Leader	Master Sergeant	\$138.00
First Leader	First Sergeant	138.00
Technical Leader	Technical Sergeant	114.00
Staff Leader	Staff Sergeant	96.00
Technician, 3rd Grade	Technician, 3rd Grade	96.00
Leader	Sergeant	78.00
Technician, 4th Grade	Technician, 4th Grade	78.00
Jr. Leader	Corporal	66.00
Technician, 5th Grade	Technician, 5th Grade	66.00
Aux., 1st Class	Private, 1st Class	54.00
Auxiliary	Private	50.00

## U. S. ARMY

"KEEP 'EM FLYING!"

### RECRUITING AND INDUCTION SERVICE

Visit the nearest recruiting station, or write:  
Appointment and Induction Branch, D-1, A.G.O., Washington, D. C.



# HATS ARE BACK

By Ruth Carson



After years of nosegays and ribbons and veils in place of hats, the big-brimmed hat, that is a hat, is back and popular once again. This one is made of soft green felt, frames the face becomingly, fits snugly on the head. It is secured besides with a hatpin which is topped with a bouquet of green leaves and war stamps edged with matching delicate pink felt

PHOTOGRAPHS BY IFOR THOMAS

Natural rough straw sailor for girl with long bob and pert face. It isn't going to slide all the way back on the head because it's secured with adjustable clip similar to that on a telephone operator's headgear

Picture hat of lavender blue straw, Watteau style, romantic but practical; anchored with velvet-covered clips that hold better than elastic, and also pinned prettily at the back. Can be worn with hair up or down

The girl with upswept hair can wear this hat without mussing a hair. An adjustable tab of the straw extends down the back for anchorage. She can bend it out while donning the hat, smooth it to the head, and pin



HAT sales have jumped off the boggan and taken to the sky. From a 10 per cent drop in spring, after seasons of downhill fighting, to a 25 per cent rise in the fall, to a 50 per cent rise in the spring, up and better now. Girls who for years have considered a bow or a wisp of hair or nothing at all ample adornment for their lovely locks, are now buying hats. Genuine fit-the-head, frame-the-face hats. The jubilant manufacturers are variously thanking the boys in uniform who frown, they hear, on hats; the times, in which the girls want to look feminine and pretty, to beg the boys while here; and the designers beginning with Lilly, Sally, and John. In the spring, when it looked like the end of the hat business, a committee representing a large group of manufacturers made a final move to stave off their demise. They went to a few designers and said: Will you design some hats to copy? That's what I used to do. So John-Fredericks, Sally Victor and Lilly Daché, whose talent that time had been frittered away in their own exclusive and therefore small establishments, chiefly on \$25.00-and-over items, agreed. Other high-priced designers have since followed suit, endorsing the best design in the country to us, at our own price. The first they formed a combine, called Millin Fashion Inspiration, and now, in addition to their own custom businesses, sign for the wholesale market.

Not that these colorful, temperamental competitors actually sit down together to design hats. They meet to discuss general ideas, and colors. They go into the market together to pick out materials, thereby causing block-making dealers in flowers, ribbons, felts and whatnots, to swoon at the sight of three rivals selecting identical stuff, together. Then they return to their separate salons, and design. The results show up in their own individual collections.

Also twenty hats each, without labels go into a common kitty, ruled by a manufacturers' committee, and only a young lady in charge knows which is John-Fredericks, a Sally Victor or a Lilly Daché creation. The committee puts on a fashion show which the designers do not attend, pretending to a complete lack of human curiosity. Invited buyers attend the show, paying admission. The admission fee entitles them to make handle the hats right there, photographing on their minds the details of construction. They also purchase models to copy. Some of their favorites for spring we show you herewith.

From the look of the future, there will be nothing to stop them, now they've got their public back. Women, no matter how much WPB may simplify the clothes, can always get a lift with a hat even Harry Hopkins admits there will be no shortage. Because you can make a hat out of anything.



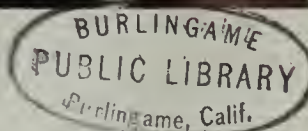
# ASSIGNED THEME

BY ROBERT  
CORHAM DAVIS

ILLUSTRATED BY WENDELL KLING



A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE



THEODORE BARRETT, instructor in English composition and tutor in the Division of Modern Languages, pushed his bicycle slowly through the mass of students pouring from the great dining hall of the university. He was a thin, almost haggard man with handsome irregular features, and he was famous among the undergraduates for indolence and a rather cynical wit. But those who learned that he had hopelessly impeded his academic career by marrying too early and having more children than he could afford could see behind his mask of pride.

Now he felt poignantly the youth and freshness of the boys flowing past him. A few more weeks for them, as for him, a normal academic life would be ended. And yet it was the past he was thinking of, recalled to him by the letter that had come that morning.

"Dear Mr. Barrett," it began in a woman's slanting hand. "By the time you read this you will probably have learned that our only son, Richard Farwell, was lost at sea, October 25th, just five months after he received his commission in the United States Navy."

Theodore Barrett had already seen the name in the newspapers; young Farwell as the first of his former students to be listed as a casualty. It took him a little while to separate his memory of the boy from a group impression of several who resembled him.

But then he remembered a conference with Farwell, late in the preceding fall. The boy, who rowed second in the freshman crew, wanted to make his first long theme a history of American crew racing. "I'm afraid that might be on the dullish side," Barrett protested. "The winners in 1886, the winners in 1887, the winners in 1888. Let's get at this some other way." The boy looked as polite and passive as ever. "What about crew?" Barrett asked almost angrily. "Why go out for it? What does it mean to you?" "Granted I'm no sportsman, but tennis or

hockey I can understand. They're fast, there's room for initiative. But crew! It's the Roman galleys all over again."

And then suddenly, Farwell really seemed to want to explain.

"It's a feeling you get, Sir. It's not easy to say, but it comes when the crew's rowing right, the rhythm right, and then a kind of strength comes into you—I don't mean just physically—but you're all eight men and yet you're yourself too, trying to make your own part perfect. It may sound funny but I thought of it when you were talking about the Greek plays, you know, the idea of tragedy purging you because you could feel with the heroes and get your own littleness out of you. You're freed of yourself. I suppose in love it's the same."

AT THIS he stopped, embarrassed and a little breathless. He never talked as freely again, but from then on, Barrett thought there was understanding between them. When Farwell's theme came in, it turned out to be a technical discussion of the different types of racing shell, a thoroughly dull and impersonal paper. But Barrett was still pleased. Despite the theme, he knew that he had brought together crew and Greek drama in the mind of a boy and so his teaching had not entirely failed. He knew now that the mother had noticed, too, but he was disturbed by what she asked.

"What we hope you have," she wrote, "are some samples of Richard's writing. When you have a boy with you, words are not important, but now, when he is gone, his words become very precious. His father and I both felt that in your class Richard's intellectual development came more rapidly, that he was learning to express himself with new freedom. Although we supposed his themes had been returned to him, we did not find them among his things. If we could have some samples of his work they would be invaluable remembrances."

When Barrett reached his home, he

went directly up to his rather disorderly study and began going through the mass of papers on the bottom shelf of the big bookcase. Most of them were themes—themes that should have been returned weeks, months, even years before. Barrett was pretty sure there were two of Farwell's there, and in a little while he found them. He drew them out doubtfully, his thoughts with the mother who had written him so bravely.

The first of the two manuscripts was an assigned exercise in exposition, to be based on summer experience.

Farwell had worked in the stockroom of his uncle's factory, and entitled his theme, *The Organization and Sale of Contract Builders' Hardware*. For two pages and a half there were red-inked corrections against nearly every line; then apparently Barrett had given up marking it, out of sheer boredom. Now he sampled a few sentences at the point where the corrections ceased. Again he could read no more.

The second theme—trite, clumsily written—was more personal, but no more interesting.

Neither of these papers could Barrett possibly send. He drew out a sheet of correspondence paper and began a note to the parents, but what he said sounded stilted and empty. And yet he had a sense of death and youth and courage that filled him with emotion. He remembered how Farwell had talked to him, and now, thinking of the boy's self-dedication and the way the parents had risen to it, he felt lifted above the monotony of his own life.

He sat looking out of his window toward the distant campus and the river beyond. He thought of peacetime and the crews in the late fall afternoons sweeping back toward Holderness as the sunset faded and the lights went on along the esplanade. He thought of the students coming back to college in the fall of 1941, the political groupings that had enlivened the campus in pre-

vious years, lost in the closed, determined ranks.

Months before Pearl Harbor they had known what job they had to do. And yet there was none of the self-glorification, the rhetoric and flag-waving of the themes that Barrett's own class had been writing in 1917. Beneath their calm was great strength, and in their certitude, great wisdom. It was the same spirit that Farwell had felt when he talked of crew and the Greeks, but carried now into the struggle for civilization itself. Tears came to Barrett's eyes as he felt anew the preciousness of what these boys were dying for. He put a sheet of paper in his typewriter.

IT WAS an hour later when he became aware of family noises in the house around him. He drew the last page out of his machine and carefully placed it in order with the others that had grown into a pile beside his typewriter. He walked down the stairs slowly, bending the fresh sheets regularly back and forth in his hands until they were a little dog-eared and worn. Caroline came quickly into the hall.

"I haven't heard you writing like that for years," she said. "What is it?"

"I think it's very good," he said. He began to put it in the envelope he had prepared, but he noticed something was missing. Resting it on the newel post he jotted a brief comment in pencil on the outside of the manuscript and then, after hesitating and smiling a little, he marked a "B—" in the upper corner.

She had been watching, and when he lifted his head he saw her disappointment. "But it's only a theme!" she said.

He reached out and took her hand. "Yes, I was transcribing it."

"But couldn't Miss Burroughs have done that?" She saw the name on it, Richard Farwell, and the date, January 7, 1942.

"No," he said gently. "It was the theme of a boy who is dead."



## The Little Victory

Continued from page 15

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hanging over the path, he would make his way up the hill to find Clota. She would be at the American artist's, for he was painting her. And every evening when Juaquo was through at Meyer's, he would go up to the little white house near the top of the hill and watch Clota sitting very patient and very beautiful while the American artist looked and made a little mark and looked again. It was wonderful to see, the girl so beautiful and the artist with such a talent to repeat what he saw, in paint.

And presently, when he had the things, Juaquo would make a house for Clota and it would be all over—but the happiness.

Outside in the store there was no sign that the excitement would stop.

"The fever," said the German, "is like a hand at the throat. I know, Otto the son here, he had it. And I as well. We were on the edge of dying. And that in a hospital with doctors to care for us."

Someone said, "Can a doctor be sent for?"

Otto nodded. "I have sent word to the capital," he told them, with no encouragement in his voice. "But who can tell when they will act in the capital?"

"What would you do?" someone asked Meyer.

Meyer faced them squarely. "If I had not had the fever, I would get out. I would leave the town to its miseries."

The people were surprised, hesitant.

They looked at one another. Then someone said, "I have a launch that would make the trip to the capital . . ."

"And I . . ." said another.

"There are the fishing boats. Those too . . ."

A voice from the crowd said loudly, the words registered strong and clear on Juaquo's mind, "When the news of the fever reaches the capital the cargo boat will not be allowed here . . ." Assent came. "And even the navy's patrol boats will not be allowed in. . ."

And then the people were agreeing, planning to leave together. And the German was pleased by their decision.

IT ALL began to disturb Juaquo a little. He felt complications might be connected with this. He dreaded anything that might come between him and the things he worked for. True, Meyer had said he was not going but . . .

And Meyer was beckoning to him, "Come here," he ordered.

Juaquo stood in front of him.

"There is fever. You know it?" the German asked.

Juaquo nodded.

"The whole town is leaving tomorrow—for the capital," the German continued. "I'll let you go early if you go up the hill and tell the American about the fever. Do you understand?"

Juaquo nodded again. But there was something he had to find out. "With the people gone, patron, I was wondering if you will keep me working. . ."

"Don't worry," the German said. "I'll keep you busy in the warehouse. You and another man who is coming in tomorrow."

And for a moment Juaquo was glad; he believed there would be no complications.

As he walked slowly up the path he dangled his sandals in his hand, pushed his hat back on his head; he breathed deep, looked out to the familiar brilliance of the sea. Yet somehow he was not at ease. He wondered why. He had been dismissed early. The day was fine. He

was on his way to the artist's. The German had been decent. . .

That was where his uncasiness lay. He knew the German to be a smart man and a hard one. The German served himself and his son, his store and his interests. If eggs were aging or pork were bad, the German was the more anxious to sell them.

The German was like that. And he was not likely to change.

Yet suddenly it seemed he wanted people out of the town. And that would leave no one to buy. And Meyer would suffer—which Juaquo could not think was right when you considered the character of the German.

Usually when Juaquo came into the artist's garden and found him working, he would say nothing. He would take off his hat and sit politely until the artist asked, "What's new in the town?"

And all the while Clota would be sitting very patiently with her hands in her lap. When she heard Juaquo her eyes would flicker for a minute and her mouth would curve a little more fully. Juaquo knew she had to be still for the artist.

But this afternoon it was different. Juaquo went toward the artist and said abruptly, "There's fever in the town."

The artist made a gesture as if he were being annoyed by a fly.

"Señor Meyer sent me to tell you," Juaquo said. "The others in the town are going."

The artist dropped his brush as if something had struck inside him. And he looked intently at Juaquo. "Fever?" he repeated.

"From down the valley," Juaquo confirmed.

"And people are really going?" persisted the artist. And before Juaquo could answer, Clota had dropped her pose.

"Does the German go?" she breathed. "No, he and his son have had the fever."

"Oh . . ." She was relieved. "Then you stay until you have the things." He nodded and her eyes held his. And suddenly working for the German, breaking his back in the heat, stacking bags in the warehouse was as nothing. For presently he would have a house by the way, a patch about it—and Clota. And Juaquo was warmed and immensely cheered.

The American artist did not say anything more. Slowly he put his paints down, picked up his canvas and moved

it toward the house. When he came back for his paints, Juaquo asked "Will you be going too, patron?"

"No," said the artist. "I will stay with you people on the hill will stay."

And Juaquo could not be sure what was glad.

Then the artist went into the house, brought out envelopes and a bottle of white pills. He put the pills into envelopes and handed them to Clota. "Take them along the hill with you. Give them to the neighbors and to Leon father. Tell them to take one each. And tell them to boil water before drink it."

AFTER Clota had gone, Juaquo lingered.

The American eyed him questioningly for this was not the usual procedure.

"The German is your enemy, is not so?" Juaquo asked him. And it was a new subject that had not been talked of, or thought of among the people on the hill.

The American was surprised. "My country is at war with the German country," he said.

"And my country is a friend of America?"

"But not at war," reminded the American.

Juaquo nodded his head slowly. He was not quite sure why he had asked. But somehow he was still uncertain about the German.

He lingered, looking from the artist to the house, before he asked, "Have I permission?"

The artist smiled assent.

Juaquo went into the house, turned the canvas back from the wall and looked at it a minute. Inexplicably his eyes dimmed. "She is beautiful," he said throatily.

The artist agreed.

"And you," said Juaquo, hating to ignore the creator of the masterpiece, "are a very formidable artist." And the American was pleased at his politeness.

The next morning the people in the town left. As Juaquo came down the path he saw the little fleet going round the point, leaving the vibrant blue of the harbor silent and very empty without them. Only the artist's launch and the barges which the German used to load his cargoes remained.

As he approached, Juaquo could hear Meyer's son working the telegraph on the inside of the store. Old man Meyer



COLLIER'S

"I scuttled my navy, Papa!"

ED GRAHAM





"Don't you have a dog that will just lie by the hearth and perhaps wag his tail when he sees me?"

JEFF KEATE

listening to the radio, not to music, to the monotonous drone of a commentator's voice.

When Meyer heard Juaquo he came to the floor. "I want you in the warehouse," he said.

Juaquo followed him without much enthusiasm. Coffee was stored in the warehouse, bags of it were piled high to the roof. And Juaquo swore at the thought of moving it.

"You can begin here," said the German, "from this end. Carry them out and stack them outside. You won't be late. I told Leon to come down from the hill to help you."

Leon was Clota's father. And that was the only remarkable thing about him. He was a wizened fellow, given to contemplating the money he would make when a boat came in. But when hands were needed, Leon would be lame or sick. He had not worked for years.

And Juaquo was not a little surprised when Leon shambled into the warehouse. Without explanation he took his place on the pile, hoisted the first sack onto Juaquo's back.

"Easily . . ." he kept breathing, "easily . . ."

And so the hours went. The pile out-  
growing slowly.

THEY stopped when the sun was high and went around to the front where he was shade. And Juaquo was surprised to see the American coming down the path. The German saw him too, and out to greet him.

"You do not go because of the fever?" the German asked.

"No," said the American, "I think I'll go."

Everyone else has thought it wiser to let the German remind him.

"My neighbors on the hill are all staying."

"Oh, them . . ." The German dismissed the people of the hillside with a shrug. "They are too ignorant to know the meaning of a word like fever. They work for me, these people of yours . . . their talent is for siesta . . ." And the German looked to Leon and Juaquo as if he could not hear.

"My neighbors suit me," said the American.

And the German looked impatiently after him as the artist turned to leave.

Juaquo slipped from the shade. "Patron . . ." He followed the American. "Perhaps now you are here you would care to see something . . ." The American turned, his face curious.

"It is around the back," said Juaquo. Without a word the American followed him.

"This is it," said Juaquo not without excitement. This was the bed—the brass bed from a factory, its shining bars protected by paper and straw. Juaquo fondled it lovingly. This came foremost among the things he was working for. "Is it not elegant?" he demanded.

The American smiled a little, nodded. "It's fine," he said. And he went quickly as if he did not want the German to see him there.

Juaquo stayed to look at the treasure which was already a little his. Had he not worked for two weeks? And when he had finished examining it, he went back to the sheds where he had been working to see how much of the coffee remained to be moved. As he stood on top of the stack he realized they were not as deep as they seemed. Behind were drums. He was surprised. He tapped them and they were full. They were numerous too, more than would be used in the town in a long while.

He went back to the front of the store where Leon was already asleep. Juaquo lay down, closed his eyes and tried to think. The German was moving the coffee to get at the drums . . . the son was bringing the barge around . . . and no ship could come because of the fever.

From the store he could hear the German's radio. Meyer was listening to the voice again. With his eyes closed, Juaquo found himself reaching out to hear. The voice was saying something about submarines . . . Juaquo had seen a picture once in the American's newspapers of a submarine, a boat that went under the waves like a shark . . . because of its strange machinery. Submarines, the voice said, were being illegally refueled in secret places along the coast of the Southern Atlantic. Atlantic . . . it was the name of the ocean Juaquo and his people could see from their hillside. But they simply called it the sea . . . because for them there was no other.

And sharply the click echoed inside Juaquo. Suddenly he knew something, something that left him cold inside, colder than anything he had ever felt.

The German came out. Juaquo got to his feet.

"I have been thinking," said the German, "it's hot work with those bags while the sun is up."

Leon was agreeing emphatically.

"I think you would work better at night. There's a moon. If you start at seven you should have the load finished by daylight. And I want the job finished as soon as possible."

"The load?"

"Yes, you are going to load the barge. A boat may come in tomorrow or the next day. My son got the word. I want the drums in the shed in the center of the barge. I want the coffee piled around the outside. That will keep the drums balancing the load." But his mind, Juaquo knew, was not really concerned with weighting the load in the center. He wanted the drums inside for secrecy—in case there was suspicion among the handful of people who remained in the town—in case a patrol boat happened in, despite the fever.

But Juaquo's expression did not change.

"You had better get your sleep now," said the German. And Juaquo knew better than to ask for permission to go up the hill.

"I think I'll sleep in the warehouse," he said. "It's difficult to rest completely with the sky so bright."

"As you like," Meyer said.

JUAQUO shambled around the building. He banged the door of the warehouse for authenticity, then he made for the hillside, running swiftly. When he came to the American's, Clota and the American were sitting in the garden.

The American looked at him curiously, listened intently as Juaquo illustrated his breathless voice with emphatic gestures. "The German's putting oil on a barge, covering it around with coffee for secrecy. He thinks to convince me a boat will come in. But with the talk of the fever, that is impossible."

"Then you know, too," the American said.

Juaquo nodded. The American's hand tightened on his arm. And he knew they were together in this and was glad.

The American told Clota to go. She left hesitantly, curious to know what they spoke of, hurt that she was not included. When she was gone, Juaquo said, "What will we do?"

"I have been thinking of that," said the American. "I was suspicious when you told me about the fever. This morning I scouted around the harbor. I believe they are going to use the little beach behind the point for the refueling. They will take the supplies out across the harbor in the German's barge—I saw it ready . . ."

That was it . . . that was it . . . Juaquo's heart beat excitedly . . . but what would they do?

"We can't send out a message," said the American. "The German works the telegraph. I have another idea," he said. He went into the house and came out with his revolver. "How many men can we get together from the hillside and from the town?"

Juaquo shook his head. "They are not soldiers . . . patron . . . and you are an artist, not a general. Although," he amended quickly, "you are a formidable artist."

"No, we have to make a stand," argued the artist. "Don't you see that? This is a threat to us. And if we ignore it we have no right to live here any more, we



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lough wryly that the old man had  
 etter full of explanation.  
 The Juaquo saw something—a mere  
 the sky. His eyes fastened on it.  
 neck the night be what he was waiting for—  
 his night silver in the glare of the sun, an  
 rplar.  
 The Germans had seen it too. A com-  
 and eld the men for a few tense  
 omes. Then, as a man with glasses  
 here a terse phrase, a command  
 oed. The men took to the sea.  
 earge changed the rhythm of its  
 on lowly reversed toward the shelter  
 eoint.  
 eplane was coming nearer . . . the  
 d f its engines roared down toward  
 One—two—three . . . Juaquo  
 g the rock, pushing against it with  
 h strength in his body as the ex-  
 os shook him. The water rose in  
 ts, so that the spray wet the wind.  
 n screen of water fell back, Juaquo  
 dee the submarine lurch drunk-  
 And the barge was gone.  
 neplane circled—harmless now.  
 n a terrible stillness settled over  
 ying. . .

IAT was that? Juaquo heard a  
 voice and another. Perhaps he had  
 little deaf for a moment. Now he  
 conscious of men on the beach pull-  
 o another from the water. Men . . .  
 ns . . .  
 first impulse was to run—back into  
 his—for his job was done. Then he  
 ebered the American's gun. He  
 from his belt and stood very  
 it. Then he came out.

hy put up their hands as he gathered  
 ogether. He had no trouble in-  
 t to them to help the ones that  
 eurt. And he made them move,  
 ced them back around the path to  
 us, forcing them, with an empty

patrol boat reached the harbor al-  
 s soon as he did. The progress  
 the point with the wounded men  
 t been fast. Juaquo was glad to  
 em over.

sailors took them willingly. And  
 hem Juaquo learned a little news.  
 erman and his son had gone with  
 ge. It was a blow to Juaquo. He  
 orked for Meyer, worked that he  
 get the things and marry Clota.  
 Although the weeks with the Ger-  
 had not been wasted, it was sad in  
 to have missed the things he had  
 d for. No matter how much a  
 oved his country, he thought some-  
 of himself.

The sailor looked at his glum face.  
 s rare business," he confided. "Very  
 e . . ." He looked mystified. "The  
 sers say that the first load the man  
 er brought out was bad oil, bad with  
 and coffee beans. In the dark no  
 oticed the impurities and the top  
 lear . . . it seems like a lie."

s no lie," said Juaquo. "I worked  
 ole night on the load, pumping out  
 utting in sand and coffee. That  
 s two nights that I do not sleep . . .  
 f should like to go now, if I may

ey did not let him go. They talked  
 at deal more, and Juaquo learned  
 that was new to him. It appeared  
 what he had done was not only an  
 f bravery but also a real service to  
 ountry, which was now at war with  
 any, too. They said that the decla-  
 n had come just before the artist's  
 al at the capital in his search for  
 Juaquo was glad to know that  
 yone was pleased with him. But now  
 it was accomplished he did not take  
 uch satisfaction from it and could  
 think of what he had lost.  
 was late afternoon. The artist was

back. He had been working with Clota  
 —in fact he had just put the canvas away  
 when Juaquo came into the garden.

Juaquo was glad to have missed her.  
 He had not yet found the courage to tell  
 her how things were—and how they must  
 wait, and how he had made plans which  
 would interfere with his working again  
 for the things.

But the artist was pleased to see him.  
 "You did a fine job," he said. "I was  
 proud when they told me."

Juaquo shrugged his shoulders. "It  
 was luck," he said.

"And holding the prisoners with an  
 empty gun . . ."

"Luck . . ." said Juaquo. "Without  
 the patrol boat, the plane and the sailors  
 it would have been a defeat."

The artist did not contradict him.

"People cannot trust to luck—or they  
 must be defeated," said Juaquo sullenly.  
 "I have been thinking"—he took a deep  
 sigh—"it would be better to be a  
 sailor. . ."

"Well," said the artist, "it is possible."

Juaquo nodded. "I will be a sailor."

"Fine," said the artist. And then very  
 seriously, "But you are worried."

Juaquo sighed again. He looked to-  
 ward the door of the house. "Have I  
 permission?" he asked.

The artist gave his consent. Juaquo  
 went in, turned back the canvas to gaze  
 at the picture which was nearly finished  
 now. It was like a flower hanging in the  
 depth of the undergrowth. It took his  
 breath away. The artist watched him.

"It might have been different," said  
 Juaquo, "if this had happened a month  
 later. I would have had the things. We  
 could have married . . . it would have  
 been all right."

"Juaquo . . ." said the artist suddenly,  
 "why don't you marry before you go  
 away . . . marry as you planned?"

Juaquo shook his head. "It is not  
 possible," he said, "we planned on the  
 things. Clota talked to the other women  
 —and it is of importance."

"It is the brass bed you want?"

Juaquo nodded bitterly, added the  
 others, "Cloth with flowers on it, chairs,  
 some cups and a dress for Clota from the  
 capital." His voice sank with emotion.

"You shall have them, Juaquo. You  
 worked for them, and you shall have  
 them—tomorrow night if you wish. . ."

Juaquo gazed at him giddily.

"You shall have them," repeated the  
 artist, "a wedding present from me."

"As a present . . ." It was a formidable  
 gift and of value. Juaquo struggled to  
 picture the difference it would make.

"You deserve it, Juaquo. . ."

**T**HERE was no doubt this changed  
 everything. Excitement burst inside  
 him. Explosively he planned out loud,  
 punctuating each discovery with a little  
 burst of laughter. "I can marry before I  
 go with the sailors . . . Leon and the oth-  
 ers will help me with the house . . . I can  
 stay a little . . . then I will be away for a  
 while. . . ." And the laughter was cut  
 short. The thought of leaving so much  
 was a physical pain. He looked ques-  
 tioningly at the artist; desperately he  
 sought assurance. "How long will I be  
 away?"

The artist seemed to know what Jua-  
 quo felt. He did not say anything for a  
 minute. He did not look at Juaquo, in-  
 stead his eyes sought the familiar view,  
 the greens, the blues, the red of the earth.  
 And he answered then, very gently,  
 "Until the hillside is safe. . ."

And Juaquo straightened at that, he  
 took the challenge, he even managed to  
 smile a little. "The patron chose good  
 words," he said. "I would not be a man  
 if I desired to return before that."

THE END

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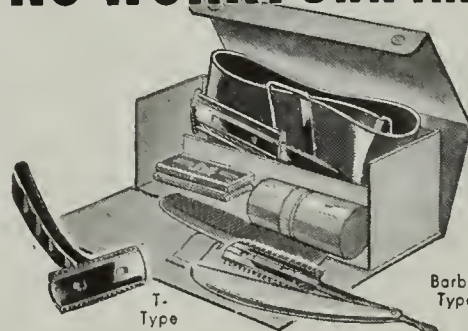
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accidents occur only where they will harm the Germans, not the Hollanders. There are many examples of great courage and ingenuity which one day will be told when the war has come to an end."

It was a snug, comfortable room in which the princess sat—full of sunlight and warmth; yet you saw in her face and heard in her voice that she is not always warm and comfortable even in this gentle room. Her thoughts take her too often to her country and her people; she has learned that it is possible to shiver and starve 4,000 miles away from the hunger and privation.

"I cannot help hoping for speed in winning the victory. I am impatient because I know there is hunger in my country, there is no medicine, no heating, no nourishment except sick potatoes and wet bread. The rates of disease have gone up terribly. Our infant-mortality rate used to be the lowest in the world; now, of course, it is high."

Juliana's favorite contact with her homeland is the Dutch navy and merchant marine. Delegations of them call upon her regularly, and up until a very short time before the scheduled birth date of her newest child, she traveled to Montreal to visit the seamen's home. There she would meet the sailors, admire the photographs of their families and listen to their troubles and adventures.

These are men whose ship is their only home; when that goes down, they lose everything they own, all the priceless small possessions connecting them with Holland—their pictures, their letters, their souvenirs of family.

### Plight of the Homeless

The princess feels keenly this homelessness of the Dutchmen who wander the seas.

"Sailors of the United States and our other allies live in peril of course—but they have some place to come home to when the peril is over," she said. "They can look forward to seeing their wives and children. Our sailors have no dream like that when they are facing death."

The Netherlands troops now stationed in Guelph, Ontario, have also her constant attention. They consist of Dutchmen from all over the world and of those who, after much hardship, managed to escape from Holland. She has visited them often, encouraging them in their fight for freedom.

She receives many visitors in the gray stone house with the slate-blue shutters—ministers of the Netherlands, Hollanders who have escaped by the miracle of the underground, and sailors who journey from New York, Boston, Halifax—wherever a Dutch ship puts in to port—to feast their eyes upon the crown princess as if she were the very earth of their land.

"Yesterday there were six here," she said, speaking of the sailors. "A few are appointed of each ship in port to come and see me in Ottawa."

She sends Christmas cards of her own designing to every member of the Dutch armed forces. She confesses that she has done more sewing for the sailors than for the coming baby which, if a boy, will be the most important Dutchman born in this century.

Whether boy or girl, the name of the child has been decided upon in private by Juliana and Bernhard, but no hint of their choice will be allowed to leak out until after the arrival. However, a good

## Princess in Exile

Continued from page 16

guess is that a boy would be named William, as has been every king of the Netherlands since William the Silent. The prince and princess probably will adhere to that custom, even though the names they chose for their daughters—Beatrix and Irene—are not at all traditional with Dutch royalty (or for that matter anything Dutch) and were considered very "fancy" and quite radical. Should the third baby be another girl, the Dutch are prepared for anything.

The baby will be registered as Dutch as soon as it is born. The consul-general of the Netherlands in Montreal, G. P. Luden, has been appointed registrar for the occasion. Ordinarily, anyone born on Canadian soil, of whatever parentage, would be a subject of the British crown; but the possible awkwardness arising from this law was averted by a decree of the Canadian government, published a fortnight ago, declaring the place where Juliana's child is born to be extraterritorial.

Juliana's decision not to have her husband or mother make a special trip to Canada to be present at the birth of her child is in line with Dutch policy as established at the time of the invasion—which was, in effect, "no special privileges for anyone." Only officials who were deemed absolutely necessary to carrying on the government of the Netherlands were evacuated from Holland or the overseas territories, and in almost one hundred per cent of the cases, their wives and children stayed behind to face whatever the poorer and less important citizens of the country had to face.

The governor of the Dutch East Indies, for example, chose to remain at his post and face the Japs when he could have been evacuated; his staff and their wives and children are still there, sharing the fate of the natives. The effect on the morale of these natives, Juliana says proudly, has been remarkable; she feels it would have been unthinkable if the whites had cleared out and left the bitter fruits of invasion to the native population. The Dutch, seeing that point, were unanimously willing to stay.

Juliana thinks of these heroic people when she prays for the war to end soon. Her home, No. 120 Lansdowne Road,

is set only a few hundred feet back from the street and is surrounded by tall trees bare now except for ribbons of snow along the branches. It is comfortable and has a simple charm, but no glacial chic.

Children's toys are scattered and about in all the places where children's toys might be found in any formal home—on the mantel in the drawing room, under a bench in the dining room, on a chair by the stairway, in the hall. Dolls are all over the house ("They are very dolly, my daughter the princess admits) and some are Dutch costume. None are the elaborate expensive kind that little girls in America must imagine a royal princess would own.

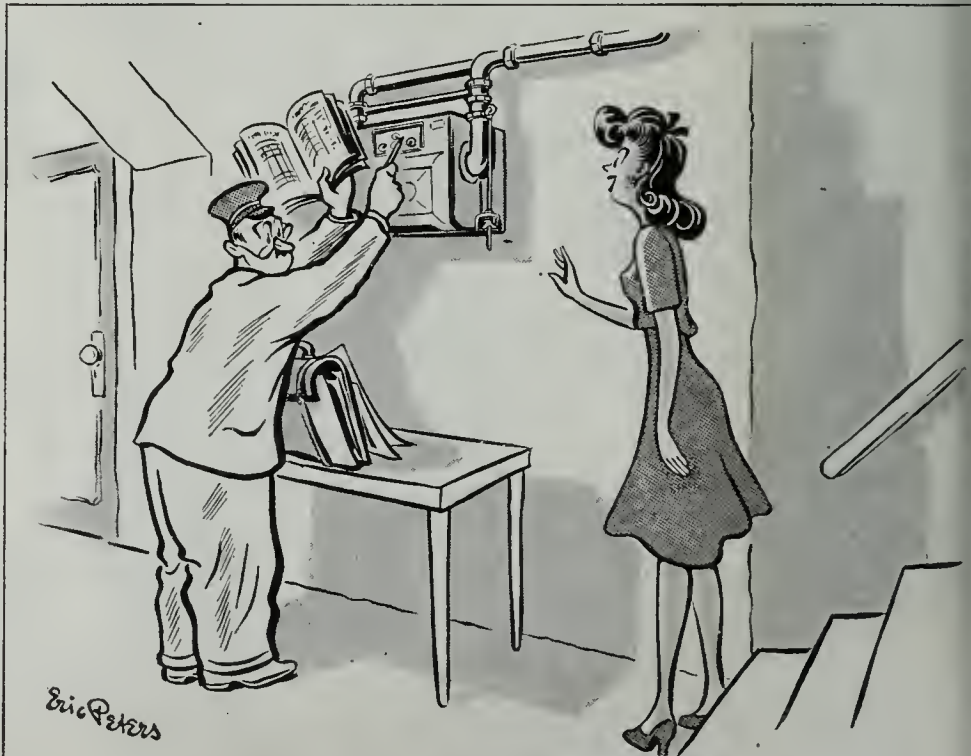
### Royalty—Suburban Style

The drawing room is the size of an average suburban living room, with walls painted Nile green and a Turkey-red carpet. The slip covers on the sofa and chairs are white, plain, clean and worn; the curtains are pale green chintz with pink blossoms in the design. There are fresh flowers—white, pink, yellow and bronze—on every table and desk in the room. The Dutch love flowers, and the princess is totally Dutch.

The tiny room in which Juliana prefers to receive is dusty pink and boxlike and almost always filled with sunshine. Here are books on wall shelves and tables; here is the desk where she writes her letters; here is the little green leather seat where she does her knitting and reads to the children; here are framed photographs, inscribed, of President and Mrs. Roosevelt; here are the businesslike book-shaped cardboard filing boxes which she keeps her correspondence here under the needlepoint stool by the fire is a child's houseboat painted red, white and blue. It is a fine room for conversation and for living.

The only thing about the house to suggest royalty is the presence of some smart Dutch policemen who guard the place day and night and would die for Juliana not only because she will someday be their queen, but because they are genuinely fond of her in their hearts.

The little princesses—Beatrix is a



"You needn't come to read our meter any more—my husband has invented an attachment to keep it from registering"

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"He's the whole program. The rest of them dramatize the commercial"

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st five, Irene is three—attend nursery school along with their constant companion, a blond little girl named Renée, who with her mother accompanied the princesses to Canada and has remained with them. Renée's mother is a dear friend of Juliana's and is a widow; her husband was killed by the Nazis as a hostage.

Children learn winter sports very early in Holland, and as many Dutch customs as possible are being duplicated for the exiles in Canada, so they are enjoying winter sports. They have learned to skate ("Not on silver skates," the princess said with a smile. "We don't use silver skates in Holland"). And they are in the process of learning to ski, which at this point consists chiefly of falling down and getting up again. "Mostly," Juliana confessed, "they just lie in the snow."

### The Proud Mother

She put her arm fondly around the children's shoulders as they stood by her, still red-cheeked from the cold outside. "Whom do they resemble? My husband, I think—especially Irene. Irene is the athlete of the family. Beatrix is more motherly."

Beatrix at that moment ran out of the room on sturdy legs and came back in a hurry with a sheaf of crayon drawings she had made at nursery school. She distributed them solemnly to her mother and the visitor.

"She is very generous," Juliana said with some pride. "They are both good children. They quarrel, as all children do, but they are very loyal."

In her artistic leanings, Beatrix appears to resemble her grandmamma. The queen is not only a monarch of exceptional executive ability but an amateur painter of no mean talent.

Juliana spoke proudly of her mother's advanced ideas. "People think my mother is conventional, but actually she is very free from prejudice and I should call her quite unconventional," she said gravely. "She is progressive in every way, and very young at heart."

She cited the queen's flight by clipper

to the United States—her first flight—at the age of 62. "My mother liked it very much," Juliana said.

Does the queen spoil her grandchildren? "Not too badly." The princess smiled. "I can't complain. My mother is sensible."

Sensible is a word that applies well to Juliana too. She has an aura of great calm and no nonsense. She is interested in clothes "as every woman is," but she does not go to any extremes in chic, and nothing she has worn in recent seasons looks as though it had been whipped up by an expensive couturier. On this day, she wore a soft blue wool dress, brown suede high-heeled opera pumps, and several strands of coral-colored beads around her neck. Her jewelry was quite unremarkable; more than anything, it was like the ornaments you might see on an American high-school girl—three little gold rings, set with small stones, on one hand, a plain gold wrist watch, and a chain bracelet hung with varicolored charms.

She is inclined to be plump, but not so much now as before her marriage. The little princesses of course are delightfully plump, as Hans Christian Andersen children should be.

There is an air of pleasant expectancy about the gray stone house, which wears the deep winter silence of places surrounded by snow. Juliana, sitting with her golden-haired daughters at her knee, glows with it; the voices that pass her door are hushed with it. Even the little girls feel it.

Glancing out of her window at the picture-postcard view, the princess said, "The children are looking forward to the new baby. They are quite excited. In fact," she added softly, "they are already making presents for him."

She turned back to the little room and went right on talking, smoothing Irene's hair and straightening Beatrix's collar, now and then speaking a few words to them in Dutch, the language they understand best.

She had not even heard herself say "him."

THE END

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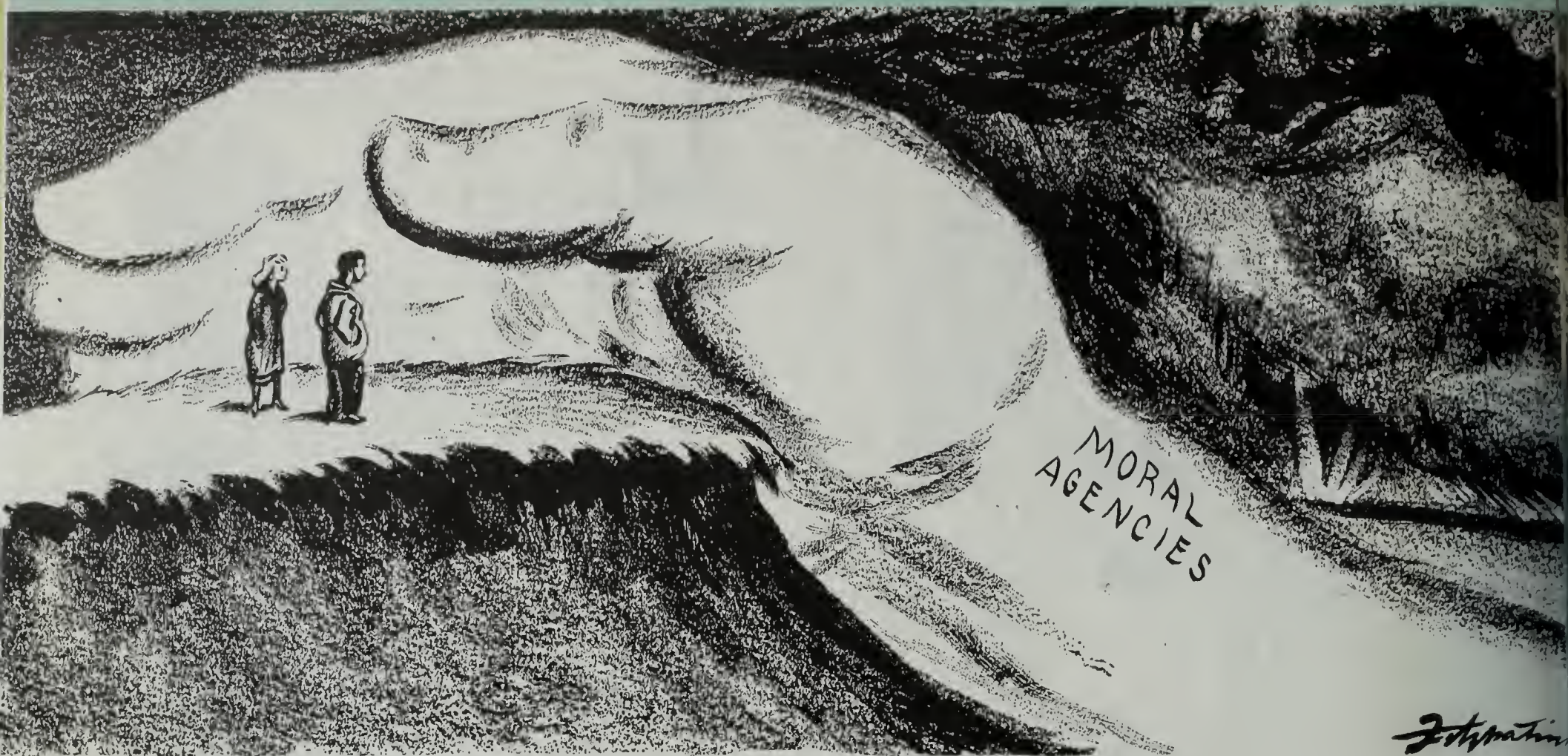
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## YOUTH AND WAR

**W**E'RE as much in favor as anybody else of sensible schemes for somehow counteracting the war-bred wildness of some youngsters. We're as heartily opposed as anybody else to the shooting or beating up of school-teachers by schoolboys, and to girls of thirteen and up having illegitimate babies as one effect of the war excitement.

This interaction of youth and war offers big opportunities, we believe, to churches, city settlement houses, and youth organizations such as the Y.M.C.A., Y.M.H.A., Catholic Youth, Y.W.H.A., Y.W.C.A., and so on.

However, we do hope that everybody who addresses himself or herself to the challenge of youth in wartime will carry into the fracas a liberal load of two qualities which many a youth-saver lacks. These qualities are humor and realism. We don't know which of the two is the more valuable in dealing with youngsters. We're convinced both are indispensable.

Young people like adults who can laugh with them and—occasionally and on a basis of perfect equality—at them. They also like older people who can call their childish bluffs now and then, and deflate their childish pretensions—all in a forthright, noncondescending way.

We hope, too, that the over-all seriousness of the war-youth problem won't become exaggerated in the public mind. Of course it is a serious matter when any young boy or girl begins to curdle. But what percentage of the present younger generation actually will go sour permanently?

We don't know. We do know, though, that the men who are fighting like wildcats on all our fronts, rolling up unsurpassed records for gallantry, and at the same time keeping more nearly free of venereal disease and alcoholism than the men of any previous United States wartime fighting forces, are sons of the boys and girls who careened through the Jazz Age following the first World War. That generation was cursed, be-

wailed and given up for lost by many of its elders and alleged betters. For some reason, it does not appear to have done too badly in its offspring.

### Taxing Old War Dogs

**W**HEN the 5 per cent Victory Tax on gross earnings was decreed by Congress, the veterans' lobbyists were able to win exemptions from this tax for veterans drawing pensions from the Veterans' Administration. Nobody put on any pressure in favor of retired regular officers of the Army and Navy.

These men's retirement pay is pretty slim at best. They have as just a claim for exemption from the 5 per cent Victory Tax, we believe, as anybody who volunteered or was drafted in 1917 or '18 and later managed to establish a pension claim. These retired officers made the Army or Navy their lifework. They took the thick with the thin; and the thin usually predominated in peacetime. They kept in fighting trim the Army and Navy nuclei on which we have been building so rapidly and so effectively since the fall of France in June, 1940.

How about relieving this group of the Victory tax? Or how about refusing any exemptions whatever from this tax? We don't know of any fair compromise between these two courses.

### A Year Ago This Week

**O**NE year ago this week, the President announced American war-production goals for 1942 of 45,000 tanks, 20,000 antiaircraft guns, 60,000 planes, 8,000,000 tons of merchant shipping . . . OPM was in the first stages of the struggle to help the auto industry to convert to all-out arms production . . . Congress adopted year-round daylight-saving time for the nation . . . the Japs invaded Borneo and Celebes . . . the huge job of

moving the West Coast Japanese population back from the Coast was only well begun . . . Manila had fallen to the Japs (January 2, 1942), and MacArthur and his men were holed in on Bataan for a last-ditch fight which the world knew to be hopeless . . . Rommel eluded the British Eighth Army and got away to El Agheila, where he held out and where he prepared the offensive which was to carry him almost to Cairo and Alexandria . . . and only on the Russian front, where Timoshenko's winter offensives were well under way, was there any encouragement for the Allies. We had done some of what we set out to do.

### Speaking of Peonage

**S**OME highly scented revelations have been made from time to time about peonage in various parts of the United States—revelations having to do with poor sharecroppers deliberately kept always in debt by their landlords.

It seems to have occurred to few people up to now, however, that under the present method of federal income-tax collection, the United States government inflicts the same sort of peonage, though more politely, on all its income-tax payers.

Federal income-tax payers never get out of debt to the government. They are forever paying taxes this year on income earned last year. Up to now, the Treasury Department has set its face stonily against the Rumel pay-as-you-go plan or some variation thereof. Under such a plan, we would turn the tax clock ahead and we'd all take to paying taxes this year on this year's income, and when earned. Until we adopt such a plan, we shall all be partial slaves to the government—all of us, that is, who pay any federal income taxes at all.

What can be keeping New Dealers and Old Dealers alike from making common cause to stop this form of peonage and to knock out this threat to the entire federal income-tax structure?



# Collier's

TEN CENTS

JANUARY 30, 1943

THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY—PUBLISHERS OF

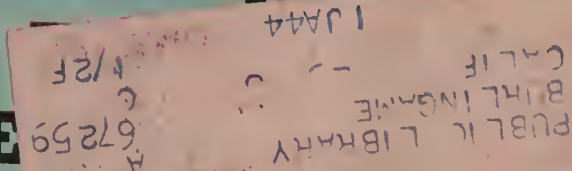
THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE—WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION



DO NOT CUT, TEAR OR DEFACE  
BOOKS OR MAGAZINES.

BY J. E.

THE MAN  
WITHOUT







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# Deft Fingers play a Piano And help to Shape a Dream

## A little Girl's Dream of Tomorrow Made Richer and Fuller by Music



## And we see her a Woman—Gifted and Gracious and Smiling—with a Smile that owes much to her Lifelong use of Ipana and Massage!

THE THINGS of the spirit as well as of the body and the mind, that is America's plan for her youngsters! No step is left untaken, no stone unturned to prepare them to face the future—confident, reliant and *smiling*.

Yes, *smiling*! For even the smiles of our children receive the best of care. Today all over America—in the classrooms of thousands of schools, boys and girls are learning the importance of firm, healthy gums to bright teeth and sparkling smiles.

They could tell you this vital dental truth—that soft, modern foods so often rob our gums and teeth of needed exercise—the stimulation they must have for health. Even young children, thanks to early training, know why gums tend to become

soft and tender—and often warn of their weakness with a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush.

*Don't Ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"!*

If your tooth brush ever flashes this warning signal—*see your dentist without delay!* He may simply say that your gums have become sensitive because of today's soft, creamy foods. And like many modern dentists, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana Tooth Paste is designed not only to clean the teeth thoroughly but, with massage, to aid the health of the gums as well. Night and morning—whenever you clean your teeth—massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums. Circula-

tion increases within the gums—helps them to healthier firmness. Start today with Ipana and massage—for firmer gums, brighter teeth, a more attractive, winning smile.



### Ipana Tooth Paste

*Product of Bristol-Myers*





Look for the RCA Victor advertisement appearing regularly on this page

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YOU CAN MEET  
"THE BEST ARTISTS" ON

## VICTOR RECORDS

When you buy records, you naturally want the best in music. But, do you realize how very important to your enjoyment of this music are the artists who interpret it? That is the *extra dividend* you always get when you buy Victor Records. For on them, the *very greatest* artists in every field perform the music you want.



### A GLORIOUS MENUHIN PERFORMANCE OF THE SYMPHONIE ESPAGNOLE!

A jewel for any one who loves superb violin music! Menuhin's masterful technique articulates Lalo's lovely music with perfect clarity and tone color. The Symphony Orchestra of Paris, under Georges Enesco, gives brilliant support. Victor Album DM-136 .....\$4.50\*



### GRACE MOORE AT HER SPARKLING BEST

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### TSCHAIKOWSKY'S SUBLIME FIFTH SYMPHONY

In this uplifting album Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra pour forth, with thrilling eloquence, all the joy, hope and courage that Tchaikovsky wrote into this masterpiece. Victor Album DM-828. \$5.50\*



### A BEAUTIFUL NEW SWARTHOUT ALBUM OF FRENCH OPERA

Lovely Gladys Swarthout gives a delightful interpretation of four familiar arias from French Opera. Accompanied by the Victor Symphony Orchestra, Wilfred Pelletier, Conductor. Victor Album M-925.....\$2.50\*



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JIM MARSHALL West Coast  
ROBERT McCORMICK Washington  
IFOR THOMAS Photographs

## ANY WEEK

OF COURSE, errors like the one we're about to set down seldom if ever happen in normal times. We met the author of this one in Washington. He had come in from Denver with a large assemblage of things on his mind. However, he had arrived in pretty good temper, although he told us that he was fit to be tied when his train delivered him in Chicago. "I just about made the train in Denver," said he. "Snatched up a copy of your magazine (Collier's) as I was heading for the gate. Had a hard day and thought your magazine would sort of lull me to sleep. Shows you that I wasn't functioning, that's all. Well, I started with the first story, got wider and wider awake, finished it. I got just two hours sleep. In Chicago I bought an armful of magazines including a couple of your rivals. I was going to show you guys that will power would lick you. Your damn' rags weren't going to keep me awake between Chicago and Washington. Well," he concluded, looking at us triumphantly, "I won. Got into my berth, opened the first one, was asleep in fifteen minutes. You guys can't keep me awake." So we just said, "That's fine," and something about being careful about what magazine he read—particularly if he didn't want to be kept awake.



BUT then, even the home front is kicking about this and that. Very good thing, too. We live in almost daily dread lest that day come when our mail fetches us no grouches, no appeals for justice, no wrongs to be righted. Here's one from a gentleman who wants that hard-working and skillful agency, the F.B.I., arrested—all of it. It's going to be difficult and we're for passing the job on to someone else. However, he says that we can have the \$200 reward which, he says, is offered for their arrest and conviction, and what we'd do for \$200 is something scandalous. Yet the gentleman is a trifle vague about the circumstances. We think he'd better not have his name published. As we get it, somebody stole his mailbox with all its contents. The latter, he believes, included several important checks and a letter from a man in Des Moines, Iowa. They can have the checks, but that letter contained the address of a gold mine which is just crying to be exploited.

And our correspondent is the boy to exploit it, too. No manpower will be taken from industry or from our Armed Forces. All the digging will be done by trained dogs. But he's certain that the F.B.I., with the connivance of the county prosecutor, sheriff and coroner, swiped his mailbox. It's a nasty situation.



ANOTHER came from Sgt. Samuel Saretsky, B Company, 806th Engineers. He had read our editorial, "Don't Worry Your Soldier." The sergeant assures us that the soldiers are pretty "worried about a home front that has to be coaxed to buy War Bonds." And after that he warms up to the subject. "We gladly work seven days and nights without overtime pay. With the shortage of war goods (your problem) we have plenty of worries, kid. Why do the industrial worker and the politician insist on the forty-hour week? Most of them are making seventy-five dollars a week and more if they're A. F. of L. or C.I.O. How would you home fronters feel if you read a report from Guadalcanal like this: After eight hours of fighting, our troops held a meeting lasting two hours and they decided that sixty dollars a month was not enough. They agreed that seventy-five dollars wasn't too much. Private Dubb demanded a hundred. The sergeant said he was unable to meet the demand. The troops struck. Unfortunately the Japs struck first. Private Dubb was about to call off the strike when struck by a shell. However, other units will meet today to demand an increase in pay and a decrease in fighting hours, and also working conditions which will make their occupation less hazardous.

ONE gentleman—Colonel Doctor Aaron Dishmon C. Hutchwiss of Buffalo, New York, offers us "a classic of how to recognize, avoid and prevent a cold in any weather, anywhere." The colonel doctor goes on: "For one I am interested in keeping readers in good health, tackling from every angle—physiology, biochemistry, biology, psychology and not more than a dose a day taken through the common sense, a direct contradiction to psych-surgery. It is a positive advice by return postage after a lot of research and hard labor for \$1.75." ... W. D.

# Collier's

THOMAS H. BECK Publisher  
WILLIAM L. CHENERY Editor  
CHARLES COLEBAUGH Managing Editor

## THIS WEEK

JANUARY 30, 1943

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VICTOR KEEL

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# Two Important Letters to the American Public

**Metropolitan Life Insurance Company is glad to publish these letters from two prominent government officials**



**PAUL V. McNUTT**  
Chairman, War Manpower Commission

To my fellow Americans:

One of the first duties of our people in wartime is to avoid, so far as possible, sickness and disease. Venereal diseases are such a serious threat to our military and industrial efficiency that their control is especially important. It is largely a community responsibility.

By using their influence to see that existing laws operate effectively, public-spirited citizens can do much to clean up local conditions which favor the spread of these diseases. Other steps to take are the organization of educational programs to acquaint every man and woman with the facts about venereal diseases—how to avoid them, where to go for diagnosis and treatment; and a community program of recreation and leisure-time activities for service men, industrial workers, and others.

Let every American do everything possible to defeat this enemy within our gates.



**THOMAS PARRAN**  
Surgeon General, U. S. Public Health Service

To the People of America:

Every community must organize its health forces against the venereal diseases. They can be controlled like other epidemics.

For the individual, the solution of this problem is a personal matter of basic clean living—of avoiding the sources of infection.

If every person in our country accepts full personal and community responsibility, we shall have tremendously improved national health and greater strength in prosecuting the war.

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**Metropolitan Life Insurance Company**  
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*Frederick H. Ecker*, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD

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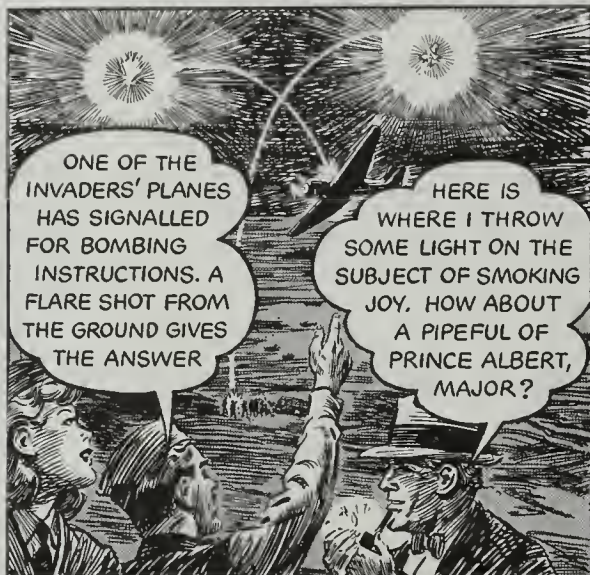
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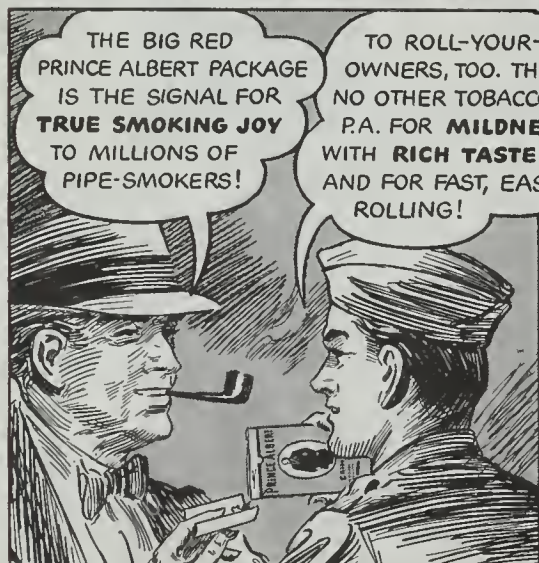
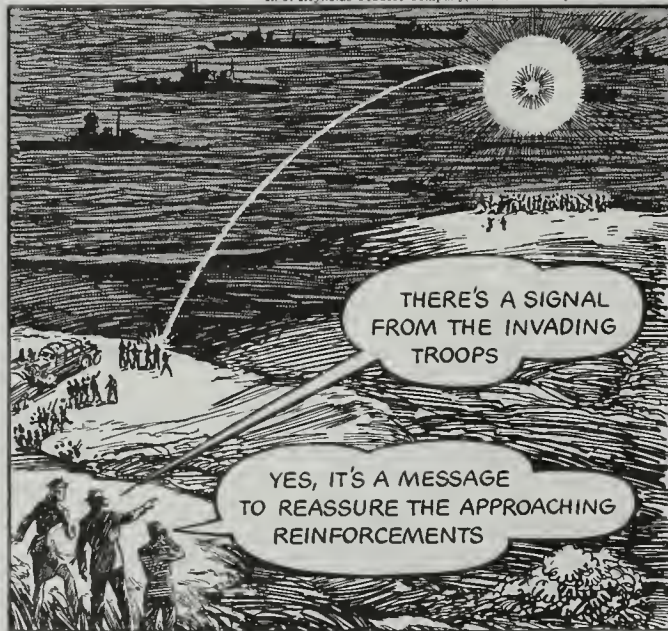
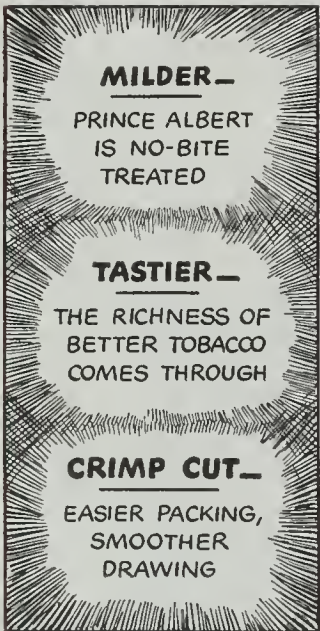
Seventh National Social Hygiene Day is being observed on Wednesday, February 3rd, 1943. The American Social Hygiene Association headquarters, 1790 Broadway, New York City, will gladly send you literature and full particulars.



# LIGHTING THE WAY TO VICTORY



R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina



## KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

That the legal term "false imprisonment" has been given wide interpretation by the courts is illustrated by a New York case of a few years ago. A gentleman, upon failing to purchase a ticket to a ball game, tried to leave the park through an entrance, but was swept backward by the intruding crowds for more than an hour. So he sued the club for false imprisonment and was awarded \$500.—By Walter A. Morris, Jackson Heights, New York.

Of the 50,000 pints of blood collected each week for blood banks, 18,000, or 36%, are collected by 42 mobile units sent out by the Red Cross chapters of 24 cities. Each unit consists of a physician, several nurses and a specially equipped truck, operating in communities where such services are not normally available.

Compared with an all-riveted ship, an all-welded vessel is much stronger because it is in one piece, travels faster because its hull is smoother and has up to thirteen per cent less deadweight tonnage and, therefore, a correspondingly higher cargo capacity, because it does not carry the weight of rivets and overlapping plates.

For every hundred tons of new steel purchased by American railroads today, eighty tons of iron and steel scrap go back to the mills from this industry.—By Albert H. Adolph, New Orleans, Louisiana.

So that American firms and government offices may know where to find all kinds of scientists and various experts, on short notice, a card file of 700,000 of them, quickly classifiable by sorting machines, has been compiled and is known as The National Roster of Scientific and Specialized Personnel.

Flames vary tremendously in temperature, some producing little heat. For example, a flaming piece of cotton that has been soaked in a certain formula of carbon tetrachloride and carbon disulphide can be held in the bare hands without injury or pain.

Age limits for field service in the United States Army are: Second and first lieutenants thirty-six years, captains forty-two, majors forty-seven, lieutenant colonels fifty-two, colonels fifty-five, brigadier and major generals no maximum age.

Under federal inspection, four American companies now slaughter horses and dress the meat for human consumption in this country. Per pound, it retails for fifteen cents when ground, frozen and packaged; twenty-five cents when sold as a roast, and thirty-five cents when cut as a steak. Horses may not be slaughtered nor may their meat be prepared in establishments that butcher and handle cattle, sheep and hogs.

An operation, recently performed on a Londoner injured in an air raid, endangered the surgeon as well as the patient. Several X-rays disclosed that the object embedded in the latter's thigh was a small, unexploded cannon shell. The surgeon extracted it with care and turned it over to a bomb disposal unit.

Most dollar-a-year men working for the government not only continue to draw their salary from their companies back home, but are given \$70 a week for expenses by the government and are also reimbursed for all money spent in traveling.—By Mary Shay, Croton Falls, New York.

In recent years, the United States has used more than 200,000 tons of explosives annually to mine coal and ores, quarry rock, clear tree stumps, open ice jams and build roads and tunnels. In fact, our domestic consumption of dynamite and similar materials from 1936 to 1940 equaled in weight all the explosives used by the Allies in the four-odd years of the first World War.—By Barbara Smith, North Providence, Rhode Island.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher.



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## The little girl who never was sick

She never had a cold, this fortunate little girl. She never had typhoid or diphtheria or influenza. In fact, from the day she was born she never suffered pain or sickness of any sort.

You do not know this little girl. But for a thousand years she has lived as a dream in the minds and hearts of mankind . . . symbol of a time when science shall have won its long battle against disease.

Today that dream has come a step nearer reality with the development of the General Electric electron microscope . . . a super-microscope that "sees" with electrons instead of light. With it man can see things that he has never been able to see through the ordinary kind of microscope.

The new G-E electron microscope is the first of

its kind in that it is simple to operate and can easily be moved about. It can be used with an ordinary electric current supply.

With the electron microscope, scientists can see and study the ultra-minute viruses believed to be the cause of influenza and the common cold. They can see new details of the inner structure of germs.

After the war, General Electric and other manufacturers will produce electron microscopes in quantity. The advantages of simplicity and portability, offered for the first time in the new General Electric instrument, will make the electron microscope available to thousands of doctors, scientists, hospitals and laboratories, instead of to only a few.

The skill and experience which produced the electron microscope are also represented in the General Electric radio. For the radio, too, is an electronic instrument. The radio and television receivers which General Electric will bring you after the war will be finer than ever before because of the knowledge now being gained by General Electric as a leading producer of radio for the armed forces.

The story of electronics is told in a fascinating new 32-page book in full colors: "Electronics—a New Science for a New World." This booklet is free. Write for your copy. *Radio, Television, and Electronics Department, General Electric, Schenectady, New York.*



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## Remember the Man who Built a Boat in his Basement?

*He's using it now from Suez to the Solomons*

**I**T'S an old story—about the man who built a boat in his basement and then couldn't get it out.

Recently our Army and Navy and Marine Corps had a similar problem. But they found the answer, too.

For example, huge invasion barges such as those shown in the picture—veterans now of Algiers and Guadalcanal—would seem too big to travel anywhere except over the broad sea waters which are their final destination. Yet these boats, big enough to carry 50 men and a tank, were built far inland, traveled to sea by rail. The broad, high clearances of railroads such as the Erie made possible the construction of these boats hundreds or thousands of miles from the ocean.

And they make possible the rail handling of all manner of oversize shipments from coast defense guns to tanks—shipments which couldn't be handled speedily in any other way.

By thus adapting themselves quickly and willingly to the wartime needs of the nation, America's railroads have again proved their usefulness and indispensability. Whether the job is moving invasion barges or troop trains, every railroad man is doing his darnedest these days. For we railroaders believe in America, believe it is worth fighting for. And we're going to stay on the job until this war is won, *and after*—to help rebuild the world.



# ERIE RAILROAD

## WING TALK



Judging her hobby of mending china too frivolous in wartime, Helen Tuorila applies her skilled fingers to the welding torch in an airplane plant

**T**HERE is a lot of talk, many discussions and not a few arguments about the part aviation will play in the postwar era. From some leaders come predictions with astounding estimates on the number of persons who will fly and do it in their own little inexpensive plane. The aviation industry is pictured by many as that "last frontier," and they see it as the possible backbone in difficult days ahead when the world again is at peace. Steps are under way now for a planning program for the postwar era.

Some men vision the sky literally filled with private planes. The present small plane manufacturers, now busy with war work, are not sitting back and forgetting the future, of course. They are constantly studying and figuring how the plane of tomorrow can be made to fit the average man's pocketbook and give him the speed and comfort he desires.

But the one thing which can shackle the private plane industry boom is a lot of flying regulations. There will have to be aerial traffic laws, to be sure, but the average businessman will forsake flying if he has to battle a mess of complicated government regulations. All the man has to do, on that future trip home from the office, is fly the plane, operate the radio and navigate. He doesn't want to spend time filling out flight plans and reports. Otherwise he might as well go home on the bus.

**L**IEUTENANTS Harold Comstock and Roger Dyar, who became the first humans to go through the air at a speed greater than that of sound when they dived their Republic P-47 Thunderbolts at 725 miles an hour, described the sensation as like "stepping from a hot shower into a cold one."

They did not reach that unexplored aerodynamic frontier where airflow would theoretically break up and cause a plane to lose its essential flying characteristics and flop around like a drunken pigeon. But the speed was so great that the air pressure on the control surfaces had such tremendous force it caused the "joy stick" to freeze. And when you are moving earthward at more than a thousand feet a second, that is what one of the officers described as "an unsatisfactory condition."

When the control stick of their plane failed to respond, the two pilots resorted to the crank which operates the elevator



trim tabs in order to level off. And so they lived to land and smash the contentions of many psychologists that speed of 500 or 600 miles an hour were suicidal because the pilot's brain would be unable to keep pace with the speed of the plane.

**T**HE Japs are experts when it comes to copying the designs of aircraft equipment they had previously purchased. While their copies are not exact, they do incorporate into their imitations a cylinder from one plane, a carburetor from another, instruments from still another. But they can't seem to employ this practice when it comes to getting a supply of metal. Army and Navy authorities who have studied wrecked Japanese planes find the copied parts; but the workmanship indicates a scarcity of metal. The fact the imitators are machining as few parts as possible points to a lack of machine tools.

**I**T IS strange to see how the hobbies or professions of some women have easily been converted to the war effort. The case of Helen Tuorila, a welder in North American Aviation's Texas plant, is a good example. Her hobby was mending old china, which developed into a unique and lucrative profession. She figured mending chinaware seemed silly with a war going on so she went to work and her nimble fingers now operate the welding torch. And so she might feel she still is mending "China"—and the other Allied Nations, too. . . .

J. D. B.



# PLANT NOW HARVEST LATER!

Everything you hold dear today is based on the security of our Nation.

Your life, your children's futures, your earnings, your savings are worth nothing except as they are protected by our national security.

America is a FREE COUNTRY, unlike the gangster nations, yours does not ORDER you to GIVE YOUR MONEY. It ASKS you to LOAN it temporarily to buy the tools of War that our fighting men must have to smash the hordes of Huns, Japs and Blackshirts who, unless they are smashed, WILL SMASH YOU!

Your country asks you to dig down deep to invest in United States War Savings Bonds that you may redeem or hold after the War, and on which you receive interest for all the time you hold them. After the War, they will provide for your old-age security, your children's educations, and peacetime pleasures such as travel, vacation and rest.



## MAKE YOUR MONEY FIGHT FOR YOU Buy these United States War Savings Bonds

Series "E" denominations: \$25.00, \$50.00, \$100.00, \$500.00 and \$1000.00—prices: \$18.75, \$37.50, \$75.00, \$375.00 and \$750.00. Mature 10 years after the date of issue; not callable by the Government before maturity. Interest rate of 2.9% to maturity. Can be registered to 1 person, or 2 persons as co-owners, or to 1 person with 1 person as beneficiary, redeemable 10 years after date of issue or the first of the month issued or after 60 days at fixed redemption rates, by presentation to Federal Reserve Bank or the Treasury Department.

See your bank, security dealer, broker or savings and loan association—or buy direct from any Federal Reserve Bank or branch, or by mail from the Treasurer of the United States, Washington, D.C.

# U.S. WAR SAVINGS BONDS

## PROTECT YOU! PROTECT OUR NATION!

This advertisement, prepared in cooperation with the Treasury Department, is contributed by the W. A. SHEAFFER PEN COMPANY, Fort Madison, Iowa, makers of Sheaffer's pens, pencils, desk sets, SKRIP.

SHEAFFER'S



FROM THE MAKERS OF AMERICA'S QUALITY TIRE

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WASHINGTON, D. C.

The General Tire & Rubber Co.,  
Akron, Ohio

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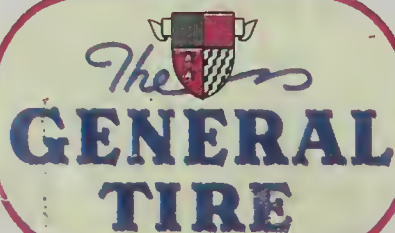
Gentlemen:



# The GENERAL WAR TIRE

with famous Silent-Grip Tread

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★ ★ ★

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# The Non-Bureaucratic Mr. Byrnes

By Walter Davenport

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY LAURENCE MONAHAN

James Francis Byrnes controls the purchasing power, prices, rents, wages, salaries, profits and rationing of the world's richest nation. He knows exactly what he's doing, does it quietly and quickly—all of which is very unnerving to the other overstuffed, bureaucratic war agencies

WHEN James Francis Byrnes was twenty-three years old he bought a newspaper. It was the Aiken, South Carolina, Journal and Review, a semiweekly sheet which was achieving a high degree of unpopularity even with the few who worked for it. As editor and publisher of the Journal and Review, Mr. Byrnes accumulated a considerable store of wisdom which supported him well later on as county solicitor (district attorney), as member of the House of Representatives, as United States senator, as Supreme Court Justice and now as Director of Economic Stabilization, the latter a twenty-mule-team job with mules wild.

Mr. Byrnes, who had left school in Charleston at the age of fourteen and had at twenty-three risen to the local eminence of court reporter, had exactly five hundred dollars when he made this topside entrance into journalism. He and an equally ambitious youth named A. K. Lorenz (who seems to have had no money at all but who knew how to set type by hand) managed to borrow \$4,500 from an Aiken bank, and this, with Mr. Byrnes' five hundred, made precisely what the owner of the Journal and Review was demanding.

Along with what the retiring publisher optimistically called "the plant" (a rheumatic press, two fonts of pied type, some ink and even less newsprint), Byrnes and Lorenz took over a printer known as Biz. When occasion demanded (and he was the sole judge of this), Biz would lay down his stick (a composing-room gadget in which type is set) and, without warning, gloomily hire a hack to Charleston. And there in one of the more rugged joints, Biz would proceed to get himself handsomely plastered. The remembered reasons for Biz's detours into escapism are (1) political speeches by

friends of the editor—which the editor wished printed in full and (2) editorials. Biz probably hated what editors wrote more than what politicians said because, said he, politicians just had to say something, no matter how unnecessary, now and then.

Thus it was from Biz that the shrewd, smooth man who is now second in command to Franklin Roosevelt over the economic life of the world's richest nation learned (1) to know both sides before you take either, (2) to know what you're talking about and make it brief, (3) to remember that it is the audience that always pays, and (4) blessed is he who has no shirt, for then it cannot be stuffed. With that, we take reluctant

leave of Biz who later fell into the hands of an itinerant holy man, got religion and dropped dead at a strawberry festival.

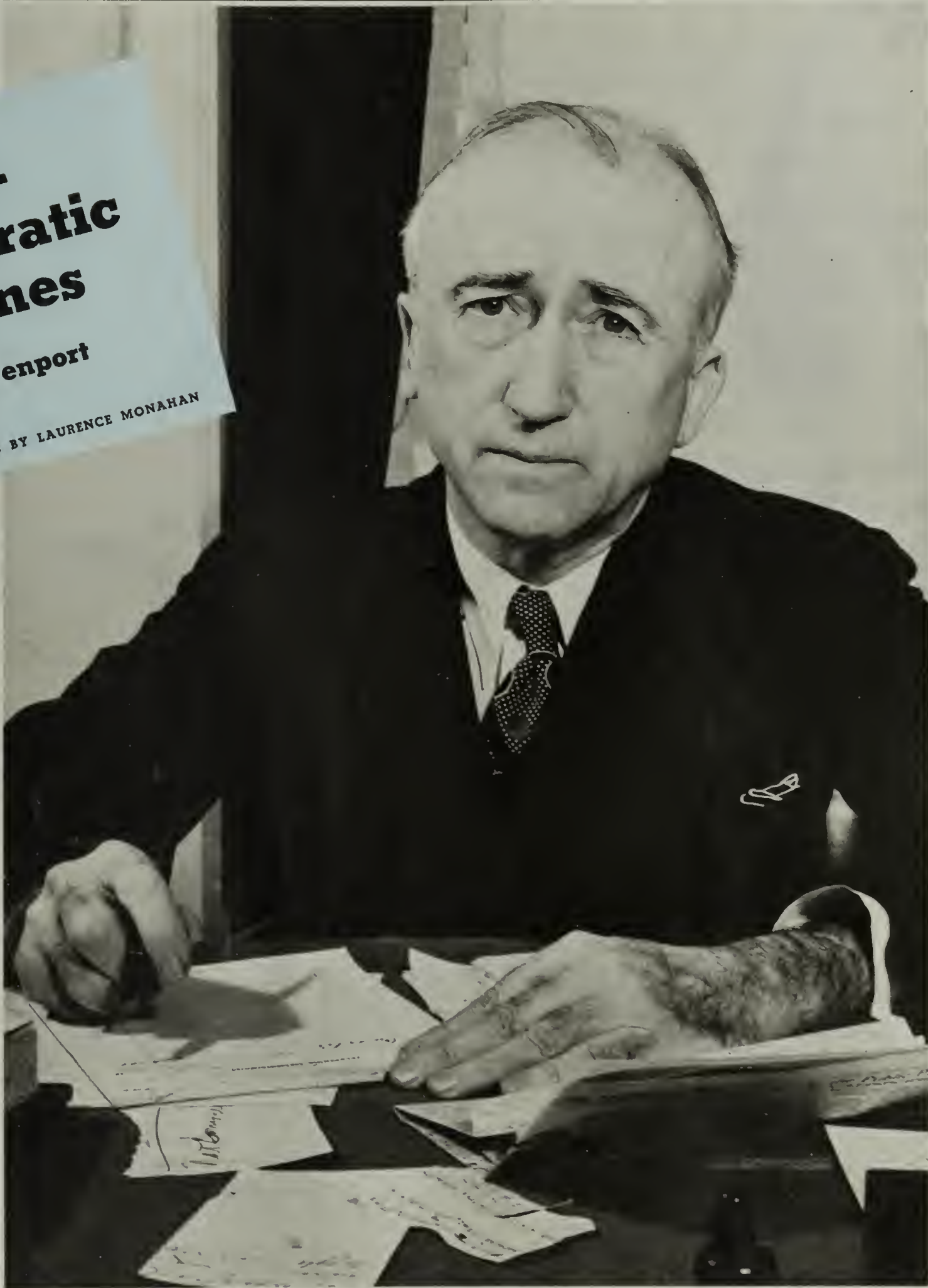
Mr. Byrnes presides sauvally over our struggles toward economic stabilization in the new cream-and-mahogany east wing of the White House. It is his stoutly maintained opinion that most men's troubles come from attending conferences. He, for example, will attend no conference which is not limited in attendance to a few men, each of whom has the power and the guts to make decisions and make them stick. It is his provable contention that he can get more done in five minutes on the telephone than any other kind of conference can accomplish in an all-day session.

Mr. Byrnes was telephoning when we dropped in on him. His call had to do with housing the Rubber Administration, which had stretched itself out of its original quarters. In no time, he found living room for the rapidly expanding Rubber Administration in Washington, where many a man of lesser talents is having trouble finding a place to put his coat and hat. But the job did entail installing the Rubber Administrator, Mr. William M. Jeffers, in what was once a church.

"A term in church will not hurt Bill Jeffers a bit," said Mr. Byrnes.

Manning his offices are exactly eight persons. All of them manage to keep exceedingly busy in a calm and quiet which

(Continued on page 28)







# WAVE LENGTH

By Phyllis Duganne

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER KLETT

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

THAT night, there was a log fire blazing in the fireplace. Ophelia, the silver Dane, was asleep with her paws touching the gleaming brass fire rail, and Rufus, the setter, lay close to John's chair. We could hear the storm outside—a genuine Vermont blizzard. It made the house seem like a fortress, solidly built, secure against the onslaught.

John was reading and I was knitting, and we'd have been completely happy, except that we were so terribly in love—and that John was married to Sally.

I didn't believe for one minute that Sally was at her mother's, in spite of the daily letters with the Boston postmark. I didn't believe that her mother was ill. Sally had just barely returned from a two weeks' shopping trip to New York when the telegram came. Mrs. Wendell undoubtedly disapproved of her daughter's conduct, but she undoubtedly was covering up for her. . . .

I don't know when John fell in love with me, but I think it took me about one day to know how I felt about him. He met me at the station when I came to work for him, as his secretary; and even that first moment was like being met by an old, dear friend. That afternoon, he told me about the book he was writing, and my fingers itched to begin setting his library in order.

Sally was completely charming to me; she always has been. Even John's telling her that he loved me and wanted to marry me did not change her attitude in the slightest degree. She said that she loved him, that she would die if he sent her away.

Mrs. Wendell reminded him of Sally's youth—she's ten years younger than John and five years younger than I—and she made grave prophecies for Sally's future, if John turned her out, now. That was nearly a year ago, and God help me, I stayed on. John wanted me to stay. Sally urged me to stay. She may not be intellectually my equal, but she's a thousand times more clever. Subtly, she shifted my relationship with John to a

high platonic plane of utter hopelessness, forced us both to sublimate our emotions, in a very Bostonian, consciously cerebral—and completely false—situation.

Ophelia sighed deeply; John got up and lifted another log onto the fire. "It's a real storm, Peg."

I nodded. The two of us, here on this high Vermont hilltop, and Sally . . . I wondered where she was. A woman doesn't take evening gowns to go and stay with a sick mother. I wasn't snooping when I saw her pack them; she called me into her room to ask me something, and there they were, folded on the bed. It was part of her cleverness not to bother to conceal things from me. She knew that I wouldn't tell John. She knew, instinctively, that I would never put into words all the ugly little suspicions I had, the small signs which showed which way the wind blew.

So he went on believing her lies, not ever thinking enough about them to look at them closely.

"You're very silent, Miss McKenzie," he said.

"I'm thinking," I answered. Thinking about Sally, wondering where she really was. There were those letters that came daily from New York. I knew that there was a man, and knowing Sally, I was pretty sure that she wasn't sublimating any emotions. But I had no proof.

"You look very pretty, thinking, but I wish you'd talk to me," said John. There was something wistful in his expression when he smiled at me.

I made a face at him. "I'm in a foul mood," I admitted. Pretty! Me, in a rust-colored sweater and wool skirt, ankle socks and Maine moccasins. There was no point in my trying to be alluring or feminine. Sally was the pretty one—enchancing, bright and graceful like a coral snake, and just as deadly. Oh, I wonder where she is, I thought, with her husky, breathless voice, and that unmistakable gurgling laughter of hers!

"Let's hear the news," said John.

I was closest to the radio. I turned it

on and twisted the dial. A blast of dance music made us both think of Sally, and John grinned and said, "We can skip that tonight, Peg."

Sally would keep a dance program on for hours, turning the dial to stations farther and farther west until John was nearly crazy with it.

I was in a definitely foul mood, as I'd told him. I felt contrary and perverse and mad. "I like it," I said. The wind was coming in waves across the mountains, hitting the west side of the old house like surf. I bet she's dancing somewhere this minute! I thought furiously.

"The music of Earl Bishop and his orchestra can be heard nightly direct from the floor of the Perroquet in New York City . . ."

I'D BEEN to the Perroquet, with its floor of translucent glass bricks, its flame-colored velvet banquettes, its five-dollar cover charge. Storm over the Green Mountains, and in this firelit room, we could hear the sound of people's feet dancing in New York, the jungle-beat of drums, the thin clarity of a horn, the clapping of people's hands. I closed my eyes and I could almost see it, almost distinguish catches of conversation.

John was laughing at me, and I got up abruptly and left the room. If I stayed there another minute, I'd cry—and then where would we be? In each other's arms, or else saying goodbye forever. It was like taking all your steps on a tight rope, to live like this.

I went into my own room and washed my face and pulled myself together. Then I came meekly back down the wide staircase.

John had turned the radio off. I heard his voice, saying distinctly, "Mrs. John Saunders," and I stopped short. There was no further sound, so I came curiously to the door of the library. He was sitting at his desk, holding the telephone, a cigarette in his free hand. Then he said, "Hello? Sally?" He was smiling. "How's your mother?" he asked pleasantly.

"Don't bother," he said. "You'd be wasting your time." All at once, he withdrew the instrument from his ear and held it about a foot away. I could hear Sally's voice, with music throbbing behind it. I couldn't distinguish any words, but the tone was unmistakable. Sally was mad, and she was out of control. Her voice rose and fell, passionately.

John looked up and saw me. He shrugged, and replaced the phone very gently, with the voice still going on until the click of contact cut it short. "That is that," he told me.

I couldn't speak.

"Come here, Peg," he said. He stood up.

I shook my head, dumbly. "What—I mean why did she phone? What's happened?"

"She didn't," said John. "I called her."

"At her m-mother's?" I stammered.

"Peg McKenzie!" he said. "You aren't as foolish as you look, at the moment."

"At the—the Perroquet?" I asked.

"Of course." His smile was not in the least wistful now; it had gaiety and anticipation and triumph. And, all at once, I knew what had happened. He had heard Sally's laugh. I knew it, even before he said the words. He had called the night club and had her paged. Sally, gay from music and champagne, unsuspecting . . . and cornered. Her surprise and anger had defeated her. She had turned on John. *Snooping!* she had accused him. *I bet Peg put you up to it! I bet she's been reading my mail! How else could you possibly have known?* . . . By her very questions and accusations, she had convicted herself.

It wasn't important. I could see that John was no longer thinking of her. He was looking at me, thinking only of me. The windows rattled, the frozen branches scraped like long fingernails across the glass. Lovely, glorious storm, mounting snowdrifts, howling winds. . . . I hoped that we'd be snowed in for a month, or forever, and John was standing there, smiling, hoping exactly the same thing.



With five of his superior officers shot down, and a sixth fighting fire and floods in the bowels of the ship, thirty-one-year-old Commander Bruce McCandless fought and steered the battered San Francisco safely back to base. For "conspicuous gallantry and exceptionally distinguished service and superb initiative," the young officer received the Congressional Medal of Honor. This is his story

**I**T WILL be months, maybe not until the end of the war, before we know the full story of the action that took place off Guadalcanal in the early morning of November 13th. Fought in pitch-black darkness, lighted only by gunfire, and all over in forty crowded minutes, there wasn't much chance for details. We lost two light cruisers and four destroyers, and the superior Japanese force was driven off with losses of one battleship, two heavy cruisers, a light cruiser and several destroyers. That's certain. Everything else, as in my case, is what each man saw for himself.

Action really began on the afternoon of the 12th. Our force of cruisers and destroyers, under the command of Admiral Daniel J. Callaghan, was screening transports while they unloaded troops and supplies for the reinforcement of Guadalcanal. Suddenly, around 2 o'clock, twenty-one twin-engined Japanese torpedo planes came in from the north, fanning out as they approached. Due to skillful maneuvering and the accuracy of our antiaircraft fire, the Nips did not score a single hit.

Our fighters, occupied elsewhere during the initial stages of the attack, soon joined in, and burning Jap planes started plunging down into the sea. To the best of our belief, twenty were accounted for. One plane, missing the flagship San Francisco with a torpedo at close range, kept coming on. Whether out of control or whether one of the "Bushido boys" purposely crashed us, we'll never know. Our gunners gave him everything that would bear, and the crew of the after machine guns actually poured in steel until cut down by the crashing plane.

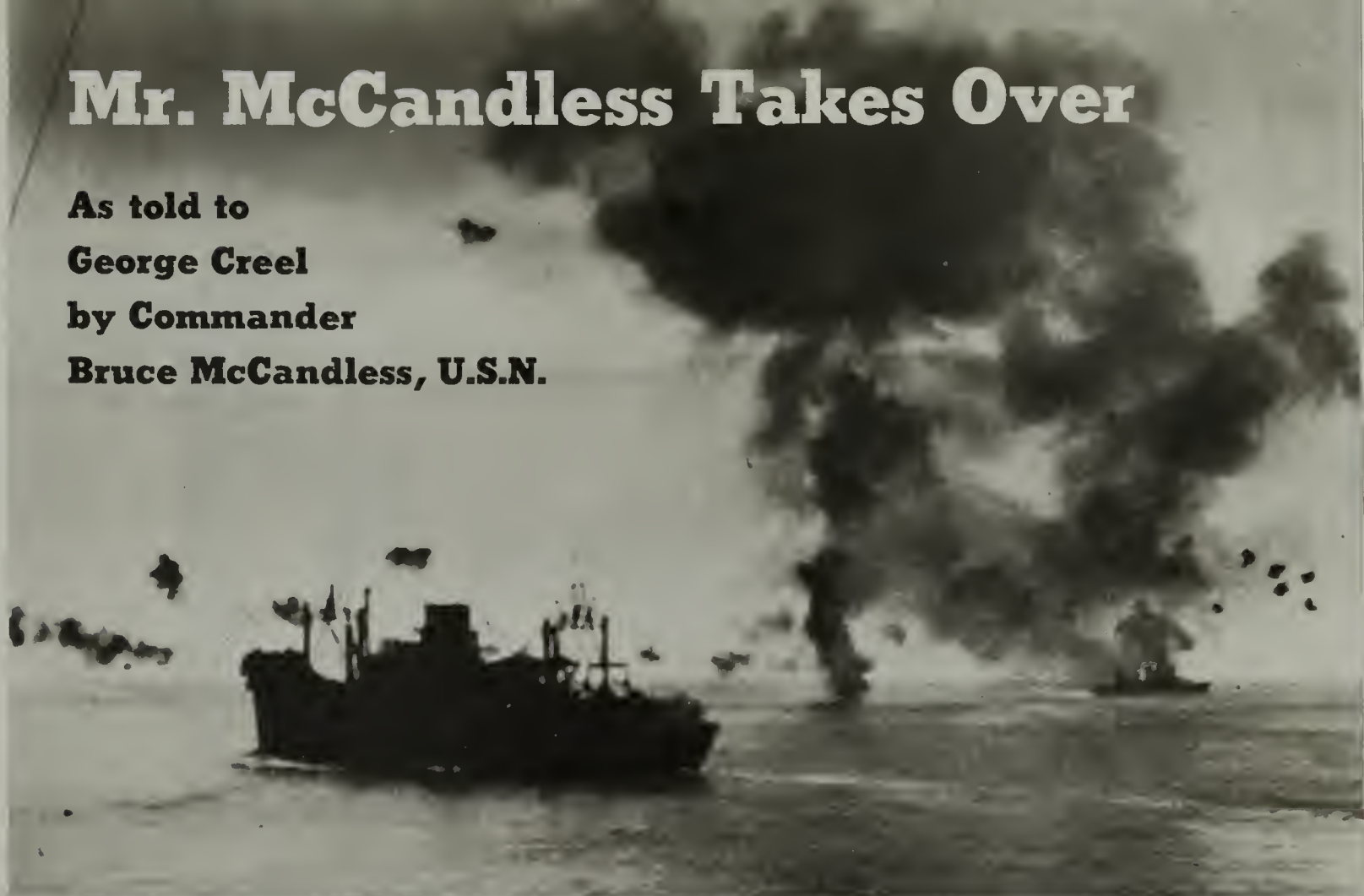
#### An Inferno of Destruction

Almost instantly the entire superstructure was turned into a hell by blazing gasoline. Although we finally succeeded in bringing the flames under control, it was at the cost of heavy casualties and the loss of valuable equipment and apparatus. All of the injured personnel were transferred to a transport for better medical attention, with the exception of Commander Mark Crouter, our executive officer, who refused to leave the ship.

About sunset the transports left, their job completed and, now freed from protective duty, Admiral Callaghan led us off on a search for any Japanese forces that might try to sneak down from Truk or Rabaul. With "Admiral Dan" on the flag deck, every man of us was in high gear when we went to battle stations at 7:30. He had been the San Francisco's captain, and no officer was ever followed with greater devotion.

Our first search through Indispensable Strait found nothing, and doubling back, we hunted north and west of Guadalcanal toward Savo Island.

Some time after one o'clock we established contact with a large Japanese



A Jap plane crashes off Guadalcanal after sideswiping the San Francisco (right). At left: a U. S. cargo transport

Back in Frisco—Comm. McCandless (center) with his father Capt. Byron McCandless (right) and Capt. A. F. France



force—between fourteen and nineteen warships, as near as we could make out, advancing on an easterly course in three groups. The right and left flanks, made up of cruisers and destroyers, were about three miles apart, and the center force contained two battleships with destroyer screen. To make it plainer, as they came up we faced an open V.

Our force was in column formation, headed by destroyers and a cruiser, commanded by Admiral Scott, pioneer in night fighting in the American Navy. In line followed the San Francisco and other cruisers followed by more destroyers. Friday the 13th and thirteen ships in our formation.

Agreeing that we could get a better view above, Captain Cassin Young, Commander Rae Arison and I left the armored conning tower on the signal deck, and went up on the unprotected

navigation bridge. Because we were the flagship, and largely responsible for the maneuvering of the entire group, Commander Arison was required exclusively for navigation and I took over as officer of the deck and conning officer, ordering the movement of the ship. Luckily, Captain Young had taken me with him to the last conference with Admiral Callaghan and his staff, so that I had fairly good knowledge of our own organization.

Our force headed at once into the Japanese formation, right between the two flanks, which were approximately a mile and a half away on either side. The leading group of destroyers, followed by a cruiser, hurried off to deliver a torpedo attack and were lost to view.

The leader of the Jap right flank—a heavy cruiser—was the first to receive our attention, and we let go with all of

our nine 8-inch guns, giving her six salvos in rapid succession. Let me say right here that Commander William Wilbourne and Lieutenant Commander James Cone, his assistant gunnery officer, furnished one of the most outstanding exhibitions of marksmanship ever seen in any man's navy. Here at last, in full measure, was our pay-off for long weeks spent in night practice shooting at floating rafts.

Shell after shell went home, setting the cruiser on fire from stern to stern. Leaving her to be taken care of by the ships next in line, we shifted fire to a second ship, either a large destroyer or a light cruiser. Our salvos were going home when suddenly our first target exploded, sending a column of smoke and flame fully a thousand feet into the air, lighting up the whole battle scene.

(Continued on page 64)



# TOP BILLING, NO COOLING

By Eddie Forester

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY HYDE BARNUM



She ranked him in the studio and he just couldn't take it. What he really needed was a bigger production to achieve stardom

GET your name in big type and you'll get your salary in big figures is Hollywood's sacred creed—and it's the barrier to happiness that Gordon Dykes and Verna Jason ran smack into. I was the innocent party of the third part, their agent.

They met in my office—those two: a blond boy with a lot of brass that wasn't too offensive; and a quiet little dark-eyed lass from the Middle West who promised to become the heartthrob of every guy who ever dreamed of a cottage for two with chickens in the back yard.

The third sentence Gordon spoke to Verna was an invitation to lunch, and the way her sweeping dark lashes fluttered didn't make me too happy, because I knew her mousy type was a push-over for a fast worker like Dykes.

"Well, Flash Gordon," I said resignedly, "since you're going to feed my favorite client, maybe you ought to know her name."

"It doesn't matter, Tenper," he quipped, never once taking his eyes off Verna, "because I'm going to change her name to Dykes."

I glanced at the girl for a sign of resentment; she was riding along with the gag, and enjoying the journey, so I shooed them out of my office.

Gordon Dykes was a show-wise lad who came up the hard way, via one-night stands in the sticks and one good season with a middling musical, just off Broadway. That's where I found him. He wasn't too solid and he was hard to handle, but the appeal was there—a sort of a Tyrone Power with a Dead End Kid complex, clear, wise eyes that snapped so fast you couldn't study their character, and a nimble set of dancing feet.

Verna Jason came to me with a note from DeMille: "She read two lines for me—very badly—but she had every man on the set wanting to kiss her. Handle her right, and you've got a star." Say, who am I to doubt DeMille!

Gordon Dykes kept his word; he changed the girl's name less than two months after they met. They called me the night before it happened and we met in Verna's apartment in Van Nuys.

I sat opposite them with a highball in my hand and my tongue in my cheek, and watched Verna glow with an ecstatic radiance that illuminated the entire room. The hazel depths of her eyes were full of glorious dreams—dreams I hoped would never turn into nightmares.

But young love has to take a lot of cruel hurdles in Hollywood; and it seemed only fair that I should give them a hint of what was ahead.

"Which one of you," I asked, with cryptic soberness, "is going to give up your career in pictures?"

They sat bolt upright. "Which one?" they asked in astounded unison, then Verna said quickly, "Why, neither of us!"

"Then I'll give you nine months—maybe a year—of wedded bliss."

"Listen to the man!" Gordon scoffed. "Why should it make any difference if we go on working?"

"It shouldn't," I admitted, "but it will. Right now, you're both getting the same salary, the same billing, the same publicity breaks. But what's going to happen when one starts taking a lead over the other?"

"Nothing," Dykes assured me. "Why, Verna hasn't got an envious bone in her body."

"And what about you, Gordy?" I wanted to suggest, but didn't. My role of Dutch uncle had gone far enough. They would have to learn the hard way.

"That's silly, Tenper," Verna objected. "People who are really in love can't be envious of each other's success." She drew his arm tighter about her slim waist and looked up at him with stars in her eyes. I'd seen the boy do a lot of phony things, but there was nothing false about the way he leaned forward and kissed her soft, willing lips. Maybe I'm wrong, I thought to myself; maybe the kids had what it took to put the jinx on the Hollywood (Continued on page 48)

If you saw Varsity Stomp, you know that it was a honey of a picture. You also know that Gordon mugged too much and that Verna stole the show





I looked down at the field lights and thought, "This is it. Hang onto your hats, kids, here we go"

# Civilian Pilot

By H. Vernor Dixon

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER HERRINGTON

When Jenkins went into the Ferrying Command, he wanted no part of the Army. But the Army changed his mind for him, somewhere between Los Angeles and Seattle

THIS building I was standing in had once been a hangar, but the Ferrying Command had converted it into a gymnasium. Down at the far end was a regulation boxing ring. Two middleweights were in there punching the tar out of each other. But I wasn't interested. I was burning.

The armed guard at my side, the one they had sent with me from the field gate, nudged me with his elbow and nodded toward the ring. "The stocky guy with the headpiece usta be a champ."

"Who cares?"

The guard squinted at me and said, "Look, chum; I ain't enjoyin' chaperonin' you around any more'n you are.

But what the heck you so steamed up about?"

I said, "Sorry, bud. I'm not burnt at you. It's the Army. I'm a pilot. Understand? Seven years out of my twenty-seven, and all on good stuff. I want to do something for my country, so I figured I'd join this outfit. And what happens? I have to wait at the gate for twenty minutes. Then they let me come in with a guard at my side, like I was going to steal something. And who interviews me in the Transition office but a kid lieutenant. I was probably flying before he ever saw an airplane. And what does he say? 'Guard, show Mr. Jenkins around. I'm busy. Come back about nine.' Who wouldn't be burnt?"

A lopsided grin split the guard's face and he said, "What did you want 'em to do, spread the plush carpet for you? But it's nine now. Let's get back."

We walked out of the gym into the burning California sun, and the tar on the hot road stuck to our shoes. On the side of one of the buildings was a door marked TRANSITION. We went

through that into a room jammed with at least forty pilots standing around, through another small office with young girls working at typewriters and into a small room in a corner, the hottest room of all. Even the walls were sweating.

There were only two desks. Lieutenant Leslie, whom I had met for a split second earlier in the morning, was seated behind one of the desks, staring into space. He was a long, lean and lanky kid, with hard eyes, a thin face and hair that stood up at all angles.

He squinted at me until the guard had left, then leaned back in his chair and said, "Name's Burl Jenkins?"

I said, "You oughta know."

"Why?"

That stopped me for a minute, then I had to laugh. "I'm THE Burl Jenkins," I said, "holder of three transcontinental records in '38 and '39, 'cross Atlantic, Bendix Trophy—"

He stopped me with a nod. "I know all that. I just thought maybe Burl was an abbreviation." His feet came down from the desk and he leaned forward, all busi-

ness. "Log books? Birth certificate? References?"

I produced what he wanted from my pockets and tossed them onto the desk. He checked them all over, and looked back up at me.

"Over four thousand hours. That's good. A civilian comes in here with that sort of time and it's like handing the Army a hundred-thousand-dollar gift. Now, this is Transition. We'll send you out with an Army check pilot and see how good you are. You have plenty of twin-engine time, so if you make the grade you'll go right into Operations. But you'll be back in Transition later on, so we can make a four-engine pilot out of you. We run the greatest training school in the world—and they're already trained before we get 'em."

I had to laugh again. "You're going to train me?"

He stared at me and then crisply nodded, the squirt. "You'd be surprised." He shuffled some papers and said, "You come under Civil Service at a base pay

(Continued on page 32)





Robert Pitts, North Carolina criminal, had his fingerprints surgically removed in an attempt to escape detection. Picture above shows Pitts' left side, from which five patches of flesh were grafted to his finger tips. Below, the first three fingers of Pitts' right hand, after the operation performed by Dr. Leopold Brandenburg



# The Man Without Fingerprints

By J. Edgar Hoover  
and Frederick L. Collins

The strange case of Robert Pitts, the only man who ever succeeded in removing his fingerprints to prevent identification. It didn't work; as a result both Pitts and the doctor who did the job are now in jail. Their fantastic plan and how it was discovered makes one of the greatest stories of crime detection in the history of the Federal Bureau of Investigation

**B**ACK in the Dillinger days, there was a lot of talk about altering fingerprints. Most of the bigger gangsters tried it. Dillinger himself spent \$5,000 with one doctor in an attempt to shake his identity. But none succeeded.

The subject was supposed to be closed, but it opened suddenly and with a bang on October 31, 1941, when a tall, blond, intelligent-looking young man of thirty-two, who gave his name as Robert Pitts, was arrested near Austin, Texas, for failure to possess a Selective Service registration card.

Pitts had no fingerprints at all.

Here was a problem unique in the history of modern law enforcement. We have in the identification division of the F.B.I. more than 57,000,000 sets of fingerprints. Additional prints are coming in at the rate of 125,000 a day. This vast collection is so arranged that any one of our several hundred fingerprint experts can identify in less than three minutes incoming prints of any of the 57,000,000 prints already in the files. The expert with his magnifying glass compares the ridges, deltas and cores appearing on the new card with those of the old.

No two sets of fingerprints are alike, even those of identical twins. The prints of the Dionne quintuplets are as dissimilar as President Roosevelt's and Adolf Hitler's. Identification, therefore, is immediate, infallible. In Robert Pitts' case, however, no such identification was possible.

What this meant to a man who had since 1924 been proclaiming the infallibility of the fingerprint system, what it might mean to the whole practice of modern law enforcement built on that system—well, we won't go into that. Something had to be done about the prisoner Pitts.

Who was this man without fingerprints?

Who was the surgeon who had removed them?

The closemouthed, self-possessed man who called himself Robert Pitts wasn't saying. He didn't look especially like a man with a police record. His blue-gray eyes were clear and alert, his ruddy complexion devoid of prison pallor. He had certain distinguishing marks, no-

tably a long jagged scar on one side of his face, running upward from under his chin to his ear. He said this was the result of a burn; but there were unmistakable signs of an attempt to remove a portion of it by facial surgery.

There were, of course, several thousand tall, slim, blond, blue-eyed young men among the 130,000,000 Americans who might conceivably have come into conflict with the law. Nevertheless, every resource of the Federal Bureau of Investigation was immediately mobilized to solve the bureau's most bizarre mystery—what a detective-fiction writer would probably call *The Case of the Man Without Fingerprints*.

The bureau does not put all its eggs in the fingerprint basket. Comparison of prints is the easiest, quickest and surest means of identification but it is not the only means. This is a big country, but the F.B.I., with fifty-six field offices and more than 20,000 miles of teletype equipment, gives it almost microscopic coverage.

It is no unusual experience for us to investigate a thousand suspects in a single case; in one case, we investigated more than 25,000. The effective co-operation of local law-enforcement bodies must be reckoned with too. The man called Pitts was not so secure in his anonymity as he thought.

## One Criminal; Many Aliases

We discovered that, nine years before, a youth corresponding to this individual's appearance and measurements, but without scars of any kind and giving the name of Robert J. Phillips, had been arrested in Roanoke, Virginia, on a charge of auto theft; and in the following months, at Chillicothe, Ohio, a Robert James Phillips had been sentenced to eighteen months for the same offense. The fingerprints of both of these prisoners had been taken and found to be identical. So were those of several "other" persons arrested under various names and for various crimes in various parts of the country during the next eight years.

These included sets belonging to an escaped member of a Georgia chain gang and an inmate of the federal penitentiary at Atlanta, who was transferred to Alcatraz because of his incorrigibility. As recently as March of 1941, the prints had shown up on the fingers of a tall, slim, blond, blue-eyed 32-year-old man charged in Miami, Florida, with failure to register with the police. Also, a person corresponding to Pitts' description was currently wanted for burglarizing a wholesale tobacco warehouse in North Wilkesboro, North Carolina.

Confronted with the evidence which the F.B.I. had painstakingly gathered, the man in the Texas jail, who had confidently thought that his identity could never be discovered, not only admitted that he was identical with Robert Phillips, et al, but admitted to the special

(Continued on page 37)





## Five Who Vanished

By George F. Worts

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

### The Story Thus Far:

EARLY one morning, a girl makes her way into Jason Amboy's apartment, in San Francisco, knocks him out, takes a packet of letters (from Jason's brother, Wayne) and steals away. Jason's valet, an eccentric person whose name is Flack, at once does some brilliant sleuthing; he learns that the girl is Luana Topping and that she lives in Hawaii.

A short time after the girl incident, Jason is notified that Wayne—who has been working for the powerful Grazzard family in Hawaii—has disappeared. Because the evidence points to murder, Jason takes the first ship he can get and starts for "the islands." He is, quite naturally, amazed when he learns that one of his fellow passengers is—*Luana Topping!*

Miss Topping is a member of a distinguished party composed of old Mrs. Hiram Grazzard ("Queen Bertha"), head of the Grazzard clan; her son, Lorrin, who is Luana's fiancé; Channing Mace, manager of one of the Grazzard plantations, and his attractive wife, Natalie; and one or two others.

Jason (distantly related to the great family) sits at Mrs. Grazzard's table; and in an astonishingly short time, he is in love with Luana. He is in love with her, despite the fact that he suspects *all* the Grazzards—suspects them of having done away with his brother.

His suspicions are confirmed when a stow-away, who has taken refuge in his stateroom, disappears, and he learns (Natalie Mace tells him) that the fellow (the black sheep of the Grazzard family) and Wayne had been trying to blackmail the Grazzards!

Before leaving San Francisco, Jason had ordered Flack to stay behind. He is, therefore, astounded when his valet appears on the scene. Wearing a false mustache and using the name of "Rodney K. Kitchener," the man comes to Jason and tells him that the Grazzards are plotting to kill him. . . .

One night, the ship's commander—Captain Horngold—sends for Jason. Jason goes to his office. The captain is there; also two other men: a naval officer and Jason's room steward, a man named Emil Roth, who had helped to shield the stowaway (for a consideration). The captain tells Jason that a false mustache which "Rodney K. Kitchener" had worn had been found in his, Jason's, stateroom, and that Mr. Kitchener has disappeared. Then: "There are certain circumstances that I consider extremely suspicious. The fact that this mustache was found in your stateroom is one of them. *How did it get there?*"

### VI

"I DON'T KNOW," Jason answered. "Flack had access to my room, of course. But I haven't talked to Flack since last night."

Captain Horngold's face was suddenly quite red, as if he were angry. His eyes were sharp with distrust.

"Mr. Amboy, my suggestion is that, for your own good, you be perfectly open and aboveboard with me."

"It seems to me," Jason said, "Roth has explained what happened to Flack."

The captain shook his head. "Roth hasn't explained anything. Every person on this ship will, if necessary, be questioned. But suppose no one saw him jump overboard?"

Jason glanced at Emil Roth, who had again retreated to a point behind the captain and Lieutenant Commander Matthewson. The room steward repeated his pantomime. He winked grotesquely. He placed the tip of his right forefinger to

his closed mouth and shook his head.

"But I don't know what happened," Jason said.

Lieutenant Commander Matthewson made a sound of impatience in his throat. Captain Horngold gazed at Jason steadily.

"Mr. Amboy, you are making a mistake. You will have to explain these things. Why Flack was wearing a disguise and traveling under a false name—"

"But I explained that."

Captain Horngold shrugged. "Very well, Mr. Amboy." He picked up the blood-smeared envelope and removed the sheet of ship's notepaper it contained. "In this note, you say, 'Meet me at the paddle-tennis court at seven!' What does that mean?"

"Just what it says," Jason answered.

"But why the paddle-tennis court? It was raining."

"It wasn't raining when I wrote it."

"Because it is an out-of-the-way place where no one would see you?" the captain persisted.

"That," said Jason, "hadn't occurred to me."

"Bring those deck hands in here," Captain Horngold said.

The chief officer went out of the room. He returned immediately with the two seamen who had picked Jason up from the deck. They both looked grim.

"All right, Burke," the captain said to the taller one. "Is this the gentleman?"

(Continued on page 22)

"Luana was having hysterics all over her stateroom. I tried to talk to her and she ordered me to get out"





# THIS STRANGE BRIGHT LAND

BY HARRY  
HENDERSON  
AND SAM SHAW



YOU'VE never thought of America as a strange, exotic, foreign land with picturesque Yankee people and quaint, curious ways, but visiting British sailors have. It's quite a picture. Here for only a few weeks while their ships are repaired, the lads of His Majesty's Royal Navy scurry up and down the East Coast to get a tourist's-eye view of this country. They rate it above China and India in interest. Everything from a buffalo nickel to juke boxes and right-hand driving is exciting, new and different to them. Interviewing over a hundred of His Majesty's men, we learned the following:

America is just as the cinema shows it. Everything is bright, streamlined, chromed, in cans and in a hurry. No matter where the natives are going, they always rush.

After three years of total blackouts abroad, the bright glitter of the dimmed-out coastal towns will doubtless make you nervous, but the Yankees feel they are traveling around in the dark.

The skyscrapers are a bit disappointing, for they aren't really as high as pictures have made them seem. However, the traffic is terrifying and enormous, though the natives claim that gas rationing has reduced it by half. Beware especially of crossing streets, for drivers (especially of hacks) are not inclined to slow their reckless speed. Always remember that traffic travels on the right and, to avoid being run down, you must look to the left instead of the right.

America is a land where a man can order a steak and get it. The abundance of food is overwhelming. The natives cook everything in a great variety of ways and always serve several vegetables. It is all very rich and few Britishers like their sweet potatoes and corn on the cob, which are really "cannibal food." The Yankees do not care much for British boiled foods because they are alarmed about vitamins and they believe boiling ruins the vitamins. They add vitamin extracts to most of their baked goods to "fortify" them. Even so, Yankee bread tastes like cake, and their canned food, at which most Britishers have poked fun, is really excellent.

No town has just one pub. Instead, they seem to be filled with them and, unlike our locals, they also serve food. All America runs on a twenty-four-hour day and you can obtain anything you want at any time because none of the natives live on a fixed schedule.

Americans drink very fast and, where we might spend an evening over a pint, they will have several. Yankee drinks are all served ice cold, even in winter. One can become accustomed to it, however, and learn to like it. Their beer is not so strong as ours and generally tastes watery. You cannot purchase it by the pint.

The Yankees are a very friendly and hospitable people. If you cannot find your way, merely dawdle, and they will immediately offer to direct you. Americans speak clearly but rapidly. They are very direct and blunt.

The native women are a bit bewildering at first. They are plumper than Englishwomen, if you know what I mean. They use much more make-up than Englishwomen, but they seem to apply it in a less noticeable fashion. At any rate it is very difficult to judge their ages, and a girl of sixteen and a woman of thirty-six may both seem to be about twenty-six.

However, it is not their beauty that is apt to be so confounding as their attitude toward men and life in general. They are freer, more outspoken, peppier and more aggressive than English womenfolk. They are talkative and opinionated about every subject. Do not be surprised if one of them should walk over and sit down beside you and ask what you think of Yankee girls, or to dance with her, or to have a coke with her. (A coke is a sweet carbonated soft drink, nonintoxicating.)

Seaman Jim Lawler is British Navy and English middleweight champion. While watching American fights, he said, "They're different. More slugging and more boxing." He decided that Brooklyn is the world's toughest place when eight mates were hospitalized following fights. With him shown here are Lightweight Bob Gunter and Trainer Charley Brown

Pleasant, nineteen, and too shy to jitterbug, Seaman Bob Baker of His Majesty's Navy beams approval of Dorothy Green of Brooklyn during a discreet fox trot. Baker found Dorothy "very charming," unlike other American girls who were "forward" and consequently "dreadful." British sailors are always dumfounded when our girls ask them to dance



Food, not girls, interests George Baker, stoker—he's married. He likes hot dogs, which he considers "tasty," but deplores the weakness of our beer. "The trouble with America," he says, "is that there is so much to do"



Whiskered Lieut. Malcolm Harvey, Irish ex-schoolmaster, thinks our women are attractive but outspoken, marvels at our traffic and window displays. Of jitterbugging he says: "It certainly shows the decline of civilization"



Nostalgia overwhelms Seaman Gunner Jim Banks as Kathleen Maloney plays White Christmas. Juke boxes, new to British sailors, make a hit, but they think a nickel per song is too expensive. At right, Actress Jean Inglis



"You give her your number and she really calls you up," exults Telegraphist Frank Philpot. "It gives a lad a bit of a spark." Visiting Britishers, who get no phones in barracks at home, rate this convenience as absolute tops







Ronald Stockwell, able seaman, spends an evening entertaining 2½-year-old Joan Jones, daughter of a friend. He has a 3-year-old daughter and is surprised at American parents' interest in child psychology. He thinks children are "better raised" here



Able Seaman Eric Hatley and Scaman Peter Dobison shop for cosmetics—sure-fire gifts for the girls back home. Dobison is matching a lipstick shade with Salesgirl Constance Reagan's lips. His opinion: "Lips are brighter here but American girls know how to put it on smoothly"



cating, consumed in great quantities by all Yankees.)

However, they pay little attention to housewifery. Unlike our English girls, few know much about cooking until after they are married. If you take a serious liking to a Yankee girl and she seems to reciprocate, do not wait for her to invite you to her home to eat a meal cooked by herself, or otherwise show you she is a capable housewife, as an English girl would do. Instead, she will expect you to invite her out to a restaurant and a show. They are more interested in careers in business, in which they regard themselves on an equal footing with men. In fact, they regard themselves as the equal of men in all subjects, even in sports.

The Yankee standard of living is impressive. Everything will cost you approximately twice what it does at home, and wages are generally more than twice what would be paid at home for the same work. If you visit a home, do not be surprised to find it has an electric refrigerator as well as such labor-saving devices as an electric vacuum cleaner, washing machine and ironer. The natives hate dirt and scrub themselves thoroughly several times a day. Their cities, compared to ours, are much cleaner, and in the summer the streets of cities like New York are washed.

American money is very easy to accustom oneself to handling. The most useful coin seems to be the nickel, of which there are twenty to a dollar. There is nothing like it at home. It is particularly useful in the cities, where it may be dropped in a turnstile to admit you to the tube. However, the tubes are considerably dirtier than London's.

Do not worry about American slang. Most of it you are already acquainted with through the cinema. However, if a native says "Are you kidding?" in a most serious way after you have made some remark, merely smile and keep on with your story. The Yankees have a peculiar sense of humor and the point of saying "Are you kidding?" is to make you repeat your remark again and again. If they are successful in provoking you into several repeats, they will be convulsed with laughter.

And so we leave the land of yellow taxis and neon signs, laughing people and buffalo nickels with the hope that we can return some time when the lights are on. ★★★

Strident note was sounded by Torpedoman W. A. Corby, who hasn't found anything he likes here, yet. He is twenty-two years old and seven years a sailor. Some Sourpuss Corby opinions: Beer: No good, and, anyway, it's always iced. Whisky: It curls your hair. American trains: Inferior. Politics: Graft. Food: Too rich. Hot dogs: Made of wood. Popular Songs: "I can't say I care for them." Andrews Sisters: Censored. American girls: They're no prettier, but more skilled than Englishwomen in using make-up to cover up their defects. Mr. Corby is single





*"It's nautical," giggled Elsie,  
"but it's nice!"*

"BAH," snorted Elmer, the bull. "We've only been here 5 minutes and already you have a Marine on one arm and a Sailor on the other. If you're so crazy about uniforms, why don't you join the WAVES?"

"I'd love to be a WAVE, but I'm much too busy with other important war work to join them," replied Elsie. "Besides," she added with a snicker, "you've always said I was a little WAACy."

"Puns again," sniffed Elmer. "And may I ask what war work you do that's so all-fired important?"

"Come, Elmer," chided Elsie. "Don't tell me you're forgetting my pure wholesome milk and all the grand



things that are made from it. Why, everybody knows the important place that Uncle Sam gives to milk and milk products in his National Nutrition Program."

"If Uncle Sam thinks so much of milk," sneered Elmer, "why aren't they breaking a bottle of your precious milk to launch this destroyer?"

"Oh, my milk is much too good to waste like that," explained Elsie. "If everyone went around breaking bottles of milk over all our new ships, where would we get the milk and cream to make my luscious, satinsmooth Borden's Ice Cream? Ice Cream, you know is a



valuable food as well as real fun to eat."

"Thunderation, woman," bellowed Elmer. "Must you always talk shop?"

"Naturally," said Elsie. "Otherwise how would people learn about Borden's Irradiated Evaporated Milk?"



It's so digestible and rich in Vitamin D that doctors approve it for baby formulas. But it's not just a baby food. Both our army and the armies of our allies use carloads of it..."

"For the last time," groaned Elmer, "did we come here to watch a launching or to open a grocery store?"

"Don't be ridiculous," laughed Elsie: "whoever heard of a grocery store in a shipyard?" "But," she observed thoughtfully, "if I were to open a grocery store, I'd be

sure to feature a fine selection of Borden's Camembert. Creamy Camembert on a cracker



not only makes a delicious dessert, but many people enjoy it for a snack between meals. Camembert is only one of more than a score of Borden's Fine Cheeses, and..."

"Please!!!" shouted Elmer. "Don't you ever talk about anything except good things to eat!"

"Of course I do," answered Elsie. "Sometimes I talk about good things to drink. Take Borden's Hemo, for



instance. It's the new way to drink your vitamins and like 'em, and it tastes better than the best malted milk ever malted."

"There you go again," roared Elmer. "To hear you talk, anyone would think every good food under heaven had milk in it."

"Silly," chuckled Elsie. "There are any number of good foods that my milk has nothing to do with. There's not a drop of my milk in Borden's None Such Mince



Meat. And that's the spiciest, fruitiest mince meat ever, and it makes simply marvelous mince pies."

"I give up," sighed Elmer. "Go ahead and say it. Let's get it over with."

"Say what?" asked Elsie.

"The last word," grunted Elmer. "You know, the way you always wind up a discussion."

"I get it," giggled Elsie. "And I'll say it: If it's Borden's, it's got to be good!"



Elsie says: "This is really a bird of an idea: make the Axis eat crow by buying U.S. WAR BONDS AND STAMPS REGULARLY."



# Five Who Vanished

Continued from page 17

"Yes," the seaman growled, "that's him."

The captain's clear blue eyes returned to Jason's face. "These two men say you were up on the paddle-tennis court at eight forty-five, and that you had a fight with someone who knocked you down the stairs and onto the deck, and that they were coming along and that they picked you up. They say you broke away, ran back up the tennis-court steps and disappeared. Is that it, Burke?"

"Yes, sir," Burke growled, "that's it."

"Well, Mr. Amboy? Does that account for the bump on your forehead?"

"It does," Jason admitted.

"Who was this man who attacked you, Mr. Amboy?"

"I don't know. I didn't see him. It was almost dark and it was raining. He was a big fellow. Before I knew what he was up to, he was swinging at me. I rolled with the punch as well as I could, but I wasn't prepared for it. Next thing I knew, I was in the scuppers and these two men were helping me up."

**CAPTAIN HORNGOLD'S** expression was very skeptical. "And you haven't any idea who this fellow was?"

"There's one passenger I'd like to have brought here. I don't know his name. He's a redheaded man. He's wearing dungarees and a black sweater. Flack spent most of the day talking with this fellow and I suspect—I'm not at all sure—he was the man who jumped me."

"Why?" the chief officer asked.

"Because I thought I saw—for a split second—a gleam of light on wet red hair."

"But you wouldn't swear to it?" the captain said softly.

"No. I wouldn't swear to it. Incidentally, I went up there because I'd just had a phone call from Flack. At least, the man who called said he was Flack. He asked me to meet him topside at once."

"It couldn't have been Flack," the captain said. "Flack hasn't been on this ship since seven. As nearly as we can establish it, Flack went overboard at about seven. Have you any idea who might have made that phone call?"

"No," said Jason.

Lieutenant Commander Matthewson made a clicking sound with his tongue. "A man goes overboard, and two hours later he calls you up, and you go topside and a man you can't see and don't know takes a swing at you. Maybe Flack took a short-wave radio along with him. Maybe the ship is haunted. Who might have made that phone call?"

"I don't know," Jason answered. "His voice was strange. It was thick. I thought Flack had been drinking."

"When did you put that note under his door?" the captain asked.

"About five."

"Get that redheaded fellow," Captain Horngold said.

The chief officer left the room.

"Burke," the captain said, "you told me you didn't see anybody."

"I didn't, sir," Burke growled.

"Did you?" the captain asked the other seaman.

"No, Cap'n. It was raining. We just come along the deck and we saw this gentleman come flyin' down them steps and go sprawlin' on the deck."

Captain Horngold returned his eyes to Jason. He got up. "Mr. Amboy, why didn't you report that attack to me?"

"I was about to," Jason answered. "I went below to change to dry clothes. I was on the point of coming up here to

tell you about it when the cadet officer knocked on my door and told me you wanted me."

The captain said grimly, "You two men can go."

The two seamen went out of the room. Captain Horngold now began to pace up and down beside the long mahogany table.

The door opened again. Lieutenant Commander Matthewson came in with the red-haired man. He still wore the black turtle-neck sweater and the dungarees. His air was defiant. His chest swelled out. He came in with his chin up and his lower lip jutting. His green eyes were wary. He glanced quickly at Roth, then at Jason, and his eyes settled on Captain Horngold and narrowed.

"Is this the fellow?" Matthewson asked.

"That's the fellow," Jason answered.

"Do you know that this man has vanished from this ship?"

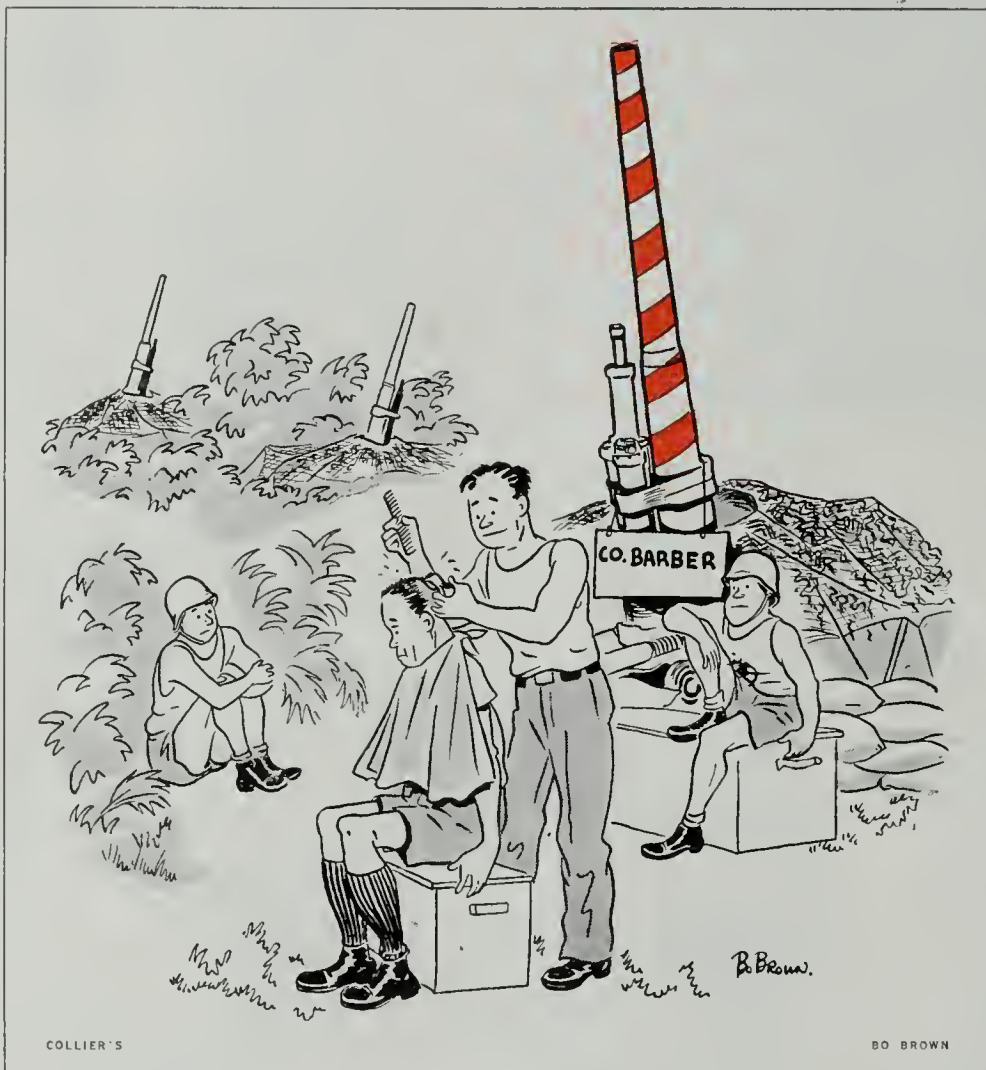
The red-haired man glanced swiftly at Lieutenant Commander Matthewson, then at Jason, then back at Captain Horngold.

"Gee!" he said softly. "What happened?"

"What do you know about it?" the captain answered.

**SAM SHAY** seemed genuinely alarmed. His green eyes seemed to glisten. He took a deep breath through dilated nostrils.

"I don't know anything about it, Cap'n. Sure. I talked to the little guy. He was a nice little guy. We talked about rigs. That's my business. I'm an operating engineer. We spent most of the day talking. He went for'ard about six. He said he would see me again in the morning."



"So this is the fellow," Captain Horngold said, "who can explain everything."

The red-haired man folded his powerful arms on his swelling chest. Captain Horngold, while starting toward him, took off his glasses and tossed them on the table. They slid to the end where Flack's mustache and the bloodstained envelope lay.

The captain was fully a head shorter than the red-haired man. With his fists on his hips, he stared up at the red-haired man and the red-haired man stared down at him.

"What's your name?" the captain said softly.

"Sam Shay, sir," the steerage passenger answered.

"Where are you bound?"

"Pearl Harbor or Samoa, sir."

"You spent the day, or most of it," Captain Horngold said, "with a man who called himself Kitchener."

Sam Shay's green eyes became wary again. "Yes, Captain. Was there any harm in it?"

"Did he say anything to you at all in the course of the day about committing suicide?" Jason asked.

The red-haired man looked at him. He ran his eyes from Jason's shoes to his hair. His eyes lingered on the discolored welt on Jason's left temple.

"No, sir."

"Did he seem at all despondent?" Jason asked.

"No, sir. I never saw anybody in better spirits."

Captain Horngold turned to the room steward. "It must have been immediately after he'd been talking with this man that he talked to you—and seemed so despondent."

"Yes, sir," Roth said in a shaky voice.

"It doesn't hold water," the captain said. He turned to Shay. "There seems to be a suspicion," he said grimly, "that you socked this gentleman on the head up on the paddle-tennis court."

Sam Shay turned his wicked green eyes on Jason. "And why," he asked lazily, "should I sock you, mister?"

"That," Captain Horngold answered, "is only one of the questions I'd like to have answered. Get back to your quarters, and stay there. You can go, Roth."

"Okay, Cap'n." Still grinning at Jason, Sam Shay walked out. Roth followed him.

When the door was closed, Matthewson said, "There is a hard case."

"You can check up on him later," the captain said with a trace of irritation.

"They call him Singapore Sam," the lieutenant commander said. "He is nobody to meet on a dark night. And whether Mr. Amboy met him is a big question. I think he was telling the truth."

Captain Horngold gazed at Jason thoughtfully. "Yes," he said, "I think so, too; but check on him, anyway. Well, Mr. Amboy, we're right back where we started from."

"Yes, sir," said Jason.

"Mr. Amboy, there is obviously something going on on board this ship of a suspicious character. It may have nothing to do with the disappearance of this man Flack. Your refusal to talk places you in a serious position. You must realize that this whole case, if it isn't cleared, must come before a military court, and I assure you that military courts are tough places. If you have anything to say, my advice to you is to say it before this case goes into court."

The captain sat down. He clasped his thick square hands in front of him on the table and bent forward without removing his eyes from Jason's.

"I've told you I know nothing about Flack's disappearance," Jason said.

Captain Horngold continued to stare at him. "I have tried, Mr. Amboy, to give you every consideration. I have been much more lenient with you than your case deserves. I think Roth was lying. And I think you could explain a great deal of this if you wanted to." He stopped, then said softly, "Well, Mr. Amboy?"

"I can't explain any of it," said Jason.

The captain got up again. He pressed his hands down on the table. "You leave me no choice, Mr. Amboy," he said crisply. "I am very sorry. I will have to hold you in the brig until we reach Honolulu."

**THE** Tasmania's brig was, if somewhat limited as to space, clean and it was sanitary. It contained a bunk and a chair. A door of heavy latticed steel gave its occupant a glimpse of several dim blue lamp bulbs and the blackout baffle which led onto the deck well.

Jason stretched out on the bunk with his hands behind his head and a cigarette in his mouth. He tried to sort out his thoughts, but he could not think clearly because, each time he tried, he saw Flack. Thinking of him, as the man he had once been and as the man he had overnight become, he was filled with sadness until, presently, a rising resentment drove it away.

He might never learn what had happened to Flack, but he knew that the Grazzards were responsible. He believed that Flack had, for reasons unknown, fallen under the Grazzards' suspicions, that he had been murdered and that his body had been pushed out of his state-room porthole by the same person who had similarly disposed of Winfield Grazzard. He was certain that Mrs. Hiram Grazzard, or her son, or Channing Mace had killed Flack. And he again thought of the excitement he had seen in Luana's



# The bomb that started a revolution

IT USED to be a slow job to make a bomb casing. You had to hollow out a solid piece of steel. You had to spend time machining the outside surface.

But today, in a bomb plant, you see a white hot tube of steel slide into a big machine. The tube spins at a dizzy speed. And before you know it, magic mechanical arms have shaped the tube into a finished bomb shell... ten times faster than it's ever been done before!

All because somebody in a United States Steel plant had an ingenious idea to "spin" a bomb and shape it the way a potter shapes his clay.

The first bomb made this way started a bomb-making revolution. Because United States Steel turned the process over to other bomb makers, too... so that America's growing swarms of bombers wouldn't lack "eggs" to drop on the Axis.

From United States Steel laboratories come other amazing things to help win the war. Tough helmet steel that stops a .45 bullet. Portable airfields. A new faster method of making bullet-core steel.

## After the war... what?

After the war, steel will serve you even better. Everything from washing machines to skyscrapers will share in these better steels inspired by war. In peace, as in war, no other material rivals steel in useful qualities. The U·S·S Label will mean more than ever on the peacetime goods you buy.

AMERICAN BRIDGE COMPANY · AMERICAN STEEL & WIRE COMPANY · BOYLE MANUFACTURING COMPANY · CARNEGIE-ILLINOIS STEEL CORPORATION · COLUMBIA STEEL COMPANY · CYCLONE FENCE DIVISION · FEDERAL SHIPBUILDING & DRY DOCK COMPANY · NATIONAL TUBE COMPANY · OIL WELL SUPPLY COMPANY · TENNESSEE COAL, IRON & RAILROAD COMPANY · TUBULAR ALLOY STEEL CORPORATION · UNITED STATES STEEL EXPORT COMPANY · UNITED STATES STEEL SUPPLY COMPANY · UNIVERSAL ATLAS CEMENT COMPANY · VIRGINIA BRIDGE COMPANY

**NEW STEELS  
FOR AMERICA**



**\*BUY WAR BONDS EVERY PAYDAY**

The money you loan builds America's war strength. Yours again to spend in years to come... for new comforts, products of steel, things for better living.

**UNITED  
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STEEL**



GIUSTI



eyes when she had come into the dining room.

Recalling Flack's militant suspicions of Natalie Mace, Jason wondered if Flack had been right about her. She had told him on deck that morning that a steward had reported Flack to her as a suspicious character. He did not believe that Natalie was treacherous, yet he was still dubious of her as an ally because of her emotional state—because, if her husband were seriously involved, she might suddenly transfer her loyalty to him.

He recalled how remote, how cool she had been all through dinner. And he wondered if she had repeated to her husband what the steward had told her. If she had, that might well have constituted Flack's death sentence.

There were, of course, many other possibilities. They came boiling to the surface of Jason's mind. Who, he wanted to know, had made that telephone call that had summoned him to the boat deck? Flack had been dead and overboard for some time before that call was made. Whoever had made that call had certainly been familiar with Flack's secrets.

Was the red-haired man, Jason wondered, a member of the Grazzard entourage? If he were, then there was certainly a likelihood that they had instructed him to win Flack's friendship, to make Flack talk.

IF THIS line of reasoning were sound, it was quite possible that Sam Shay had got Flack drunk and that Flack had talked. And from this possibility, it was an easy step to the assumption that Flack had been murdered because he was considered a dangerous obstacle to the Grazzards' plans, and that the red-haired man had then been assigned the job of doing away with Jason.

All of these items dovetailed into a workable design, but not a blueprint. And Jason was dissatisfied, because, although it answered many of his questions, it was not a blueprint. Certainly, Roth's story did not fit into it at all. Actually, the room steward's account of his talk with Flack ran against all of the evidence. It was not only a thing apart, it clashed head-on with every theory that Jason considered.

All that he could safely say was that he and Flack had been watched and there was very little they had done that the Grazzards did not know. And he had learned, once more, that the Grazzards struck with swiftness and deadliness. . . .

There was a tapping at the steel door. When it was repeated, Jason sat up.

A small man in white was standing in the dimly lighted corridor.

"Roth?" Jason exclaimed.

"Yes, sir."

Jason got up and went to the door.

"I had to have a word with you," the room steward said. "It's very important."

"Yes," Jason said. "What was all that winking and shushing about?"

"I didn't want you to talk, Mr. Amboy," Roth said, in a husky whisper. "I wanted you to be very careful."

"Well, I tried to be. What is it, Roth?"

"None of what I said about Flack was true, sir. He didn't talk to me about suicide or anything else. He didn't talk to me at all. I didn't even see him."

"This is very interesting," Jason said. "Why did you say it?"

"Because I'm in this, too," Roth said, in his low, husky whisper, and his mouth was twisted into a snarl. "I'm doing my best to keep you in the clear in order to save myself. If they could prove that you killed this Flack, where would I be?"

"Would you be in trouble?" Jason asked. "I don't see why, Roth."

"I don't know why you killed him,"

said Roth, "and I don't care. I figured it had something to do with that stowaway. And I figured the smart thing for me to do would be to keep the stowaway out of the picture—so I wouldn't be dragged in. How do I know what you might say if they could prove you killed Flack?"

Jason tried to see Roth's face through the latticed steel. But all he saw was one bright, gleaming eye.

"So that's it," Jason murmured. "You cooked up that yarn so you wouldn't be dragged in. You really think I killed Flack and threw him overboard."

"What I think about it isn't important," the room steward said with a touch of waspishness. "The main thing is, I will testify in a military court, or any other court, that Flack talked about suicide. They may hold you for months, but in the end, if I stick to that story, they will have to let you go. And I'll stick to it."

## BUTCH

by CPL. LARRY REYNOLDS



"I'm afraid we owe him an apology. We already frisked him earlier this evening"

"All right, then, Roth, we'll call it a deal. You stick to your story and I won't mention the stowaway. Now, tell me about the mustache."

"It was right after you went down to dinner, sir," his room steward said. "I went in to turn down your bed, and there it was, in front of the bathroom door. It gave me quite a turn, Mr. Amboy. I'll admit frankly that you've impressed me from the beginning as a bad egg, sir, and in my years of going to sea, I've learned to spot a bad egg when I see one. I knew you murdered that stowaway. I got scared. I reported the mustache to the captain after I'd looked into Flack's room and seen that note you wrote."

"But you left it there."

"Yes, sir. And right then and there, I suspected you'd done away with Flack—and how did I know my turn wasn't next?"

"That's very lucid reasoning," Jason murmured.

The eye at the hole in the lattice seemed to gleam more brightly. "I'm only looking out for myself," Emil Roth said stiffly. . . .

Jason's first visitor the next morning

was Natalie Mace. The blond girl was pale, and her smile, when she approached the latticed door, was wan.

She looked in at him. "You poor darling," she said, and she shook her small blond head with affection and despair. "You've certainly done things up brown this time, haven't you? Luana's in her room having hysterics. The Grazzards are chuckling in their beards. And your poor little valet is *lewa*—"

"What does that mean?"

"Gone with the wind."

Her voice was bantering, but her eyes were harder than he had ever seen them.

Before Jason could speak, she said, "The Grazzards have you just where they want you. You're going to be tangled up with the military for months to come. The captain spoke quite freely to Mrs. Grazzard. What he didn't say, I guessed. He questioned all of us and

"We aren't licked," Jason said firmly. "Is Winfield Grazzard *lewa*, too?"

"Yes."

"When did it happen?"

"Night before last. Did you talk to the steward?"

"Of course not! Jason, you've got to trust me now! What happened to Winfield Grazzard? They murdered him didn't they?"

Jason hesitated. It may have been once again, the honesty he saw in her eyes that decided him. "Yes," he said. "He was murdered and pushed out a porthole at the time I was talking to you on B deck. When I went into my room his bed was empty but still warm. A few drops of blood on the floor led to one of the portholes, and there was a little smear of blood on the porthole rim."

Natalie was nodding. She didn't seem surprised. "That's what I guessed. Do you think the same thing happened to Flack?"

"Yes."

"Do you suspect anyone?"

Jason hesitated again. "To be perfectly frank, Natalie, I suspect your husband. Or it might have been Lorrin. Or it might have been Queen Bertha. It was one of the three."

THE blond girl's eyes were suddenly avid. "Were there any other clues?"

He thought of the slip of yellow paper with its typical smear of blood, but he had already decided not to mention it. "No," he said.

"The ship's officers are questioning passengers now," Natalie said, "trying to find someone who saw Flack go overboard. The whole ship's buzzing . . . just what happened last night, Jason?"

He told her. He began with the mysterious telephone call. When he had described the episode of the tennis court, he added, "I thought I saw a gleam of light on wet red hair, but maybe I didn't. The man who took that wallop at me might have been your husband—or Lorrin. Whoever he was, he was a big man. It was almost dark. I could hardly see. And they're both big men."

Jason mentioned the redheaded man's attitude in the captain's office, and his suspicions that Sam Shay might be on the Grazzards' pay roll.

Natalie was shaking her head. "I don't believe it. I think I'd have heard of him. Unintentionally, Channing keeps me rather well posted. The main question is, can you trust that room steward?"

"Roth is afraid," Jason answered, "of his neck."

The blond girl seemed dubious. "You're in very hot water, Jason, and it's going to get hotter. What I said yesterday morning was right. Channing told me last night—in strictest confidence, to use his own words—that your brother had attempted to blackmail Mrs. Grazzard."

"How did it come up?"

"He mentioned you. He said Queen Bertha seemed very concerned about you and your airplane engine. Then he said, 'These Amboys are a smooth bunch.' When I asked him what he meant, he said your brother had dug up a family skeleton and tried to sell it to her. Jason, what's the use? I guessed that. I've been right all along."

"Did he mention what they'd done to my brother?"

"No. I asked him. He said he didn't know."

"Do you remember," Jason asked her, "just what was going on in Kokala the night my brother vanished?"

"Nothing was going on. Channing spent the evening at the mill. There was some trouble with a Japanese machine-shop foreman. Channing didn't come

gave us permission to talk to you. I suspect he wants us to try to break you down. He is anxious to clear this up before we reach Honolulu. He said your valet had evidently committed suicide, but that there were circumstances that had compelled him to clap you in the brig."

HOW did the Grazzards take it?" Jason asked.

"Very bravely. And there are lots of interesting angles, Jason. There is a rumor that you were attacked last night by a red-haired ruffian—a defense worker. What was that about?"

"I don't know," Jason answered.

"That's a lovely welt," Natalie was shaking her head. "Mystery on top of mystery. I've just come from your cabin. The door was open. Your steward was cleaning. Where, Jason, is your stowaway?"

Jason was considering the advisability of telling her.

His hesitation angered her. "You still don't trust me!" she cried. "Could things possibly be any worse? Maybe we're licked, but I refuse to think so."





# The simple facts about a cleaner, finer smoke!



**1. THE TOBACCO.** We resolved to develop the finest cigarette that science, science and art could produce. As the first step, Mr. de Kirk, pictured above, who has purchased more quality tobacco than any other living person, combed the stocks of all tobacco dealers and bought the best—millions of dollars worth of vintage Turkish and domestic tobaccos.

**2. THE BLENDING.** Given these fine vintage tobaccos, the skill with which they are blended is paramount. So, creation of the Fleetwood blend was entrusted to a master of the art, Mr. W. Curtis Bethea, shown above, who has blended more brands of cigarettes, successful on a large scale, than any other tobaccoist.

**3. THE FLAVOR.** A professional jury of tasters guided in the blending until a blend both milder and better tasting than any of the six largest selling brands was achieved. These (above) were tea tasters Mr. E. Edwards and Mr. C. W. Felton; coffee tasters Mr. F. M. Reuss and Mr. A. J. O'Laughlin; wine tasters Mrs. Jeanne Owen and Mr. H. J. Grossman.



**4. THE MOISTURE-RETAINING AGENT.** Acting on the advice of physicians and chemists, we rejected for the Fleetwood the moisture-retaining agent used in other cigarettes, and adopted instead a modern hygroscopic agent which does not produce acrolein, an irritating gas usually present in cigarette smoke.

**5. THE SMOKE CLEANSING.** The Imperial size of Fleetwood gives extra filtration of the smoke. This reduces throat irritants, nicotine, and tars that strain fingers and teeth. The smoke of Fleetwood is filtered through more tobacco—20% more for the first puff and 50% more for the last—provided you do not smoke Fleetwoods farther than you would old-size cigarettes.

**6. THE PACKAGE.** Fleetwoods are packed in better quality, stronger material, to protect the cigarette against being crumpled in the purse or pocket. As a pleasing final touch for what we believe to be the first completely modern cigarette, the eminent art director, Mr. Leland Stanford Briggs, was commissioned to develop a package of artistic merit.

## FLEETWOOD

**7. RESULTS OF TESTS** of the smoke of Fleetwood and four of the large-selling brands which were also included in the famous Reader's Digest test last summer. As tested here all cigarettes were machine-smoked to an average distance of 40 millimeters to simulate natural smoking.

Brand	Milligrams of Tar in the smoke	Milligrams of Nicotine in the smoke
Fleetwood	7.7	1.2
A	8.2	1.8
B	8.3	1.8
C	9.0	2.1
D	10.4	2.4



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home until after one o'clock. I'd spent the evening reading."

"Where were the Grazzards?"

"In the main house, I think. But I don't know, Jason."

"When your husband said that my brother was a blackmailer, did he mention Winfield Grazzard?"

"No, Jason."

"Uncle Colton?"

"No. But he was certainly referring to Uncle Colton."

"When did this talk take place?"

"Just before dinner."

"Was that," Jason asked, "why you were so remote all through dinner?"

"Partly. And partly because Channing said he thought that you and I were spending an awful lot of time together. He's a terribly suspicious man—and terribly jealous." The blond girl was looking at Jason speculatively. "Well, my dear, what are we going to do?"

"I'd like to talk to Luana."

Natalie smiled wryly. "Luana is, at this moment, having hysterics all over her stateroom. She can't see anyone. I tried to talk to her and she ordered me to get out."

THE blond girl's mouth had become cynical, an arch, with the corners pulled down. "She told me you'd told her yesterday that you're in love with her. That wasn't very clever of you, Jason. She's in love with you, and there's nothing either of you can do about it, and the last thing she said was that you're just as bad as your brother."

"Will you tell her I want to talk to her?"

Natalie shook her head. "I will not, Jason. You've caused her enough trouble."

"I don't want to make love to her," said Jason. "I want to find out where she was last night. She didn't come into the dining room until dinner was half over. She was very excited about something."

"When she calms down a little," Natalie promised, "I'll talk to her again. Is there anything else?"

Jason nodded. "Yes. Find out if Winfield Grazzard was ever in the Engineers—in the United States Army. Find out what they did to my brother after he tried to blackmail them—"

"Don't we already know that?" Natalie interrupted him.

"Try to make Channing talk about it," Jason persisted. "And find out the date when Luana's father and mother were drowned in Kaieiewaho Passage in their outrigger canoe."

She was looking at him thoughtfully, with her eyes narrowed and a small shadow between them.

"You still won't accept my explanation, will you?"

"Blackmail?" he said. "No, Natalie. Your idea is too easy. They killed my brother because he was a blackmailer. Was Flack a blackmailer, too?"

Her face was growing pink. Her blue eyes were bright and hard. "Flack was a busybody and a snoop!"

"Did your husband know that?"

"He certainly didn't hear it from me!" Natalie snapped. "But if Flack snooped once, he may have snooped again. Did you warn him?"

Jason sighed. "I didn't have a chance, and it wouldn't have done any good. He was out of control. I think he had some sly scheme and they caught him at it. They killed him and tossed him overboard."

"Does that disprove my theory?" the blond girl cried.

"Does it prove it?" Jason answered. "I still say your conclusions are questionable."

Natalie uttered a sharp little gasp of annoyance. "You're so obstinate, Jason."



"... meanwhile two outstanding players will stage an exhibition match. You don't think the idea too novel?"

COLLIER'S

RICHARD TAYLOR

Jason laughed. "No one," he retorted, "would accuse you of being pliable."

"I'm furious at you," Natalie said, "for letting them get you cornered. And I'm furious at you for taking it so cheerfully. They have you just where they want you, and you don't seem to care."

"It's giving me a chance to think things out," Jason said. "I've got some ideas of my own, and if you'll find out what I ask you to, we'll see if they don't add up to a good legible blueprint."

THE blond girl took her hands away from the door and made a gesture of impatience. "Jason, I don't know what this is all about. You've got some mysterious idea. I don't care what it is—because you're off on the wrong track. Your pride won't let you accept the truth—that your brother was a blackmailer."

"Will you get me that information?" Jason said gently.

"Why won't you face the truth?" she wailed.

"I'm on the track of the truth."

"I'll try," she said sulkily. "All you've accomplished is to give me another splitting headache."

The master of the Tasmania had changed to tropical whites. Lieutenant Commander Matthewson, also in whites,

stood behind him, a head taller. His smile was slightly jeering, and his gray eyes were steely.

"I've talked to a number of the passengers," Captain Horngold said crisply, "and Lieutenant Commander Matthewson has been at work on the crew. But we've found no one yet who saw your valet jump overboard."

"How about Singapore Sam?" Jason asked.

"I checked with the crew and the defense workers," Matthewson answered. "No one saw him in his cabin from eight-thirty to nine, and no one saw him go topside. So we're still where we were."

"I've let it be known," the captain said, "that an innocent man is locked up here and may suffer for something he didn't do, unless someone comes forward. If anyone saw your valet jump and is holding back for fear of being involved, that may help. And it occurred to me, Mr. Amboy, that with all this time to think things over, you may have decided to cooperate with me."

Lieutenant Commander Matthewson was smiling compassionately. "It seems a shame to keep you penned up in that little hole," he said.

"I know nothing about Flack's disappearance," Jason said.

There was a glow of elation in Natalie's blue eyes, and a twirk of triumph in her smile. She came to the door, the brig and hooked her fingers into the square holes.

"Well, my pet," she said with a gaiety that wasn't usual with her, "I have some information for you. And I'm afraid you won't like it. My blackmail theory is absolutely correct!"

Jason took it calmly. "How about the information I wanted?"

"Oh, I have a little of that, too. The important thing, though, is something that Channing just said. He was talking to me again about your brother. It's Uncle Colton, darling. Your brother spent all those years in India digging up something in Uncle Colton's past—just as I guessed—and then tried to blackmail the Grazzards."

"What did they do to him?" Jason asked in a dry voice.

"I don't know. Channing won't talk about it. I don't know whether he knows or not. But it's true, Jason. And he killed Winfield Grazzard for the same reason."

"Did he mention Winfield?"

"No. The important thing he mentioned was Uncle Colton."

"Yes," Jason agreed. "Everything comes back to Uncle Colton. All roads lead to Kahuna Island. The other morning on deck, when you first mentioned Uncle Colton, you told me that, until recently, he was called the hermit of Kahuna, and that recently the real truth about him had come out."

"Yes."

"How recently?"

"I don't know, Jason. It was sudden all over the islands."

"As recently as a year?"

THE blond girl looked thoughtful. She shrugged. "Perhaps. Perhaps two years. It suddenly got out."

"You said that he had always been dominated by his sister. You gave me a picture of a terrified little man—who had had a nervous breakdown and had gone into voluntary exile."

"But that wasn't the truth!" Natalie cried.

"Yes, I know. And you said that his one passion was rare old books—first editions. You gave me a very clear impression of a sensitive, frightened man—an unworldly, scholarly sort of person—who had gone to live on a small island to get away from civilization—who preferred that kind of loneliness with no one but the natives for company—and his books."

Natalie said impatiently, "That was only a smoke screen, Jason. I told you he wasn't a hermit by choice. I told you he was virtually a prisoner."

"Yes, I remember. But you said his one passion was rare old books. Is it still?"

"Yes, Jason. Whenever Queen Bertha goes over to Kahuna in her sampan, she usually takes him bundles of them."

"This is very interesting," Jason said. "Do you know what Uncle Colton's financial setup is?"

Natalie shook her head. "No. All I know is that Queen Bertha and Uncle Colton were quite poor before she married Hiram."

"So that Uncle Colton is now very likely a pensioner of hers?"

Natalie nodded. "Maybe. Although Uncle Hiram may have left him something. But is this important, Jason? The important thing is that Uncle Colton, as a young man, did some scandalous thing in Burma and your brother and Winfield Grazzard found out what it was. I guessed that and I was right."

(To be continued next week)





## THE FIVE CROWNS GIVE *TOUGHNESS* THE "KNIFE"!

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# THE FINER Seagram's 5 Crown







**1. Up on Mt. Olympus,** Morpheus was V. P. in charge of Slumber. Presumably he saw to it that all good Greeks forgot their worries and had a good night's sleep.



**2. Morpheus would have** his hands full today. He didn't have to contend with the kind of war we have—or with people whose nerves are jangled by caffeine.



**3. If you're one** of those who toss and turn and long for sleep—just because you couldn't resist a cup of coffee—you won't get Morpheus' help: you'd better act, yourself!



**4. We could suggest** that no matter how much you like coffee—and there's plenty to like about it—you should give it up. But here's a better idea—



**5. If you're upset** or kept awake by the caffeine in coffee, switch to Sanka Coffee. It's real, delicious coffee with 97% of the caffeine removed! It can't get on anyone's nerves!



**6. Only the caffeine is removed;** the delightful flavor and aroma stay in. When you get your next coffee ration get Sanka. It's delicious coffee that lets you relax.

# SANKA COFFEE



BUY U. S. WAR  
SAVINGS BONDS  
AND STAMPS!

**SLEEP ISN'T A LUXURY; IT'S A NECESSITY. DRINK SANKA AND SLEEP!**

TUNE IN . . . 5:45 P.M., New York Time, Sunday afternoon. Sanka Coffee brings you **William L. Shirer**, famous author of "Berlin Diary," in 15 minutes of news over the Columbia Network.

## The Non-Bureaucratic Mr. Byrnes

Continued from page 11

frequently gives first-time callers, accustomed to the rodeo characteristics of other war agencies, a feeling that the place hasn't got started yet.

Mr. Byrnes' unfashionably small staff consists of Mr. Ben Cohen, general counsel; Mr. Don Russell, associate counsel; Mr. Edwin F. Pritchard, executive secretary and Mr. Sam Lubbell, an aide whose duties are various. On the distaff side, there are Miss Cassie Connor, private secretary, and three clerk-stenographers. Mr. Cohen is the more durable member of the old New Deal team of Corcoran and Cohen. Mr. Russell was Mr. Byrnes' law partner in Spartanburg, South Carolina. Mr. Pritchard is one of Washington's swifter minds and was once secretary to Supreme Court Justice Frankfurter, a job in which he had to think fast. Mr. Lubbell is a journalist who learned his way around wartime Washington as an associate in the late Office of Facts and Figures.

In our innocence, we visualized the powerful Mr. Byrnes following an electric routine, snapping forth directives to the Seven Czars—Nelson of the War Production Board, McNutt of the War Manpower Commission, Wickard of the Food Administration, Henderson of Price Administration, Eastman of Transportation, Landis of Civilian Defense, and Jeffers of Rubber.

### Our Economic Dictator

Admittedly we had some little trouble thus visualizing the mild, sagacious fellow whom we had known as a senator (a senator's senator). By temperament, he is about as blustery as an ideal June afternoon, although, incidentally, he is about that persuasive too. And yet the man gets more done than almost any of the world's current crop of dictators, timorous lot that they are for the most part.

To appreciate the extent of his powers, it is necessary to quote a paragraph from the Presidential executive order creating the Office of Economic Stabilization:

"The Director with the approval of the President shall formulate and develop a comprehensive national economic policy relating to the control of civilian purchasing power, prices, rents, wages, salaries, profits, rationing, subsidies and all related matters—all for the purpose of preventing avoidable increases in the cost of living, co-operating in minimizing the unnecessary migration of labor from one business, industry or region to another, and facilitating the prosecution of the war. To give effect to this comprehensive national economic policy, the Director shall have power to issue directives on policy to the federal departments and agencies concerned."

Unlike the traditional big executive, Mr. Byrnes follows no daily routine. He does not permit himself to be met in the morning by a program of "musts," thus merely keeping abreast. He saunters into his office about nine-thirty, a slim, wiry figure, a trifle cocky. His felt hat is at a jaunty angle. His blue-gray eyes are amused. He seems to know precisely what he is going to do first and do last.

The fact is that he's a lap ahead of his job. Today he is more interested in what he'll be called upon to do tomorrow. When he finds out (which he invariably does) he makes luncheon, dinner and poker dates with the officials he will have to deal with next day. Thus as he enters his office, about nine tenths of the day's work is over the hill.

He has reduced politics to as nearly an

exact science as it is possible to make that opportunistic business.

Far from being a headlong New Dealer, he has nevertheless achieved the almost solemn respect of the President not that he hasn't frequently irritated Mr. Roosevelt.

To illustrate: While he was in the Senate, Mr. Roosevelt had him up to the White House one evening to listen to the reading of a bit of legislation very much desired by the Administration. Mr. Byrnes listened. He listened, too, to the President's reasons for wanting such legislation. He listened to several of Mr. Roosevelt's most eager yes-men, plus experts, plus a couple of Congress scouts who had notified the President that the bill would pass with something to spare. And then Mr. Byrnes shook his head, advised Mr. Roosevelt to hold off until a more auspicious day. The bill would be beaten in the Senate, he said, by two votes. The President went ahead, irritated. The bill was licked by two votes. Mr. Byrnes has done that a number of times. As we've said, the man knows what he's doing.

Over years of intelligent study of men and measures, he has mastered the science of making no enemies while avoiding the too obvious and overeager business of merely making friends.

It is because of these personal and professional qualities that Mr. Byrnes was chosen by Mr. Roosevelt to direct the Office of Economic Stabilization. It's a job of which the best economists might readily make an anguished mess. It is a job for a man who can hitch economists and sentimentalists to the same direction, who can make Republicans listen with the same earnestness as Democrats.

Already Mr. Byrnes has steamed a lot of possible bureaucratic hokum out of his job. Doubtless you've read a lot of directives, involved and mysterious documents written in legal double talk, leaving writer and reader all but permanently gaga. Mr. Byrnes writes directives now and then—simple homely documents which are likely to run something like this: "Dear Ed: Suppose we go ahead along the lines we agreed upon last night at Joe's house. Call me up if you need anything." (This is not what Mr. Byrnes wrote, but it gives you the idea.)

### The Long Way Up

He will be sixty-four years old in May, a fact that concerns him very little. His father, a Colleton County, South Carolina, farmer, died just before he was born, and his mother took to sewing and directing the church choir. The combination failed to produce more than a mere living for herself and her two children. At the age of fourteen, the lad quit high school for a job or rather a series of jobs. He studied stenography at night. This brought him to a court-reporter job, and, having that, he studied law in his spare time. Then came the newspaper. And then he was elected county solicitor (district attorney).

In 1910, he ran for Congress, winning by 57 votes. After seven terms of that, he ran for the Senate against the famous Cole Blease—and got licked. For six years he practiced law in Spartanburg. And then in 1930 he challenged the Honorable Mr. Blease again—and won. He was re-elected in 1936. Then the Supreme Court. And now this. He is an Episcopalian. His wife was the former Miss Maude Busch of Aiken, South



Carolina, whom he married when he was editing the Journal and Review and absorbing wisdom from the lamented Biz.

A devout party man, he was far from being good news to the New Deal program as a whole while he was in the Senate. He was an outstanding member of the so-called Economy Bloc. Unlike the President, he believed that the states should assume a much larger share of the cost of relief. He voted to override the President's veto of the soldiers' bonus and to repeal the Administration's corporate profits tax. He supported his Senate colleague, the Honorable Cotton Ed Smith, when that gentleman was marked for purging by Mr. Roosevelt. But he supported the President's Supreme Court revision bill, even going to the extent of burlesquing the indignant outcries of those senators who accused Mr. Roosevelt of having foul designs upon the cornerstone or equally necessary segment of our republic. It happened on a train shortly after Mr. Byrnes was appointed to the court. Several senators were his audience.

### Tongue in Cheek

"The President was all wrong," cried Mr. Byrnes, his voice trembling with emotion. "It was one of his greatest mistakes. His approach was all wrong. Instead of forcing a man off the court when he reaches the age of seventy, he should not appoint him to the court until he is over seventy."

The order creating his job as Director of Economic Stabilization provides for an advisory board of fourteen. They have no administrative power, merely advisory. But when you've read their names and then learn that such a board can convene every two weeks and adjourn with no casualties, your admiration for the Byrnes system becomes slightly hysterical.

Read them and reflect: Harold D. Smith, Director of the Budget; Henry Morgenthau, Jr., Secretary of the Treasury; Claude R. Wickard, Food Administrator; Jesse Jones, Secretary of Commerce; Frances Perkins, Secretary of Labor; Marriner S. Eccles, chairman of the Federal Reserve; William H. Davis, chairman of the War Labor

Board; and the Director of the Office of Price Administration, whoever he may be at the moment.

In addition to these are two representatives of management: Eric A. Johnston of Spokane, Washington, and Ralph E. Flanders of Springfield, Vermont; and two laborites, Philip Murray, president of the C.I.O. and William Green, president of the A. F. of L. Just to be sure that the argument could be a public affair, the board includes also Edward A. O'Neal, president of the American Farm Bureau, and James G. Patton, president of the National Farmers' Union.

Thus far, no one has been hurt, although several of these gentlemen have complained of "having felt a somewhat rapid drop in the temperature before the meeting adjourned." But all of them say the Byrnes urbanity never wears thin.

In no more than two minutes, Mr. Byrnes thinks, you ought to be able to learn definitely whether a speaker knows what he's talking about or is merely talking. He cites the rule in the House of Representatives which limits to five minutes the remarks of any member speaking on amendments. In two minutes, the member speaking has to sell his audience on the value of listening to him. In those two minutes, the House knows whether to give ear for the remaining three minutes or to go back to reading the newspaper.

We did a bit of inquiring. On Capitol Hill we found no one who ever took to his newspaper two minutes after Mr. Byrnes started talking. However, the general opinion was that he rarely talked for more than two minutes. He is no orator and, better, nobody knows this better than he does.

While we were in his office, he was on the telephone nine times. Among those who called him up were Harry Hopkins, Leon Henderson, Donald Nelson, Senator Barkley and several others, including the President of the United States. The Byrnes brevity was completely un-Washington. To none did he talk more than two minutes. But after talking a minute to the President, he arose, left his office and disappeared into the long well-lighted tunnel which connects his office and Mr. Roosevelt's.

THE END



"Right now it doesn't seem very birdlike, does it?"

CHON DAY



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# BACKSTAGE BEAUTY

BY PEGGY LE BOUTILLIER

PHOTOGRAPH BY LAURENCE MONAHAN

Not content to be the first woman to stage-manage a musical, Betty Arnold picks the most unmanageable show on Broadway

ONE of the prettiest girls on the pay roll of the wild and ripsnorting musical called *Sons O' Fun*, now reverberating through the Winter Garden Theater in New York, is never once seen by the audience. Her name is Betty Arnold and she's the first female ever to stage-manage a musical show on Broadway.

Musicals are nothing if not tricky, and tops in screwball wackiness is any Olsen and Johnson brain wave. Every night from 8:20 on, the lush-eyed, raven-tressed Betty, wearing practical slacks and wedgies, stands by the flash box in the southeast corner of the stage, her right arm held high. Around her is a crazy whirligig of prop men trundling pink baby carriages, electricians coiling lethal Medusa wires, stagehands setting up ninepins or poop decks, newsboys peddling

their "extree-extrees"—not to mention the on-again, off-again *Sons O' Fun* cast, which totals eighty-five members.

Suddenly someone hurls down a gun on the stage. Suddenly the girl backstage snaps down her arm, yells in a voice that is at once soft and masterful, "Okay, Bumpy." And suddenly the flash box flashes and a violent explosion rocks 1,575 people in their 1,575 respective seats, not including S.R.O.

"Go ahead, Skip," cries Betty. And on goes a phonograph record that whirs like an airplane engine. She counts silently up to eight, then waves her arm like a discus thrower and shouts, "Now there, Uli." And the thunder of cannons ricochets off the four walls of the house, straight to Seventh Avenue and Broadway.

"Things happen too darn' fast around here," complains Betty, laughing. "But I finally learned the ropes and threw out the cue sheet. Now I never use one—by the time I've looked at the sheet, I've missed the cue. I just yell 'Go' from instinct."

When Betty yells "Go," there's a snowstorm at the Winter Garden; or a cow drops out of the sky; or live white homing pigeons fly across the stage; or a trap door yawns; or a white plaster Venus blushes to show the impact of Olsen's kiss; or there's a total blackout and 5,000 dried beans, giving the illusion of spiders tickle the audience's unsuspecting cheeks and jowls.

The 450 cues Betty must memorize are at least twice the number any reasonably sane musical would require, and the show's twenty-eight scenes are cluttered with about five times the usual number of props. In addition, Betty must know the names of the thirty-five stagehands and exactly where each one stands and what each one does at 8:31, 10:20 or 11:16½.

"It's tough sledding," she admits, "cause if we run over the dead line we have to pay every stagehand and musician a buck a minute extra, and it's up to me to count that nightmare out. I used to eat dinner at 7:00. Now I eat a night lunch after the show. Even then I have to sit around unwinding myself until 4:30 A. M. before I can relax enough to go to sleep."

## The Housewife Takes Over

Betty's debut in the strictly male stage-manager field began with a lot of double talk. Until a few months ago, she was keeping house and cooking Hungarian paprikas for her husband, one Milton Stern, then stage manager of *Sons O' Fun*. Faced with the prospect of early induction into the Army, he looked up from a copy of *Variety* one night, with a strange gleam in his eye.

"Uh-huh," he said to Betty. "Well . . . perhaps."

Then he said, "Sure, why not . . . why not?"

"Hey, what's going on here?" asked Betty.

"Sure," continued Milt, "look at all the different jobs women are taking over now that their men are going to war." He stood up. "I'm giving you my cue sheet, sweetheart," he announced, and before she knew it, Betty was getting ten weeks' initiation to madness in a road company of Hellzapoppin.

In one way Betty has it all over male stage managers because, a dancer herself, she can learn the dance routines in a flash and check them by ear.

"Listen, kid," she admonishes the blonde, front line left, "don't you miss that beat again, or else!"

"Oh, I know you're human," she says to another girl. "But couldn't you wait till *after* the clinch to scratch your back?"

"And boy," she laughs, "do they jump when I give them a blast! They know I'll call them in for rehearsal. Rehearsal's the big boogy word around here. I call it at the crack of dawn—around 10 A. M.—and they have to get up on a bare stage and do their stuff."

One of Betty's biggest responsibilities is checking props for safety. The threat of accident is omnipresent. The heat cracks a reflector and splinters it into a million pieces on the head of a chorus girl. A rope splits, and an iron table lands on a principal's shoulder. A gabbing stagehand opens the trap door too late and the wrong actor falls in. Betty must be there, ask questions, soothe nerves, call the doctor.

Not until 11:27 when the final curtain falls is there a letup in the strain and anxiety. Then Betty leans up against the Seventh Avenue door and lights a cigarette. "This show's a madhouse," she says contentedly, "and death on arches." ★★

Betty Arnold, left, talking with a couple of *Sons O' Fun* chorus girls, is responsible for the show's innumerable cues, props, bedlam, split-second timing





# *A Case of* **LESS SCRAP, MORE FIGHT**

**T**HIS sleek and polished example of superfine machining is a propeller shaft for a Buick-built Pratt & Whitney aircraft engine.

It used to be cut by slow and painful whittling from a forging made from a 184-pound bar of steel.

By changing the forging method, Buick found a way to get the same results from a steel bar weighing only 165 pounds.

Nineteen pounds less material to be cut away, 19 pounds less scrap to be sent back for remelting, considerably

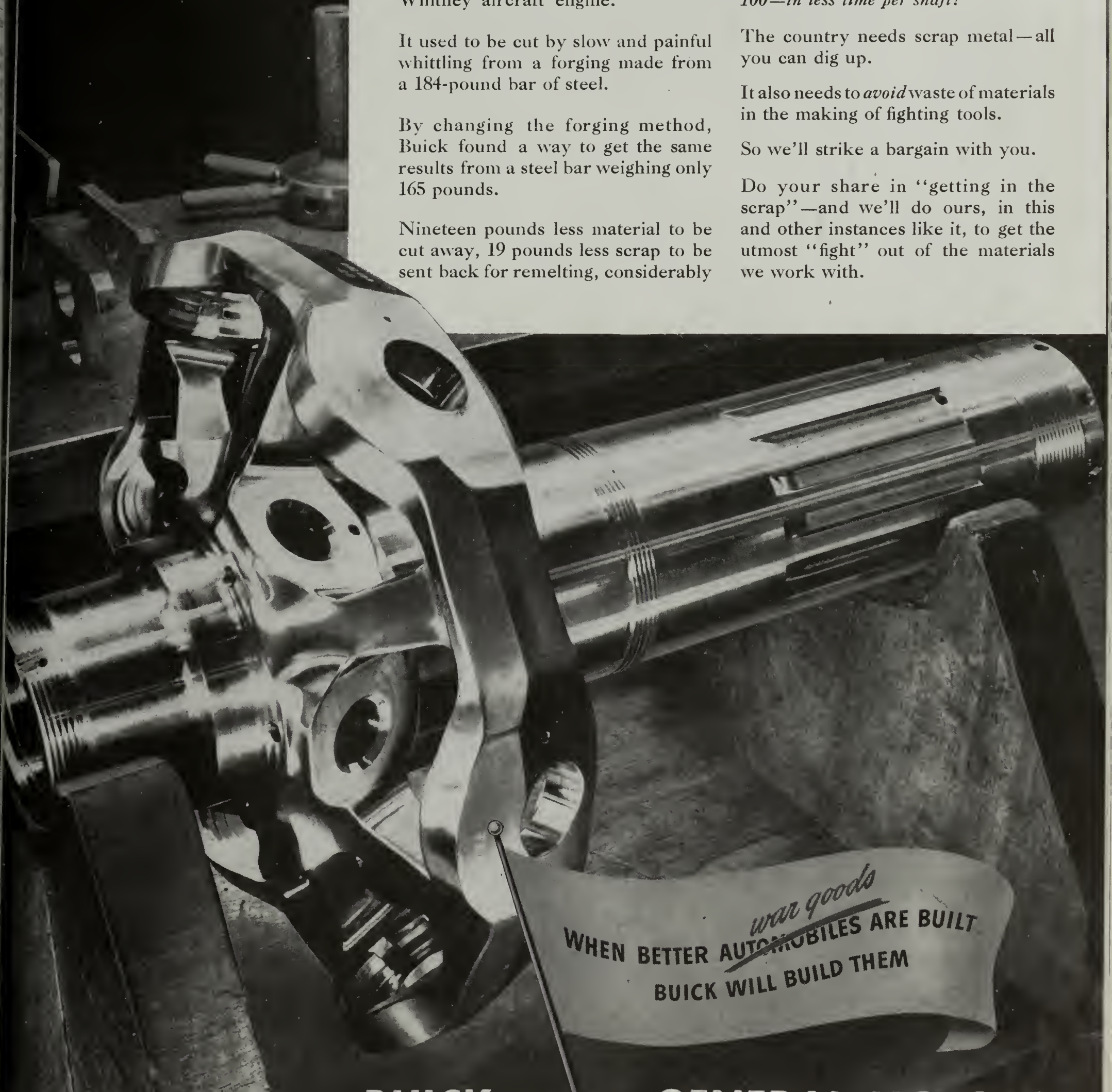
less expenditure of precious machine tools and—*111 propeller shafts from the same material that used to deliver only 100—in less time per shaft!*

The country needs scrap metal—all you can dig up.

It also needs to *avoid* waste of materials in the making of fighting tools.

So we'll strike a bargain with you.

Do your share in "getting in the scrap"—and we'll do ours, in this and other instances like it, to get the utmost "fight" out of the materials we work with.



*war goods*  
**WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT  
BUICK WILL BUILD THEM**

**BUICK** DIVISION OF **GENERAL MOTORS**



## Civilian Pilot

Continued from page 15

of three hundred a month. If you make the grade you'll go into the Army Air Forces as a service pilot, if we think you're suitable officer material. Otherwise, you'll remain a civilian pilot. Any objections to a commission as second lieutenant?"

"That's a pretty low rating for a man with my experience."

His head came up and he stared at me again, hard. "Any objections?"

I snapped, "No!"

"Very well."

HE CALLED someone on the telephone and I leaned back against the wall and had a cigarette. The great Ferrying Command. I thought. Nuts! Slicing the whole world into Great Circle bits; hopping the so-called Big Drink practically hanging onto one another's tails, like a parade of circus elephants; setting down Liberators in Australia, cargo in Alaska and in China, night fighters in England and attack bombers in Africa, with tank-busting cannon. Space measured in terms of fuel consumption. Time measured by the ticking r.p.m.'s. The great Ferrying Division of the A.A.F.—a bunch of kids. Infants. Babies.

When the check pilot came in, zipping his flight jumper, I was glaring at the lieutenant and really steaming. I wasn't the biggest shot in the flying world, but I had done a little test pioneering and smashed plenty of records in my time. I wasn't used to being treated like something that had just crawled out from the pages of a log book. The Army, I thought; the same old Army. It never changes.

The check pilot nodded at me and asked, "This the man?"

Lieutenant Leslie winked at him and said, "Right. Mr. Jenkins, Lieutenant Hal Wallace. Take him up in a BT first, and if he checks out okay, try him on twin-engine. See you later."

That was about the first thing I liked that day. They wasted no time. You were either good or bad and they found it out then and there.

We went into another room and I had to sign releases to the government, in case of accident. Then we picked up some chutes, headphones and other paraphernalia and walked out to the line, where there were thirty or forty planes of all types and sizes standing about.

The BT is a low-wing, two-place ship built for basic training, which is what BT stands for. I had never flown one of that type, but was used to similar ships of equal horsepower. It should have been a push-over and it was.

WALLACE dished out instructions over the Gosport for a certain flight pattern, but in ten minutes knew he was wasting time. We came back to the field and walked over to a beautiful twin-engine Lockheed standing on the line. I had about five hundred hours on DC-3s, so Wallace said, "You won't have trouble with this crate."

We climbed in and went through the preliminary check of starting and warm-up, take-off, flight check, prelanding, overshooting procedure, simulated forced landing and after-landing procedure. Then we set her down and taxied back to the line.

Wallace and I had a cigarette while walking back to Transition and he said, "You're in, Jenkins. How do you think you'll like it here?"

I was still nervous about making two

check flights in a row and said, "I don't know. Something funny about the place. I thought you fellows would be tickled still to get experienced pilots."

"We are."

"Then why all the big noise about commissions and that sort of tripe?"

He gave me a funny glance, but made no reply.

We went into Transition and back into the office. Leslie glanced through Wallace's check-flight reports and looked up with a pleased light in his eyes. He reached over the desk and shook hands with me. "You're the kind of man we want, Jenkins. Sit down. We'll try to get you through this Civil Service stuff as quickly as we can."

Wallace went out with a frown and Leslie started shoving papers at me and, brother, I mean papers! We went to other offices and there were other questionnaires to fill out. At the provost marshal's, I was fingerprinted and photographed.

Just before noon I found myself back in Transition, dizzy, reeling with the heat and wondering what had happened to me. But I knew one thing; I was in the Ferrying Division—solid.

Leslie finished bawling out someone on the telephone and got to his feet. "Come on. We'll hop over to Operations and get you started."

Operations was in a California farmhouse type of building on the other side of the road. Behind a smooth desk was another young officer, but with two silver bars on his shoulders. He was talking to a major slouched in a chair across the room.

Leslie introduced me all around and dumped a mass of papers on the captain's desk. While Captain Dunham was studying the reports, the major scratched his head and said, "Burl Jenkins. Why, I remember you." He got up and shook

hands with me again. "You were really a racing fool, sir. Glad to have you with us. How do you like the layout?"

I was still thinking of Wallace's frown and said, "It keeps getting bigger and better—in spite of the Army."

There was dead silence in the room for a moment and they all stared at me. The major's smile disappeared and he said, "It's even bigger than that, Jenkins. Any four-engine time?"

"Never had a chance at it."

"You'll get it now." He turned to Leslie and said, "Put him down for one of the B-17s as soon as you can."

Just like that. For years I had been wanting to fly one of those babies and here it was dumped into my lap as a gift. I began to feel pretty good, but that faded in a hurry. The attitude of the officers toward me was as warm and friendly as a chunk of ice.

DUNHAM finished the reports. He shoved them aside and nodded at me. "Okay," he said. "You work out of this department from now on—Operations. It means what it says. We do the delivering. You are now a civilian pilot in the 69th Ferrying Group, 138th Base Headquarters. If you're officer material we'll have you before a board to commission you as soon as possible."

But there was a light in his eyes that plainly said, "Maybe."

He continued, talking as if he were pressed for time. "We'll show you the ropes in a couple of minutes. But the main thing to know is that your job is to deliver. Every plane you wash out is a victory for the Japs, with no expense to them. To prevent that, we give you the best of everything. A factory turns a plane over to us and they say it's okay. We don't think so. That plane's got to go through our own acceptance before we turn it over to you. When you get it she's

all right. It's your private property. Understand? Just as if you owned it, which you literally do till you turn it over at destination."

The telephone rang and he paused to answer it. "Seven Lockheeds? Okay. Cleared. Okay. Right away."

He looked into the other room, spotted Wallace and called him in. "Will you show Mr. Jenkins through Control, Hal?"

"Sure. Glad to."

I got up and we started through the door and Dunham called, "By the way, Jenkins, you're On Orders. Stand by."

We went into a hangar marked GROUP OPERATIONS and walked down a long hallway. There were weather offices, map rooms, chute counters, radio facilities and, in general, everything for a pilot about to take off on a flight. Wallace stopped behind a counter and handed me a sealed Flight Envelope and a radio facilities chart covering the whole country. He said, "You get a new one each month. We keep up to the minute on everything."

We walked on to the end of the room. On our right was an enormous flight map of the United States and on our left a long counter. That was the control office from where pilots were dispatched to every quarter of the globe. A young lieutenant was just marking down my name on a large blackboard behind the counter.

When he was finished he walked over and Wallace introduced him as Lieutenant Silvers. Wallace said, "Do you mind taking over? I got a flight check. Just show Jenkins the routine."

"Sure. Run along."

Leslie came in munching on a sandwich and joined us. "Well," he said, "I see you're On Orders."

"Yeah. Probably for the next two years."

"Not in this outfit."

"Look; the Army's the Army. I just walked onto this field a few hours ago."

THERE was a flame of anger beginning to show in his eyes and he said, "We've checked you out already, haven't we? You proved you were a capable pilot. That's all we're interested in. Already you're in Operations. You'll be flying even before they have your name in Washington."

While he finished his sandwich, a loud-speaker blared in the room; but I had leaned over to talk with Silvers and wasn't paying attention. Leslie tapped me on the shoulder. He was grinning.

"You're wanted in Operations. That call was for Civilian Pilot Burl Jenkins." Silvers was grinning, too. I walked out of Control and past the Pilots' Loft and went over to Captain Dunham's office. He hung up his telephone as I came in and casually nodded to me.

I sat down and he barked, "On your feet, Jenkins. No time for that. Have you ever flown the route between here and Seattle?"

"Are you kidding? I still hold the speed record from border to border."

Lights danced in his eyes and he said, "Unofficially, Jenkins, we smash your record almost every day, and at less than cruising. But the important thing is that you know the route."

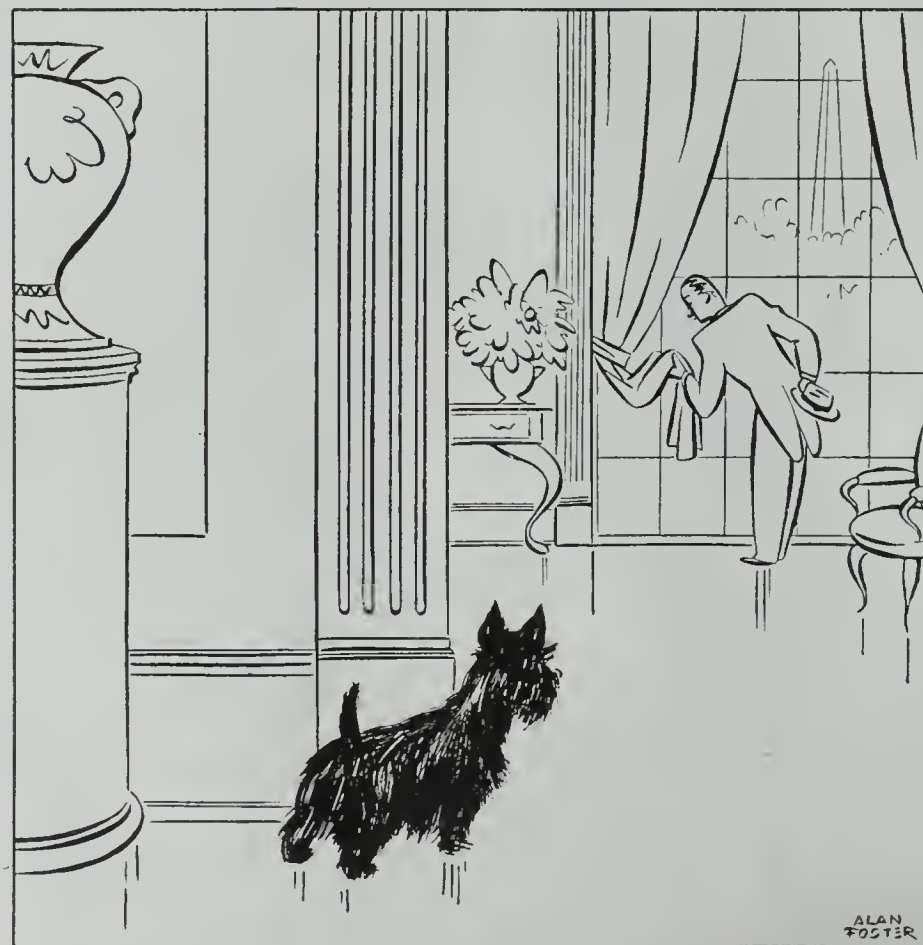
"Every inch of it."

"So we thought from a look at your logs. Okay. Report to Control. Now. And good luck."

He held out his hand and I shook it,

### MR. FALA OF THE WHITE HOUSE

by ALAN FOSTER



"Governors seem to act more like prospective tenants than visitors"

COLLIER'S





PLANES MADE TO FLY FASTER and at greater heights present new problems to lens designers. Kodak's new glass, with much higher refractive index (light-bending ability) than previously available in optical glass of the same dispersion, now being applied to aerial lenses and is partly responsible for the effectiveness of our aerial photography. The new glass now in use has twice the speed of the fastest lens previously used by our Army Air Force.

THE POSITION OF THE PENCIL'S IMAGE shows that Kodak's new glass (below) has greater light-bending power than old-type optical glass (above). These two blocks have the same dispersion.

## Kodak's aerial lenses, made with new rare-element glass, —“first basic discovery in 55 years”

SAND has always been a basic ingredient of optical glass. Now, for the first time, Kodak is making optical glass of “rare elements”—tantalum, tungsten, and lanthanum. No sand—to the optical scientist, it's “almost as revolutionary as discovering how to make steel without iron.”

There would be no point in it, of course, without the result which is obtained: *A lens which gives greater speed without loss of definition and covering power.*

The U. S. flyer equipped with an aerial lens made by Kodak, incorporating the new glass, can carry out his mission from a safer

height—and, as a consequence, with a much better chance of bringing back his pictures.

### *Faster, Farther, Clearer*

Before this, the fastest lens used by U. S. Army flyers was  $f/3.5$ . Now our night flyers are being supplied, as rapidly as possible, with an  $f/2.5$  lens. This is twice as fast, and gets pictures of better quality—with the same size flash bomb—at a greater height.

The greater light-bending ability of the new glass means that the lens can have less curvature—and this also means much better definition at the edges of the picture.

Prior to Kodak's new glass, in 1941, the last basic discovery leading to radical improvement in optical glass was in 1886.

After the original work on the new glass, done by Kodak scientists in collaboration with Dr. G. W. Morey, of the U. S. Geophysical Laboratory, four additional years were spent in perfecting its manufacture—and computing the new formulas necessary for the grinding of lenses.

Fortunately the work was done in time, and the new optical elements are now in many cameras in the service of democracy... Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

## Serving human progress through Photography



more puzzled than ever. "You mean I'm going on a hop—"

He dropped back to his desk and shuffled some papers. "Control will give you the dope. Better get moving."

"Yeah. Sure."

I stumbled out of the office and made my way to Group Operations. Silvers, behind the counter of Control, was still smiling. He handed me a mass of papers and pointed to a route sheet. "You'll follow the inland route; Bakersfield, Fresno, Sacramento, Medford, Portland and Seattle. Better lay over at Medford this evening. Not much daylight left. Our rules—and these are very strict—are that a pilot must set a ferry plane down one hour before official sunset with not less than forty-five minutes of gas in the tanks. But, as you've been told, you own the airplane."

"What airplane?"

"Lockheed. Deliver it at the Municipal in Seattle. When you get there send us a collect wire advising time of arrival at destination. Send the same sort of wire, too, at the close of your day's flying. Precede all messages with GOVERNMENT MESSAGES—PRIORITY. Okay. Make out your flight plan and turn it over to me."

I said, "You mean I'm to be first pilot on my first run?"

"First! You're the whole crew. Customarily, we'd send along a copilot with you, but the Lockheed's an easy ship to handle, you know the route and, what is more important, we're pressed for time and men."

I WALKED away and picked up a chute at one place, weather reports at another, the latest information on prohibited areas, maps and an aircraft clearance report, for the benefit of the Interceptor Command. It would be no fun being shot down by an American gun crew. Then I made out all the necessary papers and brought them back to Control. Silvers had me sign the route sheet and nodded.

I said, "What now?"

"Now?" he echoed. "Why, you can go out and climb in your ship and get out of here. See you *mañana*."

I walked out to the field and looked at a mess of Lockheeds standing there and found the number of the one I was to take. I climbed in and went through the preliminary stuff, then started the engines and warmed them up. After taxiing to the designated take-off point I tested the brakes again and tried to call the control tower. Someone started cussing the living daylights out of me on the air.

This person finally calmed down and said, "We don't call this the Long Beach tower, you jerk. If we did a Jap submarine could lie offshore, pick up our calls on their radio and know exactly how much traffic is moving at this field. So we continually change the call name. How long have you been here, anyway?"

"About a half-day."

"Oh. Well, get going. You're clear."

It was something to think about, being there only a half-day. I turned it over in my mind and then there was that guy on the air cussing me out again. I gave the proper call, which was Apple Tower, and opened the throttles.

THE great range of the Sierra Nevadas kept pace with me on my right and the lowering sun on my left. The Cascades came into view and then I spotted Medford, Oregon, dead on the nose. There would be a night ahead of me in some dinky hotel and then a hop up to Seattle in the morning. Well, that would be all right. I eased the nose down, located the landing field and swung around for a straight approach.

While still about two miles from the field, I put the gear handle in the "down" position—and nothing happened. The retractable wheels stayed where they were, tucked up in the engine nacelles. I sat there for a moment, not thinking, and ran the handle up and down. There was no reaction. The wheels would not budge. Then I really sat up with a start and checked the engine pumps. There was no pressure and only one answer for that—a leak in the pump lines.

I grabbed a Transition Instructions report that was part of my kit, pulled the ship back to level flight, and read through the emergency wheel-lowering procedure. The part that was of importance to me read: "... have copilot go behind his seat and open small valve on floor to the left of silver emergency hydraulic can, and then pump handle on silver can until pressure builds up. This will move wheels forward approximately 8". During process of landing and taxiing into the line, copilot will continue to maintain pressure on this emergency hydraulic pump. If sufficient pressure is not maintained while taxiing, and until such time as engines are shut off, land-

and there was a pale sunset and the purple-velvet land below. When it got sticky dark I went onto instruments and said to myself, "Let's face it, brother. Those mountains are hard." I climbed up to 16,000 and went onto blowers. I like altitude and plenty of it in a strange ship. You have more time to work out an emergency landing—just in case.

But the flight was smooth enough and nothing else went wrong. Seattle, even in the dim-out, was easily spotted. I came down low, circled and went on the air calling the tower with the proper code. Field lights suddenly blossomed into life under the port wing and I looked down at them and thought, "This is it, brother. Hang onto your hats, kids, here we go."

I dropped back for the longest possible approach and was about to call the tower again for the crash-squad to stand by, when I automatically reached for the gear handle and shoved it into the "down" position. There was a sharp whine in the cabin of the ship, and the plane slowed down another few knots. I blinked at the instrument panel and could hardly believe my eyes. The gear

I felt like smacking that smooth chin of his, but controlled myself and said, "This plane is still my private property, chum. You sign on the release that you'll have the gear checked or you don't get the ship."

He appraised me through narrowed eyes, then shrugged and signed on the release. He said, "By the way, I can't make out your name."

"Burl Jenkins. Means nothing to you? I flew the Atlantic."

"Who hasn't?"

I didn't like that kid. I walked away and sent a wire to the Command, giving time of arrival. I could just about picture the blow-up back at the field. Then I inquired about an airliner back, but there was a bad front closing in, so I checked into a hotel and killed time drinking beer.

That front closed in, all right, with fog and rain and a little hail thrown in for good measure. It lasted for three days. On the fourth morning it cleared and I went out to the field and was placed on the first transport leaving for Los Angeles.

Late that afternoon I stood in Captain Dunham's office, again dripping perspiration from every pore. Lieutenants Leslie, Silvers and Wallace were also there, in addition to the deputy commander, the youngest lieutenant colonel in the Army. All of them were gravely blinking at me, the Army starc. I could already see myself on the way out.

The colonel said soberly, "Your show, Dunham."

"Yes, sir." Dunham fixed me with a glassy stare and said, "Well, Jenkins. I suppose you have some good reason for this. You landed in Seattle one hour and twenty-six minutes after official sunset with about four minutes of gas left in your tanks. You know the rules."

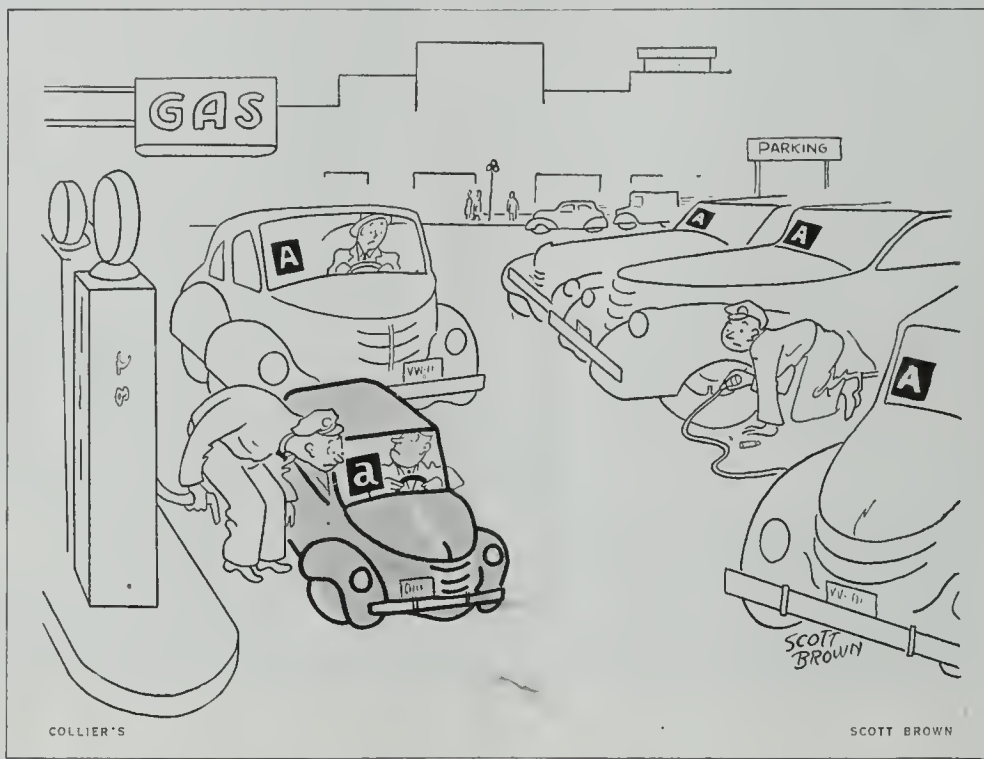
I FELT like I was caught in a trap and that my explanation was altogether too simple, but said doggedly, "If I had set that plane down at Medford it would have been a crash landing with a nice new bomber washed out. To be truthful, I figured the same thing would happen in Seattle, with the difference that they would be able to take care of it better up there. So I went ahead. Something, I don't know what, stopped the leak, pressure built up and I was able to land okay. That's the whole story."

Dunham drawled, "Great day in the morning, man, that alibi's been used a dozen times." He leaned across the desk and his eyes were as cold as ice. "Even so," he said, "we would be inclined to give you the benefit of the doubt, except for one thing—your attitude. You came to us already convinced that the Army Air Forces were no good. You wanted no part of the Army. So you figured that if you broke a couple of rules on your first flight you'd be able to evade a commission and remain with us as a civilian pilot. The whole thing is pretty obvious." He paused a moment, while the hot blood mounted to my head, then said, "You might have lost that plane. Night flying does have certain perils. Have you seen the papers today?"

"No."

He shoved a newspaper across the desk and there in bold type was the story of an AAF raid over the Aleutians, coming out of Alaska. I looked up and said, "That's the kind of news I like to read."

Dunham leaned back and his eyes narrowed still further. "Yes," he said. "You took part in that raid, Mister Jenkins. The plane you delivered was a unit of what's now known as the Nip Project. That plane, the plane you owned when you left here, probably did a heap of



ing gear will fold up under airplane."

I put the paper down and thought, "That's nice. Have the copilot do it. And where the heck am I supposed to get a copilot?" I could see the emergency gear from where I sat, but it was a physical impossibility to reach it and fly the airplane at the same time. A pretty kettle of fish on my first flight, though there was nothing really dangerous about it. I could make a belly landing and smash up a good ship, but I would be able to walk away from it, still sound in wind and limb. Only, of what possible use to the Army could a cracked airplane be on a field in Oregon?

I circled around and around the field and checked over the whole situation as I went. It was about six hours flying time from Long Beach to Seattle. I was supposed to have enough gas for that much flying, with a few minutes over. But, on the other hand, if I went on I would be breaking every regulation in the book, and the Army would not like that. I thought it all over and then decided to go on. There would be better repair facilities in Seattle and the plane would, at least, be at its destination.

As soon as the decision was made I thought, "The devil with it," and headed north for Seattle. I started climbing again to get over the mountains and reached for a lot of altitude. In a short while the sun sank below the horizon

indicator registered Down and each wheel light was shining into my face. The gear was down and locked.

I sat back, let out a great sigh and relaxed. A belly landing is no joke, even if you can walk away from it. But now everything was all right. I got the flaps down, throttled back and came in at ninety knots for a baby-carriage landing and taxied over to the Army hangars.

WHEN I jumped to the ground and shook hands a pink-cheeked lieutenant walked toward me out of the darkness. "I'm taking over," he said. "We had reports on you all the way through, so I waited around. This is to be my ship."

I looked him over, a combat pilot, an infant, and said, "She's all yours. Let's get the paper work over with."

We made out the forms against the side of the plane and he remarked casually, "Aren't you ferry fellows supposed to be nested down before dark?"

"Yeah, we're supposed to be on the ground. But I ran into some trouble. The gear wouldn't come down over Medford. Leak somewhere. Evidently the pressure built up between Medford and here. Better have it checked."

He said, "That's a pretty good alibi. You got some babe you're supposed to meet here tonight?"



# SAILOR'S Sweetheart!

She isn't big as naval guns go. And she isn't particularly pretty, either. But she's won the hearts of sailors wherever the Navy fights . . .

. . . because she does what's got to be done like nothing else in the world—when dive bombers come screaming in to attack, she simply blasts them to bits.



Firing seven explosive shells a *second*, this 20 mm. automatic anti-aircraft cannon is one of the most remarkable defensive weapons known to modern military science. Its rapid rate of fire, its extreme range and the size of its ammunition combine to make it, according to high Naval authorities, the "best defense ever devised against the dive bomber."

No man knows how many Navy vessels and convoy ships have been saved to date by the curtain of steel it blasts into the sky. All we know is that the Navy says, "Keep 'em coming—fast!"

And that's what we're doing—at the highest rate these hard-hitting killers have ever been produced—faster even than when we were awarded the "E" banner, *on which date this important war assignment was 11 months ahead of schedule!*

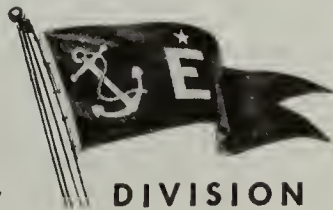
Yet large as it is, our production of 20 mm. cannon represents only a fraction of what we, as a part of American industry, are doing to supply our soldiers, sailors and marines with the implements of victory made possible by your purchase of War Bonds.

Our additional war assignments include Bofors automatic field guns, aerial torpedoes, major components for 13-ton high-speed tanks, Diesel inner-engine assemblies and vital units for Army trucks. Combined, they represent a project of already vast proportions—which is growing vaster every day . . . and which is being kept on or ahead of schedule not only by our own thousands of employees but also those of the 1500 *subcontracting companies* who are presently working with us.



IT TAKES A LOT OF MONEY  
TO WIN A WAR—BUY  
WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

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DIVISION OF

## GENERAL MOTORS

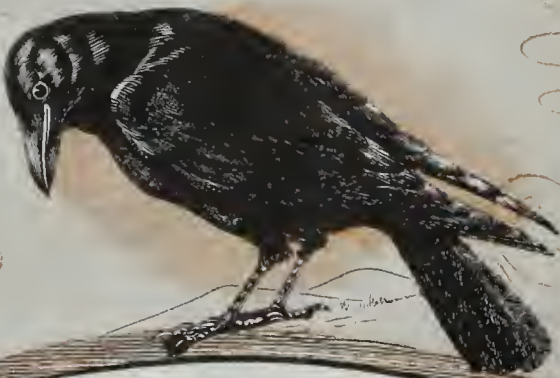






Daniel Webster enjoying one of his frequent visits to the small distillery of his friend, James Crow, on Glenn's Creek, Frankfort, Kentucky . . . on the exact site where today's Old Crow is distilled.

**"The finest whiskey  
in the world"**  
*is what Daniel Webster  
called it almost a century ago.*



THOSE IN THE KNOW—ASK FOR

**OLD  
CROW**



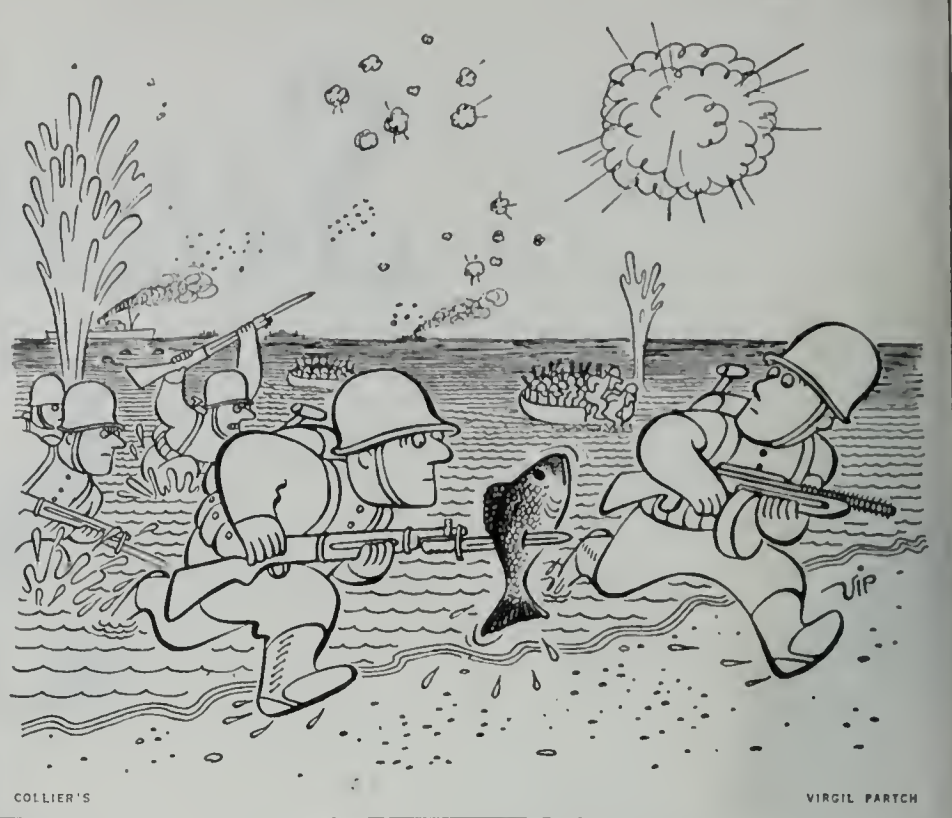
*A Truly Great Name*  
**AMONG  
AMERICA'S GREAT WHISKIES**

*Today, millions of experienced drinkers hold  
Old Crow in the same high esteem as did  
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**BOTTLED IN BOND**

Bourbon or Rye

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damage. That's why we like them delivered—with caution."

I looked out the window. That kid, I thought, that infant; the pink-cheeked babe. Why, while I was drinking beer in Seattle he was bombing the living day-lights out of the Japs and, with that particular type of plane, strafing their bases as well. My ship. Who was it said the Army blundered about? Me? I said that? But that kid, over Jap bases—

I glanced back at Dunham and that trapped feeling was closing in like a steel band. There was nothing to say and I could hardly blame them for not believing what I had already said. It did seem pretty thin, even to me.

Dunham said, "You disobeyed orders. That's hardly what we're looking for in our pilots, is it?"

HE WAS about to say something more, but Lieutenant Wallace suddenly stepped forward and said, "Begging your pardon, sir, I am partly responsible for that. I could have done something to help correct Mr. Jenkins' attitude. It was my duty to do so, but I kept my mouth shut. I thought I'd let him find out the hard way."

Leslie also stepped forward and said, "I might add, sir, that Mr. Jenkins had a completely misinformed understanding of the Army Air Forces. I should have explained things to him, particularly the rapidity with which we get things done in this new Army. I, too, am partly to blame."

Silvers mumbled, "Me, too, Captain. He made some cracks I didn't like, but I just let them go. I think I can safely say that Mr. Jenkins honestly wants to do a bang-up job."

The others nodded with him and I stared at them. They actually believed me to be guilty, but were trying to help me out, anyway. I didn't get it.

The colonel leaned forward and said, "You seem to have made some good friends, Jenkins, for being with us such a short time. It surprises me." He sharply glanced at Wallace and asked, "Why are you going to bat for this man?"

"Well, sir," Wallace grinned. "I kind of felt the same way he did when I first went in the Army. But the main thing is that he's a pilot and a darned good one."

The colonel ran his hand over his mouth to hide a smile and said, "We have other good pilots."

"We can always use another one, sir."

"H'mmmmm. So we can. Yes, in-

deed." Then he turned to me. "Jenkins."

"Yes, sir!"

"Uh—well—do you think a thing like this could happen again?"

He was going to drop it. I could see that. All I had to do was to admit that I had made a mistake and assure them it wouldn't happen again. God knows, I am no Pollyanna, but suddenly those two words, "officer material," had taken on a meaning that had never been in my mind before. What to say was a tough problem, the toughest I have ever had to face. If I stuck by my guns I would go out on my ear. But on the other hand, if I lied about it—

A stenographer came in and placed a telegram on Dunham's desk. He read it through, then sat there for a long time staring at me. Then finally he cleared his throat and said, "This is from the combat unit now in Alaska. It reads, 'EXTEND THANKS CIVILIAN PILOT BURL JENKINS FOR INDICATING FAULTY GEAR PUMP STOP UNDOUBTEDLY AVERTED LATER CRASH STOP GREETINGS TO MEMBERS YOUR STAFF FOR SPLENDID CO-OPERATION NIP PROJECT.'"

Dunham spread the telegram on his desk and smoothed it out with his hands. He cleared his throat a few times, glanced sidewise at the colonel, who was carefully studying some detail about the floor, then got to his feet with a hasty glance at his watch. "Well, what do you know about that? It's almost time for dinner."

"Really?" the colonel said, looking up very surprised. "Y' know, the officers' club bar should be open about now. I—uh—could do with a little beer, or something. How about the rest of you gentlemen?"

All of us left the office together, glad to get out of there. We started down the road toward the club and on the way the colonel said, "Jenkins, about a commission in the Army Air Forces—I—uh—would personally like to send in the recommendation, if you don't mind."

Mind? What did he think he was talking about?

You say you want a Liberator in Bombay? A Fortress in Australia? A Lockheed in London? A Mustang in Egypt? You've come to the right man, brother. Second Lieutenant Burl Jenkins, that's me. A shavetail. And tickled silly about it.

THE END



## The Man Without Fingerprints

Continued from page 16

agent in charge of the El Paso field office of the F.B.I. what we all, of course, knew: that his unidentifiable fingerprints were not a freak of nature but the result of someone's wholly inexplicable manipulation. But neither this admission nor anything else the prisoner could be persuaded to say revealed the identity of the renegade surgeon who had performed this sinister miracle.

All we had to go on in the more important search which now began was that the operation, however it was performed, must have occurred between March 28, 1941, when Pitts was arrested in Miami, Florida, with his fingerprints intact, and October 30, 1941, when he was arrested near Austin, Texas, with his fingerprints completely nonexistent.

We were obviously dealing with some furtive figure whose alliance with the criminal world had so far been successfully concealed. To find him among the more than 160,000 doctors in the United States was, we had to admit, a large order. For that matter, the operator might not have been a physician.

### The F.B.I. Gets a Clue

Pitts himself, as a source of information, remained stubbornly unpromising. The man's past associates, therefore, seemed to be our one best bet. With this idea in mind, we sought out and interrogated hoodlums known to have been implicated in the long list of crimes in which the prisoner Pitts had participated, also the known cellmates with whom he had been thrown into contact during his frequent periods of incarceration. Finally one of the latter broke down and admitted that Pitts had mentioned a name to him in connection with his operation and that the name sounded like Brandenburg.

With this much to go on, special agents of the Charlotte, North Carolina, field office of the F.B.I. (Charlotte was the Pitts family's home town) put the identity question up to Ted Pitts, Robert's brother, an inmate of the city jail. Ted proved a tough customer, too, so far as

giving up information was concerned, but finally he did admit that Robert had said that he had had an operation performed somewhere "up North"—he thought, in New Jersey.

Name: Brandenburg.

Place: New Jersey.

Time: Between March 28 and October 30, 1941.

We were getting somewhere. Word was immediately flashed to the Newark office of the bureau, and a Doctor Leopold William August Brandenburg, Jr., was located at an address on Hudson Boulevard in Union City, New Jersey.

He was the big, gusty type of medical man, an obese individual nearly six feet in height and broad quite out of proportion. His huge, fatted body lumbered as he walked, his clumsiness accentuated by a pronounced limp, due, it was said, to an attack of infantile paralysis. Brown, buttony eyes peered out of deep indentations in the flesh of his face, which elsewhere hung in heavy folds from wholly invisible cheek- and jaw-bones. He wore small rimless glasses, the bowed kind for ordinary occasions and the pince-nez for show. One would hardly say that his manner, bedside or otherwise, inspired confidence. He seemed to lean too heavily on the old theory that all the world loves a fat man. Nevertheless, there was nothing the least bit sinister in his genial, smiling face.

Obviously, we had no case against this apparently respectable physician. We couldn't just barge in and say, "Look here, you performed some kind of illegal operation, we know not what, on a man named Pitts."

Pitts himself undoubtedly would swear that we were lying, and the two crooks who had given us the fragmentary information on which we were acting would most likely change their testimony when the case came to trial.

The Federal Bureau of Investigation seeks to avoid such contingencies. We want every charge we make to stick, and we are proud of the fact that more than 97 per cent of our cases, when they do get into court, result in convictions. So

# DON'T RUIN FALSE TEETH BY BRUSHING WITH MAKESHIFT CLEANERS

## DON'T DO THIS

TOOTHPASTES, TOOTH POWDERS, soap and household cleansers are not intended for dental plates, which are much softer than natural teeth. Many of these makeshift cleaners scratch, wear down, ruin dentures.



## PLAY SAFE...SOAK THEM CLEAN IN POLIDENT

Soaking plates and bridges in Polident dissolves the daily accumulation of cloudy film and ugly stains... cleans those hard-to-reach corners without the dangers of brushing; maintains the original natural appearance of dentures.



## DO THIS EVERY DAY!

Put one capful of POLIDENT in 1/2 glass of luke warm water. Stir briskly. Place plate or bridge in this solution for 15 minutes, or over night if convenient. Rinse well—and it's ready to use!

No Brushing — No Scouring

## Plate Wearers Often Worst Breath Offenders



The film that collects on plates, bridges, soaks up odors and impurities. This often causes offensive "Denture Breath." You won't know you have it—but others will! Yet POLIDENT, used regularly, dissolves film—leaves plates odor-free, sweet. Millions call Polident a blessing.

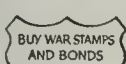
Soaking in Polident cleans plates better—and it is safer than brushing. Less handling, less chance of dropping. Soaking in Polident avoids the danger of brushing away the important "fitting ridges" of your plate—avoids brushing invisible scratches into the plate, causing stains to collect faster, cling tighter.

Polident is recommended by many leading dentists and approved by the leading makers of modern denture materials.

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Generous 3 oz. size—30¢. Economy size, 7 oz.—60¢. At all drug, dept., variety stores. Less than 1¢ a day for safe cleaning of dentures. Today—get Polident.

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The Safe Modern Way to Clean Plates and Bridges



"We're having a little difficulty getting the Elite Trick and Novelty Company converted for war production"

COLLIER'S

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**CONSOLIDATED**



# TO AMERICA'S FIRST PLANE SPOTTER

We don't know who you were.

But the night you went on duty marked the end of the world, as most Americans had always known it.

You were a symbol of the realization that oceans are merely hours across by air. You were an admission that the barriers of land and water had been lifted. You were our first bow to the new global geography where distance is reckoned by the skyways as well as by nautical miles.

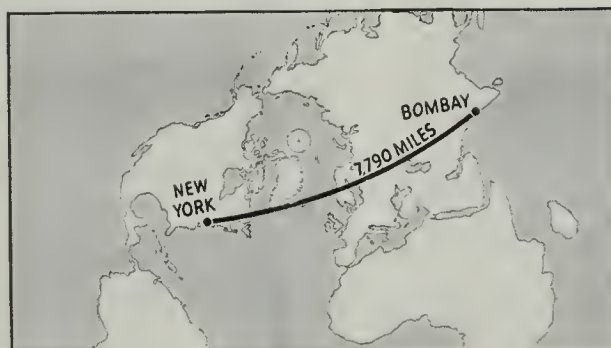
We are fighting the war today on that new global geography. We're fighting for remote pin-point islands in the Pacific because they can be potent air bases. We're fighting in the Aleutian fogs because from Kiska a bomber could strike at Detroit almost as easily as at San Diego.

lines never let you forget it. And as you read them, remember that we must remain equally air-minded in victory.

The countries of this new, sky-linked world will be bound together more closely, geographically and physically, than our own states



The sea route from New York to Bombay is about 9400 miles. It is a 3-week voyage.



Today's skyward route from New York to Bombay is about 7790 miles. Flying time: 39 hours.



New York is closer to Moscow, by plane, than it is to our South American neighbor, Buenos Aires.

There is no need to labor the point that this is an air-minded war. The newspaper head-

were at the turn of the century. Today, wherever you may live, no spot on the once-wide globe is farther than 60 hours away from your local airport.

Realization of how the plane has shrunk our world is vital to straight thinking about the

kind of peace that *can* last. With this new conception of global geography, you see the world as it is—a clustering of nations whose nearness makes them inter-dependent and inter-related. Without this new conception, you are looking at a world that used to be—a world where nations lived in the safety of remoteness, protected by distances that no longer exist and seas that have been narrowed to millponds.

FROM	TO	SURFACE TIME		AIR TIME	
New York	Chungking, China	11,300 M	31 days	7500 M	38 hrs.
New York	Moscow, Russia	5700 M	8 days	4525 M	23 hrs.
New York	London, England	3700 M	5 days	3462 M	17 hrs.
San Francisco	Brisbane, Australia	8200 M	21 days	7050 M	35 hrs.
Chicago	Fairbanks, Alaska	4090 M	8 days	2730 M	14 hrs.

Approximate traveling time and distances as you have known them in the past and as you will come to know them in the Air Age.

But understanding alone isn't enough. If the global community is to live together in freedom and enduring peace after the war, the nations which deeply believe in freedom and peace must possess air supremacy.

To bring this supremacy about, first in war and then in peace, is the aim of the tens of thousands of men and women who make up America's aircraft industry:

• • •

## Consolidated Aircraft Corporation

San Diego, California • Fort Worth, Texas

Member, Aircraft War Production Council

### QUICK FACTS FOR AIR-MINDED READERS

In 1929, Consolidated was already building America's biggest planes. The company is 20 years old this year.

• • •

Today Consolidated is building: the B-24 Liberator, (4-engine, long-range, land-based bomber)—PB2Y Coronado patrol bomber, (4-engine long-range flying boat)—PBV Catalina patrol bomber, (twin-motored, long-range flying boat)—the C-87 Liberator Transport, (cargo-plane version of the Liberator bomber).

In Fort Worth, Texas, where nothing but grazing land stood a year and a half ago, one of the world's longest aircraft assembly lines is now delivering a steady flow of 28-ton C-87 Liberator Transports. These planes are daily spanning both oceans with military supplies and personnel for our global fighting fronts.

Consolidated was one of the first aircraft manufacturers to establish a training school for Army Air Forces mechanics and ground crew. "Camp Consoir"—complete with barracks, officers' quarters, mess halls, laboratories, classroom buildings, and hospital—adjoins the Consolidated plant at San Diego.

Winston Churchill used a Liberator for his flight to Moscow. General H. H. Arnold flew in a Liberator from Brisbane, Australia, to San Francisco in the record time of 35 hours and 53 minutes.

It was a Consolidated Liberator, dubbed the "Gulliver," which carried Wendell Willkie on his round-the-world flight. The "Gulliver" was the first plane in history to span Siberia and cut across the Gobi Desert and Mongolia, the first to fly from China to the U.S. via Alaska.

The 31,000-mile route blazed by this globe-girdling Liberator will probably become one of the regular skyways of

post-war aerial travel and commerce:

• • •

Ford and North American are also building the B-24 Liberator under license from Consolidated. Similarly, in Canada, Boeing and Vickers are building the Consolidated Catalina patrol bomber.

• • •

Turning out great numbers of long-range bombers like the Liberator, is Consolidated's major wartime job. But we are not doing this job single-handed. More than 2000 sub-contractors and suppliers, in many parts of the U. S., are working round the clock to provide many of the materials and parts for this giant bomber.

# DAIRCRAFT DESIGNERS AND BUILDERS OF THE LIBERATOR, CORONADO, CATALINA, C-87 TRANSPORT



we resolved to leave our rotund doctor in the full enjoyment of his obviously complete sense of security while we conducted a thorough investigation into his professional and personal life.

There had, it seems, been two arrests on charges of criminal abortion, one in 1928 and one as late as March, 1942, but the community had apparently accepted the nol-prossing of the first charge and the failure of the grand jury to indict on the second as sufficient evidences of the physician's innocence. We also discovered that Brandenburg had been arrested in 1934 for writing prescriptions for narcotics without having registered under the Harrison Act, but since this was a first offense, he was let off with a nominal fine.

The real Mr. Hyde under the mountainous flesh of this oversize Dr. Jekyll did not begin to emerge until we found that he had been arrested and convicted in 1934 as an accessory in a \$100,000 mail robbery which occurred—of all places—at Charlotte, North Carolina. (This is not to be confused with the recent warehouse robbery for which the prisoner Pitts was wanted by the North Carolina authorities.) The rough work was left to four notorious hoodlums—like Kostner, Ludwig "Dutch" Schmidt, Basil Banghart and "Ice Wagon" Connors. Brandenburg's own reported role was strictly financial.

Five days after the robbery, using the name of George A. Scofield, he deposited \$10,000 in new five-dollar bills in the Rutherford Bank of Rutherford, New Jersey. Subsequently he claimed that he had deposited the money under an alias because there were outstanding judgments against him. The authorities, however, had little difficulty in proving that these bills were part of the loot taken from the mail shipment of newly issued money from the United States Treasury, and the doctor escaped the fate of his fellow defendants—a long stretch on the Rock at Alcatraz—only when his conviction was reversed on appeal, on the claim that the government had not proved Brandenburg knew the money he handled was stolen from the mails.

All of which tended to show that Leo Brandenburg had been a bad boy but did not prove that he had made Robert Pitts' fingerprints disappear or indicate how he had done it.

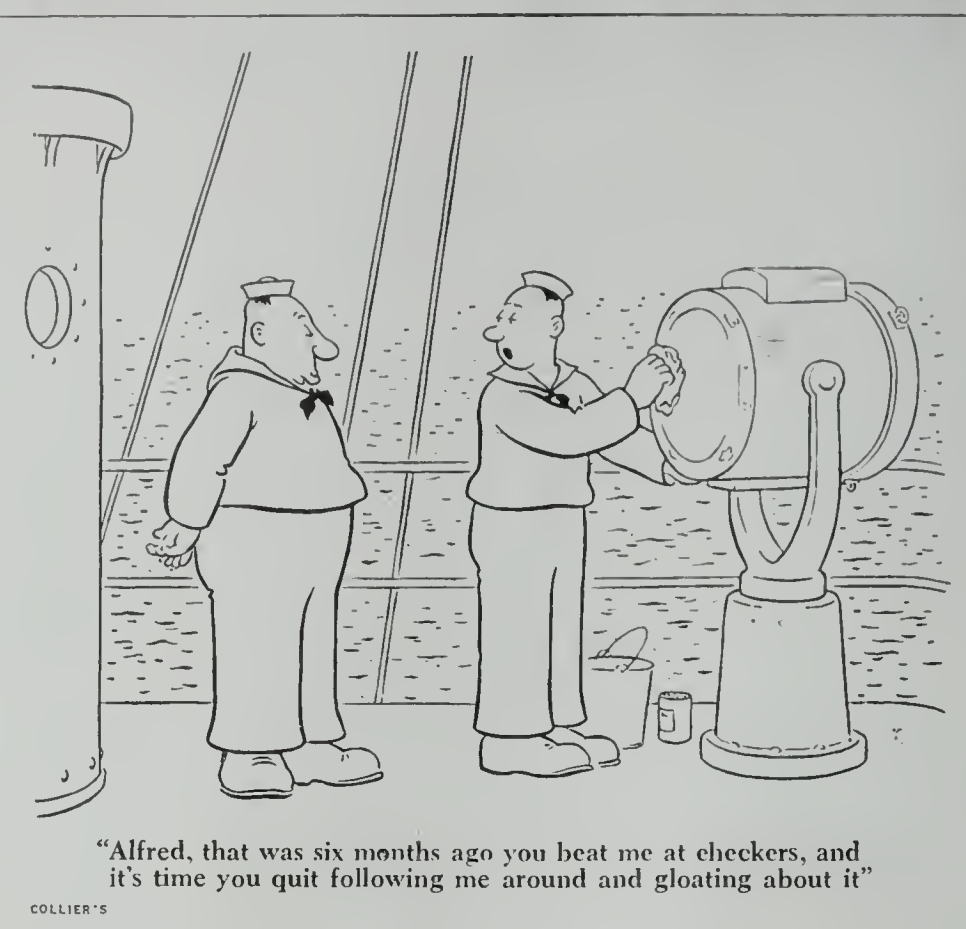
### Trail of a Criminal

Meanwhile, our nation-wide hunt for associates of Pitts had reached the Rock at Alcatraz. Officials remembered the man very well. He was normal enough then as to finger tips; they couldn't help on that; but they recalled that he seemed to be on chummy terms with some of the prison's most notorious inmates, including Carl Rettich, boss of the so-called Rhode Island mob, the latter's associates, Tommy Dugan, Charley Harrington and Sonny McClone, and likewise three hoodlums allegedly associated with Brandenburg as a result of the North Carolina mail robbery, especially Dutch Schmidt.

Here was the first definite link, and the special agents tried their best to forge it into the chain which would lead to the doctor's arrest and the discovery of his method. Dutch Schmidt, leader of the North Carolina mail-robbery gang, we learned, had told Pitts that if he ever got into trouble, Doc Brandenburg was the man to see, but Dutch professed to know nothing of the latter's adventures in criminal surgery. Once more, the evidence against Brandenburg was not sufficiently conclusive to assure a conviction, especially since it came, as before, out of the mouth of a known crook.

### ALFRED

by FOSTER HUMFREVILLE



One thing, however, the investigation had accomplished: The conviction of Pitts for his part in the North Wilkesboro warehouse robbery and the imposition of such a severe sentence—sixteen to twenty years—that this hardened criminal was induced to take the step which led indirectly to the unmasking of Brandenburg and the divulging of the fingerprint secret.

Pitts might have taken a shorter stretch in his stride—he had done it many times before—but sixteen years as a minimum was too much for the 32-year-old man to accept without a struggle. He must have money to hire lawyers to get his conviction reversed or his sentence reduced. For the second time he recalled Dutch Schmidt's advice: When in trouble, try Brandenburg.

From the Raleigh State Prison, Pitts

dispatched a typewritten communication addressed to "Mr. Bob Everett, Beach Haven, New Jersey," which fell by mistake into the hands of a woman who opened it and found, inside the outer envelope, another on which was typed:

"Bob, please rush this letter to Doc Brandenburg as it is important and don't send it by mail. . . . Bob."

"Rush rush rush rush rush rush!" The letter demanded that Brandenburg send \$800 at once in \$100 bills to a woman in Charlotte, North Carolina, told the purpose for which the writer wanted the money, stated that the F.B.I. had been to see him, and concluded with the rather pointed suggestion that the authorities would give a great deal to have him identify the doctor who had tampered with his finger tips.

Inquiry revealed that there had been

frequent contacts between Brandenburg and one Robert Everett in Beach Haven. Meanwhile, the technical laboratory of the F.B.I. made the necessary examinations to make sure that the typing on the letters and envelopes were identical with the type of the machine Pitts had had access to in the Raleigh prison.

The evidence linking Brandenburg and Pitts and identifying the former as the surgeon who operated on the latter's fingers was now complete—and, at last, in indisputable documentary form. Confronted with it and the realization that he could no longer hope for aid from his doctor accomplice, the prisoner agreed to tell the whole story.

Following the North Carolina warehouse robbery in May, 1941, Pitts fled north and obeyed Dutch Schmidt's instructions to place himself in the hands of Doc Brandenburg. The latter took him to another physician, the head of a Union City hospital, introduced him under the name of Jack Cline and told him that Cline would like to have the scar on his face removed. The doctor admitted performing the facial operation without charge as a professional courtesy to Brandenburg.

Then followed the more serious operation on the finger tips, which Doctor Brandenburg performed at his own residence. Pitts, having made up his mind to talk, did so in all the gruesome detail that most people employ in telling about their operations. For readers with weak stomachs we will make the explanation as brief as possible.

### The Agonizing Operation

First, the flesh at the ends of the fingers of his left hand was cut away right down to the bone, a procedure which he described with indubitable veracity as "extremely painful." Then, he said, his left hand was taped to the right side of his chest and allowed to remain in that position for three weeks, with his mangled fingers digging into the flesh of his body.

Later, the same procedure was adopted with his right hand and the left side of his chest. In each case, when permanent physical adherence had been achieved, a scalpel was used to cut his fingers loose, with a portion of the flesh of his body clinging to the tips, or, more accurately, forming new tips entirely devoid of fingerprints.

Five hitherto unexplained scars on each side of the prisoner's torso attested to the accuracy of this statement. So did the careful check made on the individuals with whom Pitts had boarded throughout the nearly seven weeks occupied by the operations and convalescences.

As a result, Doctor Brandenburg was convicted on August 4, 1942, in the United States District Court at Newark, New Jersey, before Judge William Barker, who denied a motion to set aside the verdict and immediately sentenced Brandenburg to serve three years in a federal penitentiary. Counsel for Brandenburg have made the usual appeal, but it can be stated that his career as a crime doctor is definitely ended. Even if he survives all threats to his liberty, he will be a marked man whose opportunities for evil deeds will be strictly limited.

Likewise, the demonstrated futility of either performing or suffering an operation, which, from its very nature, makes the patient for the rest of his life an object of the gravest suspicion, will probably prevent any other apostate surgeon from attempting to walk in the Jersey doctor's footsteps—which led, we have seen, to speedy and certain retribution.

THE END





★  
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**DELCO  
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DEALER**

*to***CHECK WITH  
HYDROMETER**

to determine if battery is in the proper state of charge. Should be checked at least once a month.

**ADD WATER**

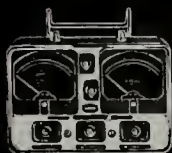
to prevent damage to plates and separators, thereby prolonging life of battery. Electrolyte level should be checked every month.

**CLEAN TERMINALS**

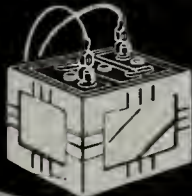
to prevent corrosion and to secure good electrical connections. Insures full power from battery for cranking, winter or summer.

**CHECK FOR WORN AND  
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to guard against electrical failures due to short circuits and high resistance. Damaged cables should be replaced when needed.

**CHECK GENERATOR  
CHARGING RATE**

to prevent overcharging or undercharging of battery. Either shortens battery life. Overcharging is indicated by excessive need for water.

**RECHARGE BATTERY**

(if needed) to prolong life of battery. Dealer will determine and correct the cause of the run-down condition.

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Delco batteries are available for every make and model automobile, as well as for trucks, buses, tractors and commercial vehicles. They are sold by 34,000 dealers under the direction of United Motors Service.

# *The Miles You DON'T Drive Are Tough on Your Battery*

This winter, under wartime mileage rationing, your battery is "up against it!" Those short trips at low speeds probably won't put as much charge back *in* as you take *out* for starting, lights, heater, radio and other electrical equipment. On top of that, starting will be harder, since engine and engine oils will become cold and stiff during the stretches when your car is not in use. To help protect your battery against these conditions, have it checked once a month, and recharged when necessary. See your local Delco battery dealer, whatever the make of your battery.

When you  
**MUST**  
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★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★





## IT PAYS TO LISTEN

—By Helena Huntington Smith

They're known as the Screwball Division, these 60-odd linguists who listen to all the world's radios for Uncle Sam. But there's nothing screwy about the job they're doing. Information they pick up from our loquacious enemies is helping to win the war

**Q**UITE a long time before last November 7th—the exact date has not been disclosed—a man in the Office of War Information had a phone call from an Army officer. Did he happen to know of anybody, the officer asked, who knew Arabic? No reason was given for the request, and you don't ask questions of the Army these days.

"We haven't got anybody around here," said the OWI man. "But why don't you call Harold Graves at the FBIS? They've got all kinds of people over there who talk all kinds of languages."

The FBIS—short for Foreign Broadcast Intelligence Service—is the organization that listens to the world's radios

for Uncle Sam. Its monitoring station in Washington has, besides editors and analysts, some sixty fantastic linguists on its staff—people who are fluently at home in anywhere from three or four up to a couple of dozen languages apiece. Their job is to intercept and translate the short-wave broadcasts of Rome, Berlin, Vichy and a score of lesser stations, which daily pour out Axis propaganda in more languages than were ever spoken in the Tower of Babel.

Among the monitors is Dr. Habib J. Awad, an Oriental savant who was born in the republic of Lebanon, near Syria. Dr. Awad holds Ph.D.'s from institutions of learning in Brooklyn, in Beirut, in Buffalo, N. Y., in Rome and quite a few other places, and he speaks twenty-five languages, most of which are Arabic when they are not Turkish or Persian or Hindustani or something else. His ordinary task is listening to propaganda broadcast daily by the Axis to the peoples of the Near East. He and the Army officer were duly introduced to each other.

Then, curtain. Until, on the night of November 7th, American forces landed in Africa and the little affair of Dr. Awad became one more "Now it can be told."

At the Army's request he had made recordings in seven Arabic dialects, spoken in as many parts of Africa. As a result, on the morning of November 8th, London heard a voice coming from Radio Rabat in Morocco. "*Habitants du Maroc*," it said. "*Ici le poste Américain, Secteur du Maroc*"—which was a queer way for the American Army to talk and which, freely translated, meant: "People of Morocco: You are listening to a U. S. Forces transmitter in the Moroccan sector." Then followed the Roosevelt and Eisenhower messages to the Moroccan people.

As another result, American troops are now able to address to the people of Morocco, Algeria and other countries, such useful and touching phrases as "How are you?" "Speak more slowly, please," and "Where is the movie?"

This modest contribution to the second front was a little off the usual FBIS line, which is radio intelligence. The shabby old building in Washington—it's a converted apartment house—is part of a listening network that covers the world. The United States has monitoring stations in San Francisco; in Portland, Oregon; in Kingsville, Texas; and in Puerto Rico. San Francisco and Portland listen to Russia and the Far East,

Here at the State desk of the FBIS David Goodman checks latest Nazi radio claims on a map. The desk monitors, edits foreign broadcasts for State and other government departments

with particular attention to Japanese Empire broadcasts. Kingsville listens to Latin America. Puerto Rico picks up medium- and long-wave broadcasts in the Caribbean area, which would not otherwise be heard here, and gets a few from Africa besides. Washington, of course, hears London, as well as Hitler's Europe. Much of our effort, in fact, is directed toward catching the broadcasts of our allies.

But whether we are listening directly to Berlin and Tokyo, or to what comes over from Moscow or Mexico City or London, the fundamental object is the same: to catch every scrap of information which may be flying through the air in any part of the world, about the enemy.

The real receiving station in Washington is outside the city and is connected by telephone with the old building. Twenty monitors listen in relays around the clock, and as they listen they type out summaries, which are put on the tele-



type for the Army, the Navy, the State Department, the White House and other interested customers in the government.

The monitor's job is to catch the possibly epoch-making words of Hitler or Laval through the shrieks, crackles, sputters, whistles and roars of static. At the same time he must type, translate and summarize, and his summary must hit the high spots. As a trick it is rather like the one you tried as a child rotating one hand on your tummy while patting your head with the other. Forty translators work along with the monitors, turning out complete texts of important broadcasts.

The translator can take his time, relatively speaking, but he has to work from a record playing it over and over to catch doubtful phrases. Berlin puts out a program called, in English, "Hot Shots from the Front," which is the particular *bête noire* of translators. It purports to be a genuine program of close-ups of the front and it probably is, in most cases. What with the announcer yelling, planes roaring, shells and bombs exploding, and the static, every translator who hears it for the first time has nightmares.

The enemy is not quite so smart as we have been led to believe him. Nor are we ourselves so dumb. We labor under the delusion that the democracies do all the talking. Actually, the enemy talks plenty, trying to sell his "glorious New Order" to the world. And when he talks he gives himself away. Day in and day out a careful check of his utterances, comparing them with what he said a month, a year, two years ago, gives a clue to his weaknesses and his intentions. This checking is done by the Analysis Division, composed largely of transplanted college professors. In fact, the whole FBIS organization is rife with Ph.D.'s, one of whom, Robert Devore Leigh, is the head of it. He is an ex-president of two colleges, Bennington in Vermont and Bard College on the Hudson.

The job of the Analysis Division is to point to such things as the gradual deflation of Hitler in his three October speeches, from the high of 1940 to the low of 1942. There is also the matter of inadvertencies. Most of the story of these "slips" can't be told until after the war, because most of it is military, but a few hints have been dropped. Once, an item picked out of the air in the morning had by midafternoon saved military equipment of more value than the maintenance cost of the listening post for a year—to say nothing of lives.

#### A Slip of the Tongue

Another time, quite recently, the Berlin radio was heard to say that the Luftwaffe had bombed Schlueselburg, a fort on the outskirts of Leningrad. A routine item, apparently—unless you recalled that a year ago the Nazis claimed the capture of Schlueselburg. Those closemouthed Russians have evidently taken it back.

The monitors could, if they wanted to, get out a column of news and gossip about the enemy. For instance: "Here is Hans Fritzche back on the air in Berlin. He is the slickest propagandist of all the Berlin commentators: a while back they moved him out to bolster the sagging spirits of the soldiers on the Russian front. But now they need him to do some explaining to South America. . . . Fred Kaltenbach, the Iowa Lord Hee-Haw, seems to be doing right well for himself over there. He's used for important stuff lately, could almost be called a mouthpiece of Goebbels. . . . On the other hand Robert Best, the renegade American newspaperman, is slipping, his Southern voice has been recognized in English broadcasts to North America, reading routine station news announcements *anonymously*—which is pretty clear evidence that they don't think much of him.

"And what in the world has come over Impertinax, vice commentator of the Rome Radio? Since the landings in Africa he has let slip the queerest things: that the Italians must be ready, in their time of trial, to show the fortitude of the British after Dunkirk; that Churchill is 'not without greatness.' It almost looks as though the Italians had some regrets."

London has been monitoring foreign broadcasts since near the close of the last war, but the idea of an official U. S. monitoring service, to give greater coverage and more detailed service than was possible through private radio chains or the newspapers, was not born until early in 1941. Its godfather was Breckinridge Long of the State Department, who foresaw that we might one day be cut off from accustomed sources of news in foreign countries. He took it up with Chairman Fly of the FCC, who set to work to



PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALBERT FENN-PIX

Glorina Paniagua, of Caracas, translates broadcasts beamed from Europe to Latin America. Her father was in the consular service and she has lived most of her life in various foreign capitals



Jacques Davidson, son of the sculptor Jo Davidson, heads the French translators in the FBIS. Right now he is translating a speech by stooge Laval which you can bet follows the directives of Berlin



An Oriental scholar who has studied from Beirut to Brooklyn, Dr. Habib Awvad speaks twenty-five languages. Prior to invasion of North Africa, he made recordings to teach our men common Arab phrases



Raiko Ruzic, Ph.D., is a Serb who has mastered the philology of the Balkans. He has just been listening to a report of the murder of 200 of his countrymen. In his way he's fighting too

Jerry McWilliams in the late hours has a cup of coffee at desk where he edits foreign broadcasts for the Office of War Information. His leads are valuable in preparing our answer to the enemy

Frances Lane monitors French broadcasts, has lived half her life in France, only escaped from Paris as the Nazi hordes occupied the city. Because her husband is still there she uses an assumed name





organize a unit. Right away there was the problem of finding a staff.

The Civil Service rolls were chockablock with translators so-called—cold linguists who could read and write a foreign language immaculately, but were hopelessly swamped when it came to catching the spoken word on the fly amid the difficulties previously mentioned. When a staff was finally assembled it was the greatest collection of individualists, international rolling stones and slightly batty geniuses ever gathered together in one organization. To the rest of the FBIS the foreign-language contingent is referred to, with sweet simplicity, as the Screwball Division.

One of its leading spirits is a black-eyed Serbian who holds a Ph.D., wears a beret and was, until recently, professor of Sanskrit, Indo-European philology and Slavic languages in the University of California. He also edited Serbian and Croat language newspapers in San Francisco, and in his odd moments he did anthropological field work among the Indians of the Southwest. He had arrived in this country in 1929 and had surprised the first girls he met by referring to them as "wenches." They didn't know he had learned his English from Shakespeare. He says: "I do not know any languages. But I have studied twenty-five."

One of his co-workers questioned the first part of this statement and said that anyhow he was wrong in his count. It should have been higher.

His main job is to listen to the Nazi-dominated Croat and Hungarian stations enlightening conquered Balkan peoples about the New Order. A Chetnik himself, he would like to listen to the hidden freedom station that broadcasts to Mikhailovitch's followers from somewhere in the Serbian mountains. But the Chetnik radio station doesn't reach this country. Instead he hears, over and over again, the Nazified stations promising to exterminate his people, the Serbs.

All of the monitors, and there are several, who left ties in occupied countries have had some bad listening to do, but none has had worse than Ruzic, who came from a city called Novi Sad. Once he heard the Nazi-Croat announcer boasting that ten thousand inhabitants of Novi Sad had been massacred and thrown into the Danube.

#### Our International Monitors

Some of the listeners are foreign. Others are much-traveled Americans, or girls who as children lived with their families in far places. One of them is Reuben Fine, seven times American chess champion, who learned German and Dutch and French abroad. One girl is half English and half French, and was brought up in China by a Russian nurse. The Portland, Oregon, station has a monitor named Bill Pollock who listens to Russian broadcasts, and to the French and German put out by Tokyo. He was born in this country of Russian parentage and spent most of his life in China, where he was correspondent for a French news agency.

For the most part, the background of the listeners is international. But there are exceptions. Leon Litvin, in the San Francisco station, knows six languages and learned them all in Brooklyn. And in Washington one of the ace monitors of the German section is David Goodman, who was a schoolteacher in Philadelphia, and has never been in Germany in his life. He listens to the Chief.

The Chief is the mysterious voice of one of the very few German clandestine stations heard since the war began. He



seems to be an old-line army man, apparently of high rank; whoever he is, he hates the Nazi political gang almost as much as he hates the Russians, the British, and the Italians; though he walks warily around the subject of the Fuehrer himself. The Chief is a hobby with Goodman, who never misses one of his short, pungent broadcasts. He certainly has access to some inside information.

#### Tip-off on Nazidom

News of promotions, demotions and intrigues in the Hitlerian high command often leaks out first through the Chief; he was the first to break the news of the typhus epidemic in the German army in Russia last winter; and he mentioned a revolt among German submarine crews landing in Portugal that was not only interesting as to the submarine crews but revealed for the first time that submarines were basing in Portugal.

So he's very important. But also his language is very obscene, and this has caused complications in the FBIS office.

Mothers of sweet young translators have called up, protesting because their daughters had read the transcripts; and a chivalrous editor has been known to sit down and peck out some of the Chief's more flavorful broadcasts himself, to spare the blushes of the teletype girl.

It was Goodman, fiddling around with an engineer one night on a hint dropped by the Chief, who discovered the second German clandestine station, Army Transmitter North. ATN purports to be a regular army station in Norway, broadcasting to the German army of occupation there. It goes through the motions of being a loyal, official army station giving news and greetings to soldiers; but every so often it jabs in with some item of heavy losses in the Luftwaffe—industrial accidents—scandalous expenditures by prominent Nazis; which makes it the radio discovery of the year.

Monitoring is all right when your own side is winning, but when it isn't, the most hardened listener will hear something occasionally that gets under his skin. There are individual ways of react-



ing to this. Big Victor Volmar, who was born in Germany but hates everything German, takes both hands off his typewriter and shakes his fists above his head, exclaiming, "It's a lie!" Ruzic swears in Serbian. One of the French monitors is an American girl who lived half of her life in France, and left a dearly loved home in Paris just one jump before the Nazi army came in.

When she heard the shame of Laval's speech, telling Frenchwomen that they could go to their husbands who were prisoners in Germany if they would work for Hitler, she went out for a long walk by herself in the night.

#### The Enemy Listens, Too

One night last fall, the monitor taking Berlin was a little surprised to hear the announcer on the other side make a sarcastic reference to the "highly paid monitors of the Foreign Intelligence Service, in their building on K Street in Washington." There followed a fairly good description of the building. Information of all kinds gets over there. An article in an American newspaper will often come back over the air waves, in the shape of quotation or comment, within twenty-four hours. If the American public could only realize how much does get over there, and how quickly, it would be more careful.

The Washington monitoring station is organized like a newspaper office. For its "customers" in the government, it operates three wire services and a daily publication, containing news of the air wherever monitored in the United States. The staff is made up of old newspapermen with foreign experience; young ones, too. Maybe it's the unique combination of newspapermen and Ph.D.'s that gives the listening post its color and its crackle. Maybe it's other things, too—the banging of teletypes, the global maps on every wall, the casual kidding in seventeen foreign languages; the feeling that something big may come over at any minute.

On November 7th it did.

The opening of the second front, as Washington heard it on the air, was a drama of Europe's radios—little stations, many of them, that had seldom if ever made the front pages of history before. This country, out of reach of Europe's long-wave, got the story flash by flash from London.

It began before the invasion itself. For days Axis-influenced radios over there had been buzzing like angry hornets, with reports of big convoys: with wild stories of Allied landings here, there and everywhere. Nobody here became much excited. It was thought that another convoy was going to Malta.

By a few minutes after 9 on November 7th, the official news was all over the world. Thereafter and for the next forty-eight hours, the monitoring rooms became a seething madhouse: but everybody had time to cheer when the flash came that the guns of Casablanca had ceased firing. Before that, for a few moments on the morning of the 8th, the radio drama and the drama of the African beaches came together. At 1:48 A.M., Eastern United States time, London heard the American voices previously referred to, coming from Radio Rabat, in Morocco.

At 2:15 London flashed the news over here. Five hours after the official announcement of the landings, this was the first direct word received from the invasion forces themselves.

A monitor's life has few dull moments, but even a monitor's life has few moments like that.

THE END



# PEACE OF MIND...

## *in time of war?*



Today no one can buy *complete* peace of mind for love or money. That must wait until the price of Victory is paid—in the mortal currency of blood and sweat and tears.

But every one of you who longs for present and future security—for your family, your country, your business—can and should do two things to help achieve that security. And to lessen today's worries.

### *With an eye to tomorrow...*

Invest every dollar you can in War Bonds. Not simply for the immediate purpose of helping to pay for fighting tools—but because you can not make a

better investment for your own future protection. After they've helped Uncle Sam to win the war, your Bonds will help *you* to educate the children, or remodel your house, or do whatever is nearest your heart.

### *With an eye to today...*

Insure yourself against all risks of potentially serious financial loss through fire, accident or someone's dishonesty.

You probably have fire insurance on your home—an automobile policy for your car. But is that *enough* protection in these extraordinary times?

Naturally you don't need *all* the kinds

of insurance offered by the Two Hartfords—there are more than 70 of them. But if you have a family—property—a job—a business of your own—useful eyes and hands—you almost surely need *some* forms of protection that you do not have now!

### *Get expert advice*

Only a qualified insurance man can tell you *which* forms of protection you need—*why* you need them—*how much* you ought to have. Talk it over with your local Hartford agent\* or your insurance broker. Two or three additional premiums are a lot easier to pay than one serious loss!

*\*We'll gladly send you his name.*

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HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT





Children play with colored blocks, make friends at day nursery in New Haven. Their mothers are war workers

## Minding the Children

By Ruth Carson

**Who'll take care of Sister and Junior when Mother goes to work in a war plant? Foster homes and day nurseries have provided the answer, but thousands more are needed**

SCHOOL hours are long in the Scranton district of New Haven, Connecticut, but that's no punishment. Mothers can go about their business with free minds—operating machines in some of the war plants of New Haven. They know their children will have a good hot lunch in the middle of the day, and after school will be kept too busy for mischief. They will call for the youngsters at 5:30, and no back talk about early supper and early to bed after such a day.

That goes for the six- to twelve-year-olds. They used to bring their kid brothers and sisters along, too, for Teacher to mind, until a nursery opened in the neighborhood. Now there's room for forty-five children, ages two to five, in

the nursery. Their mothers deposit them at 6:30 in the morning, pick them up at any time up to 6:30 in the evening. In the twelve hours between, the children play in the big, sunny room that was the living room, and outdoors in the back garden. They have a quiet time in the former library with crayons, picture books and storytelling, have naps on canvas cots in the big upper room, have their midmorning fruit juice or milk, eat noon dinner off gay pottery dishes in the dining room. A nurse is on the lookout for colds and such, and there's an isolation room upstairs for sick children.

Twenty kindergarten children from the Scranton School, besides, are brought over each day after their school for lunch and naps and play. Between the school and the nursery, it's a perfect setup for over a hundred children and their working mothers. The cost to them is an average \$1.35 a child for play school, \$3.25 for the nursery, for a five-day week. The rest of the money comes out of federal

funds, with volunteer work cutting costs.

This is a pleasant and popular answer to the plaint rising louder and more widespread: that something must be done about it—the delinquency, the crowded nurseries and not enough of them—now that mothers have had to go to work.

It will be repeated as often and as fast as defense-area communities can make the necessary arrangements. They need to apply through their local boards of education for the money, already voted under the Lanham Act. When they prove themselves eligible, they'll get enough to cover the cost of teachers, helpers and materials, except food. Fees from parents take care of that. Many of the 1,500 former WPA nurseries will carry on this way. Besides, established nurseries in war-crowded towns are already filled beyond capacity, and more are being opened whenever mothers themselves or communities can swing them.

There is too much confusion, rapid change and makeshift arrangement for

any accurate figure on national need, but there are plenty of indications. Seattle alone has 1,431 children registered and waiting for care by the day, and at least 10,000 more need it. San Diego, packed to its roofs with war workers, wants one day-care center within a radius of every three blocks. It has eleven former WPA nursery schools and expects to open more nurseries at the rate of one a week—as long as the facilities and trained personnel hold out. They have 430 foster homes registered, where 1,200 children are cared for by the day or full time, and the number mounts each day as pleas go out via press, radio, church and labor unions. And they want to treble it at that.

Washington has three recommendations to make besides urging mothers of small children to stay home if possible. One is nurseries. Second, play schools. Third, foster homes by the day, which means something like leaving the children with the neighbors, only under an organized, supervised scheme that can make the system work on a big scale, among strangers.

"What we need," says Mr. Howard

PHOTOGRAPH BY LARRY MONAHAN



....."I helped cook 'em in my kitchen!"

"This is more of a woman's war than any war that has ever been fought!

"From the heroic nurses of Bataan . . . to the women at home faced with the problem of preparing nutritious war-time meals for their families . . . we're all playing a vital part in helping to win this war.

"But there's another way we can show our patriotism that many of us have probably never considered . . . and that is by avoiding wasteful use of Gas . . . in cooking and especially in house heating and water heating.

"Most people think of Gas only as a household fuel . . . the truth is, it's also used in making nearly every kind of fighting weapon that goes to our men . . . planes, ships, tanks, guns, bombs!

"Gas makes them faster . . . and that means lives saved! It's much more economical . . . and that affects all our pocket-books. It's easier to control . . . and that means finer planes, better equipment for our husbands and sons!"

### MEETING WARTIME NEEDS

**1. For Gas fuel.** Today the Gas industry is producing more Gas than at any time in history. Yet because of the difficulty in transporting fuel oil and coal to make manufactured Gas—and because of the shortage of materials with which to enlarge plants or build new natural gas pipe lines—there may be times in some sections when the demands of war production will reduce the amount of Gas normally available for household use. It is for these reasons you are urged to use Gas wisely—don't waste it!

**2. For nutrition information.** If you are one of the 85 million who depend on Gas for cooking, feel free to ask your Gas Company for the latest information on preparing nutritious wartime meals.

AMERICAN GAS ASSOCIATION



# GAS

*is vital to war production  
... use it wisely!*



Buy War Bonds today—save for the Certified Performance Gas range of tomorrow.



George Wirth



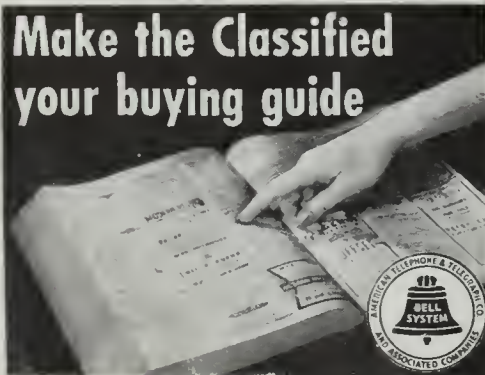


*"So sorry, Mr. Trowbridge. We'll look in the Classified for a plumber."*

When you need a plumber, carpenter, auto mechanic, beauty shop—just "look it up!" in the Classified section of your Telephone Directory.

The Classified lists the names of all local tradespeople, and their advertisements give detailed information that will help you in selecting the one best fitted to do your job.

**Make the Classified  
your buying guide**



Hopkirk, director of the Child Welfare League of America, which heads up much of the privately organized child care in the country, "is to crack the tradition that schools should stay closed all summer and dark after hours. Communities need to learn new ways to organize play schools and foster home care."

Some of them have. In Seattle, the public schools now supervise two after-school play programs till six each day. A church runs and finances another. In half a dozen cities, including Boston, New Orleans and New York, the Play Schools Association has for years supported day-long summer play schools, using public-school buildings and grounds, hiring its own teachers out of privately contributed funds. Now Public School 169 in New York, for one, stays open after hours each day. At five, block mothers, taking turns, call for the children.

It's a help to have an association to foot the bills, but it isn't essential. At the Scranton School in New Haven, for example, the \$1.35 which is charged the parents by the week covers only the cost of lunches and one paid director. The school donates the use of its building, and students from New Haven State Teachers' College make up the rest of the staff, free.

One of the most important jobs that trained social workers can be spared for is the finding and supervising of foster homes. Three quarters of the children of war-working mothers, if they get care at all, probably will get it in private homes. This is the system most mothers have always depended on, hit or miss, leaving the children with relatives or neighbors. But now, under the present pressure, it's bogging down. You find mothers reluctant to leave their children in someone else's home.

They need a check on homes where they might leave their children. Some states give it to them by licensing. The homes need careful local supervision as

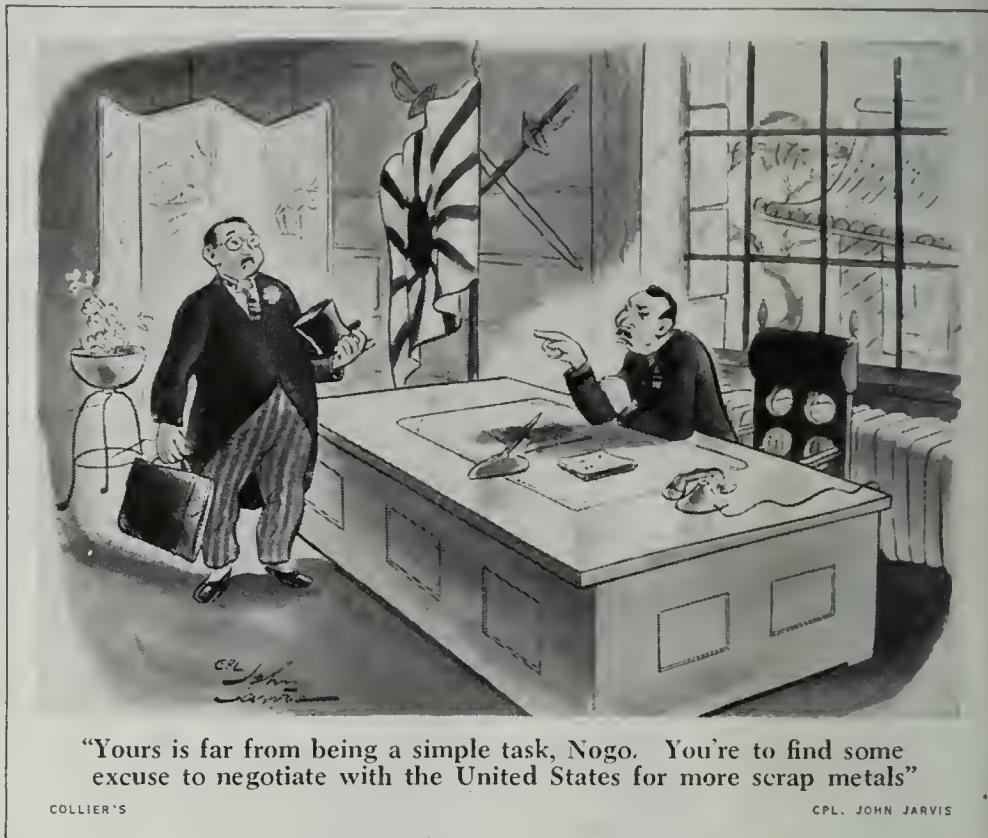
well. That foster day care can work with such supervision, the First and Sunnyside Day Nursery in Philadelphia, acting as a foster home agency, has been proving for years. They put up safeguards like these: Foster families must furnish references and certificates of health, be congenial, have their own income, so that profit is not the main aim, and be willing to take supervision. Only families with similar enough backgrounds, even to grammar, are combined. All arrangements about fees, hours, diets, etc., are made through the nursery's social worker. Complaints, suggestions and questions come to her.

To rally all its possible foster mothers, its schools, its possible nurseries, to discover exactly what needs doing, Wash-

ington recommends that each community organize, combining the forces of all the local social agencies, boards of education, O.C.D. etc., etc., so that there is no overlapping, and each has its special job to do.

More than thirty states now have their state Child Care Committees, to give supervision and advice. The Children's Bureau is ready with help on standards and specific advice on what to do. It's under way—the big job of taking care of the children of working mothers. But how well it is finally done comes back to each community, and how much it matters to everyone there. A lot must be done about it, and a lot of people must do it.

THE END



*"Yours is far from being a simple task, Nogo. You're to find some excuse to negotiate with the United States for more scrap metals"*

COLLIER'S

CPL. JOHN JARVIS

## Top Billing, No Cooining

Continued from page 14

curse. Verna went on proudly. "Gordy's going to be a star some day—a really big star—and the happiest person on earth will be his wife."

So, they were married in Yuma the following morning. They bought a home in the valley, and everything was peaches and cream for about seven months.

Varsity Stomp hit theater screens about a month before the Japs hit Pearl Harbor. It was the first feature in which Gordon and Verna had been co-featured, and if you saw it, you know it was a honey of a picture. You also know that Gordon mugged too much and that Verna stole the show.

Carl Denman, the producer, invited the three of us to a private screening before the picture was ready for release. When it ended, Denman gave Verna a pleased smile, then said to me, "Mr. High, it looks like we've got a hit on our hands, and if I'm any judge, you've got a star in your vest pocket."

Verna Jason's eyes sparkled. "Oh, Mr. Denman, wasn't he marvelous?"

Denman chuckled, glanced my way to see if I was making the same mistake. I wasn't and he knew it, so he said no more.

I didn't sleep well that night. Both of their contracts expired with Varsity Stomp, and Denman had agreed to generous terms for the renewals, even before the picture was out of the cutting room. But telling the kids was going to be an ordeal I didn't relish.

It was late afternoon the following day when they came into my office.

"Hello, Tenper," Gordon greeted me with a brash self-confidence that made him swagger. "What gives?"

"I've got your new contracts," I announced. A sly appraisal of their expressions gave me a hint of what they expected. Verna settled in a big leather chair and crossed her pretty legs: her soft smile told me that anything I had arranged was okay with her. Gordon's cocky manner was a curious mixture of bluff and apprehension. He was expecting the moon, done up like an Edam cheese, and he was going to be sore if he didn't get it.

I CAME right to the painful point: "Denman is pleased with both of you, and he wasn't hard to do business with." I looked at Verna. "Honey, you get a five-year contract, starting at seven-fifty a week, with increases every six months."

Gordon whistled an exclamation point.

I continued to Verna, "You get top billing, except when you're cast with one of the studio's ranking stars, and you get your name above the title in one 'A' picture the first year." I paused to watch the happy mist come in her eyes, then went on, "Sweetheart, for a little Iowa girl who has hardly got the straw out of her ears, that ain't hay."

With a squeal of delight, she flew out

of the chair and threw her arms around my neck, kissed me on the top of my bald head. "Tenper," she cried, "you're an old darling."

"DeMille was right," I said, taking her soft, warm hands in both of mine. "You got no more than you deserve."

Gordon Dykes broke in. "Didn't I always tell you she had it in her?" He stammered a little, working up his courage to ask, "And what juicy plums have you got for the man of the house?"

"You're coming up in the world, too, Gordy," I said as brightly as I knew how. "Denman has given you a hundred-dollar-a-week raise, and he wants you to play the lead opposite Verna in her big picture. It'll be a musical and your part will be a stand-out."

It was a deathly silence that engulfed us. Gordon drew in a deep breath, expelled it quaveringly. "Well, now," he finally managed to say in a hoarse voice with a sarcastic edge, "isn't that just dandy!"

"But, Tenper," Verna said bewilderedly, "that can't be right. Gordy will be getting four hundred to my seven-fifty."

Dykes wheeled on me fiercely. "And what about my billing in Verna's picture? Are we co-starred—with both names above the title?"

I slowly shook my head. "No, it's Verna's picture, but you get top billing above the rest of the cast."



The corner of his lip curled. "And I suppose I'll be billed Mr. Gordon Jason."

It was a cruel thrust that made Verna cry out, "Please—Gordon—don't be so sarcastic. It isn't Tenper's fault."

He ignored her plea, shot out an exasperated hand. "So this is what Denman wants to hand me after the performance I gave him in Varsity Stomp."

"Wait a minute, kid," I reminded him. "Verna was good in that picture, too."

"But it was my hoofing that made it a hit."

"Let me show you something," I said. I had my secretary bring me a sheaf of tear sheets from the key newspapers around the country, showed him ads the exhibitors had run on Varsity Stomp. "There's your answer," I said. "The studio advertising department gave you top billing in the press sheet—but do you see what the theater managers have done? They've lifted Verna's name out of the cast and put it above the title—'VERNA JASON—Sensational new star in Varsity Stomp.' The managers know better than the producers, what the fans want." I showed him some clippings. "Read those reviews. They say you're okay—but they rave about Verna."

VERNA'S hand quivered as she touched my arm. "Please—Tenper—" she almost whispered. Deep hurt in her eyes begged me to say no more. Then she asked, "Where is my contract?"

"In my files," I said.

"Get it for me," she demanded.

"Why?"

"So I can tear it up, of course," she said with finality.

"I can't let you do that, Verna," I said. "This is the big chance you've been working for."

"Please—" she insisted impatiently.

Then Gordon Dykes showed his nasty streak and threw the fat in the fire. He swung around and faced her.

"Don't be so noble!" he snapped. "You've made a fool out of me, now take your reward. All the time we were shooting Varsity you used every trick in the book to steal scenes from me, but because you were my wife, I let you get away with it."

Shocked and hurt, Verna could only stare at him in amazement. I half rose out of my chair, wanting to bust him in the mouth, but caught myself in time. This wasn't Gordon Dykes talking to the girl he loved; this was the hardened veteran of one-night stands, slugging it out for bows. Get those bows!—no matter how many dead bodies you must climb over to get them.

"Gordy—" Verna said pitifully, "you didn't mean that, did you?"

No sign of repentance tempered his anger.

When he didn't answer her, I said, "Your day is coming, Gordon. Stop trying to four-flush your way to the top and the sky's the limit of what you can get. You've got looks, you can act, and Astaire hasn't got a thing on you as a dancer; but the close-ups give you away. You smirk and you swagger too much—like a drugstore cowboy trying to pick up a chorus girl." I hadn't intended to give him both barrels, but somehow it came out of me.

For a second I thought I'd driven home my point; he was jarred a little and fear dulled the bitterness in his eyes, but a moment later he was back in character again.

There was violence in his voice as he said, "Under the circumstances, you won't try to hold me to my contract with you, will you?"

Further discussion was useless. "No, Gordon, I don't want any unwilling clients."

Verna ran to him, threw her arms around him, pleaded, "Gordy—darling—"

He roughly tore her loose, a moment later the door slammed behind him.

Verna broke down and cried as if her heart would break. She was like a brutally beaten child as I took her in my arms and silently cursed the guy who invented the star system.

"Don't cry, honey," I begged. "He'll get over it."

She tried to rally her composure. "No, Tenper," she sobbed, "he won't." Her eyes accused me. "You've hurt his pride too deeply."

"But somebody had to put the boy wise to himself," I defended myself.

She pulled away from me and dabbed



◀ If she's got you in a spot like this...

and you yearn for a spot like this...➡

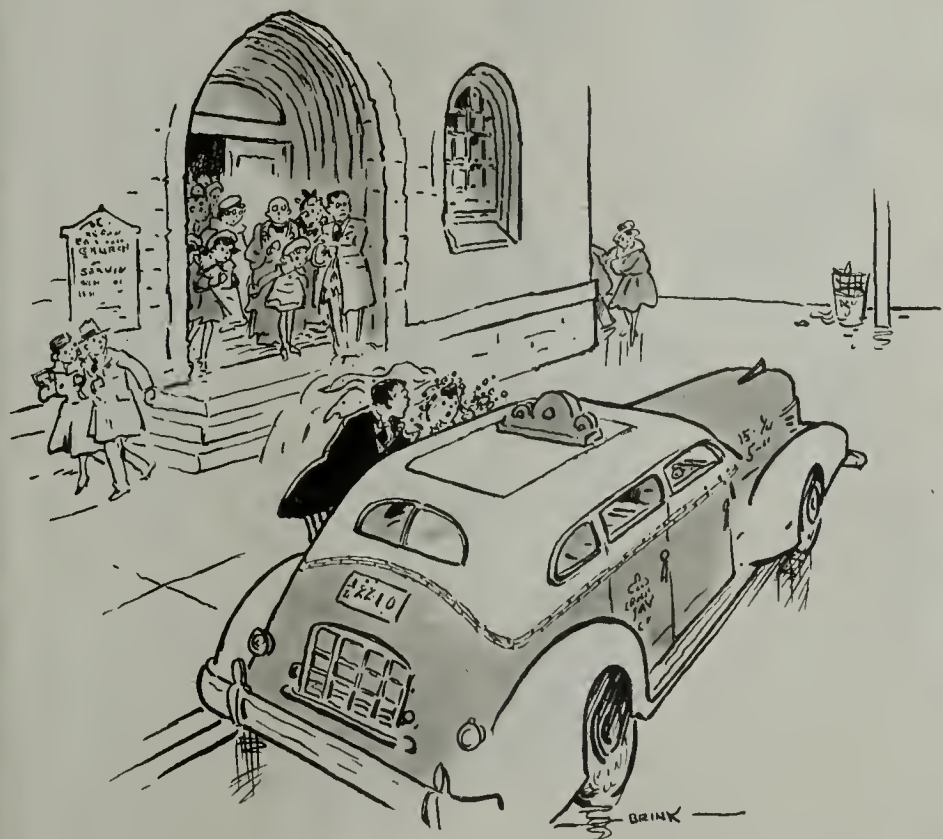


◀ TRY THIS

Everybody's breath offends sometimes—after eating, drinking, or smoking. Let LIFE SAVERS save yours. Only 5¢.



➡ Today our armed forces are ordering more and more LIFE SAVERS. So...if you have trouble getting some favorite flavor...you will know that some soldier, sailor, or marine is enjoying it somewhere, someplace.



"Stop at a barbershop. My husband is having his silly little mustache shaved off"

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R. M. BRINKERHOFF



# overs of farm-fresh SUCCOTASH

## —this way to HEAVEN!



**1. Birds Eye** brings you the makings for a farm-fresh Succotash! The Cut Corn is marvelous—golden, milky, buttery kernels! With Baby Lima Beans, it's unbeatable!

**2. Yes, this Cut Corn** is packed with country-fresh goodness that says "Just picked!" Which it was—and Quick-Frozen only 4 hours after! It's loaded with nutrition!



**3. The baby Limas** (Featured with Corn this Week!), are tender, full-flavored—Quick-Frozen at plumpest peak! BOTH are work-free...economical! 1 box of either serves 4!

Naturally rich in NUTRITION!

VITAMIN	A	B <sub>1</sub>	C	G	PHOSPHORUS	IRON	COPPER
THE CORN	1	1	3	1	2	2	2
THE LIMAS	1	1	3	1	2	3	3
	1 (FAIR)		2 (GOOD)		3 (EXCELLENT)		



**4. With this,** serve Birds Eye Fried Chicken! (Find finer, and it's MONEY-BACK!) These Grade-A Chickens are tender, meaty, country-fresh—thanks to Quick-Freezing!

**5. These Fryers** are drawn of all waste, cut into handy pieces, cleaned, and boxed! They're pinfeatherless...work-free. Thrifty, too—you pay for no waste!

**OUT-OF-SEASON FEATURES!**  
THIS WEEK! JAN. 25-30

**CUT CORN**  
**BABY LIMA BEANS**

ANOTHER BIG VALUE!  
COUNTRY STYLE **FRYING CHICKENS**



her tear-smear face. "Did you have to be so brutal about it?"

That gave me the cue! So help me, they'll do it every time! I was going to end up being the villain!

"You can't be subtle with a guy like Gordon," I insisted. "You've got to hit him with a pile driver."

"Well, you did it, all right! And you've smashed my life in the bargain." She started to cry again.

Now, she had me hanging on the ropes! Of all the nice, reasonable people there are in the world, I picked actors for clients!

"Okay, honey," I admitted grudgingly, "so I'm a heel! But I thought it was for his own good. And I don't think it will make any real difference between you two. I don't want to see you split up, so why don't you go on home, the two of you get good and mad at me, then kiss and make up and call me and say you want to sign your contracts?"

I never was any good at being facetious. Without another word, Verna Jason walked out of my office.

Later that afternoon, I called her, but she wouldn't talk to me. Two days later I received a note which read:

"Dear Tenper:

"I've lost all heart for the picture business and I'm going home—as soon as I've completed an unpleasant little chore in Reno. Please be a good egg and tear up my contract. Verna.

"P.S. No hard feeling."

**MY CONSCIENCE** was soothed a little, but the consolation was as phony as the whole Hollywood racket. Her forgiveness didn't change things any. They hadn't kissed and made up; she was divorcing him—and all because of a crazy worship of big type, and high salaries—most of which goes to the government, anyway.

Ordinarily, the kids' bust-up would have rated quite some recognition in the public press, but it only got a few lines in a couple of columns. Newspapers were concerned with something of far more importance: The Japs!

Carl Denman almost wept when I told him he had lost Verna Jason. About Dykes, he was indifferent; but for a long time he thought I was giving him the run-around with Verna.

Three weeks later, Skolsky's column gave me my first news concerning new developments. The paragraph read: "Gordon Dykes has signed a new contract—with Uncle Sam. Being a morbid little character at heart, we informed his mate by long distance. She is in Reno on a melting mission. Our scouts tell us that two hours later, she checked out of her hotel and took a plane for L. A., but the lady was too late. The Army had poured Dykes on a train half an hour earlier, and he was on his way to Miami for training in the Air Corps. Prediction: The Air Corps will wash him out quicker than filmidom did; they want their struts on planes, not in them."

After searching for half a day, I located Verna in a small Glendale hotel. Denman's contract burned in my inside coat pocket—just in case. We had dinner together and she told me everything that had happened.

"Oh, he wasn't nasty about it, Tenper," she said wistfully. "He just said he couldn't play second fiddle to his wife. I offered to give up pictures entirely, but he wouldn't agree to that, either. He said he'd feel like a dog in the manger every time he looked at me. I asked him if our love wasn't bigger than his pride, and—" her voice broke a little, "he said a man who couldn't keep up with his wife, was not entitled to her in the first place. He asked me—insisted that I go to Reno at once."

"Why didn't you go through with it?" I asked.

Her eyes took on a bright glow—like any proud wife whose man has gone off to fight for his country.

"I—I thought his going into the Air Corps might make a difference. He's out of pictures, now, for the duration. No matter how great a star I might become, I could never have a chance at a real hero's role." She sighed as if the stanch heart inside of her had lost its hope. But—well—judging from what I hear



"I must be bad for his morale. Every time we have a date he hates to go back to camp" LOUIS PRISCILLA



about his conduct the week before he left, I guess we think differently about that, too."

"What are you going to do, now?" I asked, as casually as I knew how. It wasn't casual enough.

She reached over, patted my hand, smiled. "Well, one thing I'm not going to do, darling," she said, "is sign that contract you've got in your pocket."

I laughed. "You and Superman—with your X-ray eyes!"

It did my heart good to hear her laugh a little.

"I'm going home to the folks," she announced, as if the decision eased her mind, put things straight.

"Not going back to Reno?"

"Not for a while at least."

"Still hoping?"

She nodded. "I love him, Tenper—desperately."

**M**ONTHS followed with very little news from either of them. Verna wrote once or twice, but said very little. The columnists had an item or two about Gordon Dykes—all bad. Shortly after he landed at the Miami training camp, some Air Corps wag hung a sign over the mess hall entrance: "HOLLYWOOD'S FINEST UNCURED HAM IS SERVED HERE THREE TIMES A DAY!" Any day, I expected to read that he had been washed out, decided finally that I had just missed the item.

It was late in September that I ran into them again. I got a long-distance call from Phoenix, Arizona. It was Gordon Dykes! Pardon me, it was Second Lieutenant Gordon Dykes, U. S. Army Air Corps.

"Hello, Tenper," he said. "I'll have three days' leave in L. A. starting the twenty-third, and I'd sure like to see you. Suppose you could let bygones be bygones and have dinner with me some night?"

"Why, you're darned betcha," I said, and I felt like a sentimental old fool.

"And—Tenper—well—" he stammered.

"Yes?"

"Uh—by any chance—uh—do you know where Verna is? I've got to see her, too—I've got to."

I promised to do what I could; ten minutes later I was typing out a telegram to Verna in care of her folks. She wasn't at home after all, but they forwarded it to her, and I got an answer the next morning, saying she would be in Los Angeles the evening of the twenty-third—and the wire came from Des Moines. That should have tipped me off, but it didn't.

Gordon came right to my office as soon as he arrived. It was late in the afternoon, and he was a sight to see.

Hollywood's make-up boys can perform some rare miracles of transformation, but they're a lot of amateurs compared to Uncle Sam. The handsome, straight-backed young officer who stood for a moment in my doorway before he entered was no more the fresh punk I'd known as Gordon Dykes than Hitler is an angel. His loose, swaggering frame had been knit into a uniformed figure that had smartness and dignity. The hammy haircut was gone, his face was lean and brown, and—well, he truly had the look of an officer and a gentleman. I'd have been proud to be his dad.

He allowed a bare five minutes for conventional greetings, then an eager gleam came into his eyes. "Tenper—did you—Verna—?"

I smiled, nodded slowly. "She'll be here at 7:40 tonight."

The grip of his strong fingers pushed together all of the bones in my hand.

He insisted that we go to the depot

half an hour earlier than the train was scheduled to arrive. Then twenty minutes late, the train arrived and passengers began to stream through the doors.

"Watch all of the funny hats," Gordon said nervously. "Verna goes in for crazy hats."

We were still watching the door when a familiar feminine voice spoke at Gordon's elbow. "Good evening, Lieutenant."

The voice was wearing a funny hat—sort of like a coffee can with a bill like a Ubangi's lip. But on Verna, it looked wonderful!

Gordon swung around, a little annoyed that he had to take his eyes off the crowd. Seeing vaguely the trim figure of a girl in uniform, heels clicked together and right hand snapped upward in a crisp salute, he remembered his military manners well enough to start his own arm upward in answer.

His hand never reached his forehead. "Verna!" he cried. "You—a Waac?"

The next instant, a couple of soldiers were in each other's arms. Well, the clinch is old stuff in Hollywood, but not the way that one was handled. Doug Shearer would give his eyeteeth to shoot a scene like it—then Will Hays would throw out the whole sequence because it was too long and fervent.

Lying in bed that night, I got to thinking about all of the things that had happened to those two kids. Why, it was like a tale by Ripley. Then I snorted and turned out the light. What was odd or different about their story? Why, Hollywood has been making that same yarn over and over again for years. Boy meets girl, boy loses girl, boy gets girl! Nuts! It didn't even have a good sock finish!

But then, those thoughts came to me before I accompanied Gordon and Verna to the depot three days later. Gordon was on his way to a destination which the censors wouldn't let me tell, even if I knew.

The lieutenant was carrying a small handbag and a roll of magazines. Verna clung to his arm proudly as if she knew he was off to win the war singlehanded. As for her personal happiness, I could see it was complete; their three days together had been heaven—and she had a memory tucked away in her heart that would last for the duration—or forever.

**T**HEIR farewell kiss was fond, but not mushy. Then, just as Gordon was about to go to his train, he faced Verna, clicked his heels together, his frame went rigid, and he gave her the snappiest salute she'll ever get.

"Goodby, Captain," he said.

For a split second, Verna's face paled and fear gave her eyes a startled look. Gordon was grinning broadly.

He said, "Still getting top billing over me, aren't you, darling?" Then he laughed as he folded her in his arms again.

Relieved but bewildered, Verna asked, "How did you find out I'm a first officer?"

He handed her a national picture magazine from his collection.

"I skimmed through this while I was at the newsstand. There's four pages in it devoted to the Waacs. One of the pictures shows you with double bars on your shoulders. Put them back on, my sweet, and don't ever again take them off."

"I hoped you wouldn't find out," Verna said, guiltily.

"And why not?" he asked. "You always were a better man than I am." Then he kissed her again—and in a way that told her, as far as he was concerned, she could be his superior officer for life.

THE END

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# The Jean Bart Hoists the White Flag

By Kurt Juhn

ILLUSTRATED BY  
HARDIE GRAMATKY

THE battle for Casablanca was raging. Like thunder, the powerful voice of American guns spoke to the town. French guns answered back, but the guns of the huge battleship Jean Bart, which lay majestically in the harbor, roared the loudest.

The discharge of the French and American guns shook the air and rattled the windows of the beautiful houses on the Boulevard des Quatre Zouaves, nine of which belonged to the wealthiest resident of the city, Abd-el-Malek. He himself dwelt in a palace, the most magnificent of the lot.

But Abd-el-Malek had not always led

such a sedentary life. In his youth he had been chief of a tribe of Berbers, the most predatory in the Atlas Mountains.

The story of his assuming respectability was common gossip. Twenty-eight years ago, when the French were putting on a great fair in Casablanca, which then was called Dar-el-Beida, the Berber chief rode into town at the head of sixty horsemen. He had expected to spend a few days in seeing the sights but he never returned to his mountains.

Strangely enough, it was not the fair that caught his fancy, but the great cranes at work on a near-by building project.

Riding over to the man who com-

manded an army of laborers, the Berber questioned him. They were erecting a building of many stories, the man said, each story to house a separate family.

Abd-el-Malek inquired how much rent each family would pay and then he did a little mental arithmetic, at which he was an expert. The result immediately revealed to him that it was much more profitable to be a landlord in Dar-el-Beida than a brigand chief in the Atlas Mountains. A man of quick decisions, he immediately changed professions.

But it was now November, 1942, and Abd-el-Malek was sixty-seven years of age. A white turban on his head,

The Berber peered out at the harbor. Without turning, he said, "Your destination won't be Marrakech or Tetuán, or even Rabat. You'll stay in Casablanca

wrapped in a white burnoose, he sat—as was the custom of his fathers—on a rug on the floor of his Moorish hall.

Across from him in a soft leather armchair sat Mr. Heinrich Hoff, who held in his trembling hand a small porcelain cup of steaming Mocha. With folded arms, three huge Arabian servants stood on guard before the three French doors, their watchful eyes on Mr. Hoff.

The Berber listened intently to the dispute of the guns and stroked his well-groomed beard which still was raven black.

"Allah is the Lord of all battles," he said at last. He rose and walked to the window, and at that moment an American bomb scored a direct hit on a French battleship. Fire broke out at once, and smoke enveloped it.

"Allah has spoken!" Abd-el-Malek smiled serenely and resumed his place upon the rug. "Did you see that, Monsieur Hoff?"

"Such successes are but temporary!" retorted the clean-shaven German with the long, avid face. "I warn you of hasty actions, Abd-el-Malek." Then in a shaking voice he added, "When the German fliers arrive, the whole spectacle will be over. The arm of our Fuehrer is more powerful than you realize!"

"NO SULTAN is more powerful than Allah," the Berber said. "But it was not for the purpose of argument that I invited you here, monsieur."

"Invited!" Mr. Hoff said indignantly. "Your three servants forced their way into my residence and brought me here against my will! But you'll regret this action, Abd-el-Malek, for, as a member of the German Armistice Commission, I am inviolable!"

Abd-el-Malek raised his eyebrows. "Why, then, is your car waiting before your house fully packed and ready for flight, Monsieur Hoff?"

"Flight?" the German scoffed. "Ridiculous! I'm off on an inspection trip to Marrakech, that's all!"

Abd-el-Malek smiled indulgently. "Then Allah—praised be His name—has afflicted your chauffeur either with madness or with deafness. He reports that he is to take you to Tetuán. And Tetuán is in Spanish Morocco, monsieur."

"That idiot!" Mr. Hoff paled with anger. "Marrakech, I said, not Tetuán!"

"Marrakech or Tetuán—Allah will decide your destination," Abd-el-Malek asserted calmly. "Anyway, it has no bearing on our present dealings."

Mr. Hoff was about to interrupt, but the Berber silenced him with an imperative gesture. "Today, Monsieur Hoff, I shall talk. For, ever since it pleased Allah to send your elegant figure into the field of my vision and your prudent words into the range of my hearing, you have talked to me, and I have said very little. When you first appeared in Casablanca six years ago, your occupation was to trade in the little pictures with toothlike edges, which give wings to the letters."

"Yes, yes." Mr. Hoff nodded impatiently. "I was then a dealer in stamps."

"It was in this capacity," Abd-el-Malek continued calmly, "that I made your acquaintance. For I myself—grown childish according to the will of Allah—collect these little pictures with the toothlike edges. And each time you visited my humble house, you told me of your

(Continued on page 61)





# THE HUNTERS

By Mary Hastings Bradley

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

## The Story Thus Far:

WHILE living in Africa, Michael Garrick is jilted by the girl he loves—Claire Alloway—who marries John Winston, in England. A few years later, Garrick marries and settles down on a Uganda coffee plantation.

The Garricks have an attractive young neighbor: Robert ("Bob") McNare. Mrs. Garrick—"Tommy"—and he fall in love; and when he goes to England to take over a baronetcy he has inherited, he tells Tommy that, some day, he will marry her. When he finally returns, however, he is accompanied by a beautiful blond widow whom he had met on the boat coming out; and it is obvious that he is infatuated with her. The widow is—Mrs. John Winston!

When they meet, Michael and Claire pretend that they have never before seen each other. . . . At Bob's suggestion, the four—Claire, Tommy, Michael and Bob—go to the Congo for a long lion hunt. Alone with Claire, at times, Michael learns that she is a conscienceless flirt—and worse—who is hoping to get a title by marrying young McNare.

One night, Tommy and Bob start out on an all-night lion hunt. Realizing that he will be alone with Claire for several hours, Michael (who is desperately unhappy) decides to give the scheming widow a much needed lesson—and incidentally save Bob. He goes to her tent (where she welcomes him) with some whisky. It is his intention to commit suicide by taking poison (he has a very bad heart, and no one will know he has killed himself), and leave two empty glasses near Claire's cot—evidence that may convince Bob of the woman's faithlessness. . . .

A Belgian trader informs Tommy and Bob that war has been declared. They give up their lion hunt and return to the camp. There they find Michael and Claire together, in Claire's tent. Taken by surprise, Michael has no chance to "die of heart failure"; and he and Claire convince Bob that Claire, suffering from a chill, had called Michael in to help pull her through it!

Both men decide to return to Uganda, at once, and join the British army. On the way back, Claire and Bob (in the same car) stop near beautiful Lake Bunyoni. They chat for a few minutes. Then Bob says, "Shall we get on? There's a mist coming up." "Wait," Claire replies, "till I light this cigarette."

## Conclusion

FOR a few moments Claire smoked silently. Then she began to talk about the return. She said, "I expect my uncle is pacing the floor, wanting to get off. He'll want to get into it and there isn't a thing he can do, poor dear, at his age. . . ." And then, very casually, "How soon do you think you'll be going back?" and her eyes, luminous, expectant as a child's, held their quiet gaze on Bob.

He said slowly, "I don't know. . . . Have to see how things are here."

"But your plans—? Your plans for England—?"

They had been her plans but he did not contradict her. He told her, curt in his discomfort, "I couldn't go in for politics now."

"Oh, not for politics, perhaps. I grant you. But you'll want to do something—get into some war work. If you're there, on the spot, you can get some position now."

He drove on slowly, braking against the steepness of the descent. She waited, her eyes still on his face. It was a stronger face, she thought, seen in profile than straight on. His mouth was clear cut and his chin was blunt. Michael had said Bob could be stubborn.

She threw all her charm into her smile—but he could not see that—and into her voice, making it soft and caressing.

"You aren't going to disappoint me? About coming back?"

"Would it disappoint you?"

"Rather badly."

That stirred him. His eyes flashed toward her then back toward the road. There was so much fire and feeling in the glance that she was astonished he said nothing. She looked down at her hands. Distressingly brown, she thought. But it was wise not to wear gloves in the car. Her hands were ready to slip into his, if he took one off the wheel.

Still he was silent. Then he said in a troubled voice, "Don't you understand how a man might feel at running away from his own place? With a war on?"

His own place! Some slipshod coffee farm, high on a Uganda hill! Sarcastic retorts trembled in her but did not pass her lips. She said gently, "England is your place."

"But if I'm needed here?"

"How can you be needed?" Her impatience showed now, but she could not help it. The man was infuriating, she thought, with his stupid hesitation.

"I imagine there'll be a lot to do. Depends on Italy," he said thoughtfully. "I don't trust Italy. She'll swing toward Hitler. And with Italy in Abyssinia—"

"Abyssinia doesn't matter!"

"Ah, but she does! To Africa."

"Oh, Africa!" (Continued on page 57)

Michael was standing by Claire Winston. Tommy wanted to cry out to him but the time for that was gone, and there was nothing to do but keep the tears back and smile up at him





They were motionless for a moment. It was Chapman, always quick with a gun, who fired first

## The Face of Danger

By Harry Sylvester

ILLUSTRATED BY WARREN BAUMGARTNER

War itself never devised a grimmer test than met these three — young, unthinking and arrogant with a self-confidence they had not earned

THE light hurt their eyes. It had become gradually stronger as their car traveled the road that here passed the bluffs of the Staked Plain, and now that it was full morning, Joe Darrell could see streaks of tenuous blue and pink where the plain rolled a long way ahead of them.

They had passed through Las Vegas in the dawn and now were going into the mountains. They could see them ahead, where the road wound, the east slope of the Sangre de Cristos, and they thought that was an odd name for mountains. They were all young and when they finished college in the spring they were going to be ensigns in the Navy. But now they were driving a fast car into mountains they knew nothing about, and going to a mountain village whose picture

they had never even seen, to hunt bear with high-powered rifles they had never handled very much.

The rifles were in the back of the car, carefully packed by someone else in oil and sheepskin, lying there with other, more useless items such as maps, binoculars and vacuum bottles.

It was Mike Chapman, driving the car, who first noticed that the light was making his eyes smart. When he mentioned it to the other two, they noticed it in their own eyes, and Joe Darrell said something indistinctly about it being a strange country.

Eddie Bonham, the third one of the hunters, said, "I bet we get one the first day. I feel lucky."

"I'd like to meet some of these mountain girls," Chapman said.

"It was bears we came here to hunt," Joe Darrell said.

"But I'm not that particular," Chapman said.

"None of us are that particular," Bonham said. "Except maybe Joe. You're that particular, aren't you, Joe? You come to a place to hunt a bear and you'll hunt the bear, won't you? Come blondes

or hard liquor." Joe Darrell smiled only thinly.

Climbing, the motor began to knock, and Chapman stopped the car where the road forked and they looked at the small, white wood markers, with the names almost weathered off them. Strange names that meant little or nothing to the hunters. El Valle, Trampas, Vadito and Penasco. They took the road to Trampas. This road was even narrower, and, in shade, patches of fresh snow still lay although the sun was white and strong in the clearings. Big pines rose above them, and against the pines, the now almost leafless aspens were pale like the birches of their Eastern country.

They came on the village suddenly, winding down a little now through a pass, and seeing first the few outlying houses along the road and the empty corrals. Then they were in the village with its mud houses grouped roughly around a shapeless plaza and the surprisingly big, square, mud church rising over them, grave and somehow sullen. The plaza was deserted except for a horse and buggy tethered to a hitching rail, and they could see only one store

with the post-office sign out and some beer advertisements on the outside.

They went into the store and a grave-faced woman of thirty looked at them without curiosity from behind the counter. Mike Chapman tried out his Spanish on her: "*Como esta, Señorita?*"

"*Buenos días, Señores,*" she said, and added, in English, coloring slightly, "am a *señora*."

"We are looking for Estevan Mirabal," Chapman said. "The bear hunter."

"Estevan is away," the woman said.

"Will he be back soon?" Bonham asked. "We have only a few days and we'd like to shoot a bear."

The woman spread her hands slightly. "Perhaps tonight, perhaps tomorrow. There has been bad trouble here. And the men are mostly out with Estevan Mirabal, who is also the sheriff."

"What kind of trouble?" Joe Darrell said.

The woman looked at him, appraising him quite thoroughly in a brief glance and liking, or at least trusting him as she did not trust the other two. "The night riders," she said. "It is not a thing we

(Continued on page 66)





## *Spirit of 1943!*

Modern methods, modern efficiency—but the same old flaming spirit of 1776. What else could give men the *vitality* to produce tanks, guns, planes, armaments in such enormous quantities? What else could enable the railroads of America to handle millions of troops with such precision and smoothness...to haul *twice* the tonnage of war materials pre-war

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## The Hunters

Continued from page 53

"You don't think Africa matters?"

She was sweet-spoken again: "Of course. So does India. And Australia. And all the Empire. But London's the place to be. That's the heart of everything. You could help direct things there. Get some appointment. Something that will give you a commission."

"I don't need a commission to fight."

"Sir Robert' would be quaint in the ranks!"

He grinned, a little ruefully. "Dare say you're right. But I can get a commission out here."

"And do what—?"

He did not answer for a moment. Then he said, quite detachedly, "You don't think much of the life here, do you?"

"Oh, I do, but—"

"I mean—you wouldn't want to live it?"

"I?"

The amusement in her voice was like a mirror held up to him, a mirror in which he could see her beauty and her uniqueness and her delicate, luxurious requirements.

He said hastily, "No, of course not."

"I couldn't—really," she said gently.

Well, that was that. He thought, "Now I know where I stand." At least where she stood. No Africa. He had hoped the war might make a difference. . . . No, he had not really hoped; he had realized, ever since their talk, what her feeling was, and he had been ready, against the grain to be sure, to yield to her—at least, he thought he had been going to yield.

He would have told her so, when he returned from the boma, if he had not come back to that scene in her tent which still gave him a disagreeable feeling to remember. That had put him off, that, and the hurry and work of the trip.

Claire was talking again, very earnestly and eloquently, but he was not going to be rushed. He was surprised at his reluctance to be rushed; out on the plain he had rather wanted to be swept off his feet and have the thing decided. He had felt it was decided the day that Michael had blackguarded her so foully, and all the time in the boma he had been wondering whether to tell Tommy in advance or not.

IT WAS a good thing he had to watch the road, for then he could not look at her; he had only to resist the things her voice was saying, and that was not so hard, for he did not like those things. He did not want a desk job; he didn't see himself as a bureaucrat. He wasn't looking for a chance up the ladder. This wasn't what this war meant to him. It was chilling to romantic feeling to find this ambition in her—

She broke off. She had said, "There are bound to be shake-ups. And a new man—" In a different voice she said, "Perhaps I'm prejudiced." She paused and then, deliberately, "Because I'd like so much to have you in London."

The car gave a little jump as his foot pressed harder on the accelerator. He said, impulsively, "I'd like to be there with you." Then his shoulders squared to the antagonism that moved in him, and he reiterated, "But I'll have to see how things are—whether I'm needed, out here."

"And if you're not—?"

She said that lightly, laughingly almost, because, for the first time, she was unsure of her hold over him.

"If I'm not—"

He left that unfinished. "I'll have to see," he soberly repeated.

There is always something triumphant about a safari which returns intact, without injury or disunion, and to have this particular safari, with its elements of antagonism, return in outward accord was an achievement. Michael Garrick thought ironically. The war had done that; concern about the war had bottled up the animosities so near explosion those last days in camp.

Then, too, the motoring had kept them separate. He had felt rather done in, for a couple of days, and he had saved himself exertion by riding with his wife. But he felt all right by the time the cars swept into Kampala and Mrs. Winston and her luggage and her lion skin had been given into the care of her uncle who was again at the Imperial.

THE lion skin, as Claire Winston had foreseen, created little interest now; the world of Kampala had graver things to think about than the shooting of a lion even by so beautiful a woman as this visitor from London. Kampala surged with excitement, with reports from the radio—all disheartening—with talk of enemy aliens and internment, with conjectures about Italy and Somaliland and Abyssinia and border patrol.

The Garricks and Bob McNare stayed only one night, to gather up the news, the talk, the latest papers and radiograms, and then with last drinks, farewells, promises of return, they headed for Masaka.

The safari was over. It was merely one more of the fantastic things that had happened in his life, Michael reflected. It had held, perhaps, the deepest disillusionment of all, but he was not of an age when disillusionment can cut deep—or, if deep, can agonize. The quick in him had atrophied. His last look at Claire Winston had been tinged with knowing laughter.

And—wonder of wonders!—the amenities had been preserved. Bob had not started a brawl in camp. No dismal death scene had taken place in Claire Winston's tent. No accusations had rung out. No recriminations. Bob had batted down his hatches.

To see Bob saying goodbye to Mrs. Winston, thanking her for the pleasure of her company on safari, promising to see her again before she left, no one would have dreamed he was a man suffering from sharp enlightenment about her. So thought Michael, sitting on the veranda of his bungalow, in the cool evening dark after dinner, and then, abruptly, he began to think something else.

It wasn't possible—or was it? Claire was touchingly persuasive. There had been all those hours together in the car. . . . By the Lord Harry, that would be a joke on Bob! To see with his own eyes yet not believe—

Perhaps Tommy did not believe, either. Perhaps she actually thought Claire Winston was an innocent invalid and Michael just a helpful aid. Michael glanced down, amusedly, at his wife, sitting beside him.

She was sitting there silently, tiredness in her small figure.

It probably did not matter to her very much, Michael reflected, whether her husband was unfaithful to her or not. What mattered to her was whether Bob McNare was going to marry Claire Winston. . . . That old threat again! Michael



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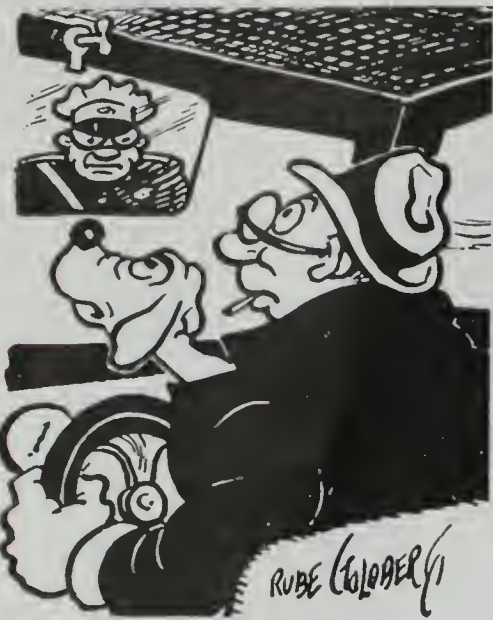
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thought that that had been scotched. "Look, Tommy," he said gently. "About Bob—" Her head lifted alertly. "You don't think he holds any—rancor—do you, for that night? That night you came back from the boma?"

Tommy did not answer for a moment. Then she said, "Why, no."

"Oh, Lord!" said Michael, with almost comical dismay.

"He told me," said Tommy, with a queer, passionless enunciation, "that I mustn't think it was—odd. He said that Mrs. Winston had explained that she had called out and that you had been really kind and helpful. He said he would have come running, himself, so I mustn't misjudge you."

AFTER a long moment Michael murmured, "The bloody fool!"

Tommy said nothing. He looked down on her uncertainly. Her face was a glimmer of whiteness in the darkness, its expression hidden, but he could imagine it. A lock of her long bob hung forward against her cheek and he put out his hand and touched it gently.

"I like you, Tommy. I'd have loved you, as I ought, if there had been a heart in me."

She did not speak.

"I'd given it away, long ago. To a girl in England. And she flung me over. . . . That's the way it was. I couldn't stand up to it. . . . She was Claire Alloway. She married a chap called John Howard Winston."

Finally Tommy spoke: "You mean—she was the same one?"

"The very same. She's done you in twice, Thomasina."

Neither of them said anything for quite a while. He could feel Tommy taking it in.

He explained, "She hadn't expected to run into me. She thought I'd stayed in Tanganyika."

"Why do you tell me now?" Her voice was hard and tight.

"I wonder! . . . So you won't think too badly of me, perhaps . . . for that night in the tent. . . . And to put a stone in your hand. One I can't throw."

She did not pretend to misunderstand. She turned it over in her mind.

She brought out painfully, "You mean—tell Bob?"

"Something like that."

"It wouldn't do any good. He wouldn't believe me, would he? And it wouldn't be very—decent—would it?"

"If you told him I had told you—"

She made a little movement of repugnance. He could fancy her feeling of rejection. What was she to say? "Please, Bob, come back to me! I'm the better woman. Michael and Claire were lovers."

BOB would tell her to go to hell. He'd never want to see her again. Because, of course, Tommy would have to do it directly. A clever woman would know how to inject the poison drop by drop, awaking pity for herself in making the revelation. Claire—the baggage!—would know how.

Michael asked, casually, "Do you think he's going back? To enlist? He was dashed mum about his plans."

"He doesn't know. . . . I think he'd like to stay. . . . But he may go."

"I'm going, you know."

"I'll go with you, Michael."

"No, Tommy. You stay with the farm. You can make out on it."

"I'd rather look after you."

He reached over and took one of her small hands. Its coldness and its work-roughened fingers touched his pity. For a moment it lay passively in his, then curled tightly about it.

He said, "We've a queer feeling, you and I, for each other."

"Yes. We've had that, Michael."

"You're worth a thousand of her. I always knew that."

"Worth!" she said wryly.

He could not blame her wryness. What had worth got her?—the secret bitterness in her was crying. What had courage and loyalty and cheerfulness and endurance brought? The short end of the stick, every time. What were all the sturdy qualities she had, and the sturdy, clean body, and the clear gray, honest eyes and generous heart against the potency of beauty, touched with charm?

He said, "She wouldn't have been one, two, three to Bob, if he'd been married to you."

A queer comfort for a man to give his wife!

She said briefly, "I know."

"I was too long dying."

"Don't, Michael!"

"He may not go."

"It does not matter."

"If he hasn't said already that he'll go—"

"It doesn't matter what he does," she said harshly. "I'm going with you."

"No, you're not."

"We can sell enough cows to pay for it. The farm will be here—afterward."

"It would be gone to pot. No, you're needed here, Tommy. This war may last a long time. . . . And I don't need you."

"Yes, you do. . . . We'll see it through together."

He gave her hand a squeeze, then took his own away. "I want to be on my own."

"But if you're ill—"

"I shan't be," he said curtly. "I shan't last long but I'll get in the show before I'm done for. If the army won't have me the mine sweepers will. . . . My number's up, anyhow, and that's the way I want to go."

His voice had quickened. Then he said, very casually, "That's all the plans I have. But they're enough. . . . Tomorrow I'll raise the cash. . . . So you be a good girl, Tommy, and run the farm. That's my last word."

"But I want to come," she said, tenaciously. "You're all I have."

"You never had me, my dear. . . . So don't hold to me now. Hold to—what is it the Good Book says: 'Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are of good repute, hold ye fast unto them.' Something like that. . . . No, you stay here. You need the farm to live on. It makes me feel I'm leaving you something. . . . That's the way I want it."

That was the way he wanted it, and that was the way it was decided. Tommy would stay and Michael go. He planned to go on the next boat, the one coming from India, and, by luck, he got a berth on it. "First class, by George!" he said. "I'll do the thing in style."

It had to be first class, for Claire Winston and her uncle might be on that boat. There was some doubt of that now, however: when Bob McNare motored over he reported that Colonel Cunningham was trying for a plane up to Cairo, and over to England across France. A plane could make London in seven or eight days.

"Are you going on that?" Michael asked flatly.

"I'm not going at all," said Bob. "I think my job is here. At least till we know what Italy is going to do. Uganda needs all the men she's got. If there's trouble we may have to borrow from South Africa."

Michael nodded gravely. "I think you're right."

EVERYTHING was all right, he thought, in relief. He would go and Claire would go, flying off in space like the exotic creature she was, and Bob and Tommy would stay, and the sore sense of loss in Bob would be forgotten. It seemed half forgotten now, for Bob was more like his old self again, talking things over with Tommy as he used to do. There was a terrible palaver on, at his farm, over some fracas broken out between a Kikuyu and a Bahima when he had been away, and Bob was anxious to keep it from the attention of the district police officer. Particularly since the wife of the Bahima was rumored to be using witchcraft.

Bob talked this over, and he talked over, too, the problem of his own enlistment. Michael heard him when he, himself, was out of the room.

"Do you think I'm right to stay?" Bob was demanding.

Michael listened, his eyes pricked, one hand on the whisky bottle he had gone to find.

"That's for you to say," said Tommy's quiet voice.

"You're staying?"

"Michael wants me to. I wanted to go with him."

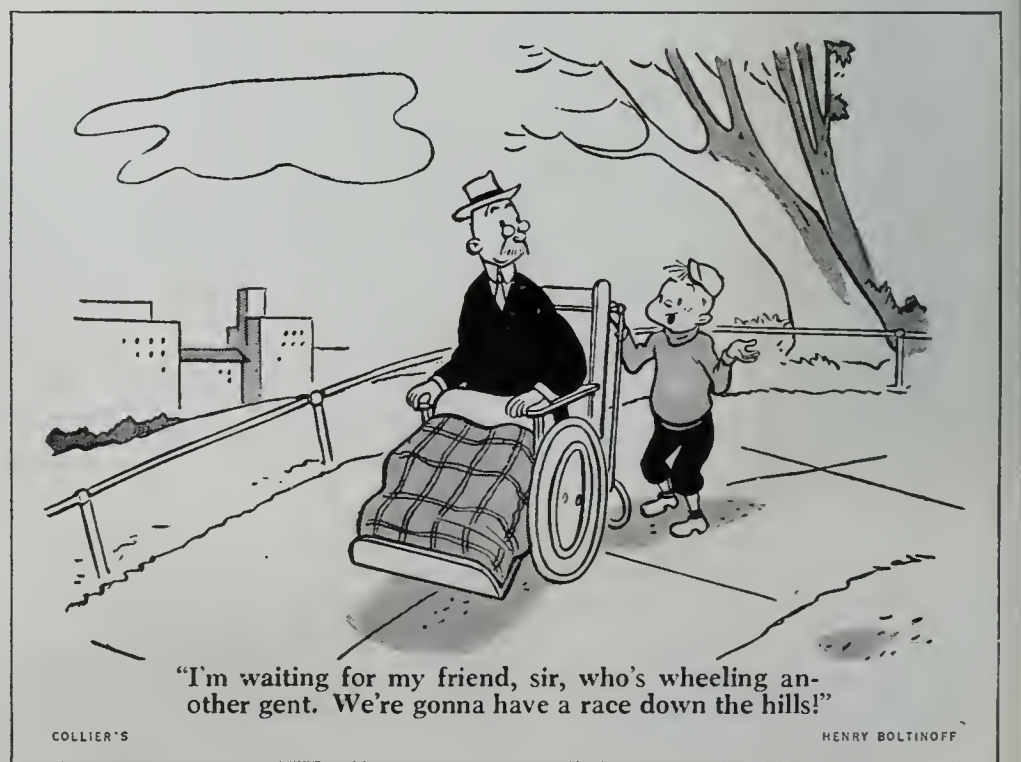
"Michael's right. What could you do?"

"I could help on my father's place."

"What would happen to your own?"

"There's that."

Silence a moment, then: "If you stay that's one more reason for my staying."



"I'm waiting for my friend, sir, who's wheeling another gent. We're gonna have a race down the hills!"

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# BOYS

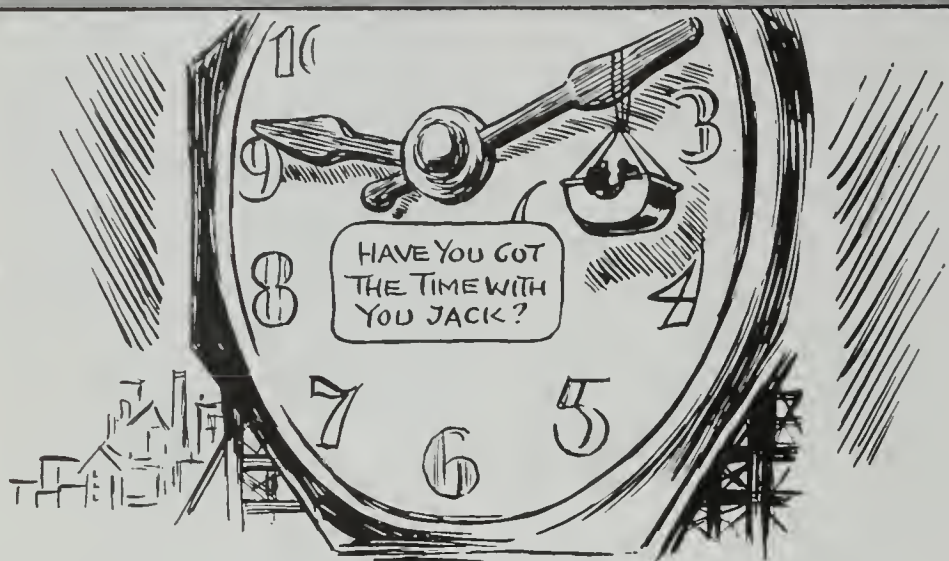
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his smile sharpened, and his brows lifted. Bob McNare was rising to greet them. He had been sitting with his back toward their approach. He had a look of extreme embarrassment as he wrung their hands.

"Came by plane," he told them. "Some people were taking off—room for one more. . . . Had to see you all off, you know."

Michael's smile twisted. "Dashed sporting of you! Looking your last, eh?"

"Won't you sit down?" Claire had taken the chair the draper's boy had vacated, and waved the Garricks to two a steward thrust into the group. She had a look of enjoying this surprise for them extremely. She threw out gaily, "Oh, Sir Robert isn't looking his last at us! I fancy he's changing his mind—we've all been at him. He's coming with us. He knows he's needed."

Her eyes smiled across the table at Bob. He was laughing, confused. "I can hardly do that, you know. I might follow—"

"Why follow? You can buy anything you need on the ship. And there is a place—I just went to see about it. They can put a cot in with my uncle."

"Glad to have you. More the merrier," said the colonel. "Whisky and soda? Champagne?" There was an opened bottle of it by him. "What's yours, Mrs. Garrick?"

Tommy's, "Champagne," was dead sounding. Michael thought, "This is the end for her. If he goes now."

He looked at Claire in a cold fury. Her eyes mocked him. She raised the glass of champagne her uncle poured for her. "To England!"

They drank to that; they began to talk, whether they were listened to or not. Ogilvie told Bob, "Forget your farm, McNare. Come in with us." Africa was safe, he insisted. Italy knew on which side her bread was buttered. England needed men. An army on the Continent. Big enough to finish the job in proper shape this time.

That started the colonel on the other time, and he talked briskly against Corcoran, who was trying to tell about the war in Africa, the capture of Mwanza, and the getting of two motorboats up from the Cape to Lake Tanganyika to clear the water of the Germans.

"Place pitted with shell holes—no cover—"

"Kingani!" said Corcoran triumphantly. "That was the boat we sank. And we salvaged her and rechristened her the H.M.S. Fiji and the Fiji helped sink—"

"Wouldn't have thought men could have stood up to it. But they were magnificent."

"The Hedwig von Wissmann. The Fiji sank that with those two cheeky little motorboats—"

"You, Mr. Garrick, understand that terrain—"

BOB McNARE was silent, in the hub-bub, staring down at the glass in his hand. How much had he been drinking, Michael wondered. Enough to play the devil with his good sense? There comes a time when caution snaps. A man can stand just so much. . . . A glass too much—a smile too much—Claire was too lovely, too enticing. . . . A man doesn't see a woman like that twice. And to feel her pulling at you. . . .

The light from above shone on her; her hair was spun gold, her lashes tipped with light. She was watching Bob, cat at the mouse hole, waiting her chance. Then her voice slipped softly through the confusion:

"Do come, Robert. It would be splendid."

Michael set his empty glass on the table with a bang. He had emptied it three times running. "Never disappoint a lady," he said loudly. "I didn't—did I?"

He leaned challengingly toward Claire Winston. He said insistently, the hint of a grin on his flushed face, "I didn't—did I?"

Her head reared. The long line of her throat had something serpentine in its slow, angry elevation.

"Did you say something to me?"

Her voice was a cold warning.

Michael laughed. It was overloud, that laugh, with a hint of knowing cunning in its undertones. "Don't you worry! They don't know what I mean."

"I don't either," said Claire haughtily, and turned her head away.

"But Bob does," said Michael, chuckling. "Bob knows I wasn't any 'boy' that night." His tone accented the "boy," played mockingly with it. "Bob wasn't taken in. He only pretended to be. Always the gentleman!"

THEY were all looking at him now. He could feel their eyes on him, and the startledness in them, and the quick memory of those three glasses he had emptied and the conjecture of others emptied before—no one could know those others had been spilled on the deck.

Colonel Cunningham said politely, "I don't quite gather, Garrick—"

"Hot in here, isn't it?" said Mrs. Ogilvie loudly. "Don't you feel it, Tom?" to young Corcoran beside her. "I always say that Mombasa—"

Michael leaned farther toward Claire. "I thought, at first, of going out the back—remember? But those damn' natives. . . . Nothing to do but brazen it out—a chill! Ha ha!"

Claire, white to the lips, said frigidly, "Mr. Garrick is trying to tell the story of a native entanglement he got into. In his early days. He always told that, in camp, when he was—not himself."

That cool lie wouldn't help her with Bob McNare, Michael thought. The cat was out of the bag. . . . But Bob played up quickly. Michael did not know Bob had it in him.

"Yes, that's an old tale of his. I say, Michael, I haven't seen your stateroom yet. Want to show it to me?"

"I know where it is." Tommy stood up. "Let's go, Michael."

Michael got to his feet. He moved very slowly, as Michael always did when he had drunk too much, with careful, graceful precision. He stood a moment, his head flung back, looking down at them; under his narrowed lids his eyes were dark peepholes in a satiric mask. They were all looking at him. Claire was looking. He looked at her.

"Not—tight," he enunciated slowly. He wanted that to be very clear to her. The rest would think it a drunken man's disclaimer. "Not—tight." His eyes and hers exchanged a deep look.

"Come on deck, Michael," said Tommy gently.

"I'll go with you," said Bob. He said, "Cheerio!" to the group, and, "See you later." His face maintained his utter steadiness against the appeal flaming in Claire's dramatic eyes. He walked by Michael to the door, saying evenly, "Watch out for that," when they came to the brass banding in the doorway.

"I say, I'm not tight," Michael protested, as they walked him down the deck. "I didn't give a thing away, did I?" he asked.

"Not to me," said Tommy.

"I'd told you, anyway."

"Michael, hush! You don't know what you're saying." Her face crimsoned, turning from Bob's sharp, questioning



glance. "It's fresh out here. Let's walk up and down."

"Coffee's the thing," said Bob. "Hi! Steward!"

"I'm not tight, I tell you. . . . They didn't twig. . . . No gentleman ever gives a lady away. . . . She had a chill, I tell you. Always a chill after a headache. . . . Always a headache after a chill. . . . Why the devil did you come back so soon?"

"Don't talk, Michael," said Tommy. "Bob, get the coffee—that steward won't. The boat's sailing soon."

Michael drank the coffee. He said, "Bet it's that lot they did us down on, Bob." They walked him up and down, through the talking, inattentive groups.

"Why are we doing all this?" he said suddenly. "I'm all right—really." His voice was crisp and rational again. He said lightly, "I didn't make an ass of myself, did I?"

He felt Tommy's hand tighten on his arm. "You had a bit too much."

"Sorry! I won't again. Never more than one peg a night. You can sleep on that, Thomasina."

"All right, Michael."

A GONG was sounding. Saloons and smoking room and barroom began to empty. People jammed the doorways, grouped again upon the decks. The sailor with the gong promenaded, beating loudly, and officers reiterated commands. Visitors began, reluctantly, to file down the gangways.

Colonel Cunningham and his niece were on deck with their group and made their way toward the Garricks and McNare.

Claire said to Tommy softly: "I hope that Mr. Garrick is better now."

"Quite all right," Michael answered her. "Temporary seizure."

"Understandable, quite!" said the colonel. He looked sharply about to rebuke any criticism of a man who was going home to fight for his country, a man who understood the terrain of 1917.

"Goodbye," said Bob.

"You're not coming?" The colonel looked surprised, but Mrs. Winston was smiling indifferently before Bob answered.

"I owe a duty here, I think."

Michael said, "There'll be others!" under his breath to Claire. He was laughing at her, at himself, at the absurdity of attaching too much importance to a Sir Robert McNare when she was so lovely and desirable, going back to a world that would have forgotten idle rumors, a world rife with personable young men in uniform. His dancing eyes defied hers to maintain their chill animosity.

Last things were said, hands were

wrung. Mrs. Rundell suddenly pulled her boys' faces down to her and kissed them openly. Major Corcoran smacked his brother on the back and said, "Give a good account of yourself, fella!" Mrs. Ogilvie held Tommy's hand in hers and told her, "We'll take care of him for you, Mrs. Garrick."

Michael said to Tommy, "All the best!"

Then she was ashore, on the edge of the crowd, that was beginning to sing, "Should auld acquaintance be forgot," and the band on the ship played Rule Britannia. And the passengers thronged against the rail.

MICHAEL was standing by Claire Winston. He had an utterly gay look, Tommy thought, her heart twisting, an unbelievably gay look for a man with so little chance ahead of him. She wanted to cry out to him, to say some last word, but the time for that was gone, and there was nothing she could do but keep the tears back and smile up at him, to keep unshadowed his laughter and elation.

He was going home to die, as he would surely die, whether he lasted to fight or not, but it was the way he wanted to go and he was going with that lovely faithless creature beside him for the next days, at least—in that going the elements of the fortuitous and the touch of the predestined were strangely mingled.

The ship drew away. Handkerchiefs fluttered. Tommy waved steadily at the blur of faces. Then she felt the touch of Bob's hands on her arm.

"They're gone, Tommy. Let me take you back."

THE END



## The Jean Bart Hoists the White Flag

Continued from page 52

wonderful new German sultan with the powerful voice that sounded louder than the howl of a hundred jackals.

"But, in 1939, when war broke out, you vanished as though the earth had swallowed you. A year later, however, when Allah allowed the new German sultan to crush the armies of France to dust, you were back once more, a member of the German Armistice Commission.

"My little furnished villa on the Boulevard du Général Monnier seemed to please you, and I was glad when we decided upon a monthly payment of eight hundred and fifty francs. The money, you said, would be paid to me directly by the French state, as France was committed to pay huge war indemnities to your German sultan. This was in November, 1940. Until today, monsieur, you have lived in my house. But month after month, when I went to the French authorities and asked for my money, they said that Vichy had given no such order."

"Is that my fault?" Mr. Hoff cried bitterly. "French negligence—that's what it is!"

Abd-el-Malek raised his hand, and Mr. Hoff fell silent.

"From November, 1940, till November, 1942, is two years. And twenty-four times eight hundred and fifty francs are twenty thousand, four hundred francs," explained Abd-el-Malek, who was an expert at mental arithmetic. "However, monsieur, you generously considered that the price for my exquisite little house was quite inadequate."

"I never said any such thing!" Mr. Hoff declared angrily.

"Said? No, you never said so, mon-

sieur!" Abd-el-Malek smiled blandly. "But it has pleased Allah to put these interesting documents into my hands." He reached into the folds of his white garment and brought forth a bundle of papers. "Twenty-four of your monthly statements to Paris, monsieur. These are the copies from your files. Your rent was stated monthly at seventeen hundred francs, and the receipt is signed each time—but not by me."

"Doudja!" Mr. Hoff mumbled in anguish. "Doudja has stolen the papers—that brown she-devil!"

"Yes," Abd-el-Malek sighed. "Doudja, the dancer from the tribe of the Ouled Nail."

HOFF'S tortured eyes wandered from the Berber to the windows and then to the guarded doors. With a strangled voice he finally said, "All right, I'll pay you twenty—" Abd-el-Malek frowned. "I mean the forty thousand francs," Hoff corrected himself.

"Sixty thousand," Abd-el-Malek said amiably. "Allah would not wish us to forget the interest!"

Mr. Hoff thought an instant. "You win," he said. Then he took a well-stuffed wallet from his breast pocket and began to count out bills. "Five thousand, ten thousand, fifteen—"

Abd-el-Malek raised his hand again. "Only ten thousand, monsieur, the ten thousand for Doudja, the dancer. For the other fifty thousand I have another arrangement in mind. About a year ago you paid a visit to my particular friend, Maurice Lévy, the distinguished art collector. He was the owner of three magnificent paintings by Goya, for which I had offered him seven hundred thousand

francs. But he had refused to part with them. Yet he gave them to you for only fifty thousand francs. It seems that Allah has blessed you with a most wonderful power of persuasion. Well, now I want those three paintings—and we shall be even. Agreed, monsieur?"

"No!" Mr. Hoff cried. "No!" But his voice faded away as he heard again the angry roar of cannons. "Yes, agreed," he said faintly.

Once more Abd-el-Malek reached into the folds of his burnoose and took out a carefully prepared document, to which Mr. Hoff put his signature.

"Here," the German said hurriedly, "the three paintings are yours. You remember where they are hanging, in the music room, to the right and to the left of the piano, and above it."

"Indeed they do!" Abd-el-Malek nodded. "That is where they are hanging now—with Allah's consent. I had them taken from your car, monsieur."

"From the car?" Mr. Hoff cried.

"Yes, my friend," said Abd-el-Malek affably. He turned his head toward the windows and listened. "Bad news for the subjects of the German sultan," he announced. "I cannot hear the French guns any more and the Jean Bart has ceased firing."

Mr. Hoff leaped to his feet. "We have finished our business. So now may I go?"

Abd-el-Malek smiled.

"Happy journey! Wherever it may lead you—to Marrakech, to Tetuán, or to Rabat!"

Hoff wheeled around on the threshold. "What's that? You say Rabat, when you well know that I'm headed for Tetuán?"

"For Tetuán, if Allah wills it so," Abd-el-Malek said suavely. "Allah always

has His way. For Allah is more powerful than I or you, or your chauffeur, Ibrahim."

"What has Ibrahim to do with this?" the German asked swiftly.

"Nothing," asserted Abd-el-Malek, "except that, as a follower of General De Gaulle, he intends to take you to Rabat, the headquarters of the Fighting French."

Mr. Hoff stared at his host, but the Berber stepped to the windows and peered out at the harbor. Then, without turning around, he said, "But Allah in His eternal wisdom has decided differently. Your destination won't be Marrakech, or Tetuán, or even Rabat. You'll stay in Casablanca, Monsieur Hoff, for on the Jean Bart the white flag flies!"

HOFF stumbled toward the window and Abd-el-Malek clapped his hands three times. Through one of the doors, Doudja slipped in—brown, beautiful, slender Doudja, the dancer from the tribe of the Ouled Nail.

"Monsieur Hoff will not be able to make his trip," Abd-el-Malek explained. "Take Youssef and go down to monsieur's car, and fetch the three fat books with the little pictures—"

"My stamps!" Mr. Hoff groaned. "My precious stamps—you bandit, you thief, you brigand!"

"Indeed!" said Abd-el-Malek, smiling serenely. "Today, the smell of gunpowder enchants my nostrils, and I feel young once more. Once more I am Abd-el-Malek, the brigand, superior to all the bandits in the land of Atlas, perhaps even a match for a member of the German Armistice Commission, if Allah wills it so. What is written is written. Mek-toub."

THE END



# Men Without Weapons

By Henry Meade Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM REUSSWIG

They are not without defense, who have only courage

THIS cove was small, almost landlocked, and the fog filled it, and sifted through the tops of the spruce. Silence rested on the water's calm surface, but the echo of the motorboat's engine still quivered in the air.

Roy Pierce sat on the stern thwart of the skiff, and looked beyond the old man who was rowing him ashore—looked at this land, the gentle hill and the scattered white houses, at the dock and its sheds, and the white shell road curving away into the cluster of the town. He heard a crow call, smelled the wet earth spiced with yesterday's sun, and he said to himself, "It's solid land."

But he didn't move. Hunger had weakened him, and the cold had seeped inside to the very center of his body.

"Well," said the old man, "this is Wyman."

Pierce said, "Whatever you call it, it looks good to me."

There had been a moment back there

in time, when this moment of being alive had been no more than a sweet thought, never to hold reality. For five days he had heard nothing but the lapping of an easy, fog-softened sea against the boards of the makeshift raft. And then from the fog had come the purr of a motorboat's engine, and he had stood up, listening with doubt. Even the sight of the boat held little more than fantasy. This old man, Adam Lloyd, had peered at him, from under a yellow sou'wester, and Pierce had said sanely, "Now listen, buddy, go away. Don't kid me."

"Take it easy, son," Lloyd had said, "come aboard."

The old man had been facetiously peevish about the time spent in picking him up, complaining that he was a lobster fisherman, not a Coast Guard handy man. And there had been a sly humor in his eyes when he said, "If you fellows refused to run them ships—there'd be no more sinkings—ever think of that?"

Pierce had thought of that five days ago, when he found himself in this cold northern water, watching lifeboat No. the only boat afloat, sliding away from him into the dark beyond the light of the flames of the burning Cyrus P. Conner. There had been no humor in his answer when he said to Adam Lloyd, "Once enough for me, brother. I'm through."

On the dock a group of people watched with silent interest the approach of the skiff.

"News spreads fast," Lloyd said. "Folks on the point must have seen the stranger with me. You've got a reception committee."

"I can take it."

Three kids had piled into a beach dory and were staring with shy, curious eyes at Pierce. A girl left the group on the dock and climbed down the ladder to the low-tide landing. She stood there waiting for the skiff. She was a small girl, with soft blond hair.

"That's my daughter," Adam Lloyd said.

He brought the skiff alongside the landing. The girl held it in with the heel of her shoe hooked over the gunwale. She had on a pink skirt and her legs were bare. "We worried," she said to her father.

"I lost a trap," he said, "but I found Mr. Pierce here, sitting on a raft out over Newberry Shoals—singing. His ship was torpedoed."

The crowd on the dock above them murmured.

Lloyd spoke again to the girl: "Take him up to the house, Amy. He's probably got an appetite. See what you can do to that arm—it don't look so good. I'll come along as soon as I get done here."

She looked at Pierce. Slow color had darkened her throat and cheeks. "You have to forgive the house. I didn't expect company."

She had a gentle, low voice, and there was something that pleased him in the way she pronounced her words.

OTHERS began coming down the ladder and formed a group around Pierce. Someone slapped him on the back, and he saw an elderly man in a gray business suit and tall rubber boots smiling at him.

"I just want you to know that you're welcome to Wyman. We're proud to have you and will take good care of you. You want to telephone?"

Pierce shook his head.

"Your folks might want to know you're safe."

Pierce said gruffly, "There's no one to notify." He felt the dock swing, and closed his eyes for a moment. "I don't want to talk," he muttered.

The girl came to his aid: "Let him be. I'll take care of him."

The crowd moved back and Pierce let her lead him off the landing. The feel of the hard shell road gave him back some strength. He tapped the ground with his shoe. He looked at the girl and smiled. "Genuine?"

"Guaranteed," she said. "Under it is Maine's solid granite."

Pierce smiled. "I appreciate it." Then he said, "What was all the fuss about down on the dock?"

She was walking beside him now and there was a faint smile on her lips. She said quietly, "We don't often have"

(Continued on page 70)

"I lost a trap," said Adam Lloyd, "but I found Mr. Pierce here, sitting on a raft out over Newberry Shoals—singing. His ship was torpedoed"





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## Mr. McCandless Takes Over

Continued from page 13

Firing on both sides stopped momentarily, not so much to watch a ship die as for purposes of identification. Distinguishing targets was a difficult job, for every time our forward turrets fired, the blast and glare of the guns blanked out everything. Now the flames of the burning cruiser showed a Jap battleship off our starboard bow at a range of about 2,500 yards. "Get the big ones first," was Admiral Dan's battle order, and we lost no time obeying. There can be no question about the hits we scored, for the next day she was found still wallowing, and was finished off by torpedoes from our planes.

Not that the Jap was idle. Her first salvo, however, fell short. The second was still short, but a third hit us squarely in the bridge structure on the starboard side. I think it was one of these shells that struck down Captain Young and Commander Arison.

I was on the portside at the time, and while a small fragment went through my right ear, embedding itself in my head, the worst damage was a ringing in my ears that never left. Just as I moved over to starboard, several shells, probably from another ship, struck the portside of the navigation bridge, undoubtedly killing everybody there. Anyway, I found myself alone except for the helmsman, Harry Higdon, quartermaster third class, who came up to tell me that we had lost steering and engine control.

### Navigation Bridge a Shambles

We had been turning left to keep from running head on into the Jap, and getting the ship back to a steady course was something that had to be done at once. Thank the Lord, we found things okay in the conning tower on the deck below. After giving the helmsman his instructions, I hurried back to the navigation bridge to see if I could find Captain Young. Evidently more shells had struck in my absence, for the place was a shambles. Bodies were lying everywhere. Any attempt at identification was impossible, for in battle all of us, from the captain down, wore the same plain khaki. All dead, as far as I could feel and see, and it was not until later that we found Commander Arison draped over a 5-inch gun, blown ten or fifteen feet, and badly wounded but still alive.

I made a quick trip back to the signal bridge, falling through a jagged shell hole that gashed my legs. Picking myself up I looked around for Admiral Callaghan or some member of his staff, but again I found only dead bodies. All this happened in about twelve minutes, although it seemed like years to me. Back in the conning tower, word came over the telephone circuit that the after control station had been hit, killing Commander Hubbard. By now the San Francisco was receiving major attention from the Japs.

As I stood looking out through a slit in the conning tower, a shell hit two feet over my head, knocking me cold and spraying my face with fragments. My binoculars saved my eyes or I would have been in a bad fix. That shell ended any engine and steering control from the conning tower, and as the after station was also out, that left only the central station way down under. The men there could see nothing, of course, but the telephone circuit kept intact, so I acted as their eyes, continuing to give orders from the conning tower.

With Admiral Callaghan, Captain Young, Commander Arison and Com-

mander Hubbard gone, the next in command was Commander Crouter, but I knew that he was lying all bandaged up in his bunk. What I didn't know until later was that a shell had got him. He was a gallant, capable officer, well deserving of the Navy Cross for heroism that was awarded him posthumously. Getting Lieutenant Commander Schonland on the phone, I informed him that he was apparently the surviving senior officer. Down below at the time, in charge of damage control, he broke in before I could finish, telling me to go ahead and conn the ship as he had all hell on his hands.

I'll say he had! Fires were going all over the place, magazines were flooding, and shell holes made a sieve of the sides. Sloshing around in water up to their armpits, and with only hand lanterns for light, how "Rocky" Schonland, Ensign

a lot of punishment, but finally one of our shots went home. Evidently it struck the destroyer's load of depth charges, for her entire after half blew up with a bang.

At this time in the action, it appeared that we were between two Japanese columns, getting fire from both sides. With no compass and the rudder all cockeyed, it looked like a good time to leave, and I decided to go straight ahead and try for a way out between Savo Island and Cape Esperance, the tip end of Guadalcanal. As if to help me, all firing stopped again, just why I don't know. Probably the Japs were all balled up, and so were we, for that matter.

On we crept, but just as I was congratulating myself on getting out of a tight spot, one of our 5-inch guns went off for some reason or other, and hell broke loose all over. "Willie" Wilbourne and "Red" Cone fired several salvos at

eye before deciding that we were American.

There will always be a sneaking doubt in my mind as to whether we could have pulled through, but by another piece of the San Francisco's good luck, a cruiser came up behind us out of the dark. At that, we didn't know her a first, and she didn't know us, but Captain Gilbert Hoover, may he live forever took a second look before letting us have it. In that split second I recognized the cruiser, and managing to dig up a blinker gun, let her know who we were. Now for the first time I was able to report to a surviving senior officer, telling about Admiral Callaghan and Captain Young. Assuming command, Captain Hoover sent out radio messages appointing a rendezvous for all American ships at daybreak. Following the cruiser through Sealark Channel, although our rudder was still cockeyed, we joined up with other units at dawn, at the rendezvous, from which point we proceeded to our base.

All through the night I had been praying for dawn, but when it came I felt myself wishing for the dark again. Dead members of the crew were everywhere, and all men that we had known and loved. Utter exhaustion robbed everybody of strength to steel himself against the shock of what he saw, for we had been at battle station since 7:30 the night before. Many of the sailors, boys of seventeen and eighteen, had never seen death in violent form, and wandered the decks in a daze, doing and saying idiotic things. The medical department, with only three doctors and a few Hospital Corps men fit for duty, worked thirty-six hours at a stretch.

### A Battle-Torn Warship

Submarines were all around us, but our luck still held, and on the afternoon of the 14th we dropped anchor, right side up but about as badly mauled a ship as ever managed to stay afloat. At the base we received a new commanding officer, Captain Albert F. France, Jr., and while it was a somewhat slap-happy crew that he took over, every man was soon ready and eager to fight again. Matching our own losses against enemy losses, we knew that we had beaten the living hell out of the Japs, and could hardly wait to do it again.

Repaired and reorganized, we steamed away for California under our own power, a voyage without incident. And did San Francisco give a welcome to the cruiser that bore her name! What pleased us most, of course, was when Admiral Greenslade put our good ship in the Navy's Hall of Fame along with the Constitution and the Oregon, and what touched us most deeply was when Admiral King, standing straight and fine before the crew, gave those splendid men the praise and credit that was their due. "Well done," he said. "It is men like you in ships like this that will play a major part in winning the war."

To such great seamen and born leaders as Captain Charles M. Yates, Admiral Daniel J. Callaghan, Captain Charles H. McMorris and Captain Cassin Young, the officers that trained us and worked the daylight hours out of us, goes the credit for everything that the San Francisco did. And when the old ship steams out of the Golden Gate in a short while, we'll pay them, by the grace of God, other and still greater tributes.

THE END



The battle-scarred San Francisco in San Francisco Bay

Dusch and their boys kept the ship afloat will always be a miracle of courage and stubborn refusal to be beaten.

Newspaper accounts have continually referred to me as coming to be the commanding officer of the San Francisco, which I never was. I was only officer of the deck and, through unusual circumstances, found that at the time I was the only man capable of duty on the flag bridge. And circumstances kept getting more and more unusual. Now the ventilating system went blooey, cutting off air from the central control station, but the men down there kept on the job, one taking up as another fell back, choking and half asphyxiated. "Stick, you so-and-sos," they yelled. "We'll all be walking Market Street in a month." And, thank God, they were!

### The Courage Invincible

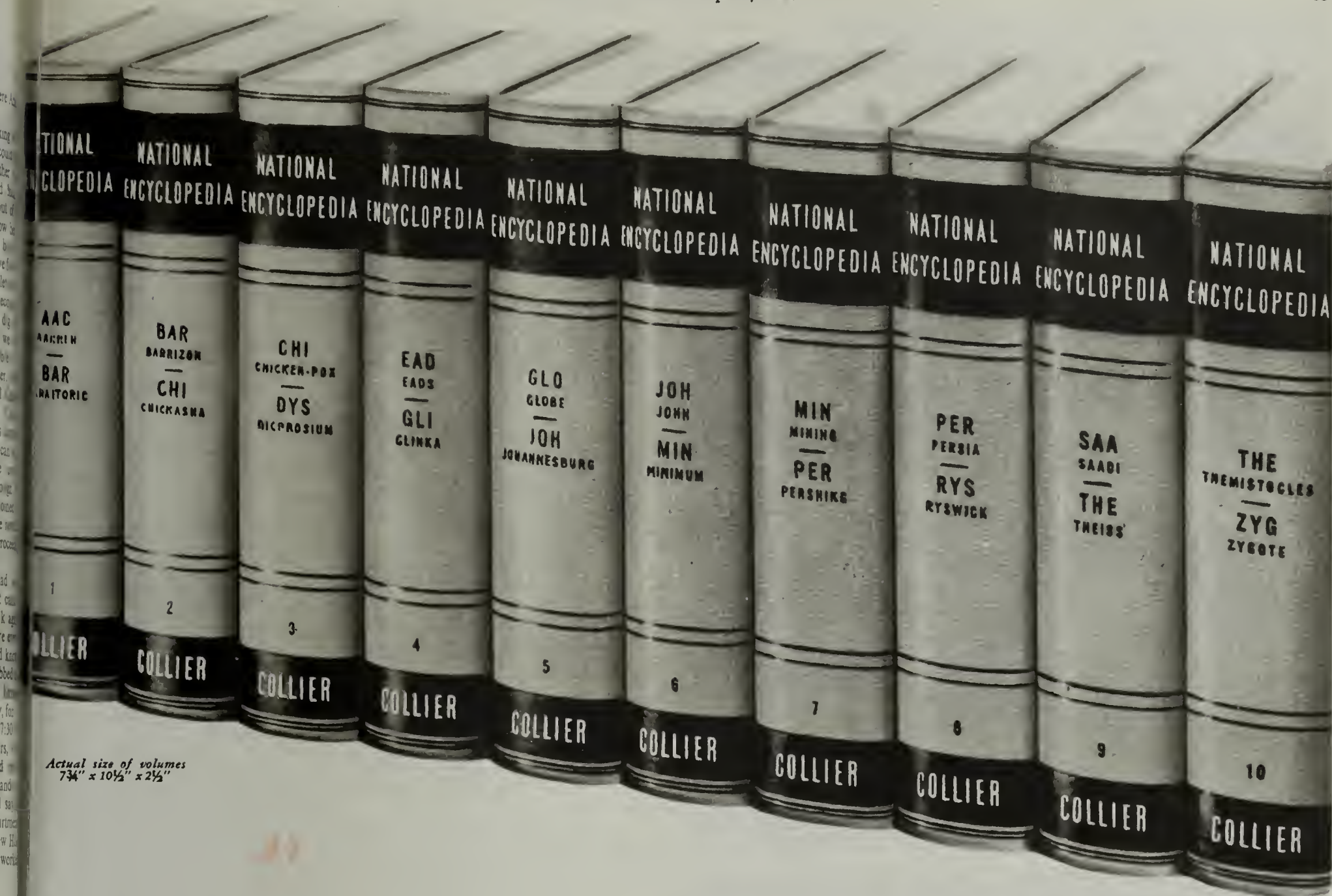
Next thing, a Jap destroyer came out of the dark at high speed, running down our portside and letting go with all her guns. One of our own 5-inch babies was kept firing by three wounded men, one with a leg blown off, the second minus an arm, and the third with a gaping hole in his belly. This last man fell down with a shell in his hands, got up only to fall again, and was still desperately trying to load the gun when he keeled over. How can you beat fellows like that? We took

some ship, although I doubt if they know who or what it was even now, and all of the Japs replied enthusiastically. Suddenly I realized that we were out of the line of fire, and that the Japs were actually shooting at each other. And was that all right with me!

Off again, wobbly but still afloat, we were just nearing the gap between Savo and Cape Esperance, when out of the dark loomed a large ship that lost no time in letting go with her guns. From her fire I judged her either a battleship or a heavy cruiser. Any fight was out of the question, and swinging sharp left, I decided on a backtrack either through Lengo Channel or Sealark Channel. This, of course, put the San Francisco between such Jap ships as might still be on our left, and the land batteries of the Japanese-held portion of Guadalcanal. Even so, it offered a better chance than bucking the big ship that had us under fire.

Not only did I lack Commander Arison's skill as a navigator, but I knew nothing of those particular waters. Worse still, all of the charts were either burned up or blown to shreds. As a consequence, my navigation consisted entirely of steaming slowly eastward along the shore line of Guadalcanal, sheering off when it looked as if I was about to ground. Not so hot, but it worked. The next day I learned that some of our own had actually looked us over with a mean





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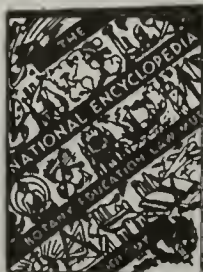
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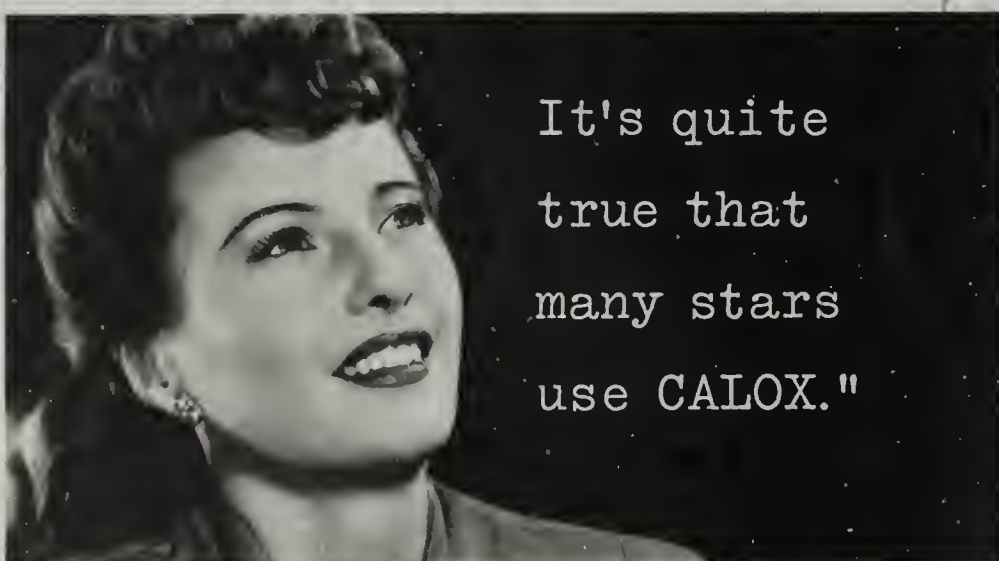
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## The Face of Danger

Continued from page 54

speak of much and are not proud of. Differences between people should be settled by day and peaceably, but some of our people must settle them violently at night.

"Last night some of them went too far. They were enraged at not finding at home the man they wanted and they fired his house, either not knowing or caring that his mother, a *vieja*, an old one, was in it."

The woman had become angry and almost eloquent. The color it brought to her face made her suddenly handsome and Eddie Bonham was staring at her, not paying much attention to the words.

SHE stopped talking suddenly, as though ashamed of her little outburst before strangers. The three young men were staring at her, Chapman and Darrell shocked, but not yet knowing it, and Bonham still in admiration of her.

Then, as though to cushion himself and the others—as for years their parents had cushioned them—from the contact with reality, Chapman said, "Then we're not going to get to hunt a bear?"

The woman spread her hands again. Bonham said, "But we don't have to have a guide. We can go into the bear country ourselves. Of course, there won't be much chance of jumping one without dogs, but we could go hunting without the dogs. You know where the bear country is here, don't you?" he said to the woman. "You could tell us how to get there?"

The woman looked directly at him a moment before speaking with a slight nod of her head. "Yes, I could tell you," she said.

"We'll probably have to take whatever horses we can get," Mike Chapman said, "the way things are here, now."

"And you think we have a pretty good chance of jumping a bear?" Joe Darrell said earnestly to the woman.

"No," the woman said, quietly and not unpleasantly. "If I thought there was much chance of you finding a bear without dogs I wouldn't send you up there."

They were all silent for a moment and then, finding nothing unpleasant in what the woman said, but only the grave and quiet statement of a fact, one of the hunters laughed a little uneasily. "Oh, we can take care of ourselves," Bonham said. He realized, quite suddenly that he was younger than the woman.

They went outside on the rough porch in front of the store and the woman told them where to go to get horses and then where to go if they wanted to hunt. She was without anger or more than passing interest in them. Her arms and, under her cheap dress, her figure moved easily and with a strong grace.

And it was this natural grace and dignity of the woman, and obviously a rather poor woman, as much as her strange remark about not expecting them to find a bear, that induced a silence in them as they rode slowly up a slanting mountain trail. . . .

It was high noon when they stopped in the shadow of a big pine to eat. The day had grown suddenly mild, even warm, up here at nine thousand feet. But below them, where the shade still held, the snow remained in patches, and above them and to the south it lay in long, glacierlike sheets on Truchas peak, and even as they stared at the great peak over their heads and miles south, a wind whipped the snow so that it streamed in

a long, tenuous band away from the mountain.

So we have come to a strange place, Joe Darrell thought, and it is only now that we are beginning to realize that is not like hunting pheasants on Mike's father's estate. They ate slowly, not realizing the slowness and, rising the languid from the long drive and st from the unfamiliar saddle, they saw it that the horses were well tethered at then, carrying the heavy rifles in both hands, began to move on foot straight up the mountain almost at right angle to the trail.

The going was difficult although not steep, and they panted like animals in the thin air of the place. Once wild turkey keys raced noisily through the brush and leaves ahead of them and they could hear the big birds but not see them. Chapman saw them moving in the underbrush, he thought, a long way ahead but didn't shoot. "We came here for a bear," he told the others, "and there's no point in letting one know we're coming."

After a time they came on a level place, a kind of mesa or tableland. Through this mesa, a stream wound, cutting darkly through the snow patch and marked even from a distance by the red willow shoots that grew along its banks.

Where the stream meandered sharply almost doubling back on itself at times the willows grew thickly, to the height of a tall man, and filled these almost circular places with their three or four shadings of red. As the hunters came to the first meander in the stream, they jumped a pair of mallard from under a steep bank, and paused, startled to see the heavy birds slowly gather flight and speed, the male leading the way, his bright green head gleaming and almost iridescent in the sun.

They moved thoughtlessly away from the stream to where rocks and big trees were close together and the ground began gently to slope again. . . .

WHEN the bear showed suddenly at the edge of the aspens and without noise, one shoulder and the swinish snout, not rising and spectacular as in the old calendar prints, but still and almost motionless, they, too, were motionless for a moment, more as if in disappointment that it had not risen and roared, than in fear or even surprise. It was Chapman always quick with a gun from his bird hunting, who fired first, but then all of them were shooting, so that no one knew who hit the bear and no one would ever know. There was only now the heavy clanging roar of the rifles and then, in the quick silence, the terrible, almost grieving roar of the animal as it turned and made off at a heavy trot through the aspens, quartering down through the curving edge of the aspens to the stream and its willows.

They shot at it again, seen almost tenuously through the pale gray trees, but they didn't hit it now, and still standing there they could see it going, stumbling once, into the willows thick in a bend of the stream. And then they could not see it at all.

"Gosh, what a grizzly!" Chapman said. They were all sweating and the others nodded, but did not speak for a moment. It wasn't a grizzly but a rather large black bear.

Bonham said, "Well, I guess we better go in after it. We can't leave wounded game around." He started to move, then hesitated, giving himself an odd, side-



se motion. He had hesitated because the others neither moved nor spoke. When he looked at them, Chapman said, "You've been reading too many books about hunting big game in Africa." "Well, for—" Bonham began in surprise and something else, and Joe Darrell, remembering this something else, hid, wetting his dry lips, "All right, let's not argue. We came here to hunt a bear and there it is."

THEY moved across the clearing of the mesa in front of the edge of the trees, their pace decreasing almost imperceptibly until Bonham walked just a little in front of them, and when they were all about ten yards from the willow shoots they stopped, although there was no communication between them. They did not speak, but they experienced the same disappointment and it helped crystallize the fear in them.

The disappointment was that they had hoped, even expected, to be able to see into the willows. Then they would see

## CHINA FLIGHT

By Pearl S. Buck

The easiest way out would have been to become his mistress. But she was an American girl, and he was a Japanese. So she became, for a time, a Chinese; and so found among those brave and compassionate people a way to the man she loved. A story for women by the most gifted woman writer of our times.

BEGINNING IN  
NEXT WEEK'S COLLIER'S

each other, they moved to either side of the willow clump, Joe Darrell thinking: *Well, is it yellowness or what is it if it isn't that?* With himself, it wasn't that. It was that the thing didn't seem important. If there was a good reason . . . but this didn't seem a good reason for risking one's life. Now, he could not be sure. Later he would be sure, almost.

They never knew how long they waited; it seemed like a long time, but was less than ten minutes. It seemed to them then, and even later, in dreams years later, that the sweat was cold and sudden on them just an instant before Eddie Bonham screamed. Then the second scream and the rifle going off once, but the screaming keeping right on going and no more rifle shots, but a sudden end to the screaming, as if the successive screams were words and the noise had stopped in the middle of a word.

Neither Chapman nor Darrell had moved. They were twenty or thirty yards apart and it was even a little while before they looked at each other. Then Darrell said, trying to speak loudly, his voice cracking, "I guess we maybe better go in there."

"I don't see what good it would do," Chapman said, in a steadier voice.

This seemed reasonable, even logical, to Darrell. He had a sense of being stunned or of walking in a mist. "Well, we ought to do something," he said. His voice and manner seemed feeble to himself and they were.

"Get the sheriff," Chapman said, without looking at Darrell. "Get Mirabal and the dogs. We couldn't do anything in these willows. The bear'd get us like it got Eddie."

"Maybe it didn't get him," Darrell said.

"Oh, for Pete's sake!" Chapman said, still without looking at Darrell.

"Well, if we're going to get the sheriff, we'd better get going," Darrell said.

They found it difficult to walk going down the slope. But gradually the strength came back into their legs and they began to hurry.

They left Bonham's horse tethered where it was and began to ride the horses down the mountain trail as fast as they would go, which wasn't very fast in that terrain. Why they were hurrying now, they would never be sure. They did not speak. They reached the village with the sun still in the sky and when they were riding past the first mud houses, they both slowed the lathered horses down, so that they were barely walking as they came up to the post office. The sheriff's posse was apparently back, because there were horses tethered about the plaza and a few dark men were moving in the rough square between the post office and the church.

DARRELL and Chapman rode slowly up to the post office because there seemed no other place to go to. The post office was crowded with people, almost all of them men. They were talking Spanish and smoking or drinking beer and pop out of bottles. They looked, with the impersonal curiosity of their race, at the two young hunters coming in, and then resumed the talk. In the blur of faces, Darrell looked for, with unconscious eagerness, and found, the woman they had talked to before.

She even sought them out, as though concerned for them in this place of violence and of strangers.

"Did you have good luck?" she said, over the shoulder of a short Spaniard between them.

"Why—why—no," Darrell said. "And your friend?" she went on. "The brash one?"

Yes, indeed, their friend, the brash

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one, Darrell thought. His throat was quite dry. Chapman said, when Darrell did not speak, "We—he had bad luck. I—we think a bear got him." Then seeing the woman's face, he hurried on: "We came back here to get the sheriff and the dogs."

Along with the other things he was going to remember a long time, Darrell was going to remember the woman's face in this moment, the expression of puzzlement and concern first—"You mean, he is lost?" she asked—and then the wonder and scorn and even disappointment in it when he himself managed to say, "No, we heard him yell in the willows."

It was principally the disappointment in her face that got him then, as though the woman had somehow expected more of him than she had of Chapman. "You mean," she said, "you didn't go in after him?" Then, when she saw how difficult it was going to be for him to answer, she turned, and went quickly through the crowd to where a squat man in a leather jacket and wide-brimmed hat leaned against the wall and did not drink but smoked a thin handmade cigarette. She spoke quickly to him and the man glanced quickly up at them, his face more curious than anything else, his eyes pale and almost colorless. When they did not come to him, he moved toward them through the crowd, which parted slightly for him.

"My name is Mirabal," he said to the hunters. "I am the sheriff here. Mrs.—"

"The bear hunter," Chapman said, almost eagerly, as though the occasion were a happy one.

"Yes," Mirabal said, with a kind of impatience. "Mrs. Santistevan says—"

THEY told him then, alternately speaking as though unconsciously trying to share equally and obviously the burden of their shame. When they were finished the sheriff looked at them, from one face to the other, only his eyes moving, the rest of his features quite fixed. Then he said, the duties and obligations of his office heavy and obvious upon him: "Have either of you ever had a quarrel with your friend?"

They did not answer for a moment, while the implications of what the sheriff said occurred to them separately one by one. Joe Darrell could think of the thing he had thought just before Eddie went in: that Mike and Eddie had liked the same girl. But if that was Chapman's excuse or reason, what was his own? In a sense he had no reason, even an ignoble one. It was as though a heavy wall of water hung over him, ready to topple on him when his mind gave up its denial.

Chapman was saying, his features and voice almost the caricature of humor, "I—I guess we were just frightened . . . or didn't know what to do . . . or something."

The wall of water toppled and engulfed Darrell. They had been afraid, yellow. Now he had admitted it to himself, and Chapman had admitted it publicly for both of them. He felt the strain in him ease but not go away.

The sheriff looked at them and for a moment did not speak. He finally said, his face more grave and weary than anything else, "Well, there is not much else to do but go get your friend, or what is left of him. It is not so simple, either. Now the dark is coming on and it might be best to wait until morning, since it is apparent to me that he is not alive. And we are having trouble here of our own which is not yet over."

When they did not speak but stared at him hopefully and with a kind of conscious and assumed stupidity, the sher-

iff began to realize that they did not know—really, could not know—what had happened there in the willows. He himself knew and could see it all clearly in his mind: the young man moving slowly through the crossing, red branches, seeing perhaps ten feet whatever way he looked, not seeing anything really, or hearing, and growing more confident, but the gun not held at the ready, really. And nothing, nothing whatever way he looked. And then, quietly and without sound, close to him and an almost shapeless horror, the wounded bear rising and slugging at him with its paws like a young, fast and awkward boxer. The terrible strength of those short, round swings and the going down screaming into unconsciousness. The sheriff knew, for once he had been hit so himself, in just such willows, but there had been other people in there with him. . . .

Joe Darrell said, "We're sorry your own trouble here hasn't cleared up. Mrs. Santistevan told us something about it. I—I suppose, though, that your problems are different from our own. We—"

Quite different, the sheriff thought. He kept looking at them, trying to tem-

per watching them across the room, and when the sheriff kept talking, Joe Darrell broke first: "Oh, for the love of Pete, stop talking. I know we were yellow, I know it. Stop rubbing it in."

People had stopped talking and drinking and were looking at them. The sheriff, embarrassed, said, "I was not trying to pass a judgment. I was only saying that I thought you might feel rather strange, carrying him down yourselves, or trying to, after what had happened. And I am reasonably sure the bear may still be there, especially if you hurt him badly. The bear . . . at night . . . your friend . . ." The sheriff ended on a note almost of incoherence. He was not trying to hurt or embarrass. He was merely remarking the obvious fact: their cowardice, the wounded bear in the night, their oncoming grief and disgust with themselves. . . .

THE sheriff settled his hat on his head, made an almost unconscious gesture to reassure himself that his .45 was still on his hip. The men in the place took it as a kind of sign, and picked up their rifles leaning against the counter, a few of them already beginning to move toward

The dark came fast now, but not even in the dark could tears come to relieve the tension in them. They could see nothing but the moving shapes around them, and followed in the dark press of men and horses, moving at a trot. When the others halted and dismounted, the two young hunters followed them. The sheriff sought them out. "You stay here with the horses," he said. "Across the rise which you cannot see is the place where the night riders are."

"I didn't come along to watch the horses," Darrell said. The voice did not seem to be his own. His feelings toward Chapman verged on hate; he felt completely separated from him. He heard Chapman say, "I don't think I did either."

The sheriff hesitated, then said, "I don't know what you mean. . . . There may or may not be trouble. These are vicious men who have killed a woman. My men are not afraid of them. It is simply that my men are puzzled at what to do now that these others are in the morada. I wouldn't want you to get hurt."

"No," Darrell said. "You wouldn't want us to get hurt. Or to carry Eddie down. I—we—" He didn't know.

The sheriff knew before they did what was happening in them. He grew gentle without meaning to. He said, "As you wish. We will go for your friend in time. But first I must see how things are here. This is my first duty," he apologized.

THEY followed him through the night, seeing without fear or surprise where other men, with stiff gestures, rose as if out of the night to speak to him in Spanish.

"Why don't they rush?" Joe Darrell said without thinking. "Have one man go to each window, so . . ."

"There are no windows in a morada," the sheriff said, still gentle, "only a door. It has been open all day, so they could shoot across the fields at whoever might come."

"And what is to happen now?" Chapman said.

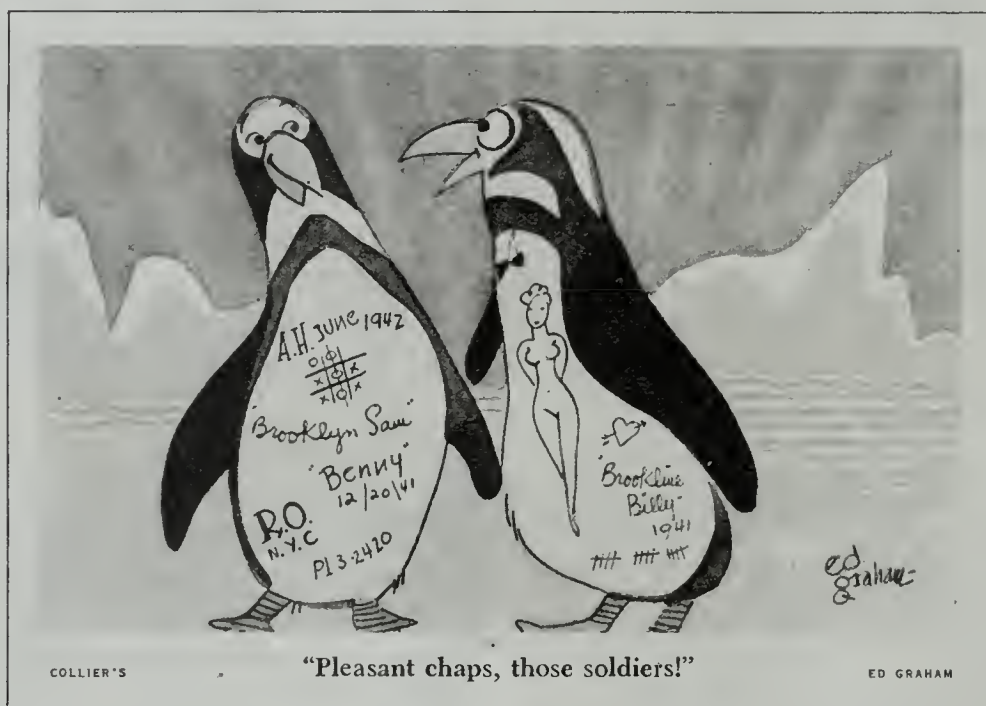
Their eyes had become accustomed to the light and they could see the sheriff shrug again. "They tell me there have been some shooting and they think they are almost out of ammunition in the morada, but apparently no one has been hurt. In time they will come out for food or drink. Although, I suppose—" He stopped.

"Then you have no objection?" Joe Darrell said.

It was a remarkable statement. I presupposed that a man they had known less than two hours, the sheriff, Estevan Mirabal, knew what was in their minds, when they hardly knew what was in them themselves, and certainly had given no direct, spoken expression to it. More remarkably still, perhaps the sheriff sighed and, in the night, nodded and understood. "As you wish," he said, his voice strange because so many things were in it. "It is you who have to live with yourselves, not I. And men of your age will all be soldiers soon. It is you who have to live with yourselves. I wish you well. Also, in case there should be an accident, I want you to know of my gratitude. This here in the morada is a bad situation, politically as well as in other ways, for us."

Now that the sheriff knew what had happened inside them, they knew themselves, and in the night, Darrell turned to Chapman. "All right, punk," he said completely without affection. "Are you ready?"

"I suppose so," Chapman said. They dropped forward on the now hard ground, dotted with tussocks of grass



per his own scorn by realizing how young they were, and by thinking of the men he and his posse had not yet caught for reasons in part similar to those of the young hunters for not going in after their friend. His own disappointment, his unsolved problem made him almost sorry for the two boys, gave him unconsciously a sense of kinship with them.

He said, "Most of the night riders are scattered throughout the mountains. We shot one. And two we have trapped in a morada. That makes for a complication, since most of our men are Penitentes, and the morada is like a church to them, similar, at least. They hesitate to go in and do violence there."

"But couldn't we go back to where Eddie is, tonight?" Joe Darrell said. "I mean if your own trouble would not interfere. I mean—" Something had started to come up in him.

THE sheriff looked at him and at Chapman, and knew that something was happening. He said, "If now you are so anxious to go back, perhaps we can go this evening. The morada where the night riders are trapped is not far, is really on the way to the place where you were hunting. But I should think you would not want to go back to where your friend is. . . . We can carry him out for you. I should think you would feel rather strange. If, now—"

The woman, Mrs. Santistevan, was

the door. Joe Darrell said, "We're going," with a kind of childish fierceness, and even defiance. Chapman's face seemed to be broken up in pieces; no one could have read the many and terrible things in it. The sheriff shrugged in a manner not unlike the way Mrs. Santistevan had that afternoon. "As you wish," he said wearily and without looking at them. Some things he did not understand, but like most of his race, his instincts were accurate.

Following him, both Chapman and Darrell glanced at the woman, almost furtively. It could seem to them then, to both of them, that no face had ever been so beautiful and so strange or so completely unapproachable. Standing there, silent and not judging, in her cheap dress, she had become the symbol of their despair. Almost gasping in a kind of grief, they followed the sheriff out on the porch. The rays of the sun were level now with the mountains. With the last sunlight striking the snow, they knew finally why four hundred years before, the first Spaniards there had called these mountains Sangre de Cristos. The red on the snow was luminous and unlike any other red they had ever seen. It was as though you could see through it into the mountains and that these glowed with a cold light, washing and changing even as they looked.

They mounted stiffly and rode with the posse back along the mountain road.



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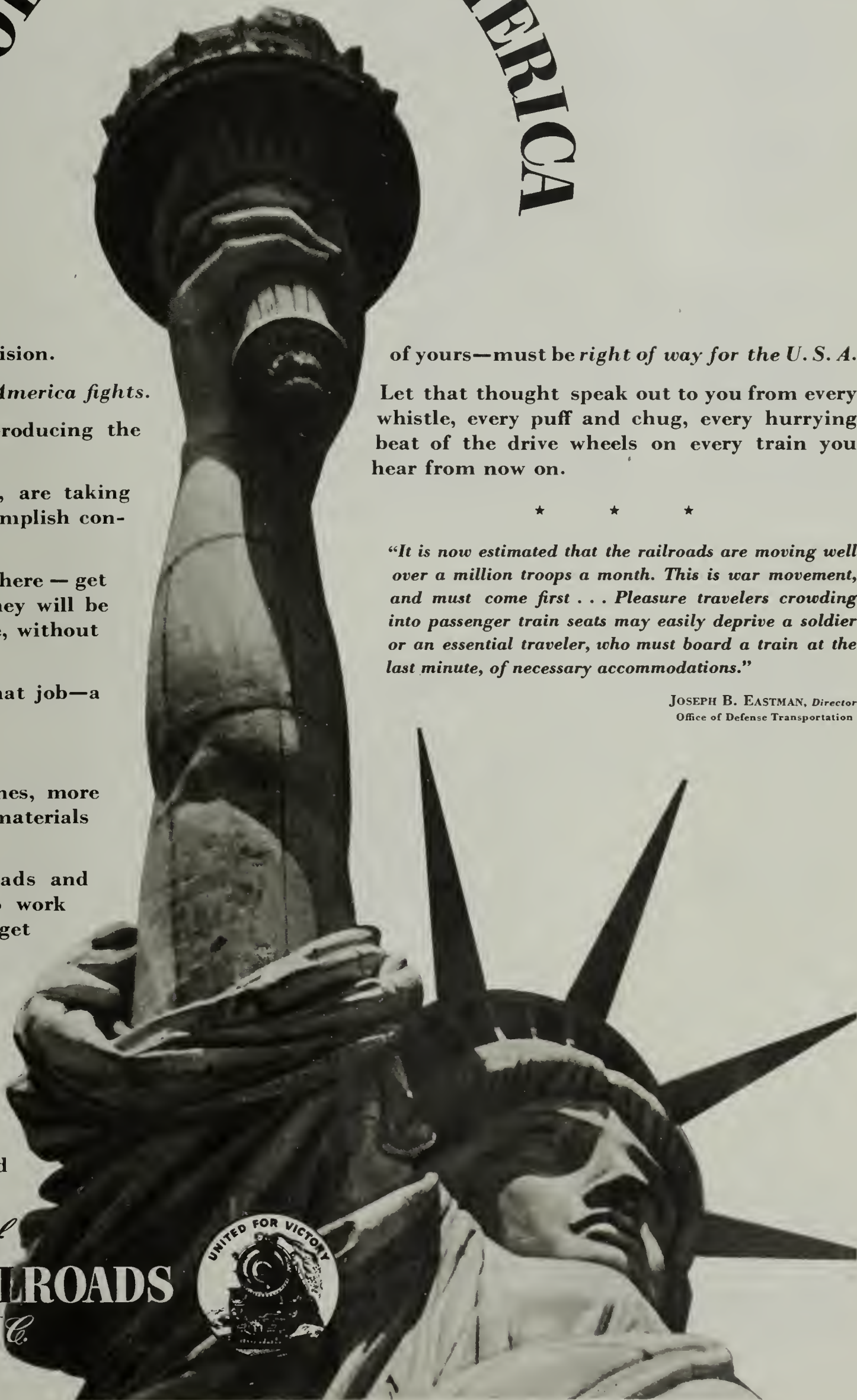
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and began to crawl toward the *morada*. Behind and now above them, they heard the sheriff speak to his men and the silence grow, now devoid of whispered voices, even, but stranger even than night silence should be. In the dark, the hunters crawled awkwardly—for they had never carried rifles so—over the hard, uneven ground.

Grief and shame had crazed other men before them, and it is not too much to say that they were briefly crazed. Certainly, apart from the crawling, they moved with the direct logic of the mad. It was perhaps this that saved them. They came on the *morada*, its open door a dark gash in the thick, moon-washed wall of the building. The rifles inside the building made bright marks in the darkness of the *morada*. The bullets went over their heads, although one, striking near Darrell, sent into the moonlight, small blades of dried and frozen grass, that floated in the cold air.

TO DARRELL, it came as no amazement that he was unharmed. The logic of the moment told him that all things were possible now. From the doorway he fired once, fired high at the blank dark of the place, as if the civilized part of him, now small and gathered inside him, shrank from killing people. There was no answering shot and he crawled inside hearing Chapman following him.

He felt the contact of the hurled, light body first, then the knife, burning, but rasping against his shoulder blade as he turned, twisting, fighting at once clear and closer, punching, and when he held the smaller body, kneeling upward freely, hearing the cry of pain, and sensing from the held body's movements, the coming of the knife and twisting away and slugging again, feeling the lighter body drop off and away from its kneeling position and lie, sobbing on the floor. Then flinging himself on it, half-conscious as it lay, and twisting from the feebly raised-backward arm, the knife, and lying across the man, twisting his arm so that he could not move, and then and finally hearing Chapman and the other man fighting near by in the dark. Hearing now, Chapman's cry, more of amazement than fear, "Why, the guy had a knife!" and being able to reply, with the first faint stirrings of humor and, therefore, of humanity: "What did you think he was going to have?"

Looking up, Darrell saw the sheriff's stocky body outlined in the doorway

against the bright, flooding moonlight. The other stranger's body that battled Chapman in the dark, sobbed and topled under the weight of the footballer's strength and fierceness. Holding his own opponent—so had Jack wrestled in the dark, not knowing he fought an angel—Joe Darrell heard Chapman's victory and saw the other dark forms come up behind the sheriff in the pale light. They came into the room, following the sheriff, and some one snapped on a flashlight. The men of the posse leaned with pieces of rawhide and the sheriff murmured dull and with the triumph carefully washed from his face, that they would take over now.

Darrell stood and walked outside. The clothes covering his left shoulder stuck to it. He could hear Chapman behind him, and turning, saw also the sheriff emerging, still without signs of triumph. Later—certainly so, years later—it might seem foolish and melodramatic to Darrell, but now he said what he had to say to the sheriff: "Now, it will be all right to go with you for our friend." It was neither a question nor a statement, but partook of both.

The sheriff sighed. "You misunderstood me," he said again. "I was not passing a judgment upon you. I was only thinking of how you would feel carrying him down. And then there was also the question of the bear in the dark. It was why I would not bring the dog. They are often fearful in the dark."

"But we are not," Darrell said. *I the day we were fearful but not in the dark.* Tears were now not far from him. The sheriff said, "If we are going, guess we had better go."

AT THE horses, he spoke to his men in Spanish and three of them rode with the sheriff and the hunters. Going up the dark mountain, Darrell knew that nothing could ever make full reparation for what they had done—even thinking now that they would probably have been too late to save Eddie, anyhow—but they had done what they could, if not for him, at least for themselves. *Or for something.* Carrying him down by night would be bad enough but now at least bearable. After a while they might even be able to live with themselves. They rode slowly upward toward where, in the sheriff's remembered words, waited "the bear . . . a night . . . your friend . . ."

THE END

## Men Without Weapons

Continued from page 62

stranger. I guess you don't know it, but you're kind of a hero."

Pierce laughed. "Heroes aren't rescued. They do the rescuing."

She wasn't smiling when she said, "We know something about the sea, Mr. Pierce. It's not just a job these days."

He saw now how this girl felt about things. Brought up near the sea, a part of it, she had the proper respect for it. But the war was kind of a holy thing to her. Clyde Nash had felt that way. He remembered the look on Clyde's face when he signed up again two weeks after being torpedoed in the Caribbean. He had seen the expression on the skipper's face when he shook Clyde's hand, and he had heard the crew cheer him. And Pierce had put it all down in his book as the good old come-on. To Roy Pierce, believing sincerely that he saw things as they were, the Merchant Marine was a job, and only a job—well-

paid, with a bonus and double-time for war.

The girl cut into a path which skirted the cove's head, and Pierce felt the drift of fog against his face. When they had climbed the hill, the town lay before them, centering on the white church steeple. Here and there men moved without hurry, but purposefully along the wooden sidewalk. Beyond the town and its winter-gray fields, stood a tall wall of trees, softened by the fog—a barrier which made this a land of its own.

He stood there, his square shoulder hunched forward, his feet firmly planted on the flat of the granite ledge, and stared at the scene before him. He had never in his life seen a town like this. But dreams, pulled from out of the city's noisy night, had given him this same street, these same houses, this peace and protection. Deep satisfaction grew in him like a drug.



Amy Lloyd had stopped walking. She waited, her face turned toward him questioningly. When he became aware of her, he took his eyes from the town and looked at her.

"You were born here," he said. "You think you know this town—you take it for granted. But I feel it belongs to me. That's because I would choose it out of all the places I've seen."

Then suddenly smiling, he said, "Let's go. I'm hungry."

The house was long and low-roofed painted white, and joined to its sheds and barn. Amy Lloyd opened the door and said, "Come in," and he followed her through a small hall filled with the staircase and the head of a ten-point buck.

"You better sit down," she said. "That was a long walk."

Pierce looked around, and felt the warmth and comfort of the place filter through his body, and the tautness left. He looked at Amy Lloyd, and she seemed now to be someone he had known for as long a time as he had known this town—and he had always known this town.

ADAM LLOYD stirred his coffee slowly, carefully, his eyes studying the swirl in the cup's center. He looked up at Pierce, and for a moment he said nothing.

Pierce waited, giving the man his time to select his thoughts. They could hear Amy in the kitchen softly humming to herself, and the occasional clink of a dish.

Then Lloyd said, "Mister—I think you ought to report that sinking to the Coast Guard."

"That's done," Pierce said. "Lifeboat Number 2 reached shore a long time ago. We were less than fifty miles from land, and she was fully equipped for navigation."

Adam Lloyd drank the coffee slowly, enjoying each precious swallow. Arresting the cup a few inches from his mouth, he said, "You'll be listed as lost at sea?"

"That's right."

"How'd the sub spot you? Someone must have been careless."

Pierce said grimly, "We weren't careless."

Lloyd thought a moment. Then he said, "Well, you want it this way: as far as the rest of the world goes, you're dead."

"It'll be that way if no one from here reports that you picked me up."

The old man sucked in his lips. "I should. But I won't. So long as the official report of the sinking gets to where it belongs, what you do about yourself is up to you. We don't pry into another man's business—unless we got business to do with him." The old man's keen, darting eyes caught on Pierce's, and held, waiting.

Pierce said, "Sure. I don't blame you. There's little to tell about me. I come from Brooklyn. But I've been around some. To sea, mostly. I was looking for something, I guess." He paused. "Six months ago I went back into the Merchant Service. The wartime wages got me. I've fooled around with machinery. I can hypnotize a marine engine, and I'll soon learn how to handle lobster traps."

Adam Lloyd brushed aside the words. "There are things a man's got to know about his business partner—not what he's done, but what he is. And one question comes first. Why do you want to give up a good-paying job for a life in this forgotten town? Your answer, honestly given, will tell me what kind of a man you are."

Pierce studied the fresh, neatly tied bandage on his arm. There were two answers to this question—one was the simple truth; the other, not a lie, but the

outer clothing of the truth—the trappings which were the excuse for the act. Pierce's first impulse was to hand back the answer with the trappings.

But when he spoke, he said, "All right. I'm quitting because I can't take it any more. That's all."

He'd let that stand as it was, without any whine or excuses to go along with it. There had never been anything easy in his life, and he had never run away from the things that were hard. But what had happened to him out there in the night, the sneaking hit of the torpedo, the sudden decision to give up his place in No. 2 lifeboat to Clyde Nash for no intelligent reason, the struggle under the film of burning oil, the utter darkness into which the boat had slipped—these were not the same fair stuff the sea had thrown at him before. He was not the fool to play into a second chance.

He looked up and saw the tolerant smile of an old man, and the gauging wisdom of the eyes. Adam Lloyd said only one word, "So?"

And Pierce knew then that he had been right in his blunt answer. Lloyd had wanted the truth; getting it, he was satisfied. The motives behind were not his business—an honest man can be trusted to handle his own conscience.

Pierce waited for the verdict. Then Lloyd got up from the table and went to the wall and took down the almanac hanging there. He turned through the pages and found what he was looking for.

"We'll haul at ten in the morning. Tide serves about right then." He let the book fall back into place, and standing there, a small tough man, who respected toughness, he said, "It took guts to cut through to the truth."

He picked up a leather coat and walked to the door. "Tell Amy I'm going to town. I'll see if I can rustle up a pair of boots for you." He closed the door behind him.

Pierce turned and saw Amy standing in the doorway. "Where did father go?" she asked.

"To town. He's looking up a pair of boots for me."

She laughed. "You going to dig clams?"

"No. I'm going out hauling with him tomorrow."

She looked puzzled. She said lightly, "Getting restless?"

"Maybe."

HE LOOKED at her standing there in the strong ceiling light. The short sleeves of her blouse pressed into the flesh of her arms. Last summer's tan was giving way in her skin to winter fairness. He walked nearer, and stood leaning against the doorjamb.

She said, "What are you thinking?"

"About you. You're quite a girl."

She moved nearer him, and he saw that although her body leaned toward him, she was holding herself back. There was this softness about her which covered the strength underneath.

He made no further move, nor did he let her see that he thought another move was possible. This he did to express for himself his respect for her—to break away from a past feeling about women, too easily recalled. It gave to this moment a certain dignity.

He waited to hear her first words. They would tell him much. Did she feel this moment as he felt it, and if she did, would she try to cover it with casual words? She was looking straight at him.

"You're making this important," she said. "Are you sure you want it that way?"

He said, "If I were to leave tonight, never to see you again, the answer would

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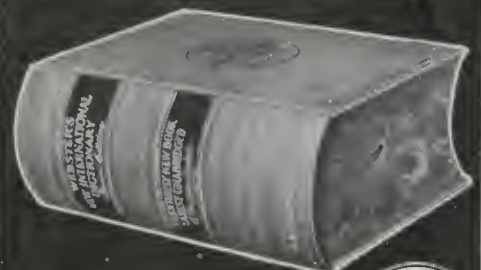
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be—no. I'd want it the way it started. But I'm not leaving. I'm staying here for a long time."

Amy Lloyd looked at him, startled. "What do you mean?"

"I'm staying here to work with your father. Don't worry—I won't stay in this house. I'll get a shack down at the cove. Your father told me of one."

"I don't think I understand."

"Don't you want me to stay?"

"Yes, I do—for my sake—not for yours."

He was surprised that her low voice had the power to hurt him. He said, out of this hurt, "It's a funny thing about people in their home town. They're swell to you, as long as you're the stranger. But the minute you want to settle down and be one of them—you get the cold shoulder."

"No," she said, "it's not that—with me."

He knew it wasn't. Underneath he knew she had another reason for not wanting him to stay—a reason he didn't want to probe too deeply. He said:

"Your father and I talked it over. It's settled. I knew the minute I saw this place I never wanted to leave it—and that was even before I saw you. So you see how solidly my roots have already grown into this soil?"

"Yes, I see. You transplant easily." Her voice hardened. "Well, since we're not strangers, passing quickly, we don't have to live all in one moment. I'm tired now, and I think I'll go to bed. You'll find everything you need in your room, I think. Good night."

Pierce saw her hesitate at the door leading into her room. But she did not turn back. The realization that her attitude toward him had changed, deepened. His mind said to him, "Women are funny." A door closed stubbornly in his thoughts, preventing any further reasoning than that.

THE shack he rented was on a low point, within the protection of the cove, and yet away from the activity around the dock. It was furnished with a stove, a built-in bunk, a chair and a table. Lloyd helped him supply it with needed things, and Amy brought blankets down from the house.

On her second trip she was alone, and she had brought a pair of curtains. He laughed, sitting on the table with a cigarette while she stood on tiptoe at the window.

"Why does a woman always put up curtains the first thing?"

"How do you know?"

"Well, don't they?"

"You mean all the women who've helped you furnish your hideaways?"

The words stung him. And he tried to persuade himself she had used it innocently. When he looked at her she was smiling.

"Okay," he said. "But I notice you don't seem to object to decorating this hideaway."

She shook her head. "You've made up your mind. I couldn't change it—or try to. But you're a neighbor now, and we're neighborly people."

He swung from the table. He saw how things stood now. But why should he make excuses for himself before this girl any more than before her father? He said, "I'll be hauling in twenty minutes."

"Father's glad for your help." Her voice was cool and clear when she added, "You'd better watch yourself. Lobstering's dangerous work, you know."

He walked over to her and took her roughly by the shoulders. "What are you trying to do—ride me?"

"If you want to take it that way." But her voice trembled a little now, and he

felt the softness again, and because a certain respect had gone from between them, he knew that this time he would kiss her.

The kiss was ruthless and bittersweet, and she pulled away from him, angry and humiliated. At the door she turned, and said from the bottom of her heart:

"Why did you ever come here—to come here to stay?"

"I'm here," he said steadily, "and you've got to reckon with me."

AFTER the morning haul through the sun-bright half-wintery day, Pierce stayed out on Lloyd's boat to work on the ignition system. He was going over the wiring when Lloyd came alongside the motorboat, and said, "You ever going to eat?"

"Sure," Pierce said, "I got some beans waiting."

"They'll keep. Come up to the house and eat a good meal."

"I'd better not."

"That's foolishness," Lloyd snorted. "We got plenty." A twinkle came to his

sound like you, Amy. What's troubling you?"

Pierce said, "Let's skip it. You're hired as my social secretary, Amy."

Adam Lloyd laughed, and his laugh carried them through the meal. . . .

Halfway down to the cove Pierce changed his direction and cut back into the town's center. A low-winged coastal patrol plane thundered overhead, veered suddenly to the south, dipped, and then went on seaward into the gray horizon. Pierce walked on. As he passed a green-front store, and saw the tall, gray-suited mayor standing at the window, he suddenly decided to turn in there. He looked over a few things on the counter and then spoke to the mayor. "If that invitation is still open," he said, "I'd like to say a couple of words to the boys."

The mayor looked pleased. "That's the spirit," he said. He rubbed his chin with a broad hand. "By the way, Pierce, what's on your mind to tell the boys?"

"I haven't given it a thought yet," Pierce said, "I talk from the cuff."



"Isn't it astounding? We've found that one  
can really keep quite comfortable with coal"

eyes. "Besides, Amy asked me to ask you—she's got something she wants to talk to you about."

"It's about an invitation," Amy said, as he followed her father into the warm, apple-smelling room. "I turned it down for you."

"What was it?"

"To make a speech."

He laughed. "I thank you."

"It wasn't a political speech," Amy said. "You remember our mayor? You met him down at the dock—a nice old man with a gray suit and rubber boots? If you plan to be a Wyman citizen, you'll have to know him."

"Thanks again—what's he got to do with the speech?"

"He wanted you to talk to the boys. We're giving them a goodbye party tonight at the school gym. They've just been called up. There are quite a bunch of them—kids, mostly. Well, you being sort of a veteran, you know—he thought you could give them a word or so of advice."

Pierce looked at her. He asked, "Why did you turn it down?"

She didn't answer for a moment. Then she said coolly, "I'd be a little bit afraid of what you might say to those kids."

Pierce said, "Okay. Maybe you're right. I might frighten them. What did you tell the mayor?"

"I told him I didn't think you were strong enough to speak yet—it might hurt your arm."

Adam Lloyd swung up from his rocker and looked at his daughter. "That doesn't

Outside on the street he turned left and walked back to the cove. He felt the wind against him and in the wind there was the smell of snow.

He had just closed the door of the shack when he heard Lloyd's voice, carrying urgency, calling from the cove. He walked down to the shore and saw him sculling his skiff from the motorboat. "Get your boots on," Lloyd shouted, "we got a job. I'll pick you up at that ledge in front of you."

Pierce went back to the shack, found his boots, caught a glimpse of the still unhung curtains, felt a brief smile come to his lips. He hurried back to the ledge.

Lloyd said, rowing now into the wind, "A small boat's ashore on Luke Martin's reef. The Coast Guard plane didn't report seeing anyone aboard."

PIERCE cast off as Lloyd jammed the gear forward. The long, narrow-beamed boat yawed in the following seas, which grew as they ran down the coast. There were no houses here and the high, granite walls held warped spruce close to their flanks.

"How did you know about this job?" Pierce asked.

"Coast Guard phoned me from Bar Harbor. I go out on this small offshore stuff for them."

Fine grains of snow, hard and wind-driven, swept across the forward deck and drifted into restless piles in lee corners. Lloyd shifted the course. "I'm going inside the reef. She must lay inside and to the south."



He was right. They picked up a buoy fit, then they saw beyond a point of rocks what looked like an oversized dry, until they got nearer and saw that it was a lifeboat.

"Port bow's stove in," Lloyd said.

Pierce jumped on the forward deck of Lloyd's boat to see over the gunwales of the other. He was already sure there was no one on board, and yet a curious timeliness came over him. The open forward compartment was filled with water. Amidships, Pierce could see a large, dark bundle, and as they drew nearer, he could see that it was a man's body. All along the gunwales, and below in the planks, he saw ripped holes, some as large as his fist. Inside, the planks were splintered; long slivers angling out in jagged lines, he stopped lightning.

"She's been shot full of holes," Pierce said.

The next wave breaking over the ledge swung the bow around, and Pierce saw that she was the Cyrus P. Conner's No. 2 lifeboat. He felt his mouth stiffen, and even in the cold wind, heat rose from inside his shirt.

"Can you come alongside?" Pierce asked.

Lloyd edged his boat forward, little by little. From where he stood at the ship's helm he could not see what Pierce saw.

The dead man's head had been shot through. Pierce recognized him—an older, but he didn't know his name. Farther aft were two ditty bags, sodden and rolling with the boat. On one he saw the stenciled initials—C. N.

"She's too heavy in the bow," Lloyd said. "She won't tow."

Pierce made no answer. He stood there, looking down at the boat. Bitter anger came to him, as he thought of the men, Clyde Nash, and Jensen, the mate, and this oiler. These men had been machine-gunned without a chance. And with the anger came a sure knowledge that this boat must not die, unknown to the world, on these black ledges.

Lloyd called sharply, "Well?"

"We'll get her out of here," Pierce said. "She's my job. Pass me a line."

NOLIGHTS were visible in the school gym when Pierce and Lloyd walked up the shell road into town, but the sound of dance music filtered out through the black curtains and drifted into the night air around them. A large bus was parked near the main entrance, its hood covered with a thick blanket. The sign, dimly lighted from inside, said SPECIAL, and someone had scrawled on the dark body in white chalk: WYMAN'S WILD-MEN WILL HANG HITLER.

Pierce walked faster.

"Watch yourself, son," Adam Lloyd said. "Remember, they haven't seen what you've seen."

"They will," Pierce said.

The crowd at the door greeted them and wondered about Lloyd's silence and Pierce's grim face. Even the mayor backed away and made room for them to pass.

Pierce saw Amy at the refreshment table, with stacks of pies, cakes and doughnuts before her. Her eyes lifted and met his. The brief moment of relief at their return was followed by apprehension as Pierce walked to the orchestra's platform with the mayor. He remembered her words: "I'd be afraid of what you might say to those kids."

They stood in a bunch beyond the long table, those young men, as though they knew themselves a group apart. There was something raw—unused about them, like a fuse not yet set off. They were laughing among themselves, nudging one another, their voices loud and light.

He heard one dark-browed boy shout to another across the room, "Hey, Gilly—here's one time we don't miss the bus! Boy, are we going places!"

Pierce thought: *They don't even know what they're going for!*

He signaled to the mayor and saw Amy leave the refreshment table and go to her father. She spoke to him, looking at Pierce, and Adam Lloyd gently placed his hand upon her arm.

The room became quiet. Pierce said, "I guess you all know how I got here. My ship was sunk off this coast away. I want to tell you how that happened—so you'll know the kind of rats you're up against. Here's how we got it that night. We saw a couple of distress signals off out starboard bow—then more. The skipper wasn't sure what ship might be there—but they were real distress flares. We thought it was some ship that had been hit. So we shifted course and ran over. It was too late when we saw that it was a Nazi pig-boat. She let go one fish—then another—point-blank."

He felt a stir in the crowd. He saw the face of the dark-browed boy tighten.

"You men have a lot of living ahead of you," Pierce said. "This town's a good place to do it in. But we can't—any of us—even make a start on that living, until we've done our job—and we know what that is."

They stood there in a close-packed group, those kids who didn't know what it was all about. Pierce's anger had been too big for one body to hold. It had spilled out and was running like a flame through these men.

THE bus driver threw away the cigar stub, said, "Sure," and climbed into the cab. He sat there, detached, filled with his own thoughts, while the engine idled, warming up. Pierce turned to Amy. He said, "He's got room for me. I'll take the train from Bangor."

The wind had died, and a winter sky held bright stars. They were standing on a step of the school building, overlooking the town. In this dim-out, the pin points of light here and there gave distance to the houses, and a feeling of unreality. For a moment Pierce harbored the thought that maybe this place existed only in his mind.

He looked at Amy in the faint glow of the clear night. "You make it real," he said.

She stood near him, her eyes searching the town, as if she were trying to see it as he saw it now—a place he had won, only to lose so soon. He saw her clearly now—the inner strength and the fineness of her grain. And he knew that more important than the place, he had found the heart of the place, and that had probably been the thing for which he had been looking.

"You're so near me now," Amy said, "and a week from tonight—I won't know where you are." Her face turned toward the sea.

Pierce said slowly, "But I'll know where you are. And knowing that, I'll know where to go, when I go home."

The door behind them opened, and young men poured out of the school. Some carried suitcases; others bundles and duffle bags. They piled into the bus, shouting, laughing, full of the joy of action. Pierce wondered if under that laughter, he had left a seed of determination.

The bus driver punched the horn twice. Amy turned to Pierce: "You know how I feel, Roy."

"I know," he said, "I've known all along."

The horn sounded again, and he turned then, and walked toward the bus.

THE END



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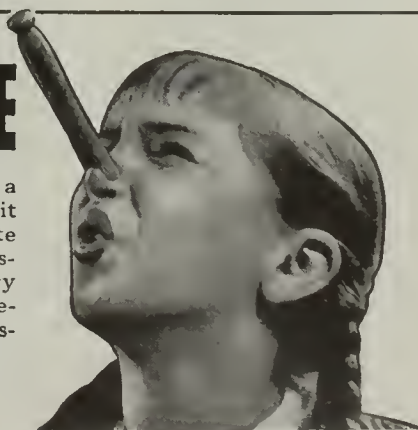
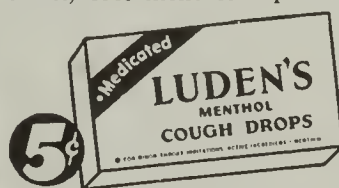
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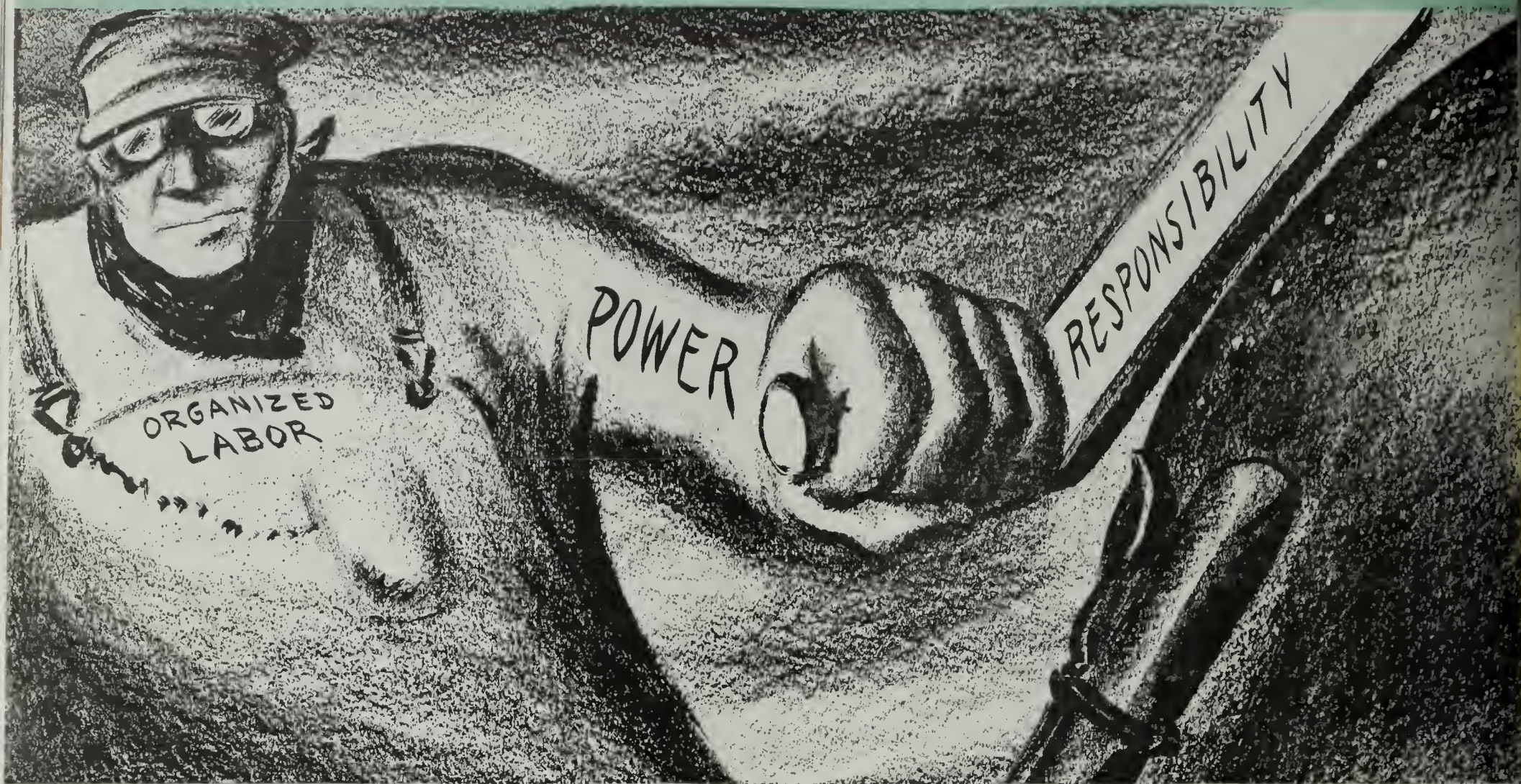
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## A RE-DEAL ON LABOR

THE Congress which has just taken office is expected to "do something" about labor. We hope that what it does do will disappoint the extremists on both sides of the labor question. That ought to suit the great majority of us.

There is no doubt in our minds that something should be done about labor. Labor organizations have become extremely powerful in the last few years. They are treated by existing laws and a few Supreme Court decisions, however, as if they were frail and precious growths which ought to be nursed and petted to maturity.

Thus, labor is officially permitted to stage un-called-for wildcat or jurisdictional strikes, to force employers to hire "workers" who do no work, to keep new materials and processes out of public use.

Labor leaders are able to get away with things approaching murder in such matters as the rigging of union elections, the blacklisting of

workers whom the leaders don't like, the juggling of union finances, the dragooning of workers into unions, the intimidation or boycotting of employers.

All this is analogous to what the more piratical elements in business and finance were getting away with fifteen or so years ago. Business and finance have been paying through the nose for some ten years for those excesses of a few of their practitioners.

Labor in general will begin sooner or later to pay through the nose for the current excesses of a few of its leaders and members, unless a few needed reforms are adopted now and by labor's consent.

As we see it, these are the reforms that are now in order:

Compulsory periodic financial statements by all labor organizations, to be drawn up by impartial auditors and accountants, and to be published like any bank or corporation financial

statement. . . . Union elections to be supervised by public authority, with genuine secret ballots. Antitrust laws to apply to labor organizations practicing restraint of trade. . . . Virtual prohibition of jurisdictional strikes and feather-bedding (slang term for forcing creation of unnecessary jobs). . . . Compulsory cooling-off periods before any strike can be called. . . . An end to government-compelled "maintenance of membership" clauses in union contracts.

These are moderate reforms, which should send the racketeer on his way out of the labor movement and should help greatly to build that sense of responsibility which many a new, inexperienced union lacks.

If labor will consent to these reforms, it will probably head off a lot of far more drastic reforms which some labor-haters in the new Congress are itching to enact. Altogether, it is time for the American labor movement to call in the cleaners and tell them to get busy.

## HITLER'S MARTYRS

THE Western world was supposed to have been growing more and more civilized, decent and humane since about the time of the American Revolution. And, indeed, most of it was, including Germany.

It remained for Adolf Hitler, whom Winston Churchill once called a bloodthirsty guttersnipe, to reintroduce to the Western world the old practice of mass murder of the objects of one's hatred. Because Hitler hates the Jews, he has now caused the deaths of an estimated 2,000,000 Jews inside his empire, and is frankly determined to exterminate the remaining 5,000,000.

Some of the Nazis' methods of murdering Jews remind one of Nero or Tiberius aided by modern scientific and medical knowledge—about as horrible a perversion of science and medicine as can be imagined.

One measure of this brutality now running riot in the Western world is to be found in the fact that, in our time, comparable cruelties have been inflicted on human beings only by members of a still half-savage Oriental race; namely, by Japanese soldiers gone berserk at Nanking and Hong Kong.

The Allied nations are doing everything in

their power to halt Hitler's persecution of the Jews. It is questionable whether the Allies can carry fire and sword to the citadel of Hitler's power before Hitler can wipe out most of the Jews remaining within his reach.

We can still hope, however, that the old law of compensation will work out in this case in its own time. That means we are entitled to hope that this historic crime will meet its just retribution and that the Jewish race somehow, sometime, will reap happiness in proportion to the misery which have been visited upon it by this fanatic and his followers.



# Collier's

TEN CENTS

FEBRUARY 6, 1943

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## ANY WEEK

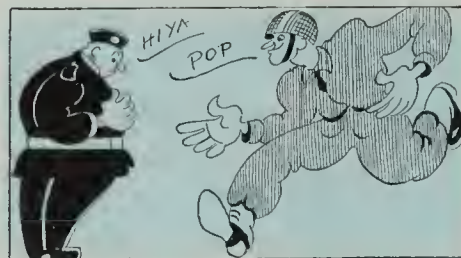
FROM Colonel Wm. L. Boyd, commander at Hickam Field, comes a rebuke. In our December 12th issue we published a paragraph by Freling Foster stating that six Japanese machine gunners had sneaked into Hickam Field in a milk truck on the morning of December 7, 1941 and shot down 80 American soldiers. This, says the colonel, who knows, is purely an old woman's tale. It didn't happen, despite reports. We are sorry.



EVER since Winston Churchill called upon the people of Italy to get rid of Mussolini—or else—we've been worried. Our readers have offered numerous solutions for the disposition of the fellow after he is given the much-demanded bum's rush. Some see a fortune in managing him as a wrassler. A group of advertising men want him to ballyhoo reducing foods—after treatment of course. A large packing plant wants to render him for lard. A circus wants to clown him. A department store in New York wants him for a blimp in its Thanksgiving parade. The Navy suggests he be used for target practice for dive bombers. A clothier who specializes in oversize pants wants to fit him out and stand him in his window. A theatrical producer would like to have him for a comedy role in a burlesque show. A chemist thinks that Musso could be transmuted into a rubber substitute. Several jobs as doorman are offered by hotels, night clubs and shops. But no one except our dependable friend, Colonel Dudley Silent Haddock of Tampa, Florida, has come forward with a suggestion for the deflated Duce's successor. The colonel nominates Fiorello H. La Guardia, now mayor of New York City, as first president of the Republic of Italy. "Of course," writes the colonel, "there would be a certain amount of confusion in Italy, to say nothing of quite a little noise, but Fiorello would soon have Axis affairs far, far beyond mending and Adolf would be glad to settle for a good night's sleep."

FREQUENTLY have we wondered why letters seldom if ever are written to us by Chinese. It's not that we lack Chinese readers. Consulting our circulation department, we discover that we have quite a number, some of them

being pretty important businessmen. Some years ago we heard occasionally from Mr. Leon Ming-shu from Manila, but either he got sore at us or just quit or something. Now, however, comes one from Mr. George Kwan Yen of San Francisco, whose letter concludes with: "With despic and disdain for the ultimate impotent enemies." Mr. Kwan's letter is filled with regret that the United States is not equipping vast armies of Chinese to barge eastward against the Jap, instead of sending "numerous and brave white boy soldiers westward, who learn with pain and reluctance the manner in which to kill the soldiers of Japan which is the only manner—complete killing and no acceptance of surrender. The Japanese," he goes on, "spread the propaganda that the white Western powers fear the too great strength of the Chinese and so will not arm too many. Gladly would the Chinese exterminate if given the arms and permitted to approach the enemy in his unlawful lairs. It is the difference between the Occidental view of humanitarianism and the Oriental. We the Oriental believe it is most humane to exterminate from beginning (the child) to the end (the adult) all Japanese. This we would do because it is merciful to the Japanese, who would not then hope to exterminate us, a hope that will always be Japanese unless he is removed from the possibility of hope—i.e. exterminated. For the Chinese, it would be a gracious gesture to do so."



BUT some of the letters lean toward the nasty side. Here, for example, is one from Pfc. Ray Hannagan of Fort Ethan Allen in Vermont. "That heavy wind that swept eastern United States a few days ago," says Pfc. Hannagan, "was not the ordinary atmospheric disturbance. It was the combined sigh of relief from a large number of guys who have just passed their thirty-eighth birthday." We detect a fear in other correspondence. From Mr. Herbert Belstein of Minneapolis, Minnesota, we learn that his son, Corporal Herbert Belstein, has written him from England to this effect: "Dear Pop: For years I had to listen to your stories of the first World War. Also I had to see you strutting around in that American Legion outfit of yours. Just wait until I get home. Oh, boy!" ... W. D.

## THIS WEEK

FEBRUARY 6, 1942

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ARIAS BER

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NOW, FIFTEEN TIMES  
ON THE OTHER FOOT  
MR. ALLEN

**H**OPPING is hard work. Charley Allen is puffing, perspiring—and feeling foolish. But he gladly follows the doc's directions.

Charley's buying another life insurance policy—and, at the same time, another stake in his electric light and power company.

Probably, like most folks, he doesn't look past the policy. But it's a fact that *his* insurance company will take *his* premium dollars and put them to work for *him*—partly in utility securities.

Here are interesting figures furnished by the Institute of Life Insurance:

1. As of December 31, 1942, some 67 million people owned 134 million life insurance policies in 300 different companies.

2. These companies, in turn, owned \$5,060,000,000 of utility securities.

3. Through the life insurance companies alone, therefore, 90% of the adult population of the United States has a big stake in the utility industry.

The electric companies under business management—which provide the great bulk of the power for America's war production—are literally built by the savings of the same people they serve.

Clearly, almost every American has a real interest in preserving the American system of business management under public regulation

—the system that has produced more goods and more services for more people at lower cost than any other in the world!

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\*Names on request from this magazine. Not listed for lack of space.

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## KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

**By Freling Foster**

Hitler's high regard for the numeral 7 is shown by the fact that he holds Membership Card No. 7 in the Nazi party, that he allowed himself seven years to prepare for war and that he admits he will need seven years to conquer the world and another seven to teach the German people how to rule all humanity forever.

A warplane, when firing a torpedo, must travel very close to the water so the projectile will land horizontally. If the plane is too high, which occasionally happens, the torpedo may strike the surface at too sharp an angle, flip over backward and travel in the opposite direction.—By Roderick M. Grant, River Forest, Illinois.

Today London broadcasts the voice of Hitler more than that of any other man. Hour after hour and day after day for many months, the BBC has broadcast to Germany recordings of his war speeches so Germans will not forget his arrogant assertions and extravagant promises.

Among the many articles now in use that are better than those they have replaced, owing to scarcity, are nylon paintbrushes, which are superior to hog-bristle brushes: atabrine, which is superior in some ways to quinine in the treatment of malaria; and Foamglas, which is superior to cork, balsa and kapok as a filling for life preservers and life rafts.

New petroleum derivatives include ammonia, glycerin, toluene for explosives, butadiene for artificial rubber, styrene for plastics and a wide variety of alcohols for industrial solvents and extractants. Some of these petroleum alcohols are being produced at such a low cost that other kinds can no longer compete with them.

Sicily, the steppingstone between Africa and Europe, has a highly vulnerable coast of seven hundred miles, probably one of the reasons why it has been invaded and occupied, at one time or another, by fifteen different nations.

Nelson Stepanyan, an Armenian dive-bomber pilot in the Red Air Force, was recently made a Hero of the Soviet Union after he had destroyed five bridges, five ammunition dumps, seven long-range guns, twelve armored cars, thirty-three ships, thirty-six railroad cars, sixty-three anti-aircraft guns, sixty-seven tanks and seventy-eight trucks.

Plates of artificial teeth are now being held in place by magnets, four being inserted in the upper molars and four in the lower molars. Each set of magnets has like poles, which repel each other and therefore hold the plates firmly in place.

The United States Army today contains only about twenty corporals and twenty-five sergeants, of all grades, for every hundred privates. As the Army's Tables of Organization provides for ratios of approximately thirty-five corporals and forty sergeants, there is ample opportunity for promotion to these noncommissioned grades.

In Frascati, Italy, a prosperous town fifteen miles from Rome, the Germans have ordered out the entire population of 20,000, taken control of their homes, hotels and famous wineries, and made the place into a fortress. No Italian has ever been permitted to visit it since.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher.



# THE ASTOUNDING STORY OF A "MAINE CLEOPATRA"

To the World She Was an Angel . . . to 8 Men She Was a Devil!—Her Father, Husbands, Sons, Lovers!

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## THE Strange Woman

BEN AMES WILLIAMS' 700-PAGE,  
\$2.75 Best-Selling Novel of a "Maine Cleopatra"  
as evil as she was beautiful!

JENNY HAGER was so fascinating to all men that when she was only four years

old she caused dashing, gay-Lothario Lt. Carruthers to elope with her mother! She drove her father, Big Tim Hager, to drown himself in rum, in fear of his own unholy desire for her! But as a child-bride, she brought banker Isaiah Poster a new zest for living—for all his seventy years!

A strange excitement shone in Jenny's eyes whenever she saw pain inflicted—a passion which drove her to do strange things under its impulse. To Ephraim Poster, Isaiah's son, she showed her true nature more naked and shameless and merciless than death itself! For why would she taunt Eph to kill his father—then jeer at him for a coward when he accidentally caused the old man's death?

### "Every Woman Is a Wanton"

Yes, she was more than a match for Ephraim, who had once boasted to his friend John Evered that "he saw a wanton in every pretty woman he met, and usually found it, too!" Eph tried to tell John the truth about Jenny. But the truth was beyond belief—and John, too, fell under her witch-like spell. Who wouldn't—after he had spent a bitter winter's night under a Cape Cod haystack with her?

But John was different. Jenny loved him and their four sons—until she deceived even him with pious Elder Pittridge, to whom she whispered, "You're really good, aren't you? I like making you do things you think are wicked. It torments you so."

In *The Strange Woman* you'll meet an utterly amazing, human character at the heart of a rich, gaudy, full-bodied novel—and a character you'll long remember!

### and THIS THRILLING, SHOCKING, 502-PAGE SHORT STORIES OF DE MAUPASSANT

IN addition to receiving free THE STRANGE WOMAN you ALSO get—on this special offer—the 502-page SHORT STORIES OF DE MAUPASSANT; complete, unexpurgated. Nearly 100 stories of love, hate, intrigue, passion, madness, jealousy—the frankest, most daring stories of their kind ever written! Read *Forbidden Fruit*—in which Henriette, tired of marriage, begs her husband to take her out one evening as he would a mistress! Read about "Ball-of-Fat," buxom girl of easy virtue who alone could save a party of more respectable folk in a dash through German-occupied France—and what she did! And read *The Diamond Necklace*, *Love*, *The Piece of String*, *The Mad Woman*, *Mademoiselle Fifi*, *Story of a Farm Girl*, *Bed No. 29*, *The Wedding Night*, all the best works that made de Maupassant "father of the modern short story."

### The Best of the New—And of the Old

Each month ONE of the Book League's selections is a modern best-seller by a famous author like Sinclair Lewis, Edna Ferber, John Steinbeck, Ethel Vance, Erskine Caldwell, or Somer-

set Maugham—a book selling everywhere for \$2.50 and up. The OTHER book is the collected works of a great writer, such as this de Maupassant volume.

The volumes of *Collected Works* issued by The Book League month-by-month are uniformly bound in durable cloth, stamped to simulate the beauty and brilliance of genuine gold. They grow into a handsome, life-time matched library. Other great authors whose collected works appear in this series include: Shakespeare, Poe, Oscar Wilde, Zola, Hugo, Dumas, etc.

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RACHEL  
... who avenged  
France because of  
just one German  
kiss too many!

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Miles high, meeting a stream of bullets, or holding steady through a volcanic eruption of explosive shells, or pulling out of a power dive with a shock that brings mental blackout—our eager young pilots have the physical, mental and spiritual equipment to master every danger. But whether the pilot comes back often depends on his plane, on what the engineers designed into it—on what the manufacturers built into it... and finally on the devoted servicing of the ground crew. Therefore, the men and women who are making Sealed Power piston rings, pistons and cylinder sleeves for airplane engines are keenly aware of the need for precision, for toughness and utter reliability in every part. These craftsmen are working hard for volume, but also working carefully for quality.

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## WING TALK



Former Texas cowboys, now in the Army Air Forces, ride the Gunnery School's fence line to safeguard straying cattle

THE Navy had the laugh on the nation's volunteer aircraft spotters recently. That Japanese Zero fighter they salvaged in the Aleutians and rebuilt at San Diego, California, was flown across the continent to Washington, D. C., without being detected. At least, say naval airmen, not a single report was made to a spotter control station during the entire flight, so far as the Navy can determine.

Of course, the captured Zero had been repainted and bore American insignia, but aircraft spotters are trained to recognize planes by their silhouettes. Painted insignia cannot be seen except at very low altitudes and moreover they can be easily faked.

And lest the Navy's laugh should turn out to be not so funny next time, naval experts are turning to a new system of aircraft identification which promises to outstrip existing methods. It was developed by Doctor Samuel Renshaw, professor of experimental psychology at Ohio State University, and is being taught at a new Navy school established at that institution.

The older systems of aircraft recognition require spotters to identify planes by their parts. Best known of these is the WEFT system. Students learn the shapes of the wings, engines, fuselages and tail assemblages of all American, Allied, enemy and neutral airplanes, and can determine one from the other accordingly. Several different types of planes may have the same shape wings, perhaps the similar number and outline of engines, but the silhouette of their tails or fuselages would hardly be the same also.

While the WEFT system has worked fairly well—training films of this type are still in use in the Navy—it has one failing. Spotters often have only a split second to decide whether a high-speed modern plane is friend or foe before it is on them, and the mental operation involved often takes longer than that.

The Renshaw system operates on an entirely different theory. Under it, recognition of planes depends, say Navy men, upon the visual perception of the whole plane rather than by analyzing and adding up its parts. A detailed description of how the system works cannot be

given but it seems to involve training in exercising the mind to instant and accurate perception.

Beginners first are shown a card bearing a half-dozen numbers for a split second. They then try to repeat them. At the start, they can remember only one or two of them, but with practice, they not only get them accurately, but can be given more numbers and less time to see them. More difficult mental exercises of this kind are given as the course progresses.

The Ohio State school is training Navy instructors now to teach the system throughout the service. Our Army and the British are also interested. American Army Air Forces officers, as well as members of the R.A.F. and the R.C.A.F. are under instruction there.

WHO said the horse no longer has a place in warfare, just because the cavalry is not so important as it once was? We've had Horse Marine mounted Coast Guard beach patrol and now the first horse Army Air Force unit!

Down at the new Army gunner school at Laredo, Texas, the government has leased large areas of ranch land for a gunnery range, which runs for six to three miles along the Rio Grande. Army authorities agreed, under the leases, to fence in the range and keep the cattle from wandering into the path of machine-gun bullets.

They hadn't counted, however, on one thing every rancher knew very well—that fences need tending. Lest the government be constantly presented with claims for shot-up steers, the Army commander at Laredo procured some horses and established a regular patrol. Former Texas cowboys who enlisted to fight in the air found themselves riding range mending fences again.

THERE'S such a thing as doing a job too well. Glenn Martin officially found it out after the camouflage expert got through with their airfield and plane. Field runways were not only invisible at any bombing height, they couldn't be seen by pilots trying to land. Result? The runways had to be enlarged to avoid accidents....

JOHN G. NORRIS



# HE'S GOT THE "DROP"

## ON EVERYTHING UNDER THE AXIS SUN!

OUT of the blue of the stratosphere he comes—a lad from the U. S. A. in a sleek silver bullet.

Woe to any Jap or Nazi that tries to slip away! This new Navy fighter has "got the drop" on everything under the Axis sun—

*The blazing, blasting sock of a mighty tank—on wings that fly it higher, faster than any Navy fighter now known!*

That's the *Corsair*—and the 2,000 horses that are its fighting heart—a Pratt & Whitney supercharged engine—are a Nash-Kelvinator war responsibility.

If, as it is said, the victory will be won by the ships that outfly the Axis—then

the men of Nash and Kelvinator can take particular pride.

For their colors have long been flying there. Swarms of British and American bombers that have been blasting the Axis are equipped with Nash-Kelvinator propellers. Yes, made by the men who yesterday built the refrigerators and automobiles for America at peace.

In this blood-bond of men at machines and men at the battle fronts is the strength of America.

They shall not fail, any more than our gallant flyers shall falter, until the last shot is fired—the last bomb finds its target in blazing Tokio.

NASH-KELVINATOR CORPORATION

*Let's keep the battle rolling—with War Bonds and all the scrap we can collect!*

**NASH**   **KELVINATOR**

Our duty is twofold: To help build weapons for Victory and to help build the kind of America our boys have a right to expect when they come home.



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LOCAL**

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**DEALER  
TODAY**

**HEADQUARTERS FOR SERVICE ON ALL MAKES AND MODELS**





Will he bring soldiers in with him? she thought. Her pistol was loaded and ready. She would manage somehow

## CHINA FLIGHT

BY PEARL S. BUCK

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTHA SAWYERS

Beginning a great new novel by one of the world's most distinguished women. In ten parts

THE three Americans standing in front of Shigo Kuyoshi drew a little more closely together. They had never seen one another before and it was altogether by chance that they met here now before the tall, slender, smiling Japanese who sat behind the heavy mahogany desk of an office, the Japanese Foreign Office, in Shanghai.

"Lieutenant Daniel James," Shigo Kuyoshi read slowly from the card in his hand. A few minutes ago Daniel James had written his name on the card at the door, two Japanese guards holding his elbows while he did so.

"Your name?" Shigo looked across his desk at the young American. He smiled, and his handsome face was instantly charming.

"Yes," Daniel James said shortly. This was the sort of Japanese he had never seen before, this fellow behind the desk. He spoke English like an Englishman and he was taller than most Americans.

"And why are you here?" Shigo asked gently.

"I was stopped on my way back to my ship," Daniel James said in the same curt tones.

"Your ship was—?" Shigo's pleasant

voice had the slightest of rising inflections.

"The U. S. S. Petrel," Daniel replied.

"Ah, she has sailed," Shigo said. "Regrettably you could not have caught her in any case. She sailed two days ago."

Daniel's heart stuck in his bosom for a second. "I left her two days ago on shore leave, so I don't believe you," he said.

"No?" Shigo said. He leaned forward and the light fell on his face. His skin was pale and fine and his oval eyes were as clear as a child's. The light glimmered upon his polished black hair. "Why not? It would only be usual for all ships to try to clear port before war was declared."

Daniel James did not answer this. It was perfectly true that Larry Harmon would try to clear his ship of port before he got caught and interned. But somehow he had felt by one means or another Larry would try to hold the ship until he got there.

"You were where?" Shigo's voice, resonant and low-pitched, put the question.

"I was—outside the city," Daniel said. "Naturally the moment I heard about Pearl Harbor—"

The words choked him. He could not bear to mention the name of Pearl Harbor before this foul Jap? The blood rose thickly





The houseboat had been furnished with everything to make a holiday gay, and Leone had been the prettiest decoration of all

up his neck and flushed his face suddenly crimson.

"Damn the lot of you!" he said loudly. Shigo laughed. "Were I in your shoes, after Pearl Harbor, I should be saying worse than that," he said gaily. He took out a gold cigarette case from his pocket, opened it and held it out to the American girl who had risen to her feet a few moments ago, with what purpose he did not know.

"Miss Barchet, a cigarette?" he asked. She shook her head, and the elderly American woman to whose side she had come to stand, smiled at her. "I'm glad one young girl don't smoke, my dear," she said in a loud, plain, comfortable voice. She was a short, stout, strong-faced woman, dressed in a plain gray suit of a cut worn ten years ago, and her white hair was drawn back under a man's felt hat with a large hatpin driven through the crown. "Seems like they all do, though. I know my girls always do when they come to the house, and I have a time breaking them of the habit. But I always try, for I notice that with us women one thing leads to another, and if I can get them to stop smoking it's often the beginning of a new life."

Jenny Barchet smiled faintly. She was an extremely pretty girl of the blond, blue-eyed American type whose ancestors had come from Sweden.

"I do smoke sometimes," she confessed. "But not now."

"That's right," the older woman said heartily. "Shipman's my name, Mrs. Shipman. Give it up for good, dear. It gives men the wrong idea about what you are. You listen to me, child—I know. Maybe you never heard about the Gate of Hope, but—"

"Yes, I have heard of it," Jenny Barchet said. "I am a newspaper reporter and there isn't much about Shanghai I haven't heard. I think everybody knows you, Mrs. Shipman, and the good you do."

Mrs. Shipman laughed. "Have we met before, my dear? I meet so many girls."

"No, we haven't met before," Jenny said.

She caught the dark eyes of the Japanese fastened upon her as she spoke, appreciative and warm. She pressed her lips together.

"This young lady is scarcely one of the girls you might know, Mrs. Shipman," Shigo said smoothly. "She is an honorable young lady from the United States of America, who is the correspondent for a very important newspaper, quite one of the leading American newspapers, and she was sent here to cover the war in China—am I correct, Miss Barchet?"

"Yes," Jenny Barchet said. "And now if you please, Mr. Kuyoshi, I would like my passport."

THE smooth black eyes slid away from her. Shigo turned to the older woman.

"And you, Mrs. Shipman—why are you here this morning? Do you want to go away, too?"

"You know why I am here," Mrs. Shipman said loudly. She held her large, worn, black handbag firmly over her stomach with both hands. "I'm here for exactly the same reason I'm here any day in the week. I want you to keep your men out of my house, that's what I want! That's the first thing. The second thing is that my rice allowance has been cut. Now you told me last week that wouldn't happen again. Last week you said—"

Shigo held up both his hands in front of his face, laughing and pretending to shield himself from her. They were striking hands, rather large and very muscular, but as smooth and beautifully kept as a woman's.

"Now, now, Mrs. Shipman," he protested. "Last week we were not at war with you."

"What do you mean at war with me?" Mrs. Shipman demanded. "You and I never have been friends."

Shigo dropped his hands and shook with laughter. "Oh, Mrs. Shipman," he sighed. "You will kill me with laughing! Dear lady—"

"Don't you dare call me dear lady!" Mrs. Shipman retorted belligerently. "I don't like being called out of my name by anybody."

Shigo rolled his eyes in mock helplessness from Daniel's face to Jenny's. In neither did he find the slightest response. They stood both of them motionless, their faces grave, and suddenly he sobered.

"Very well," he said sharply. "Here are the facts—for all of you. You, Lieutenant Daniel James, will go to prison—for the duration, if you live so long as that. You, Miss Jenny Barchet, will be interned. You will return to your hotel, and remain there within its bounds. I believe there is a compound about it large enough for you to exercise yourself. But you will not leave the gate. Mrs. Shipman, since we are not friends, we are enemies. You also will be interned. Because of your age and your good works, I will not put you in prison, although it is within my right to do so, and I will do so, if you give me any trouble whatever. If my men come to your house, they come. If you have not enough rice to eat, you will do without rice to eat—"

"You snipe, it's not for me but for my girls I want the rice," Mrs. Shipman said coldly.

"You will speak to me with respect or go to jail," Shigo said. He rose and shouted in Japanese to the four guards who stood at the two doors of the room. They closed in upon the three Americans and forced them together, bayonets at their backs.

"Forward—march!" Shigo shouted. Jenny Barchet walked proudly at the

side of the tall young man she had never seen until half an hour ago when he had been led in between guards. Now she looked up at him, and sent him a smile and he smiled down at her.

"We'll get out of this, one of these days," he said in a quick, low voice. "Meet me at Jack's, will you, in San Francisco?"

"Or before," she answered. At their backs two bayonets pricked.

"What's your hotel?" he asked against the pricking bayonet.

"Cosmopolitan," she answered.

"Floor?" he asked again.

"Third, room second to the right from the elevator," she said.

He nodded.

But Mrs. Shipman turned violently at the other side of him and gave the bayonet a great push with her bag.

"You take that thing out of the small of my back, you vagabond," she said to the Japanese soldier in her big flat voice.

"I'm goin' of my own free will anyway."

The guard crouched as if to prod her through, but Shigo Kuyoshi shouted suddenly in Japanese and the man fell back sullenly.

"You had better be careful, Mrs. Shipman," Shigo said. "I shall not always be at your side."

"For that, thank God!" Mrs. Shipman said firmly.

The door closed behind them on his peculiar bright smile.

OUTSIDE the door the two women turned together to cling to the young man's hands.

"Take good care of yourself," Mrs. Shipman said. Her large kind face was full of anxiety. "I don't like what I hear about these Jap prisons."

"Don't you worry," Daniel said. "I won't let them do anything to me. I'll be safe enough locked up in jail. But what about you two?"

(Continued on page 28)



# How Doth the Busy Beaver—

By Bill Cunningham

Nature taught the beaver how to build dams because he couldn't survive without them when winter cracks down. She also taught him to work hard, stay home and mind his own business—which makes this likable Little Guy one of our best citizens

**M**AINLY, it's because winter's here, and the Little Guy has to eat. Also, he has family responsibilities. There's the wife, for instance. He must love her, because in the spring he gets married for keeps and when the ice king cracks down through the birches and balsams there are from four to eight youngsters clamoring for groceries.

Nature forgot to teach the Little Guy how to hate and almost didn't teach him how to be afraid. He won't fight—so he has to work.

That's why he and all the other beavers build dams.

A beaver is a submersible woodchuck with a bigger displacement. Normally about the size of a well-grown Scottie, his sitting-up build is along the lines of a tenpin. He sits up a lot. He does a lot of two-footed walking. An average beaver is two and a half feet long, a foot high and will heft 50 pounds, although a big buster of 80 pounds is no startling exception. He's not exactly handsome in the Clark Gable sense, and except in hydraulic engineering he doesn't seem to be especially bright.

His back feet are webbed like a duck's, and his forefeet are little hands like a monkey's. Distinctive and generally misunderstood is his broad, scaly tail. This peculiar appendage, some ten inches in length and half as wide, is not a trowel, as some museum gazers suppose, but a rudder when swimming, a brace when sitting or standing, and above all, a means of transmitting bad news.

As soon as a beaver scents danger he spanks the water with that tail. On still days the ringing spat can be heard a quarter of a mile away and every beaver within earshot disappears.

Being a heavily furred citizen, he inhabits northern latitudes, and being amphibious, he resides in and near water, mostly in it, and never wanders far from it. His major diet is the bark of certain trees that grow along streams—poplar, alder, willow and swamp ash being his preference in about that order. Without these, he will die. Lily pads and water plants are an occasional entree, but bark is his staple.

Although big enough to fight, and armed with a personal sawmill and sharp claws, his disposition is so angelic that it's apparently never dawned upon him to battle it out with predators as they stalk him ashore or power-dive at him. Or maybe it's because he doesn't see very well in daylight.

Surprise a beaver on shore and he'll often run head on into a tree or a stump as he tries to make for his pond. And that's what he does make for against no matter what enemy. Clumsy and seemingly punch-drunk on land, he's grace itself in the water. He can dive and swim like a loon, or, closing his nostrils, relaxing his muscles and dropping his heartbeat from 100 to 50, he can sink like a flatiron and stay down 15 minutes, which is quite a trick for an animal as big as a dog.

However, if you keep him under much longer he'll drown. Water is vital to him. His entire existence rests on it and in it, yet he can live indefinitely out of it, and for only a limited period under it.

It's really the inevitability of the hard northern winter that makes the beaver build a dam. A beaver's routine is the truest long-range barometer ever devised. He's a citizen of the north, and north means winter, and winter means ice, and ice means no open water to plunge into for refuge. It means snow hard to track through for the cutting of bark. It means ravenous enemies able to stalk and even to sprint across what has been the pond before winter sets in. It means nowhere to duck and (Continued on page 59)



LORENE SQUIRE

This beaver dam is completely overgrown with pines. It has become a permanent obstruction and a small lake has been formed to provide a haven for waterfowl



LORENE SQUIRE

Here are two shots of beavers at night when they prefer to do their work. Above: A beaver takes a swim. Below: Make a sound and this one will jump in



LORENE SQUIRE



# Your Blood for the Wounded

By Ruth Carson

PHOTOGRAPHS BY IFOR THOMAS AT LEDERLE LABORATORIES AND BY LARRY MONAHAN

The use of blood plasma is one of the medical wonders of this war. In the last war we had to depend on whole-blood transfusion, which cannot be done under every emergency condition. Now blood plasma, collected by the American Red Cross, is aboard ships and on all the battle fronts. It comes in a neat little package, ready to use in two minutes' time, anywhere.

Three years ago the use of plasma was experimental. Today it is a proved success. Separated from the blood cells, plasma is dried and vacuum sealed. Unlike whole blood, it requires no typing, no refrigeration. It has the emergency life-giving qualities of whole blood.

"Astounding but true," says Rear Admiral Ross T. McIntire, Surgeon General of the Navy, "the Navy is losing less than one per cent of the wounded at Guadalcanal. Plasma," he adds, "is one of the greatest medical developments of the past century."

Tremendous amounts of blood plasma are needed. It has required as many as 22 transfusions to save the life of one man. Receiving now close to 50,000 pints of blood a week from donors, often from grateful service men, the Red Cross has stepped up its 1943 quota to 3,000,000 pints. Here is the story in pictures of what happens to your blood after you have donated it to the Red Cross.



1



2

PROCESS of blood donation (1) is painless. After medical examination, donor lies down, spot on arm is sterilized, anesthetized, needle inserted, bleeding takes about eight minutes for one pint. Afterward, donor feels cocky, proud. Many volunteer again. Within 24 hours, blood arrives in portable refrigerators at laboratory. Bottles of blood (2) ready to be examined for possible contamination. (3) Bottles of blood come out of machine which has separated plasma from blood cells by centrifugal force. Dried plasma must be completely free of red cells. (4) Samples of clear and cloudy plasma. Cloudy plasma is result of fatty foods eaten by donor. Donors are requested not to eat solid or fatty foods for four hours before giving blood, because too fatty plasma cannot be used. (5) Plasma is siphoned off several bot-

tles into one pool. After pooling, some plasma is further processed to isolate albumin portion, another valuable blood substitute. (6) Albumin ready for use. Shipped in liquid form, albumin does not require addition of any other material, takes up less space than dried plasma kit, yet does same lifesaving job. It takes over three units of plasma to make one of albumin, and the method of removing albumin is extremely intricate, requiring highly trained personnel. Therefore most plasma is dried after being put into final containers holding amount equivalent to that obtained from one bleeding. Like foods prepared for dehydration, it is first frozen to speed drying. (7) Freezing must take place within 72 hours after bleeding, is done by rotating bottles of plasma in trays of dry ice and alcohol. Frozen plasma looks like frozen orange juice.

Final drying takes place on these machines (8) by process called vacuum desiccation. Dried plasma looks about powdered milk. Vacuum-sealed bottle of dried plasma (9) along with needles and other material needed for transfusion. In another tin goes bottle of distilled water. They are packed together, a complete Reconstitution of plasma (9) takes about two minutes. One end of double-ended needle goes into stopper of diluent bottle, other end into stopper of plasma bottle.

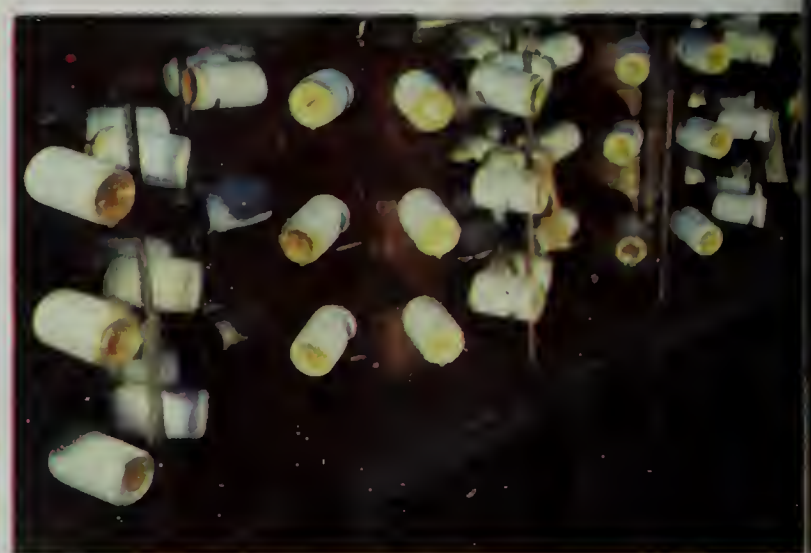
(10) Landis D. Morris of Olar, South Carolina, wounded in action in North Africa, receives plasma transfusion at Walter Reed Hospital. Doctors say plasma transfusions here and abroad helped save his life. Morris, twenty-two, is a first lieutenant, Infantry, recently received Purple Heart decoration.



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# KAYPEES DON'T FLY

BY ARCH WHITEHOUSE

ILLUSTRATED BY JO KOTULA

Meet Pvt. Flint. Armed only with a lowly spud, he soared into battle with such telling effect the Luft-waffe will think twice before engaging him again



WHEN the 47th Bombardment Squadron comes home and settles down to the horrors of peace somewhere in Tennessee, they'll probably erect an heroic statue of Private (2d Class) Albin Herkimer Flint in front of the Administration Building. Just Private Flint in his shirt sleeves, bearing a massive mурphy in one hand and a large service jackknife in the other.

K. P. duty seems to do things to a man. Any mess sergeant will swear that an excess of spud peeling, where a man is alone with his thoughts, continually thumbing the blade of a jackknife, is likely to nurture strange ideas or encourage flamboyant dreams. It sure did something to Private Flint.

Corporal Krause told me about this one afternoon when he came into the armament shed to see about a new drift for his No. 2 gun. Every time he tells it he either laughs like a banshee or he somehow mumbles it from a face that might pass as standard equipment for a professional pallbearer.

PRIVATE FLINT has a number running into about eight digits—which gives you some idea when they grabbed him. Not that he was an unwilling candidate, but right from the start little Albin wanted to fly and he didn't mind what he flew or where he flew it.

Instead, he was bounced through the Selective Service hopper and ejected out the other end to wind up under the cockerel eye of Sergeant MacColl in the Mess of the 47th. It seems that somewhere deep in Private Flint's history there was a short tenure of office behind the counter of a dog wagon in Blakely Falls.

"It's a good thing they never found out I used to deliver funeral wreaths, too," Private Flint had reflected on several occasions.

For weeks before they went overseas, Flint worked industriously at his calisthenics, broom duty and in putting the bee on anyone from the major down with reference to his learning to fly. He annoyed the mechanics, pestered the medical officer and wrote appealing notes on meat paper to the sergeant of the day.

Captain Frost of No. 1 Flight came as

near to settling Flint's mind as anyone when he put it this way: "Look here Flint. For the time being you're in the Mess. That can't be helped, but the minute we get a platoon or two of these Waacs to man the kitchen, I'll see what I can do about getting you a gunner's rating. How's that?"

Flint wasn't quite sure what this Waacs business meant, and there wasn't any answer to this new version of the old brush-off; but the strange word percolated through his memory long after the 47th had been bundled abroad. At any rate, they had cleared out long before any Waacs could move in and take over the chow program.

Private Flint rallied around Sergeant MacColl loyally while the squadron was settling down at Chuzzleton Priory which is in Rutlandshire and not far from a pub called The Spotted Dog. He hacked and gouged at the hefty British spuds, while Major Sprague eased the new Bastion B-39s through their first shakedown patrols.

Young Albin stood off beyond the girdle of glory and watched the newsreel men come in and take over, to perpetuate the activity of American bombing airmen. He wandered about, spud in hand, and listened while the bombardiers and gunners talked into a mike and made records to be broadcast the next night over the BBC.

"When we get some Waacs," he confided to a mechanic squatting on a bomb dolly, "I'm gonner go with Captain Frost as a gunner. I'll bet you I'll get me a 'Schmitter . . . an' go talk into that mike."

"Yeah?" sneered an Armament guy. "You'll get yourself a new spud-slasher—when you wear that one out."

There was another heart-warming ceremony to this overseas-squadron business which always left young Flint bubbling with pride and patriotism. This took place when each bombardier, escorted by two scuttle-helmeted sentries, armed with sub-machine guns, carried the secret bombsight in a special valise from the Administration Building to the oval doorway of each bomber. When the escort passed, Private Flint always felt the urge to stand at attention and salute.

(Continued on page 38)

"Get off those bombs, you fool!" the upper gunner yelled. But with a sudden swipe little Albin rammed the potato over the end of the copper tube



# ALL IN FOR VICTORY

BY HERB GRAFFIS

**Hollywood stars, on entertainment and bond-selling tours, take it on the chin from an enthusiastic, pushing public**

**W**HEN Hollywood's Pat O'Brien was putting on an Army show at Rantoul Field, Illinois, a surly soldier walked up to him and muttered, "Lemme sit down next to a draft dodger."

"Okay," O'Brien said. "But where's the draft dodger?"

"Why ain't *you* in?" the soldier asked.

"I was in the last one," Legionnaire O'Brien told him, "and they can have me for this one."

Other soldiers gathered around. "That guy's been beefing ever since he's been in," one of the group remarked, "and I'm fed up with it. I'll straighten him out first chance I get."

Pat laughed it off. "He'll get well."

Bing Crosby found himself in an upstate New York community to which he'd gone by government instruction, and at his own expense, to promote War Bond sales. He had been in Washington two days before, seeking advice on enlisting where he could do the most good, but had been told to continue the work he was doing. Bing was feeling low when he got up to northern New York, so he dropped into a tavern.

One of the customers was a soldier who had had too many. "You're Bing Crosby, ain'tcha?" he asked.

"Yep," said Bing.

The guy sneered. "I'm going over in a couple of weeks," he said, "to fight for lugs like you."

The insult froze action at the bar. Another soldier moved over to Crosby and volunteered to slug his fellow fighter. Crosby himself was twitching to go to bat, but he had to hold off the soldier who had come

in on his side. It wouldn't have looked good in the papers if Crosby had swung on a soldier in a saloon brawl; so all Bing could do was brush off the drunk and wonder why he hadn't obeyed his own impulse and got into a uniform.

The Hollywood boys and girls have really been taking a pounding in their bond-selling and camp-show trouping. You won't hear them complain out loud; they're always apprehensive that the public may consider them critical and ungrateful. But the film idols who have been hustled around the nation as bait for War Bond and Stamp buyers, and who have made all the stops between the Aleutians and England to entertain soldiers, sailors and Marines, have taken considerably more punishment than many members of the Armed Forces, and certainly more than a public trying to adjust itself to all sorts of rationing.

The illusion of youth many of the male stars put across on the screen draws wartime heat on them that they don't deserve. Most of Hollywood's favorites are forty or more—too old for training as combat personnel—and the majority are justifiably uninterested in desk jobs. Men who had the Jimmy Stewart and Clark Gable qualifications went in early at a rate comparing favorably with the enlistment rate of other industries. Those who haven't been taken are getting a steady campaign of headaches.

When they're on war service tours, the Hollywoodsmen seldom work less than eighteen hours a day. In addition, they can never be sure, after they've flopped numbly into a hotel bed, that they won't be awakened shortly thereafter by importunate ladies and gentlemen craving private audiences.

One night in a Michigan city, Jimmy Cagney was awakened by hammering on his hotel door accompanied by, "We gotta see Cagney." Jimmy dragged himself out of bed and admitted the visitors after they'd explained that they (Continued on page 22)

It takes a squad of Marines to help Philadelphia's police keep back the crowds when Hedy Lamarr arrives at the stage door. Bond-selling actresses consider themselves lucky if they escape without having souvenir hunters tear their clothes to ribbons



Even without her sarong, Dorothy Lamour, here exhibiting salesmanship in Portland, Me., is one of the leading bond s

With an audience of kids, Charles Laughton scrapped his pat address, substituted his own version of Mary Had a Little I

COURTESY, NEWSDAY







John David Howell (left) of West Orange, N. J., and Lt. Sam Forter of Boise, Idaho, distinguished themselves in the U.S.S. Boise's epic battle. Lt. Howell was decorated for heroism in controlling damage; Lt. Forter was cited for manning battery director

Commander Wolverton besides controlling ship's damage did an outstanding morale job for the personnel below deck



IFOR THOMAS

When gun's leads were destroyed, Gun Capt. King fired it manually and scored three punishing hits on a Japanese cruiser



IFOR THOMAS

# MIKE MORAN'S MEN

By Frank D. Morris

In a midnight battle off Guadalcanal, the light cruiser Boise, aided by other ships, scored direct hits on six Jap cruisers and destroyers, two of them huskier than herself. The action lasted only twenty-seven minutes, but every one of those ships was sunk, and most of Mike Moran's men lived to tell the tale. This is the first of two articles

**I**RON MIKE MORAN was a happy Irishman. He was fixing for a fight. Leaning against the high shield on the flying bridge of the Boise, peering into a black velvet night, he knew that a thousand-odd men below were just as ready and eager for a fight as he was. Mike knew this because he had trained them himself for months.

In his tin hat and the aviator's zipper jacket he always wore, Mike looked like a fighter. His build was squat, husky, and his ruddy face ended in a protruding, determined chin. At the Naval Academy, Mike had done some boxing and more than half of his life had been spent in Navy fighting ships. He had always kept in good physical trim. Today, at forty-nine, he could still chin himself with one hand.

The Boise, a light cruiser, boiled along at twenty-five knots through a smooth sea ruffled only by long swells, holding her position in the column of light and heavy cruisers screened by destroyers. For days, the task group had waited impatiently just out of enemy scouting-plane range, waiting to land a Sunday punch on Japanese ships they knew had been disembarking troops at night on Guadalcanal. Reconnaissance reports hinted that another such landing party was scheduled this night, so the ships in the task group were hurrying to keep a date.

The Boise and her crew had a particular reason for wanting to keep this date—and soon. They wanted to throw off the label pinned on her by men in other Navy ships that had seen action. It wasn't a pretty label. They called her the Reluctant Dragon.

It wasn't the fault of Captain Moran or his men that she had barely missed a dozen scraps with the Japs. Things just happened that way. Before Pearl Harbor, the Boise had been cruising the Southwest Pacific for months. She was a hundred miles out of Manila when the first enemy bombers struck there. Balikpapan was attacked a day or so after she had left the harbor, and she hadn't been out of Macassar very long when the Japs let that port have it. The Boise had operated with the cruisers Marblehead and Houston and the carrier Langley before the latter two were sunk and the first badly battered. And it certainly was no fault of hers when she had to return to the West Coast for an overhaul.

Now the Reluctant Dragon was back in the war zone, skirting the tip of Cape Esperance and baring her teeth—six- and five-inch guns. Every man was at his battle station, and Iron Mike on the bridge knew the first name or nickname of them all.

Less than a half-hour before midnight, young Lieutenant Sam Forter—whose home town, of all places, is Boise, Idaho—was manning the main battery director in Spot One above the bridge. He'd been there for more than five hours, hopefully staring into black space. Now Sam blinked and spoke into his phone headset: "On the target!"

Captain Moran's reply was relayed through the gunnery officer standing beside him: "How many ships?"

"Seem to be five, sir."

"Pick out the biggest one and commence firing."

Iron Mike's order was followed a few seconds later by the roar of six-inch guns in the main battery below the flying bridge. All nine of them in the three forward turrets—plus two turrets aft—blazed away at the target Lieutenant Forter had picked out of the five available. The first salvo was a direct hit. Captain Moran knew that follow-up salvos were just as well aimed when he saw the target start blazing amidships and, in the brilliant light of that blaze, Lieutenant Forter's choice was justified. It was a Japanese heavy cruiser of either the Nachi or Kako class, mounting eight-inch guns in contrast to the Boise's six-inchers. The middleweight Boise had climbed into the ring with a light-heavy and scored a knockout in the first round.

For four minutes, the Boise's main battery poured hot steel into the blazing Jap. Most of the hits were amidships, and gradually the explosions and damage they caused cut her in two like a blowtorch slicing an iron bar. The heavy cruiser's guns were silenced, internal explosions rendered her helpless, and her screws were still turning on her up-ended stern when she sank. A heavy cloud of smoke formed a wreath on her grave as she went under.

"Shift target and resume firing!" Again Iron Mike barked an order to his gunnery officer, Lieutenant Commander J. J. Laffan.

That order was hardly necessary, for Lieutenant Forter in Spot One instantly had his director trained on a second target, a Jap destroyer, farther to the left of the cruiser just sunk, and the Boise's secondary battery of five-inch guns was giving it a working-over. Illumination from another blazing cruiser exposed the destroyer beautifully. The range was closing rapidly now, as the two opposing columns of ships closed in and started swapping short jabs.

## Sighted Jap. Sank Jap

Again the first shells fired by the Boise's guns hit straight and hard. Before many of them had been hurled at her, the Jap destroyer broke in two and in less than a minute she had disappeared permanently.

Ensign L. E. Davis, signal officer of the Boise, had never seen a more fascinating sight in his twenty-three years in the Navy. His description: "She looked just like an automobile going over the brow of a hill. She just slid under and went out of sight."

To the gun crews and the men on the directors, this was getting pleasantly monotonous. "Sighted Jap. Sank Jap." They were in the groove. The months of daily gun drills under Iron Mike Moran's relentless rule were understandable now. As soon as one target became



a shattered clay pigeon, another loomed up in the sights just waiting to be hit.

"Shift target and resume firing!"

The third victim was another Jap destroyer close astern of the one just destroyed. Both main and secondary batteries opened up on her and they were on the beam. They were still pounding her with five- and six-inch shells as she slid into smoke pouring from the other destroyers in the Jap force. The deluge of Boise gunfire was too much for her thin sides. She never came out of the smoke. There was plenty of illumination over the Japs then—three of their ships were ablaze, one of them with two fires burning brightly.

But the Boise herself wasn't shell-proof. About this time the signal bridge reported splashes on both port and starboard sides close aboard. These were straddles from an enemy heavy cruiser, a two-stacker, some distance ahead on the Boise's starboard bow. As Mike Moran's men fired on her, their current target, the Jap cruiser returned the fire with gusto. Splashes from straddles came nearer and nearer, throwing water over the Boise's decks and superstructure and anti-aircraft guns.

### Score for the Enemy

Finally, one of these shells, an eight-inch, didn't splash. It smacked into the Boise's starboard side just above the waterline and exploded in the crew's mess hall. Two lighter shells, probably five-inch, then hit the superstructure, and another pair pierced the side of the ship and exploded in the captain's cabin, wrecking the interior and setting it afire.

These hits were just the beginning of a duel that lasted four minutes. The heavier guns on the Jap cruiser continued to throw steel haymakers at the Boise, but fortunately most of the shells either screamed over the heads of the men on deck or fell short.

Meanwhile, the Boise's main and secondary batteries concentrated their fire on this fourth target, and Mike Moran had reason to be proud of the marksmanship of his gun crews. First, he saw a series of fires spring up on the Jap's deck, then there were several violent explosions aboard her, and this was the beginning of a very quick end for Target Number Four.

During all this hot action, the Boise also was proving she could take it. Below decks, repair parties led by Chief Carpenter Thomas were waging another battle against the fires and damage inflicted forward. The captain's cabin was a flaming shambles.

As Carpenter Thomas' men dragged their fire hoses in through the large hole the Jap shells had made in the bulkhead, they saw a twisted mass of metal furniture piled in the middle of the cabin, and everything inflammable in there was ablaze. Putting out a fire in a ship still being rocked by enemy shells is no choice assignment, but within five minutes, Carpenter Thomas reported the blaze was under control. A second fire farther aft in the mess hall was doused even more readily by another repair party.

Topside, the deck gunners were bearing the brunt of the enemy's return fire. Gun One, a five-inch, was put out of action by one of the hits, and her crew was hurled to the deck as shell fragments flew all around them. First-Class Seaman Pitzer, his knee mangled, was carried off to a battle dressing station. Sight-setter Lowry, on Gun One, felt a hot, sharp spray against his leg but he stuck at his post through the rest of the action. When he finally collapsed and was carried off,

(Continued on page 50)



U. S. NAVY

The officers and crew of the light cruiser Boise line up on deck as Admiral E. J. King (right), Commander in Chief of the fleet, Capt. E. J. (Mike) Moran and Rear Admiral A. E. Watson inspect the cruiser at its berth in the Philadelphia Navy Yard



PRESS ASSOCIATION

These sailors and marines have six very good reasons for smiling. They helped destroy that many Japanese ships

The Boise docks in the Philadelphia Navy Yard proudly displaying on her superstructure a scoreboard of her victims



U. S. NAVY





"Mr. Amboy!" said a familiar voice above him. Jason's heart gave a sickening lurch. He stared at the plump little man who stood there

## FIVE WHO VANISHED

By George F. Worts

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

### The Story Thus Far:

AWAKENED by a noise in his San Francisco apartment, Jason Amboy sees a girl—a stranger—in his bedroom. The girl knocks him out, steals some letters (from his brother, Wayne), and slips away. Jason's valet, an eccentric man whose name is Flack, follows her; he learns that she is Luana Topping of Hawaii.

Notified that Wayne—who has been working for the wealthy Grazzard family in Hawaii—has disappeared. Jason takes the first Hawaii-bound boat he can get. The head of the Grazzard clan—old Mrs. Hiram Grazzard ("Queen Bertha")—is on board. With her are Luana Topping; Lorrin Grazzard, Luana's fiancé; Channing Mace, manager of the Grazzard plantation, and his attractive wife, Natalie; and one or two others.

Luana Topping is a beautiful girl. Within a short time, Jason is in love with her. But, following a series of strange adventures, he strongly suspects that his brother has been murdered—by the Grazzards; and he trusts only one of the party: Natalie Mace. His suspicions are partly confirmed when a stowaway disappears and Natalie tells him that the fellow (Winfield Grazzard, the black sheep of the

family) and Wayne had been trying to blackmail the Grazzards!

To Jason's amazement, he finds Flack on board. Wearing a false mustache and using the name of "Rodney K. Kitchener," the man has numerous talks with his employer (in which he warns him to beware of the Grazzards)—and disappears.

Curiously, the ship's captain—Captain Horngold—discovers evidence which convinces him that Jason Amboy knows what has happened to "Kitchener." He sends for Jason, interrogates him (as well as some other witnesses). When Jason tells him the truth—that he is completely mystified by his valet's disappearance—Horngold has him put in the brig.

While he is there, Natalie Mace comes to him and has a talk with him. He is loath to believe that Wayne (whom he had loved) was dishonest; but Natalie is positive that he was. She tells him of one of the Grazzards—Uncle Colton—who is living on a small Hawaiian island, virtually a prisoner of Queen Bertha. Then, "The important thing," she says, "is that Uncle Colton, as a young man, did some scandalous thing in Burma and your brother and Winfield Grazzard found out what it was. I guessed that and I was right."

### VII

BECAUSE your husband said so?" Jason said quietly. "Has he any reason for lying?" Natalie cried.

"My dear girl, he has every reason in the world for lying. Doesn't he know—or suspect—you're seeing me? Don't you suppose he knows you're repeating all of this nonsense to me?"

The blond girl's face was suddenly pink. "Jason, it is not nonsense! I'm not a fool. I know Channing. He isn't making up any of it."

"Then he's repeating what he hears at headquarters."

Natalie stared at him a moment with her lips very thin, her eyes very large and round. "You can't be argued with," she said hotly. "You've made your mind up, you grabbed at some fantastic idea, just to save your pride—"

"You said," he interrupted her, "you had some of the information I wanted."

"But it isn't of any importance, Jason!

Stop being so proud! Be sensible. Your brother—"

"Maybe," Jason again stopped her, "my brother had the same fantastic ideas I have. What did you hear?"

"All right, Jason," Natalie said, with the air of a girl trying somewhat nobly to control herself. "I talked to Luana, too. Her father and mother were drowned on either the ninth or the tenth of March, 1921. That was easy. But she won't say why she came late to dinner last night. At least, she's sticking to her story that she was talking with some people and didn't realize how late it was."

"Find out who these people are."

"I tried to. She evaded it. She's still terribly upset about you. And Lorrin is having a fit because he knows why."

"Work on her," Jason said.

"Don't be so grim!" Natalie wailed.

"Was Winfield Grazzard in the Engineers?"

(Continued on page 33)



BURLINGAME  
PUBLIC LIBRARY  
Burlingame, Calif.



## ***GOOD AREN'T THEY?***

You bet they are! And what's more, Milky Way candy bars are  
as wholesome and nourishing as they are delicious. No  
wonder Milky Way is the favorite  
energy refreshment of young and old! Rich milk chocolate,  
smooth creamy caramel, and the luscious center of  
chocolate nougat flavored with real malted  
milk blend into that delightful taste  
found only in a Milky Way.





## All In for Victory

Continued from page 17

were war-factory workers on a swing shift and could see their ranking star only when they were knocking off work to go home. Although it was the first night in weeks that Cagney had got to bed at a civilized hour, the lads stayed for breakfast. They went home to sleep; Cagney shaved, showered and got ready for a bond-drive breakfast previously arranged by a local committee.

During last September, the film industry had 337 actors and actresses engaged in selling bonds and providing entertainment for the Armed Forces. In addition to the performers, the business had approximately 1,500 executives and press agents and others devoting virtually all their waking hours to the campaign to sell \$1,000,000,000 worth of bonds and stamps in more than three hundred American cities; to arranging for shows in seventy U. S. camps; the "personal appearances" of 184 cinema luminaries; and shows in Alaska, Ireland, England and the Caribbean area. During this one month, the players who were in the Stars Over America bond blitz, conducted for the Treasury Department, traveled more than 21,000 miles.

It was a lesson in geography and a postgraduate course in sleeplessness and slug-nuttiness for the men and women of filmdom. From the clamorous populace, the screen nobility saw more flares of temperament than Hollywood has experienced in a decade.

### The Price of Popularity

Politicians, industrial leaders, society women, Army and Navy officers and the ordinary solid citizen shoved, jolted, connived and strong-armed to capture spotlights, newspaper pictures, and seats at the right hands of thrones set up in various localities for the wandering idols. Charles Einfeld, Warner Brothers publicity chief, directed the Stars Over America tours. Einfeld, under what normally is considered delirium by Hollywood, manages to preserve a deep tranquillity. But he had butterflies in his midriff before the month of September, 1942, and passed into cinema history.

The doctors did get several whose energies were unequal to the strain of the Thanks a Billion sales campaign. Greer Garson collapsed from nervous exhaustion. Bette Davis was nearly a basket case when the campaign was completed and she was hauled off to the desert to convalesce. Rita Hayworth broke down with a severe case of bond-tour shock. When she was carried off to be repaired, threats of cancellation of War Bond rallies came from Wisconsin points to which she'd been scheduled. Eventually a desperate and eloquent genius managed to convince anguished committees that the primary purpose of the tour was to finance the nation's fighting rather than give an eager public chances to gaze upon the luscious Hayworth.

Generally, provisions were made by Red Cross nursing class students' services to attend crowd casualties. Excellent training was given the willing women, although the victims, in some instances, did not have complete confidence in the proffered services.

Spectators at a golf match in which Bing Crosby and Bob Hope were playing as an Army post recreation fund benefit were shocked to see a youngster partially impale himself on an iron fence he had attempted to scale in avoiding payment of admission.

A young woman snappily attired in a Red Cross uniform rushed around through the gate, speeding to administer first aid to the profusely bleeding kid. He was rolling in fright and pain on the ground when he saw the Red Cross woman headed his way, a stern look on her features. That was enough for the boy. He jumped to his feet and ran down the road with the ministering angel in desperate pursuit. Whether or not he ever got Red Cross emergency service, the crowd never knew; they quickly returned their attention to Messrs. Crosby and Hope.

In an Eastern city, one of the throng crowding around a picture celebrity on a bond campaign appearance was shoved off a curb and badly injured his knee. A freshly uniformed Red Cross lady bucked through the crush to put her first-aid training into use.

The patient's knee was swelling rapidly. The pinch-hitting nurse dominated the situation and had the patient's pants removed to get at the injury. A bystander held the trousers while the first aid was administered; then the casualty arose on one leg and demanded the return of his pants. He got them back, but he never recovered the comfortably padded wallet they had contained.

By the grace of the gods, there have been only two major casualties of the picture stars on tour. One victim was Carole Lombard; the other was Buck Jones, who died from burns received in the recent Boston tragedy. There have been narrow escapes by the hundreds, chiefly during wild drives by strictly amateur chauffeurs who have contended strenuously for the job of piloting Hollywood's precious cargo.

Parades were prohibited by Treasury Department edict during the September drive, but the picture people had to do what the local committees planned, and they usually planned parades. Jimmy Cagney seemed to be the pet prey of people who had to have a parade. Jimmy had to perch on the folded top of many an automobile waving hands to the populace as his car advanced by jerks.

### An Anchor for Cagney

Shortly before adverse weather cut the parades out of programs, Cagney worked out a life-saving system. A stooge of the Cagney party rode in the rear seat, sitting on Jimmy's toes. This anchor man, a frightened-looking press agent, was identified by the crowds as Cagney's bodyguard, Killer Somebody-or-other. At any rate, he had to finish each parade day by rubbing himself down after Cagney had kicked him calloused.

The picture people seem to be regarded as ambulating souvenir counters. Cagney had fifty-four handkerchiefs snatched from the breast pocket of his coat during a month of the Thanks a Billion push. Brazen visitors who get into the hotel rooms of the Hollywood rovers take to actors' neckties as public property. Only under lock is personal property safe from the trophy hunters.

Actresses on the bond-selling circuit consider themselves fortunate if they can escape from a swarming public without having dresses torn to tatters and taken away as mementos.

Some apparel has gone to finance the nation's fighters. Irene Dunne, shoving along a bond sale by offering her hat as a bonus for a \$50,000 bond purchase, got action so quickly that she auctioned off



Short Snorters in the Savoy Bar (l. to r.): Lt. Edwin Noyes, Capt. Bill Barrett, Miss Jean Nicholl, Lt. Col. Anderson, Lt. John Melady

CAPA

## Are You a Short Snorter?

By Corey Ford and Alastair MacBain

A GROUP of Army fliers in the grill of the Savoy Hotel in London reach for their wallets hastily, and each man produces a dollar bill scrawled with signatures. Two Ferrying Command pilots meet at Shephard's Hotel in Cairo and solemnly sign each other's greenbacks.

At the Baranof bar in Juneau, a very red-faced admiral searches his pocket-book, turns his pockets inside out and then counts the circle of grinning faces. "All right," he tells the bartender resignedly, "that's twelve drinks on me."

In Australia and China and India, at a remote Army staging field in Africa, aboard a Navy carrier in the Aleutians, at the Nevada Grill in Nome, you'll find these signed dollar bills displayed today wherever flying men gather; for this is the certificate of the Short Snorters, the thoroughly unscrupulous organization of airmen the world over.

Already the British and Canadian and Russian air forces have taken it up with enthusiasm. The Chungking chapter is growing fast.

The rules are simple. Three Short Snorters in good standing must be present in order to initiate a new member. In exchange for a token fee of one dollar each (supplied by the initiate), they inscribe their signatures on a crisp dollar bill (likewise supplied by the initiate) and declare him in.

After that, he sets out enthusiastically to get his three bucks back by challenging every Short Snorter whom he meets. If the challenged Short Snorter cannot produce his own certificate of membership within the allotted time of two minutes, he must pay a penalty of either one dollar or a drink—optional with the challenger.

All's fair in Short Snorting. A shower room, for example, is a perfectly ethical place in which to trap the unwary. Recently, we were cleaned out at Shaw Field when a group of Army pilots hid our pants while we were asleep.

There are no scheduled meetings, no treasurer's reports, no notices, no lists of members, although conservative es-

timates place the membership today around a quarter of a million. You'll find some illustrious Short Snorters among the ranks. There's General H. H. Arnold, chief of the U. S. Army Air Forces; General Eisenhower, who was initiated while in the clipper on his way to take command of our European forces; General Carl Spaatz, in charge of our Air Forces over there; General Ira Eaker, General Jimmy Doolittle, Alaska's General Buckner (from whom we secured a dollar last summer in Anchorage), Eddie Rickenbacker, the late Will Rogers and Wiley Post, Commander Jack Tate, Collier's Jim Marshall and Bill Courtney (we also got a buck out of Bill) and, of course, every veteran star-route pilot in Alaska—Al Monson, Robbie Robbins, Joe Barrows, Bill Lavery, Bert Rouff, Chris Christiansen, Sig Wein, Jerry Jones, Joe Crosson.

Joe Crosson is generally credited with founding the organization in Fairbanks, Alaska, one long winter evening back in 1925. His own membership certificate is now over six feet long, with all the signed bills taped together.

They still recall the nightshirt party which Joe gave in Fairbanks for a number of unsuspecting pals, greeting each pajamaed arrival with a bland inquiry: "By the way, have you got a Short Snorter bill with you?" They claim the evening netted Joe sixty-three dollars.

On the other hand, Joe recalls being hooked just once. He was swimming with a group of friends in Seattle, and they managed to lure him out to the float. At a given signal, each member of the party reached into the pocket of his bathing trunks, and produced his Short Snorter bill, carefully sealed in a waterproof envelope. Joe paid.

Perhaps the best advice was adopted by a recently initiated Army lieutenant in Australia, whose absent-mindedness was running him into debt fast. He solved it by having his Short Snorter bill neatly tattooed on his chest. Says it's a little trouble opening his shirt every time, but he hasn't had to pay for a drink since. ★★★



her earrings, then her handkerchief; but called the auctioning off when bids were made on her shoes and stockings. The auction method was highly effective in hiking sales, the bonuses ranging from actresses' kisses to Bill Robinson's golden dancing shoes. Bill's shoes went with a \$50,000 bond purchase made by a Chicagoan.

Those kiss auctions, innocent survivors of husking bees, left behind them family arguments you wouldn't believe could happen off the funny pages. Before Hollywood put on its big drive, it had conducted several successful bond-sales schemes of limited scope. At one of these affairs, in a Middle Western city, a woman who bought a \$500 bond was publicly kissed by Cary Grant. This public consummation of many a female's aspiration either went to the good woman's head or it didn't. Her husband never could be sure if she was jesting when she would say to him, "After Cary Grant, you? Phooey!"

Then Hedy Lamarr went into action with the bond blitzers. A local committee calculated the husband of the woman Grant had kissed would be good for a \$25,000 bond purchase if he could kiss the gorgeous Hedy. The idea was delicately mentioned to Lamarr.

"For a \$25,000 bond, why not?" Miss Lamarr agreed.

The crucial moment came. After the citizen had signed for \$25,000 in bonds, Hedy Lamarr pursed her lips, and the purchaser fainted.

#### Record Sale of Records

Bob Hope and Bing Crosby worked the auction plan probably more effectively than any other of the tourists. After their golf matches, Hope would run up bond bids by giving the high bidders the privilege of naming songs Crosby would sing. At Houston, Texas, after Crosby and Hope had completed a golf match with two noted pros, the Crosby record of Deep In the Heart of Texas was auctioned off for a \$1,500 bond, and another recording, The Eyes of Texas Are Upon You, went as a premium with a \$750 bond. Hope made it clear to the crowd that the records could have been bought at any Houston music store for 35 cents.

During one of his journeys as a bond salesman, Bob slipped the leash of the committee in Boston to eat at one of his favorite sea-food establishments. After he'd finished dinner, he found that the

throng around the theater blocked all foot approaches, expecting his arrival by car. Hope struggled to get through the crowd, kidding those who resented his elbowing by cracking, "What's that punk got that I ain't?"

One angry customer gave Hope an answer: "He ain't got five knuckles in his nose you're gonna get if you shove me again, ya chump, ya!"

The youngsters were a problem too. Squirring and scampering, yelling and demanding autographs, they had the celebrities suffering from the screaming-neemies. In one city, Charles Laughton was programmed to deliver a dramatic patriotic address written by Ben Hecht.

Laughton surveyed a huge and noisy mob of moppets and substituted Mary Had a Little Lamb. The urchins had heard nothing before and probably will hear nothing hereafter like the Laughton rendition of the Mary-and-the-mutton saga.

The players finished their concerted efforts punchy but proud. How punchy they got toward the end was made evident early one morning as Jimmy Cagney and Pat O'Brien met by chance in a railroad station at Detroit. Both of them were dizzy from lack of sleep, but before they'd unclasped hands in greeting, they were ganged for autographs.

An eager old lady of the type that keeps the Travelers' Aid Society busy held out a railroad timetable for Cagney to autograph. Talking to Pat, Cagney unconsciously signed O'Brien's name. The old woman looked at the signature. She peered at O'Brien and at Cagney. Then she turned away and jerked her thumb over her shoulder at Jimmy.

"The man," she publicly declared, "has gone nutty from too much Hollywood high life."

The picture people are proud that their campaign accounted for almost a sixth of the total sales of the biggest month's War Bond business in the nation's history. But they're also humbly grateful and somewhat mystified that they have gone through the nearest-to-combat campaigning that has fallen to the lot of any class of American civilians in wartime. The cinema rangers aren't bragging any about surviving grueling routines; they are the first to point out that thousands of unknown American men and nurses in combat zones are doing the one job deserving of headline billing. All else is merely carrying water to the elephant in this show.

THE END

## No war job for Nora



**NORA NEEDS A LAXATIVE.** But she's due to take a test for a job as a welder at 10.

"Relief will have to wait," Nora decides. She doesn't know about quick-acting Sal Hepatica.



**FEELING SLUGGISH** due to symptoms of constipation, Nora flubs her welding test.

"In times like these, folks ought to keep fit," Nora hears somebody whisper as she starts to leave.

## Mildred makes the grade



**MILDRED NEEDS A LAXATIVE.** She's taking a test for a welding job, too.

"Never put off till tonight the laxative you need this morning," says Mildred. So she takes Sal Hepatica, knowing that it usually acts within an hour.



**"GOOD WORK,"** approves the employment manager as Mildred zips through her trial job like an old hand. "Report for work tomorrow morning."

"It's lucky I took that Sal Hepatica," thinks Mildred, smiling.

## Whenever you need a laxative —take gentle, *speedy* Sal Hepatica

It's YOUR DUTY to keep fit in these trying times. Never put off till tonight the laxative you need this morning.

Take *speedy*, gentle Sal Hepatica. 3 out



of 5 doctors, recently interviewed, recommend it.

No discomfort. No griping. Sal Hepatica acts by attracting needed liquid bulk

to the intestinal tract. Helps counteract excess gastric acidity, too; and so helps turn a sour stomach sweet again.

Try Sal Hepatica, the next time you need a laxative.

Here are the active ingredients of Sal Hepatica: sodium sulphate, sodium chloride, sodium phosphate, lithium carbonate, sodium bicarbonate, tartaric acid. Your doctor knows best. Ask him about the efficacy of this prescription.

# SAL HEPATICA

Product of Bristol-Myers

TUNE IN { "TIME TO SMILE" starring Eddie Cantor—Wednesdays 9:00 P.M., EWT  
"DUFFY'S"—with Ed Gardner—Tuesdays 8:30 P.M., EWT



"If you're not doing anything this evening, sir, I'll help you start it off"

COLLIER'S

FRANK BEAVEN





"I've been making cookies," Elise explained. Matty cast a morose eye around the kitchen. "It's not the one who makes the cookies. It's the one who has to clean up them pans"

## Fourteen Dollars and a Girl

By Josephine Bentham

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

How a heart full of love can be drained of same all in the twinkling of an eye. Stern warning to all girls who would frivol at a warrior's expense

HILARY CRAIG flexed his knees, the better to see himself in the mirror over his bureau. He had grown tall since the mirror had been hung from that particular nail on the wall, but it had never occurred to him to put the nail up a few inches. Casually he parted a mop of unruly brown hair and combed it back from a brow that was contorted now, in the effort to do

justice to a ballad he was shouting at himself:

*"I'll take a horse and a winding trail—  
Pack up my grub in the old dinner pail  
Put on my spurs an' say goodbye to the  
frail . . ."*

He broke off without embarrassment, seeing his mother. "Hiyah, Mom!" he said. "Keeping up your strength?"

"I seem to be, darling." Her smile lingered for a moment. "You should do something with that voice of yours. I don't know what."

He jerked up the knot in his tie and looked in critical approval at the line of his jaw. He was aware of his mother's eyes, resting on him in gentle amuse-

ment. But they had rested on him in just that way for the seventeen years of his life.

"Say!" he said. "Do you want to advance me fifty cents?"

"It doesn't seem practical," she told him amiably. "You'll be close to ninety by the time you've caught up with the advances you've already had—and I, probably, will be resting in Abraham's bosom."

"Where's that?"

"Never mind. Why don't you get out and earn some money?"

"But look! When do I have the time? I hope you realize I've been busy, Mom. I hope you realize I've been personally responsible for half a ton of junk for the junk collection in this town!"

"Well, yes, but that was a week ago," she said. "It isn't going to be the achievement of a lifetime, is it? You aren't going to rest on it?"

"Mom, you keep kidding me. I'll get an inferiority complex."

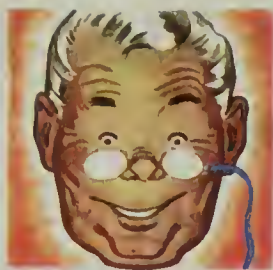
"Not you. . . . Why don't you get a job with old Mrs. Nesbit? I heard she needed a boy, and they say she pays the best wages in town."

"Fifty cents an hour. I know all about it, Mom. Old Lady Nesbit's got chickens. But she's the kind of old lady that anybody would be at the end of their rope before they'd work for her." Hilary shook his head. "A pretty terrible thing for an old lady to get a reputation like that. Don't you think so?"

(Continued on page 52)



# This is the Mayor



of BLUE RIBBON TOWN

...Who said to his neighbors: "Come on-and ride down"



"YOU know," said Mayor Peters,  
"I'm thanking my stars,  
That people have taken  
to sharing their cars,  
For somehow the spirit  
of helping a fellow  
Has made all the neighbors  
more friendly, more mellow."

"WE frequently stop on the way  
back from town  
At the home of a Smith or a  
Jones or a Brown,  
And top off the day with a  
bottle of Pabst,  
Formality, stiffness —  
completely collapsed.

"NOW frankly, there's nothing so  
nice and befriending  
As Blue Ribbon Beer with its  
*full-flavor blending* —  
That softer and kindlier taste,  
Pabst obtains,  
By blending it just like the  
finest champagnes."



Now more than ever —  
A Symbol of  
Friendly Companionship

Now that wartime has brought a return to simple pleasures in Blue Ribbon Town (your town — everybody's town), Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer has become, more than ever, the symbol of friendly companionship. Enjoy that softer, kindlier taste — obtained by the FULL-FLAVOR BLENDING of 33 master brews.

Pabst is blended like fine champagnes — to give you *all* the delicious taste tones of a well-rounded beer. There is no finer, friendlier beer in all the world than Pabst Blue Ribbon.

**33 FINE BREWS BLENDED**  
*into One Great Beer*

In standard 12 ounce and full quart size bottles.  
Also on draught at better places everywhere.



# They Can't Hurt Us, Kid

By Pete Pedersen

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM REUSSWIG

The master of them all, Ring Lardner, might have written the story of Danny Gallaher, who paid an exorbitant price for being young and brave

THE first time Pudge Golder saw the kid was at Mart Frizbee's swat palace on Ninth Street. Pudge was browsing among the bums and the main eventers and the broken-down handlers when he heard the low staccato of the light bag. Slowly the tempo increased, and a cold chill ran down Pudge's backbone, as it always did when he recognized a master at work.

The two sparring in the ring stopped to stare. Pudge hesitated, turned to stare

also at the composer of such powerful music. There he was—young, white, powerful, vital. With the face of a choir boy and the body of a Greek god, he grinned in the joy of his creation as he beat his primitive tattoo on the bag. He was everything fresh and free for those few minutes. He put on a few twists with his elbows and finished with a tremendous burst that brought dust from the rafters.

He stood exultant, watching the bag

swing crazily to rest. Then the grin left his face and he looked almost bewildered as he noted the stares of the punks and the champs. He went to work on the heavy bag.

The grunting of a pair in the ring and the low hum of the railroads rose again. Pudge followed the kid with his eyes. He wasn't much with the big bag. He didn't know how to set himself for a right, and his feet got tangled when he tried to throw a left hook. Finally the kid draped a towel around his neck and danced off to a shower.

Pudge watched a pair of heavies maul through three slow rounds. He wondered how long it would take them to learn to jab with a left and cross with a right.

"How yuh like the dark boy?" It was Mart Frizbee. "He can hit, Pudge. Hit like Maxie Baer."

"Yeah? How much yuh pay a guy to stand still long enough so's he can belt him one?"

"He's a heavy, yuh know, Pudge. Yuh gotta give 'em time to come around."

"Yeah. I know. How's about the other boy that worked on the light bag? I'd like to see some more of him."

"Sure, Pudge, sure. He drops in every week to work on the bag. He'd be a natural for you at that. Remember Johnny Gallaher? You oughta. This is his brother Danny. He's a nice-looking boy . . ."

Frizbee's voice trailed on. Pudge Golder wasn't listening. Johnny Gallaher . . . the Fighting Irishman. His champion. Golder's boy. Johnny was dead. He'd been dead, let's see, seven years now. He'd died as he lived—throwing punches to the end, taking a half dozen to land one, and grinning through his broken face as he fell.

"I wanna see the kid," Pudge said. "I wanna see him right now."

"Sure, Pudge, sure."

DANNY'S body glowed as he rubbed down. He whistled an old Irish tune. Pudge remembered Johnny Gallaher whistling the same tune as he warmed up before a fight.

"Say, Danny," Mart Frizbee said. "Here's a guy that wants to meet yuh. Danny, this is Pudge Golder."

The kid's whistling stopped. He flushed to the roots of his short-cropped blond hair. Pudge didn't crack a muscle of his large stern face. He stuck out a meaty paw.

"Hiya, kid."

Almost solemnly Danny took the proffered hand. "Glad to meetcha, Mr. Golder. I was hoping I would, some day."

"Johnny never told me . . . I mean about him having a younger brother. Where'd yuh learn to punch the bag like that, kid?"

"Johnny rigged one up in the basement when I was little," the kid stammered. "Told me to stick to that bag till I could make it sing. Said he'd get me a robe and some gloves when I got

(Continued on page 54)

Willard turned, set himself, threw three left jabs to Johnny's unprotected face, then crossed with a right that could be heard in the galleries





# This might have been a scalpel!



STEEL that might have been a surgeon's life-saving scalpel . . . hands that might be working to attain a surgeon's skill . . . both have been forced into war.

This is not our choice . . . it is our necessity.

Only victory can bring our young men back to their homes. We must hasten the day.

You as an American have made this nation's industries strong by demanding ever better products in time of peace. That strength is strength for all of us today.

The skill and experience you made possible are turning out a flood of war material. The Texas Company is pouring forth vast quantities of 100-octane gasoline, special chemicals for making explosives and synthetic rubber and other war products.

Let's hurry victory . . . by working hard . . . pulling in our belts on food . . . buying war stamps and bonds . . . giving up pleasure driving . . . keeping under 35 . . . saving our tires and gasoline.

Let's speed the day when we can again put peaceful steel in the hands of our young men, not to destroy, but to create.

## THE TEXAS COMPANY

TEXACO FIRE-CHIEF AND SKY CHIEF GASOLINES • HAVOLINE AND TEXACO MOTOR OILS





## China Flight

Continued from page 12

His eyes were on Jenny's upturned face. Suddenly they were like one family, the three Americans, strangers until an hour ago, and now close because they were alone in a world of enemies. And this beautiful girl, he thought, this lovely thing—how could she be safe?

"I wish you two could be together," he said earnestly. "I wish you would look after her, Mrs. Shipman. Somehow I believe you could."

The guards were beginning to growl around them.

Mrs. Shipman turned to Jenny: "Look, dearie, if you should get the chance, you could come to my place. It's right on the edge of the Chinese city and there are all sorts of ways out of my back door. I shan't run away, of course—I've got my girls to think of—but I've helped a good many to run out of that back door when their owners were coming in the front door. It's not far from the Willow Teahouse, child—there's a big Confucian temple and I'm right across the street from the back of that. You'll know the house because I have an American knocker on my gate—it's a Cape Cod knocker—a fisherman, and he raises his hand and knocks—it's a cute thing—"

THE guards were shoving in now, and pushing Daniel away. Two guards prodded him and one of them lifted his foot and kicked him on the ankles. Daniel stopped and squared his fists.

"Cut that out—" he began.

But Jenny cried out to him: "Oh, no, don't! Oh, please—you don't know how awful they are! I've seen the things they do to Chinese."

Before she could finish they had hustled him across the room and through a door.

Mrs. Shipman touched her arm. "Is he your young man, dear?" she asked in the gentlest voice.

Jenny started. "Mine? I? Oh, no—I never saw him before, but he's American. I can't bear for him to be hurt—needlessly."

"They ain't goin' to dare to hurt us,"

Mrs. Shipman said cheerfully. They walked together side by side to the door ahead. "Don't you go gettin' worried. Soon they'll be askin' from America where everybody is—"

"Nobody knows where I am," the girl said sadly. "The paper thinks I am on my way to India. I ought to be—and I thought I had everything settled. But they've held up my passport again and again. Every day they promised it would be ready the next morning. Three days ago I had it and I cabled home that I was on my way. Then when I was getting on the ship I was stopped—something was wrong with something—I can't read Japanese. But I was put off again, and now—Pearl Harbor."

The two remaining guards pushed between them and parted them.

"You remember my address, honey!" Mrs. Shipman shouted, over the tin helmet of her guard.

IN THE room which the Americans had left, Shigo stood by the window looking over Shanghai. His office was in the highest building that had been left standing after the bombing and it was now much higher than anything else in the city. What a useless devastation war was, he thought! His mind ran over the great cities he had visited and so enjoyed—London, Paris, Berlin, Warsaw, New York. Of them all only New York was as it had always been, and he was

angered at the thought. All those other cities war had mutilated, and why should that one arrogant American city, center of the most arrogant people on earth, be left standing?

"It is the one city I would not regret seeing in ruins," he thought. "It is in New York alone that one is kept out of the best night clubs."

Yes, his superiors were quite wrong when they said the Americans were a naïve and childlike people who could easily be put into confusion. The Americans were the most stubbornly proud people of all. See how that young man had held up his head, despising him, Shigo Kuyoshi, merely because he was an Oriental! Even though the man was

picable, although actually it was the foolish old man's fault. He should have understood that a guard is a soldier, and he is not to be passed as though he had no gun. True, the old man was deaf, but how was the guard to know that?

He sighed, and a delicate vein on his temple throbbed. The Japanese were so misunderstood, everywhere!

"But we are a complex people," he thought broodingly. "I, for example, I am complex. I do not understand myself. Why do I think of that American girl? It will only complicate my already complex life."

But he continued to think of her sadly. She had looked very beautiful this morning, so calm, so graceful. She had been

"Sir, she has just come in and gone to her room."

"This is the Japanese Foreign Office speaking. She is interned, you understand. All Americans are interned who are not imprisoned. She is to be allowed the freedom of the grounds but no more."

"Sir, I understand," the Eurasian clerk's voice was breathless.

"If there are any communications, they are to be reported to me direct."

"I promise, sir!"

He hesitated, then he said firmly: "I may be there myself, perhaps today or tomorrow, to question her further."

"Certainly, sir," the clerk's voice piped in his ear.

He hung up the receiver. "O fool that I am," he muttered. He banged a table bell and an obsequious Japanese girl secretary fluttered in, her shoulders hunched in humility. He turned his eyes away from her in loathing. Why were Japanese women such servile slaves? They tempted a man's foot to kick them!

"Take down this report," he said harshly. "Three Americans today were detained. . . ."

IN THE prison the American who was detained, Lieutenant Daniel James of the United States Marines, looked about him. He had been able to keep his own clothes, although obviously it was against the will of his captors. He had not understood anything of the agitated chatter that had gone on about him, but the difficulty had been made plain to him when they held up against his great height one microscopic suit after another of faded garments. In the end there had been grunts of disgust and he was pushed as he was into this bare cell. It was dry, at least, he saw gratefully. A Chinese wooden bed strung with ropes, a fairly clean quilt, a bamboo stool, a tin basin and tin water pitcher and wooden commode made up the room's furniture. The door was heavily barred with iron and the small high window in the plastered brick wall was barred, too.

He sat down on the bed when the door clanged behind him, and drew a long breath and wiped his mouth with his hand. He was dazed with all that had happened. It seemed impossible that only two days ago he was in a comfortable houseboat being poled slowly up a narrow beautiful creek, far from the city. Arnold Hatford's houseboat had been furnished with everything to make a holiday gay, and Arnold Hatford's pretty wife, Leone, had been the prettiest decoration of all. Where were they now? He imagined them, traveling overland by any means they could, southward, to escape internment.

"We'll get a boat somewhere and reach Hong Kong—Hong Kong'll be safe enough," Hatford had said easily, when at last they had believed the bad news.

It had seemed a risky business to Daniel, but Hatford had only laughed. "I've been in China so long that I'd always rather take my chances with the Chinese than anybody else. And Leone here is half-Chinese anyway—eh, Leone?"

The beautiful Eurasian girl had smiled lazily at her English husband. "To be half English is quite enough for me," she said and they had all laughed.

How incredible that terse radio voice had sounded announcing the attack at Pearl Harbor! They had heard it, actually, in the ridiculous time circle of the world, before it had happened. The

## BUTCH

by CPL. LARRY REYNOLDS



"Today I found a wallet containing eighty bucks, but unfortunately it had th' owner's name an' address in it!"

defenseless and at his mercy, he despised him. Well, let him rot in jail! When there was talk of exchange of prisoners he would see to it that this young man was forgotten. In prison, living on a handful of rice a day, it would not even be necessary to torture him. Beriberi would do that.

And that ridiculous old woman, plaguing him day after day about her wretched "girls!" Those girls were escaped prostitutes—French, Russian, English—as if a prostitute could ever be a girl again! He had forbidden his men to go there for some obscure reason that he could scarcely fathom in himself. No, let him be honest. He was ashamed of the reason why he kept his men away from the old woman's house. He did not want her to despise him.

She was an American, and she was trying to rescue those girls—she and her husband had kept the place as a refuge for years, until that morning not two years ago, when her husband had been killed inadvertently by a hasty guard whom he had enraged. He was sorry for the incident—it had been written of in the papers and had been sent abroad, and it had made the Japanese look des-

composed in spite of her situation, and this he admired. But he had been infatuated with her ever since he first had met her, months ago. He had met her at a *thé dansant*, at Arnold Hatford's house, at that time when the English were in such straits in Europe that they were trying to be very friendly in Shanghai. The Burma Road had just been closed.

HE HAD thought Leone Hatford was very beautiful, her mixed blood adding flame to the fire of her beauty, until the American girl had come in. Then the pure blond type had simply shone above the dark Eurasian. He sighed and pressed his hands to his eyes.

"I shall ruin myself if I go on like this," he thought. He sat down at his desk and leaned his head on his hands. Then after perhaps five minutes he picked up the telephone receiver.

"Get me the Cosmopolitan Hotel," he said in a low voice.

He listened and heard the reply, "Cosmopolitan Hotel—good morning!"

"Has the American, Miss Jenny Bar- chet, come in yet?" he asked, and made his voice very brusque.



small short wave radio that Hatford had built so cunningly into the carved Chinese panel of the wall had blared forth the news. Instantly, the wonderful food which but a moment before they had so eagerly attacked turned tasteless in their mouths.

"It can't be true!" Hatford cried.

He rose after a second and softened the voice, lest even the servants hear. But the voice had gone on, the news no less relentless in the softened tones.

"IT IS true," Daniel had said. "It's what we've been told a thousand times would happen—but I guess we haven't believed it could." He rose, dropping his fine linen napkin on the floor. "I've got to get back to my ship, Hatford," he said.

"Of course you must," Hatford said hurriedly. "My dear fellow, sit down. I'll see that we are turned about at once for Shanghai." He rang the bell for the *lao-dah* and the old captain came in, a gnarled brown Chinese, the son of generations of Chinese boat families.

"Shanghai, chop chop, lao-dah," Hatford said. "Much business have got now."

He turned to his young wife. "Tell him, my dear," he said to her. "Don't tell him what for, of course—it may all be rumor—but just say the lieutenant is called back to his ship."

She lifted her long black lashes and translated, the soft Chinese words pouring off her tongue. The old man nodded, his eyes as bright as a monkey's in his withered face, then he went agilely out of the room. At some time in his life he had broken a leg and it had never been properly set, so that he manipulated it almost as though it were not a part of himself.

But Arnold Hatford was not looking at him. He had sat pinching his thin lower lip. Suddenly he looked up at his wife. "Leone, my dear, how about you and me skipping ship and trekking right away down to Hong Kong? It'll be nasty in Shanghai for a bit. Of course this means war, you know. I mean to say, America'll naturally have to declare war and England won't be behind. It would be nasty being interned, you know, for ever so long, and I'd rather get away to Hong Kong and work in our offices there until we saw what was what." Hatford & Hunt had offices in all the great Eastern ports.

Leone had lifted her long eyebrows lazily. "As you like, Arnold," she said. And at that moment she reached for one of the big honey oranges on the table and began to peel it. She had Chinese hands, exquisite and small, and the fingers were

pointed to the delicacy of a child's fingers.

Daniel James thought of them irrelevantly now. He was glad for only one thing—that something had happened to separate Leone Hatford from him. He had not been in the least in love with her, but he recognized in her those signs which made him uncomfortable, in any woman who was another man's wife when she looks at a man younger and better-looking—well, than her husband. Hatford was a good fellow, but she was his second wife. His first wife had been English, and she had died years ago, and there had been years between and then suddenly he had married Leone. She had told Daniel so, half indifferently, her red lips scarcely moving from their pure curve. "It was arranged," she had said, as if she had been speaking about someone else and not herself.

They had left the houseboat at a village, and there he had seen them off in sedan chairs, Hatford sitting straight and uncomfortable, and Leone as gracefully as though the chair were a throne. Wherever they now were, he at least was in prison! He had gone straight to the wharf the moment the houseboat drew into Soochow Creek. Standing there on the Bund he had searched the empty waters. There were ships enough but not his ship.

"By golly!" he had cried aloud, and at that moment three Japanese soldiers had stepped up to him out of nowhere and had seized him and led him before that fellow in the office yonder.

By such simple but inexorable steps had the enemy fallen upon him.

"DON'T hurry me," Mrs. Shipman said rudely to the Japanese who kept the point of his bayonet in the small of her back. "I'm not as young as I once was. Besides, I have more right here than you have, by a good deal."

The Japanese emitted some coarse guttural sounds and Mrs. Shipman threw a look at him over her shoulder. "I don't understand a word of what you're saying and I am glad I don't," she said. She looked at him again. "I suppose some woman thought the world of you when you were born," she remarked conversationally, "but it's hard to imagine it now."

She gave up attempts at communications after that and plodded on bleakly. There were almost no vehicles left in the filthy street of what had once been so proud a city. Such desultory rickshas as were there shifted away from her. No ricksha man with a family to feed would have offered to pull an elderly white woman being steadily pushed by a Jap-



**M**ILLIONAIRES AND OTHER HEIRS

**M**AY ONCE HAVE PAID MUCH TOO

**M**UCH FOR WHISKEY. BUT

**M**Y, HOW TIMES HAVE CHANGED!

**M**ANY OF THEM NOW BUY

**M**ATTINGLY &

**M**OORE, AND ARE THEY GRATEFUL!

**M**ODERATE AS IS ITS PRICE

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**M**Y GOODNESS...TRY IT!

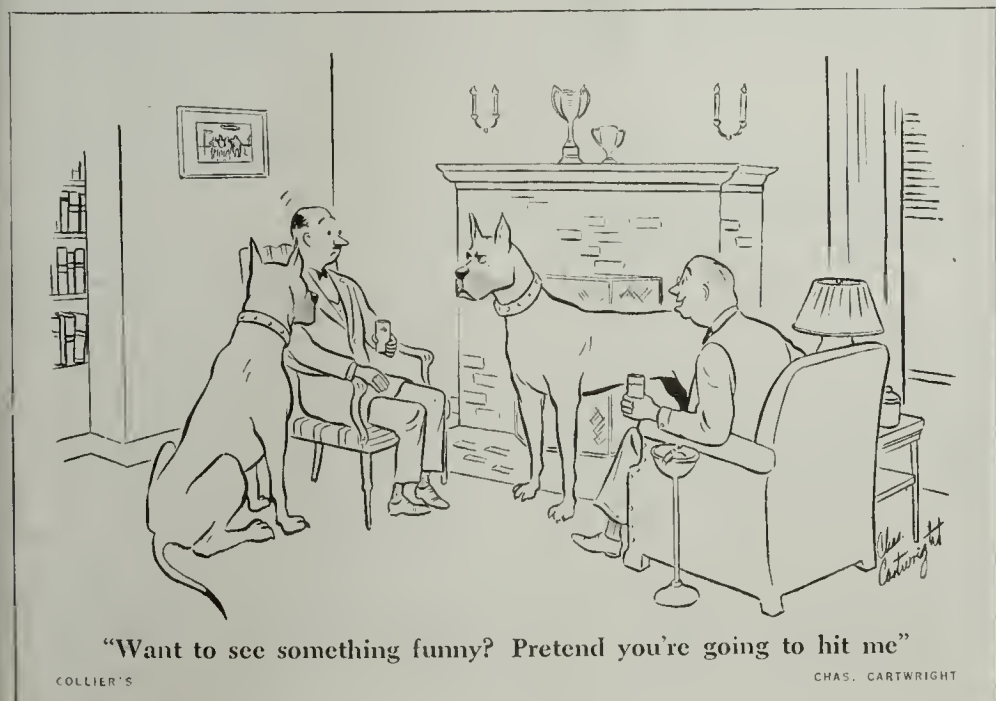
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COLLIER'S

CHAS. CARTWRIGHT



anese soldier with a bayonet at her back. But she was used to walking, being often so low in funds that a ricksha was beyond her purse anyway.

It was strange, she reflected, though without bitterness, when things were especially hard, as they had been ever since the Japs came, that God should seem more rather than less negligent in the matter of moving people's hearts at home to send her a little money now and then. She still had some of her burial money left, that precious small sum which dear Paul had told her she must not use except for her own funeral. He had told her that when he lay gasping out his life from a wound in his lung made by a Japanese bayonet exactly like the one she now felt touching her back.

Tears stung her eyes whenever she thought of him. He had been such a good man, so trusting, so sure that they would always be cared for because they were doing God's will. Somehow or other these Japs had come here in spite of God.

"Sneaked in," she thought sadly, "when He was thinkin' about something else!"

SHE reached her house, footsore and weary, and her felt hat was askew. But she had all her courage intact. On the stone threshold of the gate, which was always kept locked, she paused and knocked vigorously. The little Cape Cod sailor raised his right arm under her hand and pounded on the iron plate beneath his hammer. The gate slid open, and with a sudden movement she gave the Japanese soldier a push that sent him sprawling in the dusty cobbles, and then she was inside the gate and the bolt was drawn. In a moment she heard the shots she had expected when he rose from that dust, but the gate was thick, and the bullets did not come through. One soldier she could and would keep out. If she had to be guarded, then let them stand outside the gate. If more were sent, then she must deal with them as they came.

She said to the old Chinese gateman who stared at her in terror: "I am interned, old Wang. Now if you are afraid you had better go out the back gate and find your family."

She looked at him with her steady gaze and he shrugged his shoulders. "I have been here at this gate for twenty years," he said. "I will stay here as long as you are here, lady."

"Good!" she said. Then she cast a quick look toward the rooms across the court. "Is all as I left it?" she asked. There was not a sign of the girls but then she had told them always to stay at the back of the house, near the back gate, when she was away.

"All is as you left it," he said quietly. "I have not heard a sound since you went away." He glanced at the open doors of the house and then drew a little nearer to her. "But that last young girl I do not trust—the one you picked up the day you went to court for the Russian."

"You mean Meri? Why, she's a child!" she said.

"French," old Wang said. "We never had any good come from them."

"You mean you think she's a spy?"

"How do I know if she is a spy?" old Wang said. "I do not know how a spy looks. All I say is—watch her."

"Well, maybe," Mrs. Shipman said. She spoke outrageously bad Chinese because she had never taken the time to learn it properly. No one could understand her except old Wang. Questioned as to how he did, he always said judiciously, "It is not difficult. When I know what she is going to say, I can understand all. Even when I do not know

what she is going to say, I can understand one half." But he stayed with her because he had promised the old preacher he would. There had been a good man!

Mrs. Shipman plodded across the courtyard and into the house. There was nothing but stillness until she opened the door into the inner court. Then suddenly she heard the sound of girls' voices and laughter. It was a pleasant little court, with a small pool in the middle and old bamboo trees that had been planted long ago when a Chinese family had owned the place.

In this court some eight or nine young women sat or lounged on the grass, and watched an old cat and her family of kittens. They looked up when the door opened and cried out in a crescendo of gaiety, in several languages:

one as she did, that they did not look girlish—no, not even though they were so young, and so smooth. The eyes were old. Only Meri had very young eyes like a child, she thought, like an eternal child.

"Listen, girls," she said. "I've got bad news. War has got me, I guess. I'm interned."

A tall Russian girl leaped to her feet, her face very pale. "Does it mean—" she whispered.

"It will not mean what you think," Mrs. Shipman said. "But it means that I cannot come and go as I have before—it means we shall have to trust old Wang to get us food beyond what is sent us. It does mean"—she gazed solemnly around the faces all turned toward her. "It does mean that you must be ready when I tell you—to run out of the back gate, along the ways I have already



"Do you suppose, Professor, it's just because I don't understand women?"

COLLIER'S

GARDNER REA

"Ah, Mother Shipman!" "Ah, dear one, you are back!" "Mother Shipman!" "Good Mother, Good Mother!"

Only the little auburn-haired one with the long green eyes did not cry out. She leaned over and plucked up a kitten by its tail like a stem and dropped it into the shallow pool.

Mrs. Shipman rushed forward. "Shame on you, Meri!" she cried. "The little thing'll drown!" She picked the meowing scrap out of the water and dried it on her woolen skirt, and the old mother cat rubbed against her legs in anxiety.

"For shame, Meri!" the girls cried. "Oh, you wicked one! God will punish you," they said.

But Meri shook her auburn curls out of her eyes. "Where is God?" she asked in a sweet childish voice. She looked up at the sky and then she stuck out her red tongue. There were more cries of consternation—"Meri—God will punish you!" But she shook her curls at them again and ran into the house. A door banged and the girls looked at Mrs. Shipman. But Mrs. Shipman had already forgotten Meri. She looked seriously at the faces around her.

They looked so young and girlish, these faces, when one saw them at a distance. But it was only when one saw them close, when one knew them one by

taught you. If I give the word there must be no delay—you understand?"

Heads nodded. The Russian sank to her knees and covered her face with her hands. "There is no peace," she moaned. "Nowhere in the world is peace!"

Mrs. Shipman looked at her for a second. Then she sighed. "I think I'll go and rest a little bit," she said. "Somehow for the first time in my life I feel real tired."

"YES?" Jenny Barchet was saying into the telephone. She had been startled a moment ago when it rang. Whom did she know in the city who would call her? All her friends had thought her safely on the ship thirty-six hours ago. Wherever they were, interned, imprisoned, they would be envying her. She had tried in vain for the last hour to get the American consulate. The clerk had assured her that he had rung many times but that there was no answer.

"It is I, Miss Barchet."

She recognized his voice instantly, but she pretended she did not. "I don't know who you are," she said.

He laughed pleasantly musical laughter into her ear. "Yes, you do—it is your good friend, Shigo Kuyoshi!"

She bit back her flaming denial of such friendship and made her voice as cold as

her heart at the sound of his name: "Yes, Mr. Kuyoshi?"

"Are you alone?"

She hesitated and then evaded the truth: "Is there something you wish to tell me? At least there is no one in the room with me, if that is what you mean."

"May I come and tell you myself?"

"I had rather hear it, please, over the telephone," she made the words a command.

He laughed again richly. "And I had rather come and tell you myself!"

"It is not convenient for me to receive you," she said bluntly.

There was a moment of silence. Then he said gently, "I had so much rather come as your guest than to come—otherwise."

She was determined not to be afraid. "I had rather not have you as my guest," she said distinctly. "If you come otherwise, of course that I cannot help. But at least I can help having you come as my guest."

There was silence again. Then she heard his voice, clear and pleasant and inexorably firm, come across the wires: "Very well—then I will come—otherwise!"

The receiver clicked in her ear.

She put it down slowly and looked about the room. It was a pretty room, the sitting room to the small suite which had been her home since she came to Shanghai now nearly three months ago. It had been the scene of pleasant parties, and of many hours of good companionship with friends. Now it was her prison. She thought, at that word prison, of the tall young man whom she had met this morning, from whom she had parted so unwillingly. "If we were in prison together I'd feel safe, anyway," she thought.

BUT she was alone in her jail and he in his and there was no communication possible. Now she must think quickly what to do. She went into the bedroom and changed her thin woolen dress to a suit with pockets. Then she opened her locked box and took out a small revolver. Months before, when she had started around the world, her boss, the editor of the paper that had sent her here, had given her this thing. "I wouldn't give it to just anybody, Jen," he had said. "But you're so darned reckless—you'll get yourself into a fix, sure as fate, and so you'd better have this inside somewhere."

She was in the fix all right. She chanced to look up at that moment and saw herself in the mirror, holding the pistol in her hands, and was startled at her own reflection. She was very pale, and there were shadows under her eyes.

"I mustn't look like this," she thought. "He'll know I'm scared." She dropped the pistol into her right-hand pocket. "I mustn't be scared," she thought. So in the few minutes she knew she had left before he could get there, she made up her face carefully and brushed her blond hair until it lay on her shoulders in shining curls.

"A clean handkerchief," she thought, and smiled as she found it. "With a clean handkerchief," her mother used to preach to her when she was a little girl, "a lady is always prepared."

"You were right, Mom," she whispered half aloud, "but you didn't go quite far enough, dear. With a clean handkerchief—and a pistol—a lady is prepared—maybe!"

She went out into the other room and stood at the window looking out. The door was locked. When she heard his knock she would open it as though indeed he were a casual visitor. But until then she stood quite still, looking out into the street. Across it there were the



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ruins of a great department store which, when it had been bombed, had carried into its destruction the lives of thousands of people. The bombs had fallen when the shop had been at its most crowded hour. It had been long before she came and yet even now there were smears of blood upon the plaster walls. In the lower floors, business was going on. It was only from above that one could see the record of death.

Will he bring soldiers in with him? This question struck across her heart like a cold sword. Certainly she could not cope with several men. She took her little pistol out of her pocket and examined it carefully. It was well loaded, and the delicate trigger was shining and ready. She would manage as best she could.

SHE had scarcely slipped it into her pocket again when the knock she dreaded was on the door. She walked steadily across the room and threw the door open. He was alone! There was not even a guard to be seen at the elevator nor in the hall.

"Yes, I am quite alone," he said gaily. "You need not be afraid. It is a purely social call."

"Come in, please," she said, ignoring his perception of what must have been in her eyes. Very well, she must be careful of her eyes!

He came in, and she saw he was meticulously dressed in formal morning clothes. He had even a silk hat and cane and pale gray gloves, and these he put on the couch beside him. She suddenly understood that he had dressed himself thus out of pure vanity. He wanted her to see him at his best. She felt for the first time a flicker of amusement, and then a dash of reassurance. If he were vain, then it gave her a little safety, perhaps! At least there was a weakness in him!

"How beautiful you look," she said with a small, cool smile. "You must forgive me that I am dressed so—casually."

He sat down, delicately, pulling his striped trousers over his knees. "My dear Miss Barchet, you are always beautiful," he said. He looked at her, appreciation shining in his eyes. Then he leaned forward a little, his hands together at the finger tips. He had put, she saw, a heavy gold ring on his little finger. Certainly that ring had not been there this morning. He followed her eyes.

"That ring I bought in Berlin," he said. He slipped it from his finger. "It is hand wrought. An old German jeweler made it for me. Can you think why?"

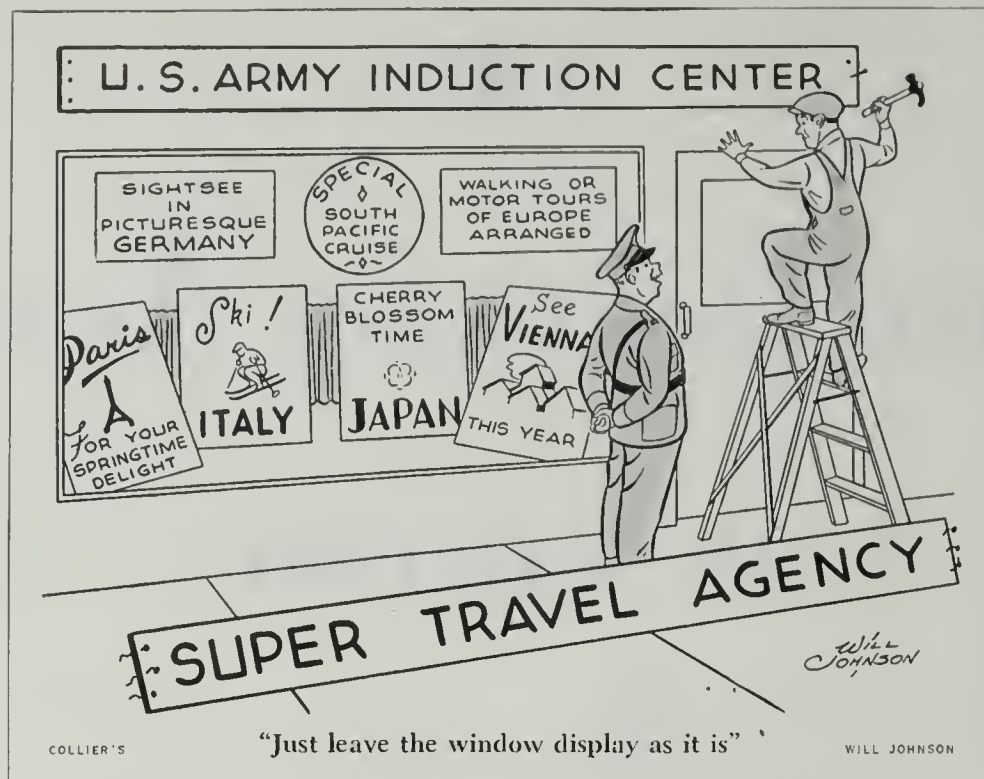
The ring was warm from his flesh and she could scarcely bear to touch it. Nevertheless she took it and pretended to examine it. It was very fine indeed. A curious insignia was carved on the seal.

"I cannot think why," she said, and handed the ring back to him, avoiding the touch of his fingers. But he made no effort, she saw with relief, to touch her hand.

"He had a great admiration for my people," he said. "That old man, you will be surprised to hear, had studied Japanese art and knew—well, really he knew more about it than I did. This, you see"—he moved over to a chair next to her and showed her the seal again—"this is the sign of Shinto—and this the crest of my own samurai family."

She drew back a little. "Yes, I see," she said. He had put on himself some sort of perfume, very faint, not in the least effeminate—a strange musky scent. He rose and moved back to the couch. The ring was on his finger again. He sat looking at her for a moment, a charming smile on his handsome mouth.

"You need not be afraid of me," he said in a low voice. "I will not take ad-



vantage of this barbarous situation between us."

Her lips grew stiff with terror. "Do not forget you are not here as my guest," she said huskily.

"No, I remember that I am not," he said. His mellow voice did not lose a tone of its pleasantness: "I understand all that you are feeling. What you fear is entirely natural. But what I want you to know is that I am not an ordinary man. I have to take my place in the world as I find it, of course. To do otherwise would be folly. When the world is at war, it is throwing away one's life not to seem zealous for war. But actually, what sensible man can approve a situation which destroys all the pleasures of living? You and I, for instance, in a peaceful world we might have been very good friends. As it is, I have to overcome, if I can, this foolish obstacle—this foolish detail, let us say—of the fact that I am the conqueror and you—well, you are the conquered!"

HE LAUGHED, but she looked at him from wary eyes.

He rose and drew a chair toward her. "I will be patient," he said. "I will not hurry your belief in me. But I should like you to listen to me when I say you can believe in me. I am a man of the world, in the truest sense. I have spent years in your country. I went to school there. I know England and Europe. I admire the Western world. Although I am a Japanese proudly, yet I can tell you that I believe it would have been far

wiser for us if we had not begun this career of conquest—if we could have kept on with the good progress we were making in trade and peaceful penetration. We would have made more progress with friends than with enemies."

His eyes, she thought, so large, so clear, were nevertheless the shape of a snake's eyes, and the peculiar fold of skin above them made them look lidless when they were open. But his voice was the voice of a cultivated man—as he said, a man of the world. He spoke English with a pure Oxford accent which an English lord might have envied. She had heard him speak French and German and knew that he spoke them both as well as he spoke English.

"Will you believe me?" he asked gently.

"I cannot forget we are enemies," she said shortly.

He leaned back and took out his gold cigarette case and held it toward her mutely. But as mutely she shook her head. She realized that, whether it was absurd or not, she did not even want to smoke one of his cigarettes. She knew that cigarettes could be charged with narcotics. But he took one himself and began to smoke it gracefully.

He continued to watch her. Now she saw that he did have lids to his eyes. He dropped them a little as he watched her. "I wonder if you realize what a predicament I am in," he said slowly.

"You?" she repeated.

He smiled slightly at this. "Yes, I," he said. "You need not think you are the

only one. It is only technically, you know, that you are my enemy and ought not to have anything to do with you. I ought to keep you under heaviest guard. Actually, you are only woman who has interested me since I—" he flicked the ash from his cigarette and for a moment his eyes left her face. "Well, since I left Europe."

She did not answer or move. "I have the misfortune," he went on slowly, "to be in the least attracted to the women of my own race. Our theory about women," he said, seeming to reflect what he said and yet not to be thinking about it at all, "is very defective. In keeping our women uneducated, in keeping them our servants, we have neglected to provide for ourselves companions. Of course the geishas—but the truth is, geishas are seldom fit for real companionship. They have a surface charm, prettiness, if you like prettiness, but man such as I am—I long for the companionship of an intelligent woman. I can hire a servant and I can go to theater for my entertainment. But I cannot buy companionship of the sort I mean. It has to come out of deep compatibility."

He was not looking at her now. She saw his handsome profile turn to the window and then she saw, to her amazement, that he was really sad. "You see why you need not be afraid of me," he said. "I would force you to nothing. The very spirit of the thing I want from some woman—perhaps not even you would be lost if there were any compatibility."

HE TURNED his face to her again and now he smiled. "I beg you not to be afraid of me," he said softly.

"I am not afraid of you," she said last, "only—under the circumstances—cannot see the possibility of friendship between us."

"Why not?" he begged. "Here we are in this Chinese city. In a sense we are quite alone. Whom do you know among whom do I know who might be friendly to either of us? You too have been everywhere in the world. You are a cosmopolitan and so am I. You know that patriotism is not enough for people like us. I do not ask you to cease to love your country, and you will not ask me to cease to serve mine. But there will be hours when it will be pleasant to me to converse here like this—there will be hours when I can take you out of these walls for a drive in the countryside. We can do our full duty and yet we can be friends."

She felt dazed and a little sick. The strain upon her was making her giddy. She put her hot hand in her pocket and the little silver pistol felt like comfort to her. What did he mean by all that talk? And how could she answer it? She would have been less afraid of him if he had been simply—brutal.

"Please go away," she whispered. "Please leave me alone!"

He rose instantly. "Certainly," he said. "I will not stay a moment longer than you wish—if you will let me come back."

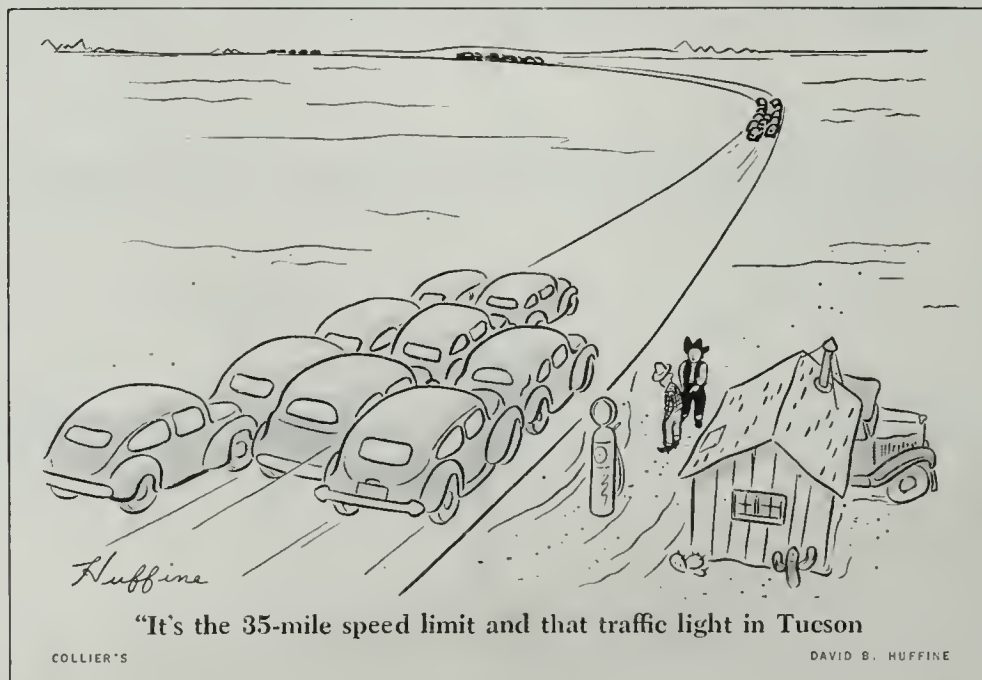
He put out his hand and unwillingly she put out hers. She felt it enveloped his smooth palm.

"May I come back?" he asked, still holding her hand.

She pulled it away. "I—don't know," she murmured.

"At least you do not say I may not," he said, releasing her hand. He stopped to pick up his hat and cane and glove and went at once to the door. Then he turned to her and bowed his graceful Japanese bow. "Thank you at least that I may come again," he said clearly and closed the door softly behind him.

(To be continued next week)





## Five Who Vanished

Continued from page 20

"I don't know," she snapped. "I don't dare bring up his name. I'll have to wait until it comes up in conversation. I don't even know if I can come here again. At luncheon, Channing referred to you as a 'common murderer.' And that, my dear, is how the wind is blowing."

"Will you get me the rest of that information?" Jason said.

Natalie nodded. "Of course, Jason. But you're whipped. What can you do?"

She turned quickly and walked away from the latticed door. And it occurred to Jason that there was no longer any need to make up his mind whether or not he could trust her. He had no choice. His life was in Natalie Mace's hands.

She was back again after dinner. In a pale blue dinner dress, she looked fragile. She was pale. She approached the latticed door unsmilingly.

She had had, she announced, another talk with Luana. "And I have the other information you wanted. I got Channing to talk before dinner. Winfield Grazzard was an ordnance inspector in one of the Bethlehem Steel plants from 1923 to 1927. Is it really important, Jason?"

Her expression was forlorn.

"Very important."

"Well, I'm glad. It took a lot of wangling. And Luana finally confessed she wasn't talking with anybody last night—but she won't say where she was. She's hysterical again. She had another awful row with Lorrin. She wanted to see you. The upshot of it was that Queen Bertha ordered her to have nothing more to do with you. And I've had my orders, too. Channing laid down the law when Queen Bertha mentioned at dinner that I'd been here this afternoon."

"How did she find out?"

"I don't know, Jason. She knows everything. She sees all and knows all. And she has a new smugness about her. She loves to put people in the doghouse. Luana's in the doghouse, and you're in the doghouse and I'm in the doghouse. And I won't be coming here any more, because the last time I disobeyed Channing he punched me in the eye."

"You might look in on me at the Honolulu jail," Jason suggested.

"I'll bring you a homemade cake with a file in it," Natalie said. "It seems to be our last chance."

**N**EXT morning, Channing Mace visited the brig.

The manager of Kokala plantation wore an expression appropriately sympathetic. His dark red hair had been somewhat ruffled by the wind as he had come forward, and he was smiling sadly.

"I would have dropped around to see you sooner, Amboy," he said in his vigorous way, "but I was waiting to see if someone would turn up who'd seen your man jump overboard. I wanted you to know that Mrs. Grazzard is very much concerned over you."

"That's very kind of her," Jason murmured.

"Well, I'd say her attitude may be just a little selfish, Amboy. You see, she has a great deal of family pride and she considers you, in a sense, one of the family. She wants to do anything she can for you."

"It's kind of you to go to all this trouble," Jason said.

"Oh, not at all. I've been in jams myself. In fact," Channing Mace said, with his cool smile, "I was in a jam myself a few years ago very similar to this one. A drunken bum insulted my wife, and I

punched him, and, as luck would have it, he hit his head on a curbing and died of a skull fracture, although I'll always believe he died of acute alcoholism."

"Then you know," Jason said quietly, "just how I feel."

"Indeed I do!" the plantation manager agreed with heartiness. "And I, too, will do everything in my power to clear you of this ridiculous charge."

"That's odd," Jason said. "I didn't know I'd been charged with anything."

"Unless things clear up for you," Channing Mace said pleasantly, "you're definitely going to be charged with murder. That's pretty obvious, isn't it?"

"At least, it's a possibility," Jason agreed.

"But don't be too downcast, Amboy. We have a great many strings to our bow, you know. Or perhaps you hadn't realized how powerful the Grazzards are in the islands?"

"I'm certainly beginning to realize it," Jason admitted. "Will you tell Mrs. Grazzard I'm very grateful for her interest?"

"I will, gladly," Channing Mace said heartily. "And, by the way, Amboy. I've suggested to my wife that it might be better if she didn't drop around here any more. People talk so, you know. You appreciate my feelings, of course."

"Of course," said Jason.

**H**E WATCHED the manager of Kokala plantation walk away. When Channing Mace reached the deck doorway, sunlight struck his tousled hair, and it became decidedly red. It was not as bright a red, Jason decided, as Singapore Sam Shay's, but it was decidedly red. And he wondered if it was as red as this when it was wet.

From the mess boy who brought him his breakfast three mornings later, Jason learned that the Tasmania would dock in Honolulu at noon. He had finished his breakfast when Captain Horngold and Lieutenant Commander Matthewson came into the corridor on which the brig faced.

Matthewson had a cluster of keys in his hand. With one of them he unlocked the latticed steel door. He opened it.

"Congratulations!" he said. "We've finally got you a clean bill of health, Mr. Amboy!"

Captain Horngold said vigorously, "I'm delighted to be able to release you, Mr. Amboy. A passenger has finally come forward who saw your valet jump. He jumped off A-deck rail, aft. The young lady even talked to him, trying to dissuade him. It was Miss Topping."

"What!" Jason shouted. He hadn't intended to shout. The shout was surprised out of him.

"Yes," the captain said, "I was surprised, too. It certainly was an unusual coincidence. Of the five thousand people aboard this ship who might have seen him jump, it had to be a young lady sitting at your own table!"

"Miss Topping came to my office immediately after breakfast saying she had something to tell me. She said she hated to have you penned up here all of this time, and the reason she hadn't spoken sooner was that she hated publicity so. She hoped someone else might have seen Flack jump. The main point is, she did come forward—and the case against you is cleared."

"Yes," Jason said thoughtfully, "that's the main point."

He went to his stateroom for a change of clothes and a shower, then went on



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Laboratory test No. 36092-NY, issued October 6, 1942

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deck looking for Luana. The breeze was sweet with the fragrance of the land. The green mass of Molokai was rising out of the sea to the south, and he could see, dead ahead, the loom of Oahu against a white billow of tropical cloud.

The convoy was now strung out in a long double line. Several more destroyers had appeared. They were darting here and there and naval planes were swooping about the convoy.

He found Luana on a sun mat on B deck. She wore white slacks and against their snowy whiteness her copper-colored skin was striking and beautiful. She was lying on her stomach. Pushed up on her elbows, she was reading a picture magazine. Her brown hair was shaken out. It curled about her shoulders and was softly stirred by the breeze.

Jason sat down beside her. She turned her head as his shadow fell across the magazine. She was wearing dark glasses with pink scalloped rims.

"Oh, hello, Cousin Jason," she said. He couldn't see her eyes, but she wasn't smiling.

"I understand," said Jason, "I owe you a great debt of thanks, Cousin Luana."

SHE was gazing steadily at his eyes. Her mouth looked small and unhappy.

He was trying to see her eyes through the dark lenses. "I can't decide," he said gravely, "whether I'm still in love with you or not. One moment I think I am. The next moment I think I'm not. But I'm sure of one thing: My dream woman wouldn't let me stay in a dungeon for several days and nights because she's afraid of publicity."

"Perhaps," the copper-skinned girl said, "it was a good thing to put you to the test. I don't want you to be in love with me. It's made me unhappy. I'm glad you're cured."

"If you thought I'd stopped being in love with you," said Jason, "you'd be eating your heart out. And I didn't say I was cured. Just looking at you and hearing your voice brings it back stronger than ever. And I want to hear the rest of the evidence. I must say this sun feels awfully good. It was gloomy down there."

Why didn't you visit me?"

"Orders," she said crisply. "You were kapu. You are still kapu."

"I suppose that means I'm an outcast," Jason murmured. "Before you're snatched away from me, please tell me what happened that night."

Luana took off her sun glasses. Her eyes were very clear. "It was awful, Jason. It was horrible. I'd come out of the lounge. I suddenly saw this little gray-haired man sitting on the rail, with his legs dangling over, and his left arm around a stanchion. He was leaning forward as if he were about to jump. I called to him. I was simply terrified."

"Wasn't there anyone else on deck?"

"No. It was raining and cold. I don't know what I said. I just yelled and he turned his head. Then I ran to him and I grabbed him by the arm with both hands—the arm that was hanging onto the stanchion."

"Did you know who he was?" Jason asked.

"No. I think I'd seen him about the ship once or twice, but I didn't know who he was until afterward. The strange part of it was he wasn't agitated at all. He said very calmly, 'Don't try to stop me, Miss Topping.' Then he jerked his arm out of my hands and jumped as far out as he could."

Luana's sea-green eyes were entranced.

Jason reached for her hand, then thought better of his action and drew his hand back. "That must have been a horrible experience," he said. "Did you ever see a man go overboard before?"

Luana's mouth became firm. "Of course! Lots of times!"

"What did you do those other times?" Jason asked.

Her eyes were narrower. "I don't know," she said impatiently. "What has that got to do with it?"

"I thought," Jason answered, "it was an old, old law of the sea that when someone saw someone else go overboard, he yelled 'Man overboard!' so the ship could be put about and the man picked up. Did you yell 'Man overboard!' when Flack jumped?"

"I was so horrified I almost fainted. I hadn't enough strength to yell."

Jason was nodding gravely. "You hung onto the rail until the faintness passed, then you came serenely down to the dining room—"

Luana's face was pink. "I wasn't serene!" she cried. "I was having the jit-

The coldness and the trembling were going. Jason's heart was returning to an even keel and its tumult was subsiding.

His manservant was observing him with anxiety. "Gently does it, sir," said Flack.

JASON glanced at Luana. She was sitting up on her sun mat and the breeze was softly blowing her hair. She was not pale. She was not trembling. She did not seem astonished. She was taking it, it seemed to Jason, very calmly.

"So—" he began in a low growl.

"Control yourself, Jason," said Luana in her melodious voice.

"Do you," said he, "know who this man is, Luana?"

"Yes, Jason," she said calmly. "Don't yell so. Everything will be explained." She glanced at Flack and her expression

his lips in a gesture that was as familiar as it was distasteful to Jason.

"Yes, Mr. Amboy, the chain locker—the place where the anchor chain is stowed. When the ship was searched the night I vanished, several times ship's officers threw flashlight beams on me, but I was very ingeniously concealed."

Flack chuckled. "I was lying beneath a piece of burlap the exact color of the rusty chain."

"Did you have that figured out, too?"

"Yes, sir."

Jason was studying his manservant's face. It seemed to be the same humble face he had known for years, yet there was something subtly different, something new and something gone. It contained no diabolical cunning that Jason could see, yet there was something about the eyes and something about the mouth—the promise that Flack's new personality was about to break through.

"Roth knew about this?" Jason said softly.

"Yes, sir."

"And Miss Topping is obviously in the plot?"

"Very much so, sir."

"And that redheaded boomer. Who else?"

"You've guessed the entire cast of characters, Mr. Amboy."

"Mrs. Grazzard? Her son? Mr. Mace?"

"No, sir. Only Miss Topping."

"Who phoned me that night and said it was you?"

"That was Roth, sir."

"Who tried to murder me on the paddle-tennis court?"

"That was my pal—Singapore Sam Shay."

Jason was trying to control his voice: "And what did your pal intend to do with the corpse?"

FLACK backed away a step. "I hope you won't lose your temper, sir. You've done so nicely so far. . . . The truth is, Mr. Amboy, my plans went awry. My plan was that Singapore Sam would knock you painlessly unconscious and leave you trussed up—"

"Hog-tied," Luana murmured.

Jason glanced at her. "You like to have your victims hog-tied, don't you?"

"They're so much more tractable that way," said Luana.

"He was to have left you hog-tied on the boat deck," Flack resumed. "But—"

"In that cold downpour?" Jason interrupted. "Don't tell me this next one, Flack. Let me guess. Was my part in this plot the part that a football plays in a game, say, between Notre Dame and the Army?"

Flack backed away another step. "My intentions," he said earnestly, "were not sadistic, Mr. Amboy. You were to have been found hog-tied. I reasoned that you would be taken to the captain in a semiconscious condition at about the time my disappearance was confirmed by a search of the ship. I reasoned that you would be unable to explain what had happened to you—and that the captain would, in turn, reason that you were innocent of any connection with my disappearance."

"That," said Jason, "is utterly ridiculous. Why did you do it, Flack? What's back of it all?"

"I will clear up everything," Flack answered with dignity, "at the proper time. It is far too important to be told piecemeal. There are too many vital elements. And I want you to be calmer, sir. You are obviously in no mood to talk about it now."

"I want this explained."

"It will be," Flack said hastily. "I assure you, Mr. Amboy, I will explain ev-

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"I've told you a dozen times, Alfred, I'll gladly lend you forty cents to go to the movies—but can't you wait until we get to the movies?"

COLLIER'S

ters. I must have looked as if I'd seen a ghost."

"You must have had yourself under wonderful control," Jason said. "You looked as if you'd just been having cocktails with some very amusing people. Your eyes were—"

"Mr. Amboy!" a familiar voice above him said.

JASON'S heart gave a sickening lurch. He stared at the short, plump, bandy-legged little man in gray who stood there, smiling paternally and squinting a little in the strong Hawaiian sunlight.

Jason felt himself turn cold. His mouth dried up.

"Flack!" he gasped.

His valet chuckled. "Yes, Mr. Amboy," he said airily. "Not a mirage. Not a ghost. Not a motion picture. But Flack himself—in the flesh and in the best of health."

Jason's heart was beating so tumultuously that he could hardly breathe. He put his fists on his hips to steady himself and he stared into Flack's white face, his spaniel eyes.

It really was Flack. It was Flack, standing on the deck before him, with the hot sunlight shining through his thin black hair and gleaming brightly on his scalp.

The first shock was beginning to pass.

was severe. "Flack, I thought you said you were going to stay in hiding until we docked, and then slip ashore."

"I decided it was best to appear now, Miss Topping," Flack said blandly. "I wanted to spare both of you a grilling by the F.B.I."

Luana seemed displeased. "Won't this mean endless complications?"

Flack was smiling at her, and it was the smile of a man bewitched. "I have an answer to every question, Miss Topping."

He turned back to Jason: "I merely wanted to reassure you for the moment that I'm alive—very much alive, in fact, sir. I trust my disappearance didn't distress you too much, Mr. Amboy."

"Great heaven!" said Jason.

"Please," his manservant implored, "don't lose control of yourself, sir. I only wanted to let you know that I'm alive and well, Mr. Amboy, before reporting to the captain."

Jason was trying to suppress his anger. "I suppose," he said, "you've been swimming along beside the ship all these days and nights."

"Please, Mr. Amboy," Flack begged, "don't lose your temper. Everything will be explained in due course. I have been hiding in the chain locker."

"The chain locker!"

Flack placed his right forefinger to



# THE PLAN

## BEHIND THE MAN

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everything to your complete satisfaction—with Miss Topping's assistance."

Jason glanced again at Luana. Her green eyes were fixed on him and she wasn't smiling. "Yes," she said. "Everything." And her tone, it seemed to him, was ominous.

He turned back to his valet. "Have you been down there in that chain locker all this time?"

"Practically all of it, sir."

"Who brought you food—Roth?"

"Mr. Amboy—please," Flack begged. "People are beginning to stare. I assure you, every question you have will be answered to your complete satisfaction. But, first, I must find Captain Horngold and explain myself to him, so the last penumbra of blame will be removed from you."

"Luana," Jason said gently, "do you know what a penumbra is?"

"Isn't it a shadow?"

"All right," Jason said. "It's a shadow. Do you know what it is that you're going to say to Captain Horngold to remove this penumbra, Flack?"

"Yes, sir. I had an attack of amnesia. At about seven o'clock, on the night I vanished, my mind went completely blank. A few minutes ago, to my amazement and terror, I found myself in the chain locker. I haven't the faintest idea how I got there. I don't even know what day it is."

"You have other items in your past to explain. Your disguise and your assumed name, to mention only two."

**FLACK** made an airy gesture. "It all comes under amnesia, Mr. Amboy. I am now under the delusion that my name is Brannigan."

"Hold on, Flack. You're taking off again. You seem to have things worked out very nicely, but this one has some vicious angles. Captain Horngold may look as if he should be taking up the collection in a small-town church in Iowa, but he is as cynical as a Hollywood glamor girl. He has all the skepticism of a man who has been sold the Brooklyn Bridge. He is as tough as a fifteen-cent steak. He's in the Navy now, Flack. You'd better put plenty of rivets into that story of yours."

"I am not worrying about Captain Horngold," Flack said blandly. "I will see you this evening at dinner, Mr. Amboy. Everyone is staying at the Moana. Are you?"

"I hadn't planned."

"It's the only hotel left in Honolulu with an orchestra. Honolulu—all the islands—has a total blackout every night and no one is allowed on the street during blackout hours."

"Are you staying at the Moana?" Jason asked Luana.

"Yes."

"And we three," Flack went on, "are having dinner together—unless you have other plans."

"Miss Topping, too?"

"Yes, sir. You and Miss Topping are to be my guests."

Jason again glanced at Luana. "Will you really be there?"

"Yes, Cousin Jason; I'll really be there."

"Sharp at eight, Mr. Amboy," Flack said.

**JASON** was packing when Roth came into the stateroom. He closed the door. His meek and mousy air was, it seemed to Jason, more pronounced than usual. And his sharp, bright eyes were very alert.

"I believe it's customary," Jason said, "for a passenger to tip his room steward in proportion to the amount of service the steward has rendered on the trip."

Roth, I don't know whether to give you a dime with a hole in it or to throw you out that porthole."

The room steward spun about. "Don't you lay a hand on me!" he snarled. He tried to open the door, but Jason was already there, with his weight against it. "Steady, Roth," Jason said. "If you answer my questions, I may decide not to throw you out the porthole."

The room steward retreated to the middle of the stateroom. His lips were still twisted in a snarl.

"You're a great actor," Jason said pleasantly. "You really should be in the movies. You had me completely convinced. Now I want to know all about it."

"I have other passengers to attend to," Roth said warily. "I am a very busy

"He is the devil in disguise," the room steward declared.

"Did you hide him in the chain locker?"

"Yes, sir."

"Was that your idea or his?"

"He got it from that redheaded tramp."

"This is growing more and more interesting," Jason remarked. "Did you hold a sort of round-table conference on me?"

"Yes, sir."

"Was Miss Topping there?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where did the meeting take place?"

"In Flack's room."

"And our redheaded friend was there, too?"

"He was," the room steward replied.



"This parrot and I have had some very interesting talks, and I'd like to meet the young lady who previously owned him!"

man. Besides, I gave my promise not to blab."

Jason started slowly toward him. "You have your choice of blabbing or going out that porthole. Your other passengers can wait. Why did you go into this thing, Roth? Did Flack blackmail you into it?"

"Yes!" the room steward snapped.

"By threatening to tell the captain about our stowaway, even if it involved me?"

"Yes!"

"I thought so! He forced you," Jason marveled, "to phone me, to take his mustache to the captain; and to tell him that suicide story. He told you what to say and what to do. He is an awfully clever fellow, Roth."

"He is too clever for his own good," Roth said waspishly.

"It's a curious thing," said Jason, "but when you were talking to me on my first night in the brig, and I saw how cleverly you'd worked it all out—to save my hide and to save yours, too—I almost suspected then that Flack was behind it. Somehow, it had his earmarks. Flack is something of a genius, Roth."

"How did he manage to be so invisible?"

"When he climbed to the top deck and took that wallop at you—I stood by and gave him signals when the coast was clear."

"Whose idea was that?"

The subject seemed to be growing more and more distasteful to Emil Roth. His lower lip was protruding rebelliously. "Flack's."

**JASON** said thoughtfully. "You can never guess from a man's face what will come out of his imagination. Did Flack mention the stowaway in the presence of Miss Topping and Sam Shay?"

"No, sir. He made all his blood-curdling threats to me alone before he called in the others."

"What was Miss Topping's attitude?"

"She didn't have much to say, but everything Flack said was okay with her. They were hand in glove, if you ask me."

"Did she approve of his plan that Sam Shay meet me on the paddle-tennis court and knock me unconscious?"

"No, sir; not at first. But she gave in

when he explained what a fine idea it was."

"I suppose he was excited and a little hysterical—"

"No, he wasn't. He was as cold as ice."

Jason was shaking his head with wonderment. "I still don't understand how he got away with it. In peacetime it would have been difficult. In wartime it was impossible—but he swung it. Have you been acting as liaison office between him and Miss Topping?"

"I've been carrying notes back and forth, if that's what you mean."

"That's just what I mean. He has a real talent for intrigue. And I'll never forget, Roth, how well you played your part."

Roth's eyes were growing brighter and brighter. "Let me out of here!" he cried.

"But I haven't tipped you yet."

The room steward was sidling toward the door. "I don't want your money!" he panted. "It's tainted."

Jason took out his billfold. He removed a ten-dollar bill.

"You'll find," he said, "it's as good as the untainted variety. And I'm sorry you have these hard feelings, Roth. You must try to take a broader view of Flack. Didn't you once tell me you were a student of humanity?"

He opened the door. Roth flicked the bill out of his hand as he sidled past. And as he scuttled out, he snarled, "I've learned to spot a pair of bad eggs when I see them, if that's what you mean!"

**THE** Tasmania was off Diamond Head. Army planes were playfully zooming the ship and none of them, Jason reflected with a faint resentment, was powered with an Amboy-in-Line, liquid-cooled engine.

He walked to the forward turn on A deck and looked at the palm-fringed beach, with its hotels. The mountains were green and beautiful and soothing. Restfulness was in the golden air. It seemed to pour out of the serenity of the soft blue sky.

Even at that distance, he could see the barbed-wire barricades along the famous beach, and in all those soft green hills, he knew, were antiaircraft and anti-invasion gun emplacements. And swarms of gray-black planes were snarling overhead.

Natalie Mace joined him at the rail. "Congratulations, partner!" she cried gaily. "Wasn't it sweet of Luana?"

She was wearing white. With her slenderness, her golden hair, freshly done, her large blue eyes and her clear skin, she looked young and appealing. Her eyes were aglow and there were dimples at the corners of her mouth.

"Terribly sweet," he murmured. "Are you glad to be getting home?"

"For some obscure reason—yes. . . . Wasn't it a shame that Flack had to pop out of the chain locker and spoil it?"

"So you know about it," said Jason.

"I know the high lights. Are you still as much in love with her as ever?"

"I'm afraid it's that way," Jason said.

"Too bad, my dear. Such a nice emotion—so wasted." She sighed. "So often wasted. . . . You know, Jason, it's odd I didn't think of that stunt myself. I could have had you out of that brig in half an hour. It simply never occurred to me. We've missed quite a few busses, haven't we? And I'll bet you haven't any more plans than a moth."

"In my stealthy, relentless way," Jason said gravely, "I am pursuing my plan."

There was a brief silence.

"Something important is going on," Natalie said thoughtfully. "I can always



tell. The family is in a perfect dither. I understand you're having dinner tonight with Luana and Flack at the Moana."

Jason straightened up from the rail. "Did she tell you?"

"No. Channing. And the queen knows and so does Lorrin. All I got, as usual, was a few crumbs. All I know is that Luana is dining with you tonight with their consent. You didn't suspect it, did you?"

"I can see breakers ahead," Jason murmured, "and I'm not talking about Waikiki Beach. No, I didn't suspect it, but I'm receptive to it. It opens an entirely new field of thought."

"You realize, don't you," Natalie said, "that your lovely valet has sold out?"

Jason was frowning thoughtfully. "I've been considering that. Of course, it's a possibility, but I question it. The cornerstone of Flack's nature is loyalty."

"Darling, I'm afraid you're credulous, or gullible. Your Flack is a traitor. . . . And I don't suppose you feel like telling me what your plan is."

A gray-black light bomber came diving beautifully out of the sky. Jason critically watched the pull-out.

"Not yet," he said. "It isn't quite ready for the drafting board. My main drawing is still in the rough. I need details. For example, will you find out for me the date of Hiram Grazzard's death and the date on which Uncle Colton was banished to Kahuna Island?"

"Is it really important, Jason?"

"Yes."

"I'll find out," she said. Her mouth was sad. "When will you be going to Kauai?"

"As soon as possible."

"Regardless of what may happen tonight?"

"Regardless of hell or high water."

NATALIE MACE was considering him with a brooding expression. She sighed. "Jason, I'm afraid they're too *akamai* for you. In spite of your brave show of confidence, I feel sorry for us. And we're *such* nice people. Do you know what I think?"

"What do you think?" Jason laughed.

"I think we were born to be made into duck soup for the Grazzards of this world. Did I tell you we are still in the doghouse? You are an evil character and I was told again a moment ago to

have absolutely no traffic with you. So *aloha*."

The reporters found Jason at his hotel. "Is it true," one of the reporters asked, "that you've sold your engine to the British government?"

Jason winced. "If it is," he replied, "then I'm in the same boat with the man who has an unfaithful wife—we're the last to hear the news."

He went to the office of Pan American Airways and secured the envelope, containing his brother's wrist watch, which Pete Durkin had left there for him.

He examined the watch. Some of the smear of dried blood on the back of it had chipped off. It was Wayne's watch. There was no question of that. But Jason's examination of it told him no more than the machinist had told him over the telephone.

From the PAA office, Jason went to the courthouse, where he spent some time. What he found there fitted to the fraction of a millimeter into the pattern which was taking shape in his mind, and with the exception of one point, would need no further proof than the existence of the record. This point would do for a shot in the dark when the showdown came, as he was sure it would before many more hours had gone by. He wound up the afternoon with a visit to the firm of Longstreet, Crumpton & Hays, on King Street.

He saw many Oriental faces in the streets, and many dark faces, but only a few that looked Hawaiian.

What impressed him most was the warlike activity of this compact little island. The air above it roared with planes. The sea all about it was dotted with destroyers, cruisers and battleships. The streets were filled with soldiers and sailors and a type of workman that Jason recognized—machinists and riggers, steelworkers and carpenters—men with skilled hands. These were defense workers, coming in by every convoy.

He saw dozens of new houses, many of them ugly, built to accommodate this latest invasion, and he wondered if the charm of Hawaii was doomed. Would the war ruin it? He decided not. He sensed a quality in these cozy green islands that nothing would ever destroy.

(To be continued next week)



"But why fool around with all those gadgets? Why not just call the fire department?"

HENRY BOLTINOFF

P  
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## Kaypees Don't Fly

Continued from page 16

# 1917

## WAR

RUN BY  
TELEPHONE

# 1943

## WAR

RUN BY  
RADIO

### For Instance...

... the patriot forces of Yugoslavia continue to fight. Over its secret radio Gen. Mikhailovitch's headquarters announced the fall of Demberlin after the killing, wounding or capturing of over 3,000 Axis troops. (news item)

... importance of radio in this war is emphasized by the army establishment of radio mechanic and operator schools in Stevens and Congress Hotels at Chicago... it is reported that capacity will be about 15,000 men taking 14 weeks training. (news item)

### Interesting!

Watch for radio use in the war news—you'll find it in the air—on the ground—and at home.

WITHOUT radio, the movement of war would still be anchored by telephone lines—the physical hazards of the courier and visual signals.

Now war moves swiftly over the whole face of the earth—instantaneous radio communication thru the ether instead of over copper wires has blasted the barriers of space and time.

So today all our radio production centers on war use.

But what of tomorrow—what effect will this have upon the future—after victory?

One thing is certain—it will revolutionize and speed the great new future form of transportation.

Radio has never been universally necessary in transportation before. In automobiles—on trains—it has been entertainment—in boats it has been a great aid but not an essential.

But today for the future, in that great, new universal transportation that is forming itself—the airplane—radio is essential as the engine itself.

Zenith's leadership in the radio industry has been established by a constant achievement of "firsts." Repeatedly, ideas "brand new" when Zenith "first" introduced them, later became essentials on all radios. And that same "forward thinking" of engineers and factory and organization now concentrates on war production of the thing we know—radio—exclusively radio. We are progressing—we learn every day—and this new experience will inevitably reflect itself when Zenith again produces for peace.

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# ZENITH

## RADIO

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It was well after supper one night and the pile of peelings was reaching commendable proportions when Private Flint caught the snort of tractors as the big Bastions were being dragged from their dispersal areas. A loud-speaker erected on a four-by-four cleared its throat and eventually snarled an "Attention!" order. Little Albin palmed his fatigue hat to a new off-the-face mode and peered over to the mess shack steps where Sergeant MacColl sat puzzling over the details of a *News of the World* soccer football pool.

"All air crews to their ships!" the loud-speaker ordered.

Baggy at the knees and still clutching a half-scalped potato, little Albin was totally snubbed by the elite who hurried past laden with B7 chutes, navigation equipment, chart cases and service helmets.

Six sets of inboard engines were barking and kicking over somewhere beyond in the gloaming. The loud-speaker coughed and spluttered a lot of words that made no sense to him. Suddenly something flashed into his vision and tinkled a tiny bell deep in the grottoes of his memory.

Across the hard-packed roadway separating the Administration Building from the barracks, four young women were matching lisle-legged strides. They wore blue uniforms with jaunty caps and they moved with the grace and precision of a section of Rockettes.

"Hey, what's them?" demanded Private Flint, pointing with the ever-present jackknife.

MacColl glanced up from a rheumy advertisement for a sciatica remedy. "Them's Waacs," he said. "Women who work in the Army."

"Waacs!" burst Albin, trying to recall where he had heard the sound before. "Them's Waacs?" he queried, a thin sliver of enlightenment pricking his memory.

Private Flint's worries and disappointments were hoisted from his shoulders. His Army brogans felt and fitted like dancing pumps. The world glowed and became an answering smile.

"I gotter see Captain Frost," he decided.

PRIVATE FLINT attained take-off speed with little effort and banked around the mess shack doing the "100" in 10-flat. He leveled off in front of the Officers' Mess, bending the throttle industriously. He pulled a rat race through a group of mechanics and drew a drum-fire of service expletives but cleared beautifully with a wingover, the half-peeled spud held high in his left hand. He opened up once more but was running out of speed by the time he reached the bomber carrying Captain Frost's flight-leader markings. He tried to fishtail to a halt but a small truck which carried booster batteries for the starters, intercepted him as he cut under the wide wing tip. He went sprawling and then pawed uncertainly at the outline of a technical corporal: "I . . . I gotter see Captain Frost. It's awfully important. Captain Frost . . .!"

"You'll find him forward . . . control pit. Make it snappy," the corporal bellowed as he lugged little Albin to his feet.

"I gotter see . . ." Flint began again, but the corporal rammed a shoulder under his rump and hoisted him aboard. "Make it snappy!"

Bushed with the blow across his shins,

Flint dropped the unpeeled spud into his denim jacket pocket and moved gingerly amid the unfamiliar equipment. He fumbled with his free hand and found something to sit on. The gleam from the exhaust punched oblong blocks of light against the curved walls and little Albin felt he had been sucked into some massive pneumatic tube and was well on his way to a violent conclusion.

"Captain Frost!" he called again, but his voice had the quality of something being squished out of a squash. He settled back to muster his forces and then huddled deeper when a bundled figure in black leather appeared suddenly from a cavern aft and cranked the cabin door

pattern across it all. The steady roar of engines against the background of compact sound riveted a lump of fear a few inches below his breastbone.

He was startled from his investigation by the thump of heavy boots—and a voice. He turned and stared full into the helmet-framed mug of Corporal Krause. For a minute Krause was blocked out of the play by his failure to identify a puzzling situation. Finally he exploded with: "What the devil are you doin' here?"

"Now look, Corp," little Albin began, trying to maintain his balance as the Bastion bounced through a wall of cumulus updraft.



shut. Strange metallic voices frittered from the boxes on the wall, snapped orders and disintegrated with the crash of engines. The whole structure began to creak and wobble ominously.

"Captain Frost!" Flint bleated again; but his voice was drowned out by the thunder of full-throated engines. He gave up, rubbed his shins and visualized the harrowing details of a court-martial, a last-minute cigarette and weighed the decision of refusing the sympathetic offer of a handkerchief-blindfold before a firing squad.

But withal, the scene of the four young women striding toward the Administration Building still gleamed through the murky montage and warmed the situation a trifle. He trusted that there might still be an open post for him somewhere aboard the bomber.

"Captain Frost said he'd take care of me," he assured his glimmering hope.

The big Bastion rocked and tilted as the four propellers thrashed the air. Flint clambered to his feet, tottered to a small oblong port and peered out. Indistinct shadows marked the coastal towns of England. Blocks of streets laid a gridded

What came out of Corporal Krause sounded like a scrambled transatlantic telephone message, blown up for exhibition purposes. He choked on it, regained his breath, yanked Flint around and poked accusingly at his back.

"Why you dope! You ain't even got a parachute!"

THE charge meant about as much to Flint as an observation that he was not equipped with a retractable landing gear. He raised his hands with an eloquent appeal for a sympathetic audience.

"Now look, Corp! I just came aboard to tell Captain Frost about the Waacs."

"Baby, you're gonner get moidered!" the corporal gunner blatted. "Aboard a service aircraft wit'out a parachute. Wow!"

Another massive figure in a leather coverall and wearing a jockey cap with the peak turned up clambered down from the dorsal gun turret and thrust its face full into Flint's.

"What is this?" the face erupted. "A joy hop?"

"I'm tellin' you. I didn't have no



chance to git off!" wailed young Albin; his parched face wrung with anguish "I just wanted to tell the captain about the Waacs."

"Yeah? You can't tell that guy nothin' about no Waacs!" Corporal Krause observed with a suitable grimace. "He gits around!"

"But he said I could be a gunner when the Waacs came," Private Flint pleaded. "That's what I wanted to tell him."

"You stop right here. I'll tell him."

THE dorsal turret gunner stood off wide-legged and studied the little K.P. guy who still clutched his jackknife. He considered the bulge in Flint's pocket and conjured up all sorts of fifth column skulduggery: "You ain't bin to no armament school, have you?" the gunner accused.

"No-o-oo, but Captain Frost said that when we got some Waacs I could quit K.P. duty."

"They ain't no Waacs over here yet," the dorsal guy burst out. "The ones you seen must have bin some of them English broads. They operate radio-locator panels. They ain't cooks!"

Captain Frost came down the catwalk from the pilot's compartment, a dramatic figure in a neat twill flying suit. He had a freckled nose and gun-metal eyes that smiled easier than they frowned. Frost moved into the gunners' station mustering a glance of authority.

"What's the meaning of this?" he asked, making his way to Flint, who tried to salute with his jackknife still clutched in his hand. "What are you doing here, soldier?"

"I—I came to report, like you said, sir," Flint began again. "I saw the Waacs and came right over, but someone shut the door and you took off before I could get out."

"Waacs?" exploded Frost. "Don't tell me we have Waacs aboard too! What goes on here?"

"No... Don't you remember me, sir? You said back at Westover that when we got some Waacs I could quit K.P. and become a gunner—maybe. I saw some and came right over. I didn't bring any on board with me, sir."

"He means he saw some of them English Waacs, sir," explained Corporal Krause. "They're radio-locator op-

erators; but he thinks they came to work in the kitchen."

"Get back to your posts!" ordered Captain Frost to the gunners. "I'll take care of this."

Little Albin watched Krause move off, the lump of fear dropping with a thud to the pit of his stomach.

"I suppose you realize this is serious business?" Frost began again.

"But you said, sir—"

"I can't even remember ever seeing you before," Frost argued, unconsciously wounding his man. "What am I going to do with you now?"

"Ain't there something I can do, sir?" appealed little Albin. "Couldn't I... couldn't I serve the coffee—or something?"

"All you can do now is keep out of the way. Maybe... coffee later, when we start back."

Captain Frost moved off with a hopeless gesture and Flint subsided slowly, pitiful and aghast at his unimportance. "He didn't even remember me and there's nothin' I can do," he muttered with a gulp.

He resented now, every minute he had squandered at The Spotted Dog, playing darts with the rustics when he might have learned something about a machine gun. If he had only volunteered to check ammo and clean Brownings in his spare time.

But Kaypees don't fly, they had told him—so many times.

THE big bomber was heading deep into enemy territory. Already the arrowlike blades of searchlights were probing from below, trying to weave a latticework barrier that would fend them off. Flint peered out the port and saw the exhaust pennons of the other ships strung out and stepped up behind them. The flak spat and raged, splashing uneven daubs against the sky and the Bastion trundled woodenly through the undulating air path cobbled with the boulders of concussion. Flint's heart kicked about inside him with the numbing realization that while he was part of all this, he was not an integral part.

He stared about despairingly and his eyes finally focused on the details of the waist gunners, important and alert in zippered flying suits, their helmets cabled to wall sockets which connected them with

the oxygen supply and intercommunication. Somewhere above was a pattern of platform structure where another gunner sat tense and steadfast behind a brace of .50-caliber guns. There were tubes and dials, levers and push-button panels, indicators and conduit boxes; none of which he was even superficially acquainted with.

He was cold now and beginning to feel the effects of the altitude. He breathed in short gasps and decided that if there was any chow aboard now was the time to get at it before he folded up. He worked his way uncertainly past another figure posted behind a black gun breech into which was fed a broad snakelike belt of ammunition.

"Hey!" he yelled into the side gunner's ear. "Where's the chow?"

"That wall locker over there," the gunner growled back.

"How about some java?"

"Sure! Since when we got K.P. guys aboard to sling hash?"

Flint ignored that and stumbled across to the locker. He was just reaching up for the latch when the Bastion leaped and rang with the resonant crash of a heavy blow. A terrific blast of wind typhooned up and drove young Flint along the narrow catwalk. The side gunner reached up and grabbed him. "The bomb doors are open! Get the hell out of here!" he yelled.

The roar lashed the waist gunners into action. They pounded short bursts through their open hatches and laced the Bastion to the sky with sparkling cables of tracer. The dorsal gunner treadled his turret and poked a cone of converging fire at something dragging a blue exhaust plume.

The bomber lurched on and then staggered under the blow. Flint went to his hands and knees near the feet of the waist gunners, who were hunched and following the breech casings of their Brownings. The mad rattle of mechanism and the stench of burned powder made little Albin wince, but he watched how they thumbed the round metal buttons behind the handles.

Had he been hooked into the communication line, Flint could have listened in on the crisp orders and reports crackling back and forth from the tail turret to the bomb-sight compartment. He would have heard the engineer half-sobbing with frustration that he couldn't do anything about the bomb doors and that half the hydraulic system which provided pressure for flaps, automatic fire extinguishers and the retractable landing gear had been ripped out with a chunk of flak. Flint would have trembled at the concern expressed by Captain Frost as to whether the bomb-release mechanism would respond when they went at their target.

THE Bastion recovered and blundered on through the tempest of hate and concussion. Flint squinted back toward the aperture, which provided a view through the open bomb doors. He could see the long 1,000-pounders, sleek and sinister in their metal racks. They were pointing straight down at the mottled earth below, where fires twinkled and slats of searchlight swished through the sky. Already flame areas dotted the panorama and clouds of smoke swept across, blanking out the glare. The smoke took on scarlet edges like the broad piping of a velvet costume thrown carelessly across a spinet.


Flint was fascinated by the revelation but had he been in the control pit he would have seen Frost hesitate, wipe his upper lip with his tongue and draw the wheel back with a muscular twitch. Frost took over his intercom mike and spoke

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to the bombardier: "Stand by, bombardier! To bombardier from pilot: Will fly level at six thousand. Will circle target once and then make runover from south-east to northwest . . . check!"

"Roger!" the bombardier answered, giving the acknowledgment response. "Altitude six thousand . . . bomb doors open! . . . And how!"

Private Flint knew nothing of the drama being enacted forward. He could only kneel on the catwalk and watch the fire-spattered world tilt up at a new angle as the Bastion was drawn up into level flight. The bomber rocked again and a gargled scream knifed along the catwalk. Flint turned and saw a side gunner slumped below the gun mounting, his knees drawn up, his gloved hands clutched at his stomach.

"You all right?" inquired Flint solicitously when he had crawled to the gunner's side.

"Never mind me," the gunner growled. "Get up there and nail that guy!" He jerked his head toward the gun breech. "It's a Focke-Wulf. A heller on wings!"

The bomber leaped again with another blow before Flint could reach the gun. The blast from the open bomb chamber increased in volume and the belly of the Bastion became a blocked-off wind tunnel. There was a new stench of smoke and the brittle tang of hot metal. Flint turned to seek advice from the other side gunner and suddenly the metal cavern was aglow with flame that spurted from a tangle of metal somewhere above the still-open bomb doors.

"This is a flamer!" a gunner yelled.

**A** SIDE gunner huddled and snapped on his chute pack and then hooked a pack into the harness still worn by the wounded man. Flint backed to the wall and watched, uncertain now what was actually happening.

The flame gilded them as they crawled forward toward the open bomb chamber. "We're getting out of here," a gunner barked. "We're not staying here to fry. The whole automatic system must be off."

"Sure," agreed Albin. "Lemme help you . . ."

But the side gunner shoved him away, lifted the wounded man and dragged him along the catwalk: "Your pack's fitted, Joe. Grab your ring, kid. We're hitting the silk!"

The wounded man nodded with a dumb grimace and crawled the last few feet. Flint watched, still unconscious of his own jeopardy. He blinked as the wounded gunner crawled to the open floor panel and rolled out into space. The second side gunner looked back once, wagged his head and pitched headlong through the bolster of flame and disappeared.

Flint gasped and choked on a new acrid smell, rammed the palm of his hand over his mouth and gurgled. "Creepers! They jumped out—the dopes! That's Germany down there!"

Above, the dorsal turret gunner was directing a stream of whitish liquid from a scarlet tank, full into the flames that were dancing and splashing over the tail fins of the exposed bombs. Flames billowed up and went cataracting over the crosspieces of the catwalk.

The stench of extinguisher fluid from the dorsal turret almost suffocated Flint and gradually forced him along the wall until he was on the narrow ledge that framed the sides of the bomb chamber. He covered his face with his hands and then peered through his open fingers and saw that a broken copper tube was spurring a bluish stream of liquid full into the flames.

"That shouldn't be like that," he ob-

served, wondering where the stuff came from.

It *did* smell like gasoline, little Albin concluded.

The dorsal turret guy was screaming something at him but Private Flint was half blind and tortured with the realization that something ought to be done, and that the dorsal gunner was probably trying to explain.

He tried to get across to the broken tube but the flames drove him back. He moved forward and lowered himself by the door flanges and straddled his insteps over the long black bombs and struggled his way further along toward the gushing tube.

"You darn fool!" the dorsal gunner yelled. "You're standing on the bombs. If they pull the plug you'll . . ."

But the roar of slipstream, the rage of engines and the crackle of the flames drowned out the warning and little Albin worked his way along and grabbed at the

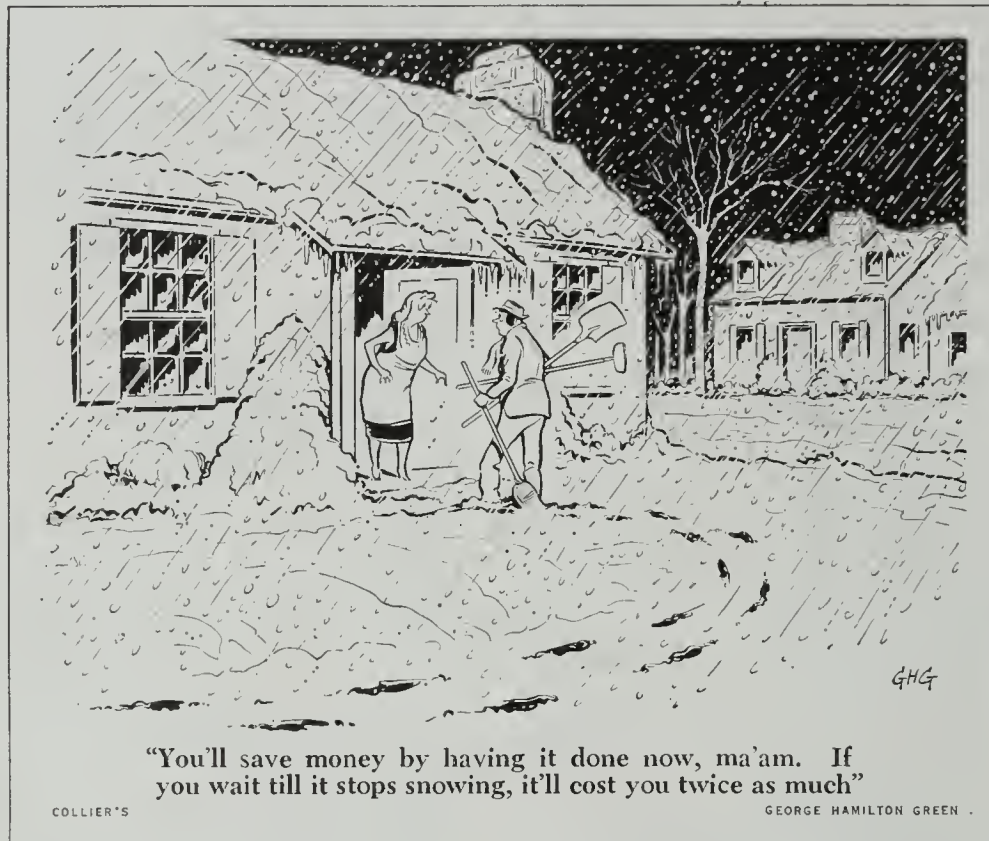
were well out in the open and he was forced to an almost straight-out position until he sensed that he'd better work his way aft to safety.

Inch by inch he crawled along the flange of the bomb door and then came to the edge where some raw gas still burned. He hung there a second or so and then decided he'd better get back the other way but someone reached over, grabbed him under the arm and lugged him across the flaming catwalk grid to safety.

"**W**HAT the heck did you do?" the dorsal gunner demanded. "What stopped that gas flow?"

"I just stuck a potato over the end. Is that what was burning?" inquired little Albin as he patted his face and wondered why the skin across his cheek felt so tight.

"Sure! I couldn't hold it with just what I had. It was spraying from the main



"You'll save money by having it done now, ma'am. If you wait till it stops snowing, it'll cost you twice as much"

COLLIER'S

GEORGE HAMILTON GREEN

open end of the tube. He caught the tang of the liquid as it sprayed through his clenched fist and then sensed that this probably was a line leading from one of the wing tanks. He clutched harder and then stared down and realized that if he could hang on there the dorsal guy might get the rest of it under control.

"You're on the bombs!" the gunner yelled down. "Get the hell out of there!"

"That's right," agreed Flint. "I gotter get out of here. That's Germany down there."

**H**E TUGGED his giddy fatigue hat tighter over his face with his free hand and wondered how he could stop the flow of gasoline. He fumbled gingerly and saw that the dorsal guy was blotting the flame out along the catwalk.

"Get off those bombs, you fool!" the upper gunner yelled.

"Sure! Wait a minute while I . . . Holy Smoke . . . I clean forgot!"

He hung on again, felt in his denim jacket pocket and came out with the half-peeled potato. He made a quick exchange and with a sudden swipe rammed the big potato over the end of the copper tube. It held and he hung on to make certain it would stick.

"Get the . . . !" the dorsal turret guy yelled.

The Bastion leaped and the bomb releases scrawched. Little Albin felt himself go but grabbed and hung on with his finger tips to the hinge flange. His legs

feed line and I thought we were goners. You better go forward and report to Cappy. My intercommunication line is out."

"Cappy?"

"Sure! Captain Frost up forward. He'll probably be giving an abandonment order, if he don't know."

"I guess we put it out, eh?" Flint beamed with this new responsibility.

"Cripes! It's burning itself out now. You sure did a job!"

Flint worked his way forward, crawled up the steps and moved along the smoke-filled gangway and finally came to a narrow doorway fitted to the main bulkhead. He saw the compact shoulder of Captain Frost outlined against the bank of instruments.

"Private Flint reporting, sir!" yelled little Albin. "The fire's out, but two of your gunners jumped overboard. Can I serve the coffee now, sir?"

Frost stared at the charred apparition that grinned at him from the doorway. "She's out? . . . You sure?"

"Sure, sir! I stuck a potato on the end of a pipe. I guess it was gasoline . . . and we got it out. I was on K.P. and I had a spud in my pocket."

Frost blinked and took several seconds to digest the potato gag. He looked quickly at his instruments and turned to grin across at his copilot: "Get it Pete? He stuck a potato on the end of a pipe. Look! The fuel gauge is holding now. We'll get *all* the way back!"

The copilot looking like a guy who had unexpectedly guzzled on a strong astringent managed: "Golly! It must have been the main fuel line across the bomb bay! I'm going back and take a look." He turned to Flint and added, "Soldier, you sure did a job!"

Captain Frost thanked his lucky star there were still men in the service charged with a blazing singleness of purpose and deified with the ability to react when the occasion arose. He cleared the Bastion and took her over the North Sea and headed for The Wash on the coast of Lincolnshire. At intervals he glanced across at Flint who sat luxuriating in the control pit, utterly oblivious of the danger that still faced them.

The copilot came back with a face as long as a wet week. "We take a belly flop, I guess," he said. "Two bomb bay jacks are burned out and we can't get the doors up. The wheels won't come down either."

Frost nodded and scrawled a message on a thigh pad: "I'll get her over the field and all hands will abandon ship. I'll take her in and try to skid her on the bomb doors. Warn the crew!"

The copilot thumbed at Flint. "What about this guy? No parachute?"

"He can take mine. I won't need it," Frost said.

Flint took it all in and then reached over and grabbed Frost's arm. "I'd like to stay with you, sir. Maybe I can be of some help."

"You want to stay for a crash landing?"

"Yes, sir. I'll stay with you."

**T**HE field was warned by radio and Frost circled the Chuzzleton Priory aerodrome while Corporal Krause rounded up the enlisted men and lined them up at the open hatch of the bomb chamber. The copilot, engineer and bombardier came next, checking straps and snaffles. One by one they drew in their breath and went out headfirst.

"Okay, soldier!" Frost grinned. "This is it. Ram your feet against the instrument board. Wrap your arms around your head and—hang on. It may not be too bad . . . with your luck."

"Yes sir," grinned Private Flint. "But just in case, sir. There's one thing . . ." He leaned over, pointed down the companionway to the front office and made his request.

"Sure thing! Glad you thought of that. Now hang on."

The Bastion went in, flaps down and the propellers properly set. Captain Frost checked his shoulder straps and quick-release gear and grinned across at Flint. She touched once and plowed up the runway with the raw edges of the bomb doors and then flailed savagely with her prop blades. She bounced, tore an inboard engine out of its mounting and subsided with a growl of wrenched metal and skidded along on her belly.

"Wow! We made it, Cappy!" beamed Private Flint.

"Cappy!" protested the pilot amid the tinkle of instrument dial glass. "What the . . . ?"

But little Albin was out of the belt and clambering through the tangle to get into the wreckage of the nose. He came up bearing a well-zipped valise and plunged on down the catwalk for the door. The last Captain Frost saw of him that night was when little Albin went off, still clutching the bomb sight to his chest with two scuttle-helmeted sentries escorting him in charred triumph to the Administration Building.

"Who says Kaypees can't fly?" challenged Captain Frost from the battered cabin door.

THE END



# Look...the Smiths are building a new home!



Stamp by Stamp and Bond by Bond—the Smiths are building for the future. Buying bonds to bring Victory nearer... building for a prosperous peace.

To the Smiths, Home means freedom, happiness, comfort and security... the fruits of Victory. More power to the Smiths! And to the millions of patriotic American families whose "all-out" purchases of War Bonds and Stamps are helping to win the war... and insure a prosperous America after the war.

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Nutrition • Food Preparation  
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# This Marine played dead . . . . .



*They'd just spotted 2 Jap transports landing troops... when a murderous cross-fire had wiped them out... everyone except Bob Tuttle.*

*Jap boots kicked him over... smashed his face... wrecked his communications equipment and left.*

*Then, more dead than alive, he dragged himself along... repaired the equipment and flashed the position of the transports to the field.*

*That's the story behind seven words that appeared in your paper recently:*

*"Two more enemy transports sunk off Solomons."*

*The only connection we have with this story is the fact that we make communications equipment... and maybe Bob used some of our stuff.*

*We don't want to brag while others are fighting, dying... we just want you to know that every man and woman at Stromberg-Carlson is doing his best to provide the finest possible tools for the men who need them. And if 48 years' experience making reliable, durable communications equipment can help fellows like Bob... then thank God for that!*

*Have you asked yourself if you are doing the most you can do?*

*Are you digging down deep for all the War Bonds and Stamps you can possibly afford? Now's the time to do it!*



*In Radios, Telephones, Sound Systems... there is nothing finer than a Stromberg-Carlson*

## STROMBERG-CARLSON

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"You forgotten what I told you in the village the other night?" Lance said softly. "No," said Ben

## Strangers on the Place

By C. P. Donnel, Jr.

ILLUSTRATED BY BINFORD VALENTINE

Talk came hard for young Ben Manney. When his friends, his girl among them, began to wonder why he didn't join up, he couldn't tell them. Young Ben had to get action

IN THE barn the tractor's motor thrummed so sweetly that it blended with the crickets in the evening hush. On the shady back porch the pump handle squeaked twice and there were splashing sounds.

In the cool farmhouse kitchen Mrs. Manney tuned one ear to the porch as she put the cold veal and watermelon pickle and the blue-bordered plate with its mound of sweet butter on the red-

and-white oilcloth of the broad kitchen table.

The splashing stopped. Mrs. Manney, unhurried, reached for the sweating pitcher of buttermilk and filled a tall glass at the head of the table.

Footsteps along the porch shook the kitchen ever so slightly. In another second her husband would fling open the screen door and stand there, his brown face and hands ruddy from the scrubbing at the pump, brown hair blackly damp on his forehead and temples, his gray eyes smiling and expectant.

Mrs. Manney's eyes were thoughtful. Ordinarily this was her valued moment of all the day, when her sense of abiding security was as warm and real as the sunshine in the yard. But not this evening. A tiny variation in her husband's routine at the pump, a slight hesitation

in his footsteps, told her that he was putting from his mind some thought that he did not wish her to see in his face. And when the screen door swung open, and he stood there, she saw that his smile had been donned at the last moment.

HER feeling of apprehension persisted through the familiar, pleasant rites. Martin Manney went "Ha!" and she felt his strong fingers on her shoulders and the quick, hearty kiss that was never casual. Then the ceremony of draining the glass of buttermilk and the second "Ha!"—this one shaded a trifle to convey that he loved her better than the buttermilk. She refilled the glass, and in doing so, composed her face.

They sat down and she passed him the veal. Platter in hand, he paused a moment, cocking his head toward the win-

dow. In that instant the tractor's motor stopped.

"Ben's crazy about that tractor," he said, still smiling, and began to help himself to meat. But she had caught the faint undertone of resentment. She wondered. Always, before, his pride in Ben's passion for the tractor had been without reservations.

"He caught a ride to town with Gid Evarts again today," she volunteered. "This time it was a new float for the separator."

"Carburetor, not separator." Her husband chuckled. Then, carelessly, "Did he stop in the village? I asked him to pick up that seed Acton's been saving. . . ."

"He said he'd see Acton next week." "Oh." Martin was buttering a triangle of crust and did not look up. Once again



# "Together, we're building bridges across the seven seas"



**THIS STALWART FIGURE** is a pilot of the Air Transport Command, the Army's wartime partnership with the country's 18 leading airlines.

**HIS JOB** is to speed new planes and vital supplies to the fighting fronts and fly Democracy's brains...statesmen, generals, scientists, doctors . . . where they're needed in the world-wide chess-board of this war.

**IT'S NOT AN EASY JOB.** Tonight, he might be jockeying a fast combat plane off an East coast runway. Tomorrow, setting it down in the English midlands. Tonight, he might be lifting a "Flying Fortress" off a California apron. Tomorrow, riding high somewhere over the Southwest Pacific. Tonight, he might be in Florida, loading a transport with technicians urgently needed in Africa. Tomorrow, nearing Morocco or Algeria. Tonight, he might be in Minneapolis with racks of serum and blood plasma for an Alaskan hospital. Tomorrow night, on his way back.

**HE AND HIS FELLOWS** never know where they're going or

what they're going to take along. But they're shoving the stuff through, thousands of planes and hundreds of thousands of tons of freight every month. Their big brown transports are familiar sights in hundreds of airports from California to Cairo to Chungking . . . from London to Sydney.

**SIMPLY** and as a matter of course, these invincible crews of transport fliers are shrinking the size of the globe and moving history ahead at least a decade. And blazing new air trails with them is another crew of pioneers—the "PIONEER" Instruments of "The Invisible Crew" of Bendix.

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**IN THIS,** America's great aerial offensive, and on land and sea





well, members of "The Invisible Crew" of Bendix are playing a vital role. Together with the Air Transport Command, these precision instruments are building bridges across the sky, bridges of bombers and transports today to clear the way for bridges of commerce tomorrow. *Back America's invincible crew, our fighters on every front. Buy War Bonds and Stamps regularly.*

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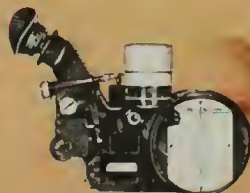
AVIATION CORPORATION

From Coast to Coast, 25 Bendix Plants are speeding members of "The Invisible Crew" to World Battle Fronts.

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Pioneers in technical development as well as in name, the sensitive and precise instruments of "The Invisible Crew" perform scores of vital tasks in every Air Transport flight. They watch directions, speed and drift. They check on temperature and wind. They tell height and horizon. They set the trackless course and check it against the stars. Here are a few of the famous "PIONEER" names in the world of flight: Air Speed Indicator, Rate of Climb Indicator, Turn and Bank Indicator, Driftmeter, Octant, Altimeter, "AUTOSYN" System of Remote Indication, "MAGNESYN" Remote Indicating Compass, Vapor-Proof Manifold Pressure Gauge, Oxygen Regulator.





the kitchen vibrated to footsteps on the porch.

Ben came in, a taller, broader, browner version of his father. Mrs. Manney's glance went up to him as he bent to kiss her. She could find no cloud in his gray-blue eyes, and his greeting to his father was, as always, quietly respectful.

Ben slid his long legs under the table and his father passed the veal and pickles. "You won't forget to see Acton about that seed, son?" he said.

"No, sir. I figured next week would be plenty time." Was she mistaken, or was there a wary, defensive note in the reply?

She said, "That note Gid Evarts brought this morning was from Livvy Doster's mother. She wants us to come over to a party at their place Saturday night. She didn't say what it was for. If you go over there tonight, Ben, will you tell her we'd love to come?"

"Afraid I can't tonight, Ma. I got a new booklet on the tractor in town today, and it'll take me a couple of hours at least to . . ."

"That's all right, dear. I'll send her a message by Gid in the morning."

"The party's probably for Lance Watriss," said Ben slowly. "He's leaving Monday—for camp."

She had seen her husband look up quickly when Ben started to speak. Ben's gaze was riveted on the veal he was cutting, and there were scarlet patches like danger signals in his brown cheeks.

THERE was no more talk at the meal. Mrs. Manney finished her supper with a tight feeling in her throat.

Ben had inherited, or acquired, his father's habit of silence on troublous matters. They did it to spare her, she knew; in the fond belief that she was not aware, until told, that things were going badly.

But the ache under her heart told her that this situation was different. This had nothing to do with the farm. This was personal between Ben and his father.

Deliberately, like a general maneuvering to protect his flank, Mrs. Manney left the dishes in the sink and went and stood in the cool, dark hallway. She had never done anything like this before, and she was trembling.

Ben and his father were on the front porch, their backs to her, and they looked as though they were staring out at the lawn.

Martin Manney said, "I hear you had a dust-up with Lance Watriss in the village Monday night."

"Yes." Ben might have been answering a stranger.

Through the mesh of the screen door she could see Martin's cigarette glow twice before he spoke:

"Tom Burnett says Lance told you to stay away from Livvy Doster while he was in the Army." Tom Burnett was Martin's closest friend in the village and a fellow Legionnaire. He and Martin had been the first from the village to enlist in 1917. They had been wounded within two days of each other in the Argonne. "Tom says Lance was talking pretty free. He says you didn't offer at Lance."

"Lance carries a knife," said Ben. He was standing very straight and he did not look at his father.

"Did he pull?"

"No, sir. I walked away."

"Lance Watriss is yellow."

"He's in the Army now," said Ben, not quite so slowly. "He's not yellow."

Mrs. Manney felt hollow and chilly inside. It was not like Ben flatly to contradict his father. And she knew that Martin had not yet made his point. Ben knew it, too, and his hands withdrew

from his pockets and hung loosely at his sides. They were big hands, broad and brown. The cigarette glowed orange-yellow for ten full seconds.

"Tom says he hasn't seen you in a couple weeks," said Martin. "He says he's been kind of expecting you to drop in and see him."

It had come without warning. An icy hand closed around Mrs. Manney's heart, and the stillness in the hall hummed in her ears. Tom Burnett was chairman of the Legion's county committee on enlistments. All the volunteers consulted with him before joining.

She could see Ben turning his father's remark over in his mind as she had seen him turning some part of the tractor over in his hands, carefully, thoughtfully. . . .

"I'd like to show you the new carburetor float I put in today," he said

sion radiated from him in almost visible waves. A great moment, but not to be compared to the day four years later when Gid Evarts, the postman, wrestled a flat crate from the back seat of his Model T. Curious, she had called Martin from the barn and together they had watched Ben, hands shaking and lips pressed tight to hold back the tears of excitement, tap the crate apart and reveal the shiny bicycle that explained the year-old mystery of what he had been doing with his egg money and why he had not bought the new ice skates they knew he wanted.

She remembered how Martin had turned to her and smiled a little uncertainly as Ben dropped to his knees and worshiped the shining sprocket, the perfect chain and the gleaming intricacies of the rear hub. Neither she nor Martin had spoken, any more than they would

parlor, feeling the twinge of old wound and old loyalties.

Tom Burnett was wondering why he had not seen Ben. And Martin was wondering.

"God forgive me," murmured Mrs. Manney as she realized that she, too, was beginning to wonder why Ben had not "seen" Tom Burnett.

A FAMILIAR chattering rattle in the yard startled her momentarily. Through the fringe of trumpet vine around the west kitchen window she saw magnified and distorted by tears the clung to her eyes and refused to drop Livvy Doster's jalopy—the one Ben had rebuilt for Livvy and conjured into life.

Livvy swung leggily over the door that would never open and cupped her hands to her mouth. Her clear voice rang across the yard: "Hey, there glamor boy!"

Mrs. Manney put a dish down very quietly and pressed her hands tightly together. The affectionate irony of the "glamor boy!" She wondered if the relationship between Ben and Livvy was one of the things marked for destruction now. Livvy was dark-haired and slender and laughing. She liked to dance, and she had many beaux. But she turned to Ben more frequently than anyone but Mrs. Manney (and perhaps Mrs. Doster) noticed.

The tractor stopped. Ben strolled across the yard. He made a humorous gesture with his right hand, and his "Hello, Repulsive," was elaborately casual.

"Heading for the village," said Livvy briefly. "How's for coming along and buying the old lady a coke?"

Ben shook his head. "Can't." He thumped a wrinkled fender thoughtfully with his fist.

Mrs. Manney saw Livvy's head come up. "Oh, come on." There was a strained note in Livvy's usually uninhibited voice.

Ben caught it. He raised the hood of the jalopy and his head and shoulders disappeared inside for a moment. When he came up he said, "Your kid brother's been fooling with that distributor again."

LIVVY ignored this. "You're sure you don't want to come?" All the lightness in her manner was gone.

"Got some things I've got to do," said Ben evenly. He cocked his head and appeared to be inspecting a steering knuckle.

Livvy flounced into the driver's seat in a welter of skirts and bare knees. Even at that distance Mrs. Manney could see the quick anger and disappointment in her face. She flushed, started to speak, checked herself, and said, "You're all coming over Saturday night, aren't you? We're giving Lance a send-off."

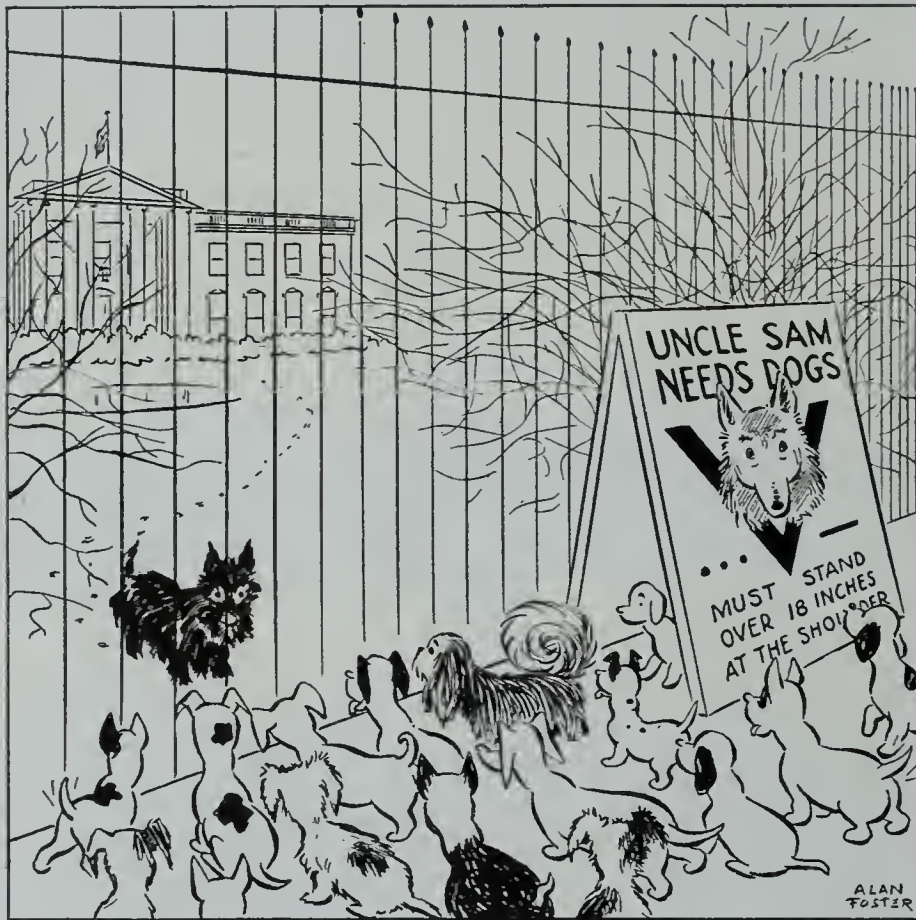
"The family'll be there," said Ben, fiddling with a headlight connection. "I'm not sure if I can make it." He looked up, and Mrs. Manney winced at the utter lack of expression in his eyes and mouth.

"So long." Ben stood aside as Livvy backed onto the grass, spun the wheel, and bullied the old car down the driveway at a speed more eloquent than a tirade. He watched the car a minute before returning to the barn, head at a thoughtful angle. Mrs. Manney drew breath. So Livvy had heard that Lance had warned Ben away from her. And Ben knew that Livvy had heard. And Lance was to be found in front of the village drugstore nearly every evening. . . .

Mrs. Manney plunged her hands into the dishwater. It was nearly scalding, but the physical pain was somehow a relief. That night she lay long awake. Beside her, Martin slept—or so she

## MR. FALA OF THE WHITE HOUSE

by ALAN FOSTER



"I'll try to persuade the President to lower the specifications"

COLLIER'S

finally, and she caught her breath. "It needs adjusting the first few weeks. . . ."

"I'll leave that to you," said Martin curtly, and turned on his heel. She stood frozen as he opened the screen door, but he did not come down the hall. He turned into the front parlor and she heard the creak of his Morris chair.

MRS. MANNEY made her way back to the kitchen, her knees treacherous, and stood a moment at the sink before touching the dishes. Ben was crossing the yard to the barn, and it was as though she were watching a stranger. The house was silent with the ugly silence of things left unsaid.

The tractor's motor resumed its rhythmic hum under Ben's sure hands. Mrs. Manney visualized his expression as he worked; visualized the glow in his face that he could no more hide than he could hide the glow that warmed his eyes when Livvy Doster's name was mentioned.

Pictures crowded one another across the screen of her mind. Ben, nine years old, contemplating the bull calf his father had just told him was all his own.

A great moment, this one had been, when the boy's pride and joy of posses-

have talked out loud in church during service. It had been minutes before Ben ventured to touch the mirrored silver of the handle bars, and when he did he was rigid and shivering a little.

Just as he shivered, four years later, when the salesman had driven up from the freight station in the new tractor, and Martin had calmly told Ben that the tractor was to be his charge. "A hundred and sixty horsepower!" was all Ben could say, and he said it over and over. And for the last three years that tractor had been the best-kept, best-running tractor in the county—or state either, for that matter.

Three years. Three years in which the world had changed, but she and Martin and Ben and the farm had not changed; years that had made Ben twenty, a solemn boy, gravely affectionate.

Mrs. Manney's hand, reaching for a dish, went instead to her throat. Incredible that a single, brief conversation on the porch, in which she had had no part, could have shaken a structure of love and harmony as apparently solid as the farmhouse itself. Yet it had. And now there were strangers on the place: Ben, in the barn, thinking; his father in the



# Sometimes, husbands ARE like that!



It all started at the dinner table; like this...

Mrs. Garrett: Pet, I had lunch over at Louise Daniels' today.

Mr. Garrett: (reading the paper) Mmm...mm.

Mrs. G.: She had the best hot drink. I'd never tasted it before.

Mr. G.: Mmm...mm.

Mrs. G.: We're having it tonight, instead of coffee. You've been drinking too much coffee, anyway.

Mr. G.: (coming out from behind the paper)...Whazzat?

Mrs. G.: I say, we're having Postum tonight, instead of coffee. It's awfully good, and I think you'll like it as well as I do.

Mr. G.: Nix. No coffee substitutes for me.

Mrs. G.: But it's not a coffee substitute, dear. Why, the first sip of it I had...

Mr. G.: DON'T TELL ME! Bob Work tried it. Said it doesn't taste anything like coffee.

Mrs. G.: Of course not. It's not supposed to taste like coffee—any more than you'd expect coffee to taste like tea. It's a delicious drink in its own right.

Mr. G.: (retiring behind paper) Mmm...mm.

Mrs. G.: You ought to try it, dear. Louise told me that Postum is now one of the great mealtime drinks—that millions of Americans drink it regularly.

Mr. G.: Mmm...mm.

Mrs. G.: Besides, it costs less than half a cent a cup. And that's something these days, considering coffee prices—and that you can't buy all the coffee you want now, either!

Mr. G.: Mmm...mm.

Mrs. G.: Really, Ted, you're being difficult. I tell you Postum is a grand drink, and you're not even open-minded enough to try it. You, and your logical mind! Once you get a wrong idea in your head, you refuse to budge. Ted Garrett, you might just as well be an ostrich, and stick your head in the floor. So there!

And what was the result of this little tiff?

Mrs. G., being a sensible woman, is going right on enjoying Postum every day. Not only because she likes it. But because she knows there is nothing harmful in it.

And Mr. G.? Well, for all we know, like an ostrich, he still has his head stuck in the dining-room floor.

## POSTUM



## One of America's Great Mealtime Drinks

☆ Tune in "The Aldrich Family," Thursday nights, NBC Network. One of America's great radio programs, written by Clifford Goldsmith, sponsored by Postum.





## ***Call it Lightning!***

### **- SAY THE PILOTS**

Nobody had time to name this Lockheed fighter plane when it was born. They just called it by a number, P-38.

Then the pilots sent it climbing over eight miles straight toward the stratosphere, up where even the highest-flying bombers couldn't go. They brought it screaming down out of the clouds like forked vengeance. They jammed down the throttle and it flew faster than any fighter ever flew before. They pressed the trigger-button and saw how *concentrated* fire-power from its cannon and machine guns could rip apart anything on wings — and there was only one name for it: *Lightning*.

So that's its name, a name it's earned from British and American pilots alike, a name to watch: Lockheed *Lightning*. Lockheed Aircraft Corporation... Vega Aircraft Corporation... Burbank, Calif.

**for protection today, and  
progress tomorrow, look to**

# ***Lockheed***

**FOR LEADERSHIP**  
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Lockheed Aircraft Corporation



thought until he got up and lit a cigarette and sat by the window staring out into the front yard.

THE next three days were a bad dream for Mrs. Manney. Martin and Ben fell into a solemn politeness at meals which was worse than any sullen silence could have been. Ben stayed on the place. Martin went twice to the village, and the second time returned with the bag of seed he had asked Ben to fetch from Acton's. Ben stowed it away in the barn. What his reaction was to his father's move, neither Martin nor Mrs. Manney could tell.

Saturday morning Mrs. Manney overslept. She awoke with the uncomfortable feeling that she had lost a day somewhere. From her window, as she dressed, she saw Ben waiting at the mailbox for Gid Evarts. By the time she got downstairs he had returned to the house—there was a flower-seed catalogue for her on the kitchen table—and left for the barn. She saw him taking the tractor out toward the south lot.

The Dosters' party was not mentioned until supper, when Martin said, "You coming over to the Dosters' with us, son?"

"Think I will." Ben met his father's eyes. His voice was more alive than it had sounded for days, but his eyes were as guarded as ever.

Martin hitched up the buckboard. When Mrs. Manney came out of the house, husband and son looked admiringly at her.

"You look nice, Alice," Martin said, and Ben echoed heartily, "You sure do, Mother." For a second her old sense of security was revived, only to die in the lull as Martin clucked to the team, and the buckboard jounced down the drive and turned grandly into the road.

THEY were among the early arrivals at the Dosters'. Ben tethered the team in the side yard, and Mrs. Manney and Martin waited for him on the steps. There were lanterns on the veranda, and over the hum of talk from the brightly lighted parlor came the tuning scrape of a fiddle. It was inevitable that, as they mounted the steps, the first person they should see was Lance Watriss, husky and animated, passing the open door with Livvy on his arm. Mrs. Manney's shoulder was touching Ben's and she thought she felt him relax just a trifle.

Mrs. Manney set her chin against the fleeting instant of silence that greeted their entrance. The story of Ben and Lance must have gone the rounds by now. She wondered miserably what shape it had assumed after passing through many mouths.

Livvy left Lance and came forward with her mother to greet them. Mrs. Doster's round, red face was sympathetic, without guile. Lance Watriss turned and began to talk loudly to one of the Acker brothers. From the corner of her eye Mrs. Manney saw young Art Doster glance furtively from Lance to Ben, then say something under his breath to a youth beside him. The other boy grinned expectantly.

Mrs. Doster led her to a chair beside an open window giving on the veranda, and began to make hurried, anxious conversation. Mrs. Manney felt her features twisting themselves into what she hoped was an expression of interest. Already the room and the people in it had taken on a nightmarish quality, and the flat, arrogant tones of Lance Watriss seemed to dominate all other sounds.

Ben had stopped near the door, talking to Livvy. Mrs. Manney tore her

eyes from him and looked for Martin. He was near the fireplace talking to Tom Burnett. Burnett's face was serious. He was a small man with sharp eyes and a steel-trap mouth. She saw him ask Martin a question; saw Martin's quick glance in Ben's direction before he shook his head.

Ben and Livvy stepped out on the veranda. Mrs. Manney caught a glimpse of Livvy's face as they went. She had stopped smiling, and she was serious and a little apprehensive. Mrs. Manney's glance flew to Lance Watriss. He was a round-bodied, gigantic, hard-muscled man, close to thirty, with thick blond hair and a baby face that seemed to belie his reputation in the county. He was fully aware of the disappearance of Ben and Livvy, and the careless confidence of his body and the bland set of his face

village the other night?" said Lance Watriss softly.

"No," said Ben. Mrs. Manney felt him choosing his words. "No," he said again, "but what made you think I'd knuckle to you?"

"Would you like to find out?" Lance's voice was getting stormy, but he kept it low.

"No," said Ben, and Mrs. Manney held her breath. Lance Watriss snorted. "But I'm willing," Ben said.

A BOARD creaked as Lance Watriss shifted his weight.

"Not here," said Ben, as though talking to a child. She heard him take a step, then hesitate. "You coming?" he asked Lance.

"I'm coming," said Lance Watriss, and they were gone, stepping lightly.



as he made his way toward the door turned Mrs. Manney a little sick.

With an effort, she turned to say something to Mrs. Doster and found, to her surprise, that Mrs. Doster was no longer beside her. She was puzzling over this phenomenon when, outside the window at her elbow, Lance Watriss said, "Hello, Ben. Hello, Livvy."

There was a little puddle of silence on the veranda. Mrs. Manney dared not look around. Her wrists and ankles felt feverish and watery.

Livvy said uncertainly, "Listen, Lance..."

Watriss said amiably, "Like to talk to you a minute, Ben. Will you excuse us, Livvy?"

"I'll do nothing of the kind." Livvy sounded shaky. "If you think for one minute..."

Ben said, "Please go on in, Livvy."

MRS. MANNEY heard Livvy's gasp of temper, then the angry tapping of her heels along the veranda. Her eyes picked up Livvy at the door, saw her go straight to Martin and Tom Burnett near the fireplace and say something, but it was the voices on the porch that held her whole attention.

"You forgotten what I told you in the

Over by the piano, old Denny Adkins had finished tuning his fiddle. Now he drew the bow, and a full-flavored chord filled the room. All heads turned toward him.

Mrs. Manney looked for Martin. He and Tom Burnett were no longer in sight. Then Livvy Doster blocked her view, and she heard and felt the girl's quick breathing.

"Mother Manney—Ben and Lance—" began Livvy fearfully.

Mrs. Manney stood up, surprised to find that her knees had somehow become quite strong. "I know," she said.

Livvy stared. "Aren't you going to— to try to..."

"I don't know, dear," Mrs. Manney heard herself say gently. She started out, Livvy trotting at her side.

The veranda with its lanterns, the front yard dappled with light, were as unreal as the house they were leaving. Some people were arriving, and Mrs. Manney found herself nodding and smiling and murmuring greetings as they passed on the steps.

Livvy touched her arm. "This way," she said. They stepped out on thick, fragrant grass and went around the corner of the house. Then they saw them, halfway across the yard, Ben and Lance,

on the brink of a pool of light flooding out from one of the kitchen windows. In the midnight shadow of a thick-leaved oak Mrs. Manney seized Livvy's wrist and the girl stopped obediently.

"Martin's there," said Mrs. Manney. She looked again. "And Tom Burnett." Her calm had yielded to a sick tumult now, but her hand on Livvy's wrist was perfectly steady. "They have to do it their own way," she said.

"But..." The word was little more than a sob. Mrs. Manney loosed the slender wrist and her arm went around the trembling shoulders.

"You know I love Ben, don't you, Mother Manney?" said Livvy. "You know that? I don't care what..."

She broke off short, for Lance Watriss had said something to Ben, and they saw Lance's white sleeve flash and heard a sound neither of them had ever heard before, the sharp, sickening sound of a fist on flesh. Ben went backward and down, and there was a wholly unreal tableau for a moment, Ben on his elbow on the ground, Lance looking down at him.

Livvy made a small, miserable noise. Mrs. Manney looked toward Martin. He and Tom Burnett were graven images in the half-light beyond Lance and Ben, watching, not moving.

Ben got up slowly. Lance charged, white-sleeved arms flailing. For a blurred second it seemed as though he would drive Ben into the sinister blackness outside the light, but at the last moment his round head flew back as though in amazement. Mrs. Manney saw a brown fist apparently bury itself in Lance's round belly just above his white belt. Another brown fist struck Lance's mouth with the same sickening sound they had heard at the start of the fight. Lance went sprawling into the center of the pool of light.

Mrs. Manney was dizzy. The pounding of her heart seemed to be right inside her ears. She forced herself to look at Ben. He looked very tall and strangely mature there, gazing down at Lance.

LANCE WATRISS drew himself together on the grass like a snake coiling, and while he was yet on his knees he reached behind him. Before they realized the significance of the gesture, Martin appeared from nowhere.

"You touch that knife and I'll kill you." He spoke very plainly and held out his hand. "Give it to me," he said.

Ben said, "Wait a minute, Father."

"Give it to me," repeated Martin. He bent suddenly and wrenched Lance's hand from behind him. There was a scuffle, over in a second, and Martin straightened up. They saw him swing his arm, and heard something crash, far off, in some bushes.

"Okay, son," said Martin, stepping back beside Tom Burnett.

Lance Watriss bounced up. The blows that drove him down again were only two, but they were as calculated and even as piston strokes, and the sound of the second made Mrs. Manney turn her head away and close her eyes. When she opened them again, Tom Burnett's bald head was shining over Lance, and he was helping Lance to his feet.

"Can you stand?" he asked disinterestedly, and Lance grunted thickly.

"Then stick your head under the pump before you come back in," said Tom Burnett. "We don't want to spoil the party." He watched Lance stumble off toward the back porch, then joined Martin and Ben.

Ben was talking in a low tone. Mrs. Manney could not hear what he said, but she heard Martin exclaim, "What!" Ben talked some more, and when he





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paused for breath his father chuckled in a queer sort of way and Tom Burnett laughed from his belly and said, "Let's go in."

The men moved toward them. Mrs. Manney shoved Livvy gently forward. Martin said, "Hello!" when he saw them, and Ben passed his hand over his mouth and looked embarrassed until Livvy ran to him and took his arm.

"Come on, Battler," she said. "We'll see if you can dance as well as you can fight."

Mrs. Manney knew Ben was going to look at her, and he did. She smiled reassuringly, and he smiled back. Livvy was tugging at his arm. Ben looked at his father, and his father nodded slowly. Then Ben yielded to Livvy and they began to walk briskly toward the house.

MRS. MANNEY felt her husband's arm through hers, strong and loving. "Upset?" he said.

"Not now," she answered.

They were strolling to the house. Tom Burnett said, "Go ahead, Mart."

"Ben's joined the Air Corps," said Martin, and his arm tightened against her. "He didn't tell us before because he didn't want us to worry any longer than was necessary. And I think he was kind of afraid he'd miss out on the examinations. He just got the letter this morning."

Her heart had begun to beat again now, but she did not try to speak.

"That time he walked away from Lance in the village," said Martin slowly, "he was going to take his physical exam over in town next day—remember when he said he'd gone to get the float for the carburetor? He was afraid Lance would mess him up and make him miss out on the physical." He chuckled. "He's a funny kid."

They were at the steps now, and indoors the fiddle was loud over the shuffling of many feet.

They mounted the steps. At the door Martin stopped. Denny Adkins was sawing out a waltz.

"Like to try a dance, Alice?" said Martin, almost shyly.

Then they were on the polished floor

and she was in his arms. The house was friendly now, and real, and she knew they stepped out that she would never forget that moment of music as long as she lived.

Ben danced by with Livvy. Mrs. Manney saw that he had told Livvy, for her head was tilted back and her eyes were deep and had stars in them.

LIVVY turned her head and for a second she met Mrs. Manney's glance. In Livvy's eyes Mrs. Manney saw mirrored all her own pride and happiness—and all the pain that would come later when Ben was gone.

Ben was talking, quite volubly to him. Mrs. Manney caught a snatch of it: "... new motors ... two thousand horsepower ... if I can just get one of those ... ." He was rapt.

After the dance he and Livvy went out on the porch and down the steps into the kindly shadows. There, Mrs. Manney knew, there would be no more talk of motors; or at least, comparatively little.

THE END

## Mike Moran's Men

Continued from page 19

the ship's doctor dug thirty-two pieces of shell fragment out of that leg and showed Lowry the tin hat he had been wearing. There was a jagged hole, two inches across, a souvenir of that blast.

Frank Hurst, a chief boatswain's mate, was the battery officer on Gun One. The blast that disabled his gun also threw him against a bulkhead, and a pile of empty shell cases showered around him as they hit the overhead and bounced back to the deck. Chief Hurst sized up the situation instantly. A fire had started on the splintered deck, so the first thing he did was to empty the ammunition hoist of live shells while two other men on Gun One's crew played a hose on the blaze. Luckily the ammunition passers had just completed a round trip from hoist to gun, so there was no live ammunition exposed at the time of the hit.

Gun Captain King checked his gun. Most of the electrical leads had been carried away which meant no more director control. He spent all of two minutes inspecting and testing the rest of the mount and decided to try firing it manually. From then on, the gun captain "kicked them out," ramming by hand and firing each shell by percussion. By this time, the fire on deck had been put out, and the ammunition again was coming up the hoist in a steady flow.

### Manning a Disabled Gun

Dan Brand, a young junior lieutenant who was the starboard battery officer, watched anxiously as the gun captain thumbed the firing key for that first round. Lieutenant Brand knew what can happen to a gun when you try to fire it after it has been disabled. A defect in the barrel or breech mechanism might cause the gun itself to blow up and kill everyone in the vicinity. But Brand also had complete confidence in King's gunnery ability, backed up by five years' experience. King was one of the "plank owners" of the Boise. He had been aboard her since her commissioning in 1938 and he was as familiar with each of her guns as a mother hen with her chicks. He gave the order to fire.

The five-inch rifle spoke sharply, and the message it carried was a direct hit on the enemy heavy cruiser. Not bad for a cripple. And as round after round was

"kicked out," Chief Hurst had the satisfaction of seeing his manually operated weapon score a total of three punishing hits on the Jap before it finally sank. When the "Cease firing" order came, Chief Hurst reached down and picked up a heavy hunk of shrapnel that had recently skimmed past his ear and bounced off the overhead to land at his feet. He handled the piece of steel gingerly; it was still hot. But he didn't have time to examine the Japanese characters on it closely—another target was coming up.

There had been a lull of almost two minutes. It was now close to midnight. The Boise had been in action less than a quarter of an hour and, together with the other ships in her task group, had disposed of four enemy ships, two of them huskier than herself.

Captain Mike stood on the flying bridge and watched tracer shells from

his main battery crisscross tracers from the secondary as they plowed their way toward the enemy. The range was almost point-blank now. Both forces were steaming on courses that ultimately would reach the point of a huge V.

Signal Officer Davis realized then that it was for this moment he had joined the Navy twenty-three years before. To him, it was just like a skeet shoot. Fix your sights on the pigeon just released and—bang!—it disappeared. Turn half around and there was another pigeon. Bang!—no more pigeon! Turn and shoot. Turn and shoot.

The fifth pigeon was a Jap destroyer that apparently had been hit by other ships in the Boise's group and she was on fire. Her guns were still blasting away, however, when the Boise batteries opened up on her. In about two minutes, she too had been polished off, and the fires on her deck hissed out as she sank



"And if anybody had ever told me that some day we'd be dressing for dinner at our house I'd have said they were nuts!"

COLLIER'S

SCOTT BROWN





COLLIER'S

"What an exquisite perfume you reek of, my dear!"

ADOLPH SCHUS

under a cloud of steam and heavy smoke.

"Shift targets and resume firing." For five full minutes there was no target handy, which gave the Boise men a brief respite to catch their breath and police the deck around their busy guns. Empty shell cases were thrown over the side and debris from the enemy hits was cleared away hurriedly to give the gunners more room to operate. Below decks, the damage-control men were mopping up the fire in the captain's cabin and dousing water on the deck of the radio shack which had been scorched by the same blaze.

In Central Station, Lieutenant Commander Tom Wolverton, the ship's damage-control officer, was directing all this repair work. Telephone circuits connected him with his "branch offices," separate repair parties forward, aft and amidships. The job assigned Commander Wolverton and his men was comparable to that of a prize fighter's second. They did their work between rounds, moving quickly and surely to get the champ ready for the next bell.

Commander Wolverton had taken upon himself another job. Most of the ship's personnel were closed off below decks in sealed compartments behind dogged hatches and naturally could see none of the show topside. They could hear the muffled roar of the Boise's guns and the occasional burst of enemy shells ominously close, but that didn't help much. So the damage-control officer manned a microphone on the ship's loud-speaker system and broadcast a running account of the battle from reports which observers on deck relayed to him by phone.

### The Face of Danger

When Commander Wolverton first passed the word that the enemy had been engaged, he noticed that most of the men crowded in the Central Station cubicle with him suddenly went tense. He recognized the symptoms immediately. These men, as brave as any aboard, were facing an enemy they couldn't see, and their nervousness was natural.

Their reaction reminded him of a remark his four-year-old son had made the first time Wolverton, senior, took him for a ride on a roller coaster when the car was approaching the top of the first steep dip. The men stationed around him with stern faces had heard this story and had chuckled over it. Now, Wolverton decided, was a good time to remind them of it. In the stillness of that crowded Central Station deep in the Boise's innards, a voice boomed out ridiculously in baby talk: "Daddy, I want to go home now!"

The effect was magical. Grins spread over a dozen men's faces as they settled

back and relaxed. Psychology Professor Wolverton then resumed his other jobs as damage-control officer and radio announcer. Topside reports started coming in rapidly now and he was kept busy passing them on to the rest of the ship's company. "Enemy heavy cruiser is breaking in two . . . she's going down in flames . . . Another target coming up . . . Japanese destroyer . . . three direct hits . . . target sunk."

About five minutes past midnight, came his most startling announcement: "Torpedo approaching ship on starboard beam!"

Eagle eyes on the signal bridge had sighted the white foam of the torpedo track. An instant later, Captain Moran bellowed, "Right full rudder." The Boise heeled over in a sharp turn and aimed her bow directly at the enemy column. Men aboard the ship astern of the Boise thought she had gone out of control. But Iron Mike knew what he was doing. As the torpedo came closer, that sudden turn put the Boise on a parallel and opposite course to it. While men on deck held their breath, all hands below cocked a worried eye toward the starboard side of the ship. The few seconds they waited seemed hours long.

"Whee—it missed us!" Bill Butler, anti-aircraft control officer, gleefully passed the word over his phone circuit. At his station on the bridge, he saw the torpedo slip by the Boise's bow, missing it by just a few feet. Had the Boise been on her normal course, the result would have been a direct hit.

Down in his broadcasting booth, Commander Wolverton got the good word by phone and passed it on to the rest of the ship. The stern lines on men's faces melted into happy smiles. Santa Claus had answered their letter. A spontaneous cheer rose in each buttoned-up compartment as that message poured out of the loud-speakers. And that wasn't all. A follow-up announcement reported that a second "fish," obviously fired in a "spread" from the same enemy destroyer, had missed the Boise's stern, clearing the fantail by about thirty yards.

"Left full rudder!" Iron Mike was swinging his ship back into battle formation.

Kicking along at flank speed, she soon had resumed her position in column, and already her batteries were firing on a sixth target—another Jap cruiser just abaft the Boise's starboard beam. The ship being on a steady course now, her fire-control men handily drew a bead on their newest target.

Everything was well under control. The fire in the captain's cabin had been quenched, and the relatively minor damage occasioned by that barrage of shell-fire had been temporarily repaired. All

guns were back in action now. Chief Hurst was still "kicking them out" on Gun Three forward, and high up in Spot One, Spotter Forter was busy watching the shells splash around the Jap cruiser and—more important—the shells that didn't splash.

Throughout all this action, there was a demonstration of Navy discipline that gave eloquent testimony to Mike Moran's iron-hand, velvet-glove policy of training fighting men. A dozen men stationed in the port secondary-battery director stuck grimly at their posts, their backs to the enemy ships and to all the shooting. During the entire time, not a man turned around to see what was going on behind him. They were too busy manning their director and watching the opposite dark horizon hopefully, just in case a Jap ship or two loomed up on that side to deliver a sneak punch. It was a sight to make any skipper proud of the men under his command.

In contrast to their immobility, the men on the starboard battery were now busier than ever. They had got the range on target six, a Jap cruiser, and that unit of Admiral Togo's fleet was getting a terrific pasting from Boise guns and from other ships in the task group.

### Too Close for Safety

But just as the Boise's first salvos struck home, disaster came to her. Another Jap ship, a heavy cruiser, showed up in the distance, forward and to starboard of her. Using her eight-inch twin-mount turrets, the Jap opened up at several thousand yards, and it was soon obvious that the Boise was her intended victim. Both forces were operating under powerful searchlights then, and the cold white beam of these torches cut through the orange-red flashes of exploding shells.

One of these shells struck the Boise's starboard side, pierced it and exploded just forward of her sick bay. There were only a few patients there, but the ship's doctors and hospital-corps men bundled them out of there in a hurry and to a battle dressing station set up in the chief petty officers' quarters. One of the patients, his broken leg in a cast, hobbled along on crutches to the dressing station. Another, who had been relieved of his appendix three days before, got up from his bunk and brushed aside the corps men starting to put him on a stretcher. "Outta my way!" he told them. "I'm getting to hell out of here!" And he got.

Damage Control Officer Wolverton heard and felt that shell explode just above his Central Station. He dispatched a repair party there and reported the location of the hit to Captain Moran on the flying bridge. Jap shells from the newly arrived heavy cruiser were splashing dangerously close to the Boise then, as her batteries split up to fight off the two attackers.

Suddenly a terrific explosion on the fo'c'sle flung Captain Moran and everyone on the bridge prostrate. Before Gun-nery Officer Laffan could scramble to his feet he heard an ominous report over his earphones:

"Fire in the forward magazine." Then: "Direct hits on Turret One and Turret Three."

Still prone on the exposed deck of the flying bridge, Captain Moran snapped out an order: "Hard left rudder. Flank speed." When he stood up and looked down at the ship's forward turrets, he saw the whole fo'c'sle afire, with flames leaping fifty feet in the air. The Boise was in trouble.

This is the first of two articles on the Boise by Frank D. Morris.

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# Fourteen Dollars and a Girl

Continued from page 24

His mother smiled a little. "Yes," she said, "and how neatly you managed to change the subject!"

He grinned at her. "Couldn't have been so darned neat. You spotted it quick enough."

She patted his arm. "I'm maybe the smartest mother you'll ever have. But you'd better come downstairs, dear. Dinner's ready—and our guest is here."

Hilary had been rummaging for a handkerchief. He looked up and stared. "You don't mean that evacuated girl! You don't mean *she's* here!"

His mother nodded and Hilary responded with a hollow groan—as a matter of form. He was, actually, injured to girls. His sister Nora's friends had been clowning all over the house as long as he could remember. They'd never had any effect on his pulse. This new girl, though, wasn't a friend of Nora's. She was a stranger whose family had been evacuated from a section of the town that the government was taking over for an Army camp. She had been assigned to the Craigs because the Craigs' house was not too far from the school she attended.

"What's she like?" he asked.

"Oh, well, I guess she's a nice enough little thing."

He looked at her sharply. Her voice had sounded a trifle strained. "What's the matter, Mom? She bring a trunk?"

"No. Three large suitcases and a hatbox."

"You don't like her," Hilary said. "Why not?"

"I didn't say I didn't like her. I merely said she'd brought three large suitcases and a hatbox."

"But I know you, Mom. You've got that arsenic in your voice. Say! Is she awful to look at? Anything like that drip Nora brought home from the Red Cross?"

His mother turned from the doorway. "Now, Hilary! When did we ever discuss our guests?"

He was genuinely startled. "Why, my gosh!" he said. "We always discuss 'em!"

But Mrs. Craig had already started down the stairs. He clattered after her—into the dining room—there to confront the most wonderful girl he had ever seen in this world.

**E**LISE VARDEN had eyes as blue as a noonday sky and—exactly to match her eyes—she wore a blue ribbon threaded through her corn-colored curls. She had a little laugh like three notes down the scale. She frequently laughed when anyone spoke to her, even if there wasn't any reason. That was just one of the fascinating little tricks she had. The wonder was that the rest of the family went on eating and arguing and carrying on as if this were just an ordinary girl sitting at their dinner table.

Hilary strove to make amends for this. He leaned toward her solicitously. "I'll bet it was kind of inconvenient," he said, "to be kicked out of your own house the way you were!"

"Well, yes," she admitted, with her little laugh, "only we're moving into a terribly cute apartment, you know, the first of the month. The crazy thing was the way we waited till the last minute and I had to get taken in by perfect strangers this way! My goodness! You must think I'm some kind of a poverty-stricken refugee or something!"

Hilary glanced at his mother.

"Why, no," she was saying, "we don't think anything of the sort, my dear."

It was, Hilary felt, hardly adequate. He redoubled his efforts to see that their guest had everything she might need. He hung, spellbound, on her every word—and was annoyed when Nora cut into the conversation with an overlong story about herself. Elise, obviously, wasn't much interested. He failed to silence Nora with a few brotherly gibes, but he was rewarded by that tinkling little laugh from Elise.

**H**E WAS harassed, meanwhile, by a number of small embarrassments. He became aware that his father was mopping up the last of his gravy with a crust of bread. Wincing away from that spectacle, his newly sensitive eye detected something a shade too easy and informal

Hilary felt his throat tighten. "Okay," he said. "Who is he?"

"Why, he's a boy I know in the Army. His name's Joe Burdick. You must have heard of the Burdicks," she concluded, with some pride. "They're terribly well-to-do people—the Burdicks."

"No," said Hilary. "I've never heard of 'em."

"Well, anyway," she said, "I've been going with Joe for just ages. I told him I wouldn't have any serious dates with anybody—all the time he was gone."

Hilary swallowed hard. "He looks after himself—this guy!"

"Why, Hilary! That isn't a very nice thing to say about a soldier!"

"Maybe it isn't," he admitted. "Maybe I was just kind of sore."



COLLIER'S

"Speed is the keynote, Miss Simpson, not artistry"

RODNEY DE SARRO

in the manner of Matty, the maid. He listened, with growing shame, to his mother's rollicking account of the argument she'd had that morning with the vegetable man.

Later, when he was tuning in the radio to Elise's favorite program, he tried to correct any wrong impression she might have received at the dinner table. He gave her a few hints in regard to his parents' importance in the community. He even tried to give Nora some kind of build-up. Then, suddenly, he heard himself bragging like a fool. He turned red.

"But I don't know why I'm telling you all this! We're just an ordinary family like anybody else. My gosh! I'll bet we're just a typical family for being ordinary like that. I don't know why you'd be interested!"

She smiled at him. "Of course, I'm interested!" she said. "I just simply love hearing about people! Joe says it's a feminine instinct I've got developed in me. But Joe, of course, is crazy."

"Who," asked Hilary, "is Joe?"

"Oh!" she said. "Aren't I dumb! As if you'd know who Joe was!"

"Your brother?"

"Joe?"

"Well," said Hilary, "he could be, couldn't he?"

"But he isn't!"

"I don't see," she said, "what you'd have to be sore about."

As she said this, she put her hand over his in quite a sisterly fashion, but after a second, he pulled his hand away.

"You'd better not ask me," he said, "because the way things are—I can't ever tell you, Elise."

**H**E HAD to keep on reminding himself that she was somebody else's girl. It was just as well that they kept him in after school next day for an extra bout with the Spanish language. But he couldn't stay away from his own home forever. That, he thought, would be too much to expect of a guy. . . .

He found Elise in the kitchen. She was making a batch of cookies for her soldier.

"Of course," she said, "it's only a sort of a gag!"

She looked wonderful in a little frilled apron. From her hair came a faint, flowerlike fragrance. She was frowning importantly as she peered into the oven.

"I had a letter from Joe," she explained. "He reminded me about these cookies."

"A swell guy!" said Hilary. "A swell guy, all right! Making you slave in a hot kitchen! Yeah! That's swell!"

"No," she said, "it's only a sort of a gag—the way I told you."

She fished a letter out of the pocket of her dress and started to read it aloud. She made several false starts because there were a number of passages in that letter too impassioned for Hilary's ears. He sat at the end of the kitchen table with his chin propped in his hands and looked at her unhappily.

"Here it is!" she cried at last. "Here's what Joe says: 'I don't believe you about the cookies,' he says, 'because a girl who looks like you just naturally couldn't make cookies, too. It just wouldn't be possible. And while we're on the subject, I wish you'd send me some more snaps of yourself because the ones I have are about worn out from me looking at them so much—'" She broke off here and bit her lip. "But I guess that wouldn't interest you, Hilary. That's just the crazy way Joe always goes on!"

He didn't have to answer that because she wrinkled her nose just then and dashed to the stove. The cookies were burning.

**I**T TURNED out that only the edges were burnt. The cookies were still a little doughy in the middle.

"I don't understand it," Elise said thoughtfully, "but anyhow, I can tell Joe not to eat the middle part, and I won't send him the worst-looking ones. You can have those, Hilary."

"Thanks!"

She flashed a smile at him. "I didn't mean that the way it sounded!" she said.

He couldn't resist the smile. He ate six of the cookies and protested but weakly when she wrapped up the best ones and asked him to take them to the post office. Then Matty came in from the back yard, and Elise had another smile for her.

"I've been making cookies!" she explained.

Matty cast a morose eye around the kitchen. "It's not the one who makes the cookies," she said. "It's the one who has to clean up them pans."

Elise laughed gaily and waggled her fingers at Hilary and tripped out of the room.

"That girl," said Matty, "ain't worth the powder to blow her brains out. You hear me, Hilary!"

Matty had been with the Craigs for a long time and she felt privileged to say what she liked. On this occasion she had gone too far.

Hilary drew himself up. He spoke in tones of ice. "We will not discuss Miss Varden," he said.

"Well," asked Matty, "who wants to discuss her? The chit! And I've got work to do! Hilary, you get out of my kitchen this minute!"

So Hilary, with the package of cookies under his arm, got out of the kitchen with all the dignity at his command—which wasn't under the circumstances, a very great deal.

**E**LISE explained to Joe, in a letter, that Hilary had mailed the cookies to him. She had, in response, a stern word or two from Joe:

"Listen—here's what he says, Hilary: 'I don't think girls have much sense in some ways. You ought to know better than to ask some other guy to be mailing me cookies, because if I were this other guy, I wouldn't want to be mailing another guy cookies from you.'" Elise looked up, with her little laugh in three notes. "Well, that's how crazy Joe is! Don't you think he's crazy?"

Hilary shook his head. He didn't



think Joe was crazy. Hilary was beginning, about this time, to take a certain unwilling interest in Joe. He wanted to hate him, but Joe wasn't the sort of person anybody could hate. He wrote quite a lot of interesting stuff about the camp. Most of the time Joe was cracking wise—but once in a while he got kind of serious. Elise didn't understand this serious side of Joe's character.

"It won't be long before we're sent overseas," he wrote her one time, "and I can tell you one thing—the fellows are ready for it. I'm not bragging, Elise, when I say the men in this company are the best bunch of men you'd find anywhere. I've got to know some of them pretty well and I don't mind saying they're men I'd like to fight with. You get pretty much stripped down to the important things about a person at a time like this. Maybe you're finding the same thing these days in civilian life. Anyway, it's queer what a war can do to your sense of values. It can change your whole slant on things you'd never even bothered to think about."

Elise looked up from the letter in complete astonishment. "You wouldn't think Joe was writing to me any more! You'd think he was writing a book!"

"No," Hilary said. "I guess you don't get it, but he'd naturally want to be writing you what he had in his mind."

He felt compelled to explain how it was with Joe, although he often told himself he was a dope to do it. If Joe hadn't been in the Army, it might have been different. But it would be a lousy trick, he thought, to chisel in on a guy in the Army.

The fact that Elise was Joe's girl was the one thing Hilary had settled for himself. Of course, there were times when, without realizing it, she made things kind of tough for him. Reading from Joe's letters or listening to the radio or just talking about nothing in particular, she would look at him teasingly out of the corner of her eye and wrinkle up her nose in the funny little way she had. He would turn red and growl at her. "Aw, cut it out!" he would say. Then she would laugh at him and lean over to pat his hand.

THEY had agreed there wasn't any reason they couldn't be friends. But Hilary carried the ideal of this friendship into the distant years. He saw himself hovering always, in the background of Elise Varden's life, ready to serve her when she needed him. There were times, before he drifted off to sleep at night, when he would save Joe's life at the cost of his own—muttering a hoarse and manly farewell into the pillow: "It's okay, Elise—I was glad to do it. Just try and think of me—once in a while. And so long, Elise. . . ."

Meanwhile, Joe was counting on a furlough. He was planning to come to see Elise. There was nothing Hilary could offer which could compete with that furlough of Joe's. Hilary could tell himself it was just the Army word for vacation, but he was not consoled.

He looked at her glumly. "I was kind of hoping," he said, "you'd let me take you to the Junior Club dance over at the country club. But I suppose that's out all right . . . on account of Joe."

She turned to him eagerly. "Oh, I don't think Joe would mind. It wouldn't really be like a date—you and me being so kind of platonic the way we are!"

Hilary winced. "Yeah," he said, "but that's a week from next Saturday. That's when that guy's going to have his furlough."

She shook her head. "No, he isn't. I had a letter from Joe today about that. They've changed their minds. They

aren't going to let anybody leave camp. And Joe wants me to come and see him! He's crazy!"

Hilary struggled briefly with his better self. "I don't suppose he's any crazier than anybody else," he said. "Why wouldn't you go and see him?"

"It's fourteen dollars! On the bus!" "That's a lot of money," Hilary admitted, "but still—if a guy's going to war any minute, he'd maybe expect a girl to put herself out a little bit!"

"But, Hilary!" she cried, staring at him. "Where on earth would anybody get fourteen dollars?"

He thought about that for a minute. "You've got me," he said. "Darned if I know!"

He felt better. After all, he thought, he'd behaved in a very honorable way about the whole situation. Nobody could say he hadn't done all he could for Joe. But Joe's hard luck was Joe's hard luck. Hilary began to imagine, now, what it would be like to take Elise to that dance—to maneuver her past the stag line. It could be platonic enough as far as she was concerned, but there was no law saying it had to be platonic for him. He began to make plans . . .

"MOM!" he said.

Janet Craig looked up from the bottom shelf of the linen cupboard. "I don't understand about the pillowcases," she observed mildly. "Why don't we lose the sheets, too?"

"I don't know, Mom. But I want to talk to you about something. It's more than a guy can get away with."

"What is? Hilary, if you're leading up to another advance—"

"Yeah, but listen, Mom. You're the one who's always saying I ought to take more interest in what goes on at that joint for the younger crowd. Always having ten thousand cat fits because I didn't take an interest."

"It is not polite, darling, to imply that your mother is subject to fits. And are you by any chance talking about the Junior Club dance?"

"Sure! And I'll tell you what I'll do for you, Mom. I'll go to that dance if I can have a pair of shoes!"

She eyed him incredulously. "Well, look—the way it was, I spilled some kind of acid on one of those best black shoes I had. Of course, I know what you're going to say, Mom, but it wasn't anything I could help."

"Perhaps not," she said, smiling at him, "but if you want a new pair, Hilary, you'll just have to go out and earn about six dollars." She put up her hand against an anguished protest. "That's final, dear!"

And it was final. Hilary, walking heavily down the stairs, turned the whole thing over in his mind. Before he came to the bottom step, he had come to a decision that appalled him. He was going to get himself a job with old Mrs. Nesbit.

IT TURNED out to be a matter of cleaning out henhouses.

The old lady was looking him up and down. "Well," she said, "you're certainly a great strappin' hulk!"

Hilary reddened. "I guess I can do the work all right."

"Young man, none of your back talk!" "No, ma'am," said Hilary. "Will you tell me where I begin, ma'am?"

"When it's a hen farm," said the old lady, "you begin with the hens. And you end with the hens! You goin' to take up my time with dumb fool questions?"

"No, ma'am."

"No, ma'am—yes, ma'am! Yes, ma'am—no, ma'am!"

"Excuse me, ma'am."

"You talk all the time! Talk, talk!



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Talk's cheap, young man! When you goin' to clean out a henhouse? When you goin' to git at it?"

Well, Hilary thought, she certainly was peculiar. But he got to work. He began on the walls of the first of the poultry houses, tackling it with something like a chisel.

"The last boy left it all," the old lady rasped in his ear.

"He sure did," muttered Hilary.

"What say?"

"Nothing," Hilary said hastily. "I'm getting along fine, ma'am."

The old lady sniffed. She went out then with an apron full of corn. He heard her talking to the hens and he turned to look at a red rooster, a lordly creature scrabbling for corn in a dignified way and calling his flock to the feast. But the old lady caught him at this. She flew back into the henhouse.

"Clean, clean!" she shrilled at him. "Clean, clean!"

HE HELD heroically to his unheroic task. Every afternoon, after school, he hurried to old Mrs. Nesbit's farm. He worked all day Saturday as well. He had earned his six dollars—only to realize that he actually needed more than six dollars. A pair of shoes was not enough. He had to have a white shirt and a new tie. He also had to consider buying Elise a couple of gardenias to wear to the dance. Then he really needed some extra cash in case the crowd went somewhere to buy hamburgers.

He kept adding these items in his mind as he scrubbed down walls and perches and edged his way cautiously around a bad-tempered broody hen. Old Mrs. Nesbit reiterated, in vain, her candid opinion of boys in general, and of Hilary in particular. He merely reddened uncomfortably and went on with his scrubbing.

His mother's first amazement and pleasure had given way to a mild alarm.

"Hilary!" she said. "You're working too hard! You aren't leaving any time for your studying at all! And what in the world are you going to do with all that money?"

"Now, Mom," he said, "I don't see why I get this cross-inquisition. A guy has to go out and pick up a little cash for himself."

"To spend on that stupid little Varden girl!"

"Mom! Elise isn't stupid! How could you say a thing like that, Mom?"

His mother put out a placating hand. "It just slipped out, darling. I'm sorry." She eyed him pensively. "But about this job of yours—I really don't want to interfere if it isn't going to last forever.

Only, I do think you'd better have your bath right away, son. That chicken smell—"

Hurriedly, Hilary made for the stairs.

THEN it was all over. He had said goodbye to old Mrs. Nesbit. "You wasn't as good as you might 'a' been," she had observed, in parting, "but you wasn't no worse than most o' the rest of 'em." This, from her, was the utmost in praise.

He felt pretty important, too, with all his hard-earned cash in his pocket. He sat beside Elise on the porch swing and looked down on her with the certain assurance that money gives a man.

"I was thinking about the dance," he said.

She turned to him swiftly. "The Junior Club dance?"

"Yeah."

He hesitated here. He had the picture

in his mind of Elise in his arms—dancing to the local boogie-woogie with his gardenias on her shoulder. All he had to do was tell her about it. But he battled peevishly with some obscure inhibition. He wondered what was the matter with him. After all, when a guy had worked the way he had on a batty old lady's chicken farm just to earn enough money to take a girl to a dance—

Well, what was the matter with him? He had the money. He had, actually, fourteen dollars. Well, there it was—that fourteen dollars. He could see, now, how he'd been kidding himself all along. He hadn't been working for any pair of shoes. He hadn't been working for gardenias and hamburger money. What had he been working for—dope that he was? For bus fare!

"What did you say, Hilary?"

He got his beautiful gesture over with

—in a hurry. "That dance," he said "will stink."

"Why," she said, "what makes you say a thing like that?"

"Because it will. It's practically bound to. But look, I've got this folding money you might as well take and go and see Joe with. I thought I might as well fix it up."

"But that's crazy," she said, smiling at him. "I'd rather go to the dance with you, Hilary!"

"No," he said. "No, I don't get it."

"It's true! Anyway, it's all over between me and Joe," she went on happily "because the way it was—it was so awful for me. I mean I couldn't have any fun or anything. And what if they sent Joe to Australia or somewhere and he fell for some Australian girl or somebody like that? Then where would I be, I'd like to know!"

"You wrote Joe? You told him that?"

She nodded, and he looked at her without seeing her. There'd be all the other fellows around, he thought, when Joe Burdick got his mail. They'd all be ribbing him, most likely, about having a letter from his girl. He felt the way Joe would feel, reading that letter. He felt sick to the stomach. But it wouldn't take Joe long to get over it. Joe would be just as well pleased he hadn't got too involved with a girl like that. He'd be glad he was free again. Once he got over the shock of it, he'd be mighty darn' glad. . . .

"Hilary!" she said. "You're acting so funny! Don't you want to take me to the dance? Pul-ease, Hilary?"

HE CHECKED a simple and fervent negative. He remembered, just in time, to lie in a gentlemanly fashion.

"Well, it's too bad," he said glibly, "but it's just kind of crossed my mind—this other date I'd forgotten all about. A bowling date. Strictly stag."

"Oh!"

"Sure," he said. "That's the way I am sometimes—sort of absent-minded about stuff. But excuse me. I think my mother wants me."

He escaped then and made his way to the kitchen. They were going to have roast pork and applesauce for dinner—a fact which pleased him immensely.

"Darling," said his mother, "get out of Matty's way!"

"Yes," said Matty. "Dinner's ready anyhow. I'm puttin' it on the table."

"Go get Elise," said his mother.

But he had no need to get her. As he pushed back the swinging door, he saw her coming into the dining room. He glanced at her in casual disfavor. Gosh! She had a silly face!

THE END



"Why don't you bring the young man home for dinner one day, Mother—and let me meet him?"

COLLIER'S

JARO FABRY

## They Can't Hurt Us, Kid

Continued from page 26

good. He got 'em for me on my thirteenth birthday. It should've been my lucky day. That night Johnny fought Young Willard. Remember? Johnny got killed that night."

There was a silence. Pudge looked at the kid. He had the same race-horse trimness that Johnny had when he came to Pudge as a youngster. But his face. It was different. There weren't the heavy features, or the bright blue eyes that gleamed dangerous hate in battle; and Danny didn't carry that thatch of flaming hair that endeared the Fighting Irishman to every sports writer looking for color. The kid's face was almost delicately turned—not the kind that would look good after a few years of training rings and tough battles.

"I was with Johnny when he died," the kid said. "Me and the old man followed the ambulance to the hospital. He never did come to really. But he was talking to you, Mr. Golder. He said, 'We'll get 'em next round, Boss. He's tough, Boss, but we'll get 'em. We'll murder the bum.' Then just before he died, he said, 'Don't throw in that towel, Boss. Don't ever throw in that towel for a Gallaher. He can't beat us, Boss. . . . That was the last thing he ever said. That's why we Gallahers never took any stock in what the papers said. We knew Johnny wanted it that way.'"

The kid flushed again. He stammered out, "I'm sorry I got all wound up like this, but it's something I've kinda thought about a long time."

"It's okay, kid, it's okay," Pudge said in a soothing tone.

As Danny went to his locker to dress, Pudge thought again of that night seven years ago. Johnny was old and tired and just another ex-champion of the world when they matched him with a new sensation from the Bronx, Young Willard. But Johnny was Golder's boy, and Golder's boys were battlers. They put on a show for the fans, or Pudge didn't want them. Lots of people came to see the fight. They knew Johnny Gallaher, Golder's boy, would show them whether Young Willard was a fighter.

Johnny threw a right cross in the second round that had the Bronx boy hanging on. Again Johnny was the killer of old. Up on his toes with his thin lips split

in a sardonic grin, he pounded away to the face and body. He danced to his corner at the bell and grunted to Pudge, "I got 'em, I got 'em."

"Not yet, you ain't," Pudge said. "You gotta get 'em this round, champ. Time's run out on yuh, champ. This round, get it! We'll murder the bum!"

Johnny almost ran across the ring and let go a right hand that just grazed Willard's chin. Pudge flinched in the corner. Johnny had telegraphed that punch in capital letters.

He's old, thought Pudge. Old and washed up.

Johnny swarmed over the younger man. Willard retreated, covering. Finally Johnny stopped in mid-ring. He motioned for the youngster to come in





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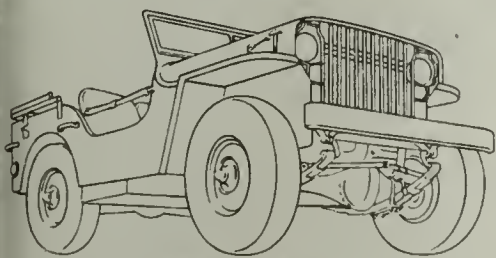
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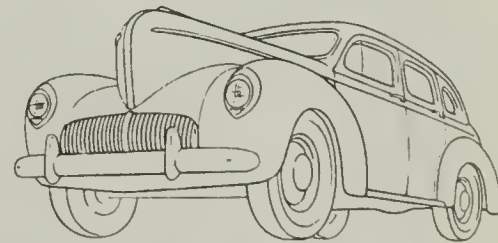


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and fight. Willard obliged. Stepping in close, he threw stiff, short hurting punches. His arms working like pistons, he battered at Johnny's body—into the stomach, over the kidneys, over the heart.

The rest of that round was a ghastly chapter in ring history. Five times the powerful bull of the Bronx sent Johnny Gallaher, ex-champion of the world, crashing to the canvas. With blood streaming from a gash under the eye and a body covered with purple welts, gallant Johnny continued to stumble to his feet. The last time, he crawled to the ropes, slipped twice, then painfully pulled himself erect.

The crowd was on its feet. No longer were they screaming for blood. Stop the fight . . . that's what they wanted. The referee cast anxious glances at Pudge Golder in Johnny's corner. He was a house man . . . had been told not to stop the fight for Johnny . . . that was up to Pudge. Pudge's face was an immobile mask. He made no motion. There were no towels for a Golder boy.

Willard hesitated as he stepped toward his helpless opponent. Gone was his lust for battle. He, too, looked to see if the white towel was fluttering in. Pudge didn't move. Willard turned, set himself, threw three left jabs to Johnny's unprotected face, then crossed with a right that could be heard in the galleries. Johnny Gallaher dropped his arms, sagged, slipped heavily to the canvas. His head hit the ring post and he lay very still. A ringside doctor looked at him. He was rushed to a hospital.

**P**UDGE went immediately to Frizbee's office, filled with the fight fraternity. "My boy put on quite a show, huh? We sent the suckers home happy, we did. It oughta be worth a couple extra Cs to Johnny and me, Mart."

"Yeah, Pudge. You'll get it," Frizbee said. "The crowd was happy, all right."

"Tell me, you guys. How happy is Johnny right now?" It was a young sports writer, Ling Sherwood. He was new to Pudge.

"Shut up, punk," Pudge said.

The hospital called Pudge in his hotel room at three in the morning. They told him Johnny Gallaher was dead. Pudge dressed and went out in the streets. He bought a paper. There was a story on the sports page saying Pudge Golder had sold his boy's life for a "couple extra Cs," and then hadn't taken the trouble to go to his deathbed. It was signed by Ling Sherwood.

"The dirty punk," Pudge said. He swore softly to himself.

There was no apparent change in Pudge Golder after Johnny Gallaher's death. Maybe a bit heavier through the middle and the suspicion of a slight double chin. But his eyes remained as cold, as fathomless, as penetrating. He got another champion—Freddie Pawnee, the welter—and he had his contenders and club fighters. Golder's boys. They were battlers.

Then the skids. Depression. No crowds, no purses. The market crash. The horses. Broke. Seven years. And now another Gallaher—brother of the Fighting Irishman. He'd be a natural. The fans would eat it up. A kid, living in the memory of his brother, traveling the road to gold and glory. What the writing boys could do with that!

The kid was dressed now, looking self-conscious in a new sports coat.

"Done much fighting?" Pudge asked.

"Champ at school. Hadn't much to beat, though."

"Going into the pro game like your brother, ain'tcha?"

"I've thought lots about it. I know

I'd have to live up to Johnny's name. I'm not very sure I could do that."

"I think yuh could, kid."

"Maybe . . ."

"It's in your blood, kid. You're a natural. Just like Johnny. Tell yuh what. Think it over and I'll drop in tomorrow. Yuh can't miss, kid."

"Yeah, Mr. Golder. Okay."

Pudge walked rapidly as he left the gym. A year. Maybe two. Then he'd knock 'em dead again. Him and Danny Gallaher. A natural. Like seven-eleven. Golder's boy would pack the suckers ten deep.

We'll murder the bums, reflected Pudge Golder.

So started again the fistic combine of Golder and Gallaher. Danny, a kid with the old moxie, returning the family name to a public which still remembered the carrot-topped man who took the long count as a champion. And Pudge Golder. Wise. Tough. Back with another Gallaher. A colorful story. A year. Maybe two.

Pudge played the game to its fullest.

nothing between. Sleep plenty. Regular. No night clubs. No late shows. Work, kid, work."

Danny made a quick hit with Cauliflower Row when he started the professional grind. Easy to meet, smiling, he was a welcome change from the sullen beaten men who worked at the ring game. Pudge took the kid through the state, where he scored half a dozen quick knockouts. Then the sports writers were invited up to Frizbee's gym to meet Johnny's brother Danny, talk to him and watch him work on the light bag. It was the bag that got them all. They passed up his shortcomings in the ring and wrote about the bag.

Even Ling Sherwood made one of his infrequent visits to the fight gym. He was standing with Pudge as Danny worked in the ring.

"He's a nice-looking boy," Ling said. "But he's just a good amateur. He'll get hurt. Plenty."

"He'll do," Pudge said.

The round ended. Pudge rubbed the boy down, sent him to a shower.

hissed, Boss—plenty if yuh don't wait out after him. He's a nice boy, Bos

The two men finished their drinks silence. Pudge handed the fighter a b

"Here's a fin," Pudge said. "Be sol when yuh show up tomorrow. Tell him what yuh know, Punchy. Remember he's Golder's boy."

"Yeah, Boss. He's Golder's boy."

Pudge Golder's next stop was at M Frizbee's hangout. The promoter was poring over a racing form.

"Forget the nags, Mart. This is business," Pudge said.

"Okay. Spill it, Pudge."

"Who's got Young Willard now, Pudge asked.

"Old Doc Baffle still has him around for a meal ticket. Fighting him down South. Doc's something like you, Pudge. Never lets a boy go that still packs meal ticket in his right hand."

"Yeah. Doc always liked money. Let's give the kid a couple of spots on your card. Build him up. We know the boys he can beat. Then Willard. The suckers will eat it up. The kid fighting for revenge against the guy that killed his brother. A natural, Mart."

"The kid ain't ready, Pudge. You know he ain't. Willard can't be much more, but he's got the savvy. What's the rush?"

"The kid's about as ready as he'll ever be, Mart. He's plenty ready if Willard puts on the heavy shoes. And if I know Doc Baffle, it'll be no trouble to sell him. Not as long as we talk in dollar marks."

"It's a natural, all right, Pudge. We use the ball park. Standing room only, Pudge."

"Yeah, Mart. A natural."

**D**ANNY GALLAHER was seen through a whirlwind list of fight Sensational. Dynamite. A kid with punch and a heart. That's what the papers said. And now Young Willard. The fight that Danny had pointed for . . . Danny and Pudge Golder. Together they had planned step by step to get this fight, to revenge the defeat and death of Johnny. Pudge, the brain the companion, the ring father. . . Danny, the boy with TNT in his fists and mayhem in his heart. That's what the papers said.

Ling Sherwood was a daily visitor ringside as Danny went through his first paces. He talked to Mart and Pudge about Danny and Willard and Doc Baffle. There was method to his manner.

"Sherwood looks like he's gonna say something," Pudge was talking to Frizbee. It was the day before the fight.

"Looks like it," Frizbee said. "He's only be guessing."

"He won't be far wrong," Pudge said.

"He can't hurt us," Frizbee said.

"Not us. Maybe somebody, but not us," Pudge said.

The next morning, it was spread clear across the top of Sherwood's sports page. It was in big type and by fight time everybody in town had read it. It said the Willard-Gallaher fight was a frame, that Willard was going to dive for Danny—that it was just a step for Danny as he knocked over bums on his way to the champ. It said Pudge Golder, with Max Frizbee's help, was manufacturing the whole thing for a pot of gold. It said Danny Gallaher was a nice boy. "Just the tool of a sordid game and crooked men," it said. The piece made interesting reading, and everybody in town wanted to go and see Danny Gallaher and Young Willard fight.

Pudge Golder, Mart Frizbee and Doc Baffle talked together shortly after the weighing-in ceremony.

"Sherwood made us a cinch for a sellout," Frizbee said.



"No wonder we're losing. We bet on the horses when we should be betting on the jockey's soft brown eyes!"

"Yuh've got lots to learn, kid. I'm not talking about boxing, either. But when these writing guys come around, turn it on. Give 'em the old one-two. You're fighting for Johnny, see? Revenge, see? You've come to carry the Gallaher name back to the top. And yuh come to me to get yuh there. Gallaher and Golder once more. Understand?"

"Yeah, Boss." Danny hesitated. "But I'd like to keep that stuff to myself. It sounds kinda cheap spreading that around."

"Get this straight, kid. You do the fighting. I'll do the thinking. All of it. You wanna go someplace? Okay—do like I say, kid."

"Yeah, Boss, yeah."

**G**ALLAHER and Golder. Pudge and Danny. Slowly, very slowly, the names grew in the consciousness of the entire sporting public. It took time. Time for Danny to learn his lessons. Time for Pudge to teach him. Time for writers to tumble to the story that was there. Time to maneuver managers, promoters and fighters into a string of sensational victories for the Irish boy and his boss who was wise.

Pudge was with the boy constantly. "No drinking, kid. Gotta girl? Not a real one, huh? Forget all of 'em, kid. All of 'em. They're no good to yuh now. Watch your eating, kid. Three meals and

Danny was learning his jabs and hooks from Punchy Hogan. Punchy'd been slated for big things, but ran into too many right hands one night in Chicago. He was never quite the same afterward. But he got two dollars a round for working with Golder's boys. He didn't have to worry any more about keeping in shape. It was nice to have money in the pocket when he wanted to lift a few. Pudge found him in a smelly tavern around the corner from the gym.

"Hello, Punchy."

"Hiya, Boss."

"I wanna know about the kid. How's he?"

"So, so."

"Can he learn, Punchy? Has he got the stuff? The savvy? You're in there with him, Punchy. You tell me."

"I'll tell yuh, Boss. He's got some swift and he's good in close. He can think and he can take it and come back for more. You know that."

Punchy paused and then tapped the breast pocket of his coat. "It's here he ain't got it. He fights just like it was a job to do. He don't fight 'cause he likes to. Up there punching the bag he looks like something. He likes to do that. But not fighting. All the time I leave myself open to see if he'll go for me. All the time he pulls his punch. Don't wanna hurt me. That's a laugh, Boss. He can't hurt old Punchy. But he's gonna get hurt



"You might need it," Doc Baffle argued. "If this fight ain't good, you'll be living on peanuts for a long time."

"The suckers will forget the story in month. They always do."

"But they won't forget a tank fight," Pudge pointed out. "Even the suckers can tell a boy with the heavy shoes on when they've been told he's wearing 'em."

"We gotta take 'em off, that's all," Doc Baffle said.

"Yeah, we gotta take 'em off," Frizee agreed.

"The kid ain't ready for Willard. It might be slaughter," Pudge said.

"We gotta fight it straight," Doc Baffle aid.

"Yeah. We gotta," Pudge muttered.

DANNY was nervous as he warmed up during the semifinal. Pudge was silent as he taped the kid's hands. He voided Danny's eyes. A handler yelled, "You're on."

Danny spoke, "It's level, ain't it, Boss? I'm on my own, ain't I? I don't need any of that kinda help, do I, Boss? I gotta know before I go out there. No clinching, Boss. Give it to me—straight!"

"Sure, kid, sure. It's square. Pudge Golder's telling yuh it's square. It's a tough fight. You'll have to be good to win. But you're a Gallaher, ain'tcha? You're Golder's boy. Go out and punch hell out of this guy. For Johnny. For us. He can't hurt us, kid."

Danny Gallaher grinned at Pudge Golder. It was his first real smile in days. Awkwardly he stuck out a taped hand. "We'll murder the bum, Boss."

Early in the first round, Young Willard slipped inside of Danny's guard and, as they clinched on the ropes, butted him over the eye. It was streaming blood at the bell. Pudge Golder had a hard time closing the cut. Danny allowed Willard in the second with some long hooks that bounced off his head. Young Willard was smart. He knew all the answers. He'd cover up, let the kid get close, and then blast him down stairs. When Danny's guard dropped, he'd whip to the head and work on the eye.

It was the kind of fight that had the crowd on their feet from bell to bell. Danny threw caution to the winds, trading blows with a past master of counter-punching. "Use your left, kid, your left!" Pudge pleaded. "Keep him away from yuh. Box him. Don't punch with him. He'll knock yuh stiff unless yuh keep him off!"

In the fourth, the kid began to tire. Willard's body blows were slowing him up. He couldn't see much out of his injured eye. Danny came out slow for the fifth. He brushed at his eye with his glove. Willard wrestled the kid into the ropes. As they bounced off, he threw a left jab at Danny's eye. He followed with a right hook. It caught the kid in the Adam's apple and he sprawled back against the ropes. Willard came in for the kill. He threw two short lefts into Danny's unprotected face. He crossed with another right that smashed into the kid's mouth. Danny sagged slowly toward the canvas. Willard set himself and ripped a right that spun Danny half around. He fell hard.

Willard danced to a neutral corner. He waved to his handlers. It looked as if it was all over. Willard turned to the ring. There was Danny pulling himself slowly to his feet by the ropes. His face was a bloody smear, and he pawed at his neck with his gloved fist. He shuffled toward the center of the ring. Willard blinked and then charged back. The kid was still standing when the round ended. He was braced against the ropes as

Young Willard smashed with both hands at his head and body.

Pudge had to lead the kid to his corner. He worked desperately getting Danny ready for the sixth. At the rasp of the ten-second warning, Pudge gripped Danny tightly by the shoulders and said something he'd said before, to another Gallaher: "You're through, kid. Willard's gotcha. But remember you're a Gallaher, Danny. You're a champ, Danny. You're Golder's boy. Get in there now. He can't hurt us."

Danny's bleeding lips split in a grin. "Don't let the ref stop the fight, Boss. Don't ever take a technical kayo for a Gallaher. He's tough, Boss, but we'll get 'em. We'll murder the bum."

Danny jerked to his feet at the bell, staggered across the squared circle. Both of his eyes were almost shut now, and he squinted at Willard. He stumbled forward. A right hook to the chin caught him as he was coming in. It lifted him almost off his feet and he fell straight backward onto the canvas. His head hit hard and he lay still.

It was ten minutes before they got Danny out of the ring. Pudge worked over the kid. He was thinking fast—thinking the kind of thoughts that made him the tough, wise man he was.

He's no champ, thought Pudge. But he's a fighter. Good for lots of nickels. A club boy. He'll put on a show for the suckers. There's plenty of peanuts in the sticks. Yeah!

Danny was silent as he showered and dressed.

"I'll drive yuh home, kid," Pudge said.

As they stopped Danny blurted, "I'm sorry I let yuh down, Boss. I . . . I guess I just wasn't good enough for that guy. But everybody gets beat, don't they, Boss? We'll start in again, huh? We can still murder 'em, huh?"

Pudge looked straight ahead. His eyes were expressionless. The muscles in his large face worked rapidly. He was thinking . . . meal ticket . . . peanuts . . . the sticks . . . suckers . . . peanuts . . . He didn't speak.

"Don't be too sore, Boss." The kid's words tumbled out: "I can improve, that's a cinch. I'll work harder than ever, Boss. It's okay now, isn't it, Boss?"

Pudge turned to the kid. "You're through, kid," he said. "Yuh haven't got it. Starting now, you're not Golder's boy any more. Take up tennis, kid, not fighting."

"But Boss . . . I . . . I can't quit now. You're kidding, ain't yuh, Boss? Just wanna see if I still wanna fight, huh, Boss? I gotta. We'll start again, huh? Like you say, Boss, they can't hurt us . . ."

"I'm through with you, kid. You're headed straight for punch-drunk alley. So long!"

A mask of pain spread over Danny's face. Pudge slammed the door and jerked the car into gear. He drove along the lake and into the country and let the wind blow in his face, and he felt better than he had for a long time.

PUDGE GOLDER quickly settled his affairs in the big city. He drifted west, taking up headquarters in Chicago. Time passed. December 7th. It was tough to get young kids as fighters. They had another battle on their hands. And the older champs and chumps—they were being taken. The racket got tougher—almost tougher than the tough man, Pudge Golder. He started handling soldier shows. Matching the best in the service with the best outside. Promotion was difficult. People didn't have time to watch other people fight. Bart Manders, the best of Golder's boys, was gone. Air Corps. Things were tough.

Pudge came early to the gym that

afternoon. A bunch of soldiers were down from the fort to work out. Maybe one of them had class enough to fill a spot on his next bill. Pudge slumped into a chair, watched a young Negro work in the ring.

Slowly, like the first beats of a hot drummer, came the low staccato of the light bag. The tempo increased, and ice ran down Pudge's backbone. The gym rocked with the volume of the bag. The two sparring in the ring turned to watch. Pudge remained glued to his seat, afraid to turn. Danny Gallaher . . . it couldn't be. He'd quit fighting, hadn't he? Pudge had made inquiries. Danny had disappeared.

Faster and faster went the bag, and the echoes boomed across the gym. Pudge slowly turned and watched the man crash at the bag with a defiant surge. There was silence as it bounced crazily to rest. The man's body relaxed, and the fire went out of his eyes. He shuffled off the platform with his head bent down.

PUDGE was tense as he looked at the man. His body was heavy and he was thick through the waist—the body of a man who had absorbed punishment for years in the ring. And his face. Both ears were bent oddly out of shape. There were scars over the eyes and across one cheek. The skin had thickened around the eyebrows. His nose looked as if the bridge had been shoved back into the face. The eyes were sunken deep into the head. They looked dully at the people. The man's movements were slow and mechanical, as if he realized there was nothing to hurry about or no place to go.

It was Danny Gallaher.

Pudge Golder's knees shook as he got to his feet. He went to his small office at the end of the gym. He sat and stared at the pictures on the wall. Golder's boys. Pretty soon the door opened. Danny Gallaher was in a private's uniform.

"Hello, Pudge."

"Hello, Danny."

"Surprised, Pudge? Don't look quite the same, do I? Not very pretty, am I? Didn't take up tennis like you said. I've been fighting, Pudge. Out on the West Coast. They call me Tommy O'Toole out there. Maybe you heard of me . . ."

Pudge nodded. O'Toole. Not much shucks as a boxer, he'd been told. But a club fighter. Put on a good show. Took a lot of punishment. But always a good show.

Danny walked around the room. "See you've got your boys on the wall here. Golder's boys, you call 'em, ain't it? There's Johnny. Made yuh a nice piece of change, didn't he, Pudge? Johnny's dead, huh, Pudge? Don't see my picture. Is that nice, Pudge? Here. Here's a picture for your wall. Yuh can frame my head, Pudge. It won't be a pretty picture, will it?"

Danny laughed deep down in his throat. "But I'm here on business, Pudge. Give me a spot on your next card, huh? Give me a tough boy. I'll put on a good show for the suckers. What the hell, Pudge! They can't hurt us. Isn't that what you've gotta say? Yeah, that's it. They can't hurt us."

Danny Gallaher turned and was gone.

Pudge Golder sat a long time and looked at the door. Then he opened a side drawer. Lying on top was a picture. It was an old picture but it still had a shine. Pudge stood it on his desk.

Then Pudge Golder opened his bottom drawer. He took out a quart bottle of Scotch whisky. He filled up a water glass and sat there and looked at the picture and got very drunk.

THE END

## Are you suffering from VITAMIN DEFICIENCY?

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- ☐ Are you nervous, jittery, irritable?
- ☐ Appetite gone—seldom really hungry?
- ☐ Troubled with pimples, skin blemishes?
- ☐ Do you suffer with muscular weakness?
- ☐ Is your body resistance under par?

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# THE PATRIOT

By Eustace Cockrell

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HOLMGREN

I am backstage helping this blonde warm up, holding her while she ties herself in knots. But, it seems, Susie is out on the snooperoo



Somewheres, Sunday  
Editor, THE AMUSEMENT WORLD, New  
York City.

Dear Sir: I guess there has been plenty of talk around since the names of Barton & Barton has started failing to appear on the markeys and I am writing this letter in hopes you will publish it to tell my hosts of friends where I am—though I can't tell that—and also Susie Barton, my ex-assistant in the act and wife.

It goes back aways. We was booked for a split week at the Two Star in some town upstate that I have forgot the name of and though our act is a staple commodity in the entertainment field I will tell you in case you have forgot through our long absence that it was known as Barton & Barton Mentalists and Magicians. At the Two Star through some mistake we are dropped into next-to-closing, between a blond kinker name of Marjorie something and a dumb act consisting of two dogs who jumped through hoops, set up and so forth.

This kinker, the blonde, is a medium-looking dish and I am backstage helping her warm up, holding her back while she ties herself in knots, etc., and Susie is dressing. Only it seems Susie is not dressing but out on the snooperoo and from where she's standing behind the scenery, I guess me helping this blonde loosen up looks to her like I am bending over this jill to give her a light smooch. Well, Susie is edgy over a little hooper in Buffalo the week before, that she held against me long after I had let her go.

However, I did not think that her revenge for this platonic assist would take such a disastrous result. But I will get to that.

WE GET out on the stage after the kinker has closed to the tumultuous silence, and Susie goes down into the audience after blindfolding me. The first part of the act is the mental part. I read the numbers off bills and cereal numbers from keys and stuff and I guess it is not letting fall any professional secrets to say in this publication that I do not exactly read Susie's mind like an open book but that we have a *certain* method. Anyway, this method involves a little co-operation from Susie but Susie is giving from strictly a Woman Scorned, with the result I get the cereal numbers all wrong and can't tell a Ingersoll from a RR watch and in general go very sour on the mental part.

Well the audience don't go for this so good and there is some rather rude remarks made sotto vocco and not all of them so sotto neither. So I cut the mental part short and Susie comes up on stage to stand there while I do the prestidigitating.

Now all Susie has to do is stand there and hand me a gimmick every once in a while and I figure she cannot queer me here and that I will give an unparalleled performance in the art of necromancy and have these peasants eating out of my hand in no time. Do you remember the old song Cantor used to use—If You Knew Susie Like I Know Susie . . . ?

Now my magic act is not absolutely new but it is the finess with which I do it that has brought me my place in the show-business world. I use rabbits and a tall silk hat and I finish off with flags. I take all the little United Nations flags and I put them in the hat one at a time and then I hand the hat to Susie and reach in and pull them out and they are all tied together.

And as the grand final I stuff them back in the hat and pull out a very large edition of Old Glory.

Now I am giving this performance, you remember, shortly before Xmas of the year 1941, so you can see this last touch is seeduled to have them laying in the aisles and whistling.

So I am up there working my heart out, with my rabbits. I use a little dialogue which I can't give you verbattim because of space but which is pretty funny—"They say rabbits can't do anything but multiply but I got one here that can subtract and add." Just a sample, I wrote it myself.

Anyway, I am up there working my heart

out with my rabbits and I am going good. I at least got them quiet and not n no sotto remarks and I go to work w flags.

I stuff the little flags in and I stir around. Well I pull the flags out and tied together because of *certain* things I when the flag of China comes out then couple of people clap and I guess I ha 2 Chinese in the audience and that when out the big U. S. flag they'll come at They would have to clap at their own fla

I stuff the little tied-up flags back i Susie is standing there holding the hat reach in and I pull out the big flag and waving it. The audience is rapt, and the start coming unwrapt. In a word frar did not expect no reaction like I got.

The band is giving it Hail Columbia in the pit and there is a low mutter r through the audience like the wind in bert's alley before a storm. The mutter to a crescendo and I see a couple of gu ing to get through the orchestra pit and the stage and I am saying to myself that the crowning performance of a long an trous career. Which is also strictly from

But the pandemonium has a strangel ister sound to it and I look around and has took a powder. I look down at the It is the biggest Rising Sun you ever saw. frankly the only thing that saves me is th first man of the mob has stepped in the drum and lost a few seconds. I am for the door but swift and I hear Susie yell a "Tell that blond sidewinder about *this*, time you see her." But I did not have tim

I make it into the alley and the m breathing on my neck like and I am fig that I have got to get to a safe place and I think of any safe place and I am larr down the stem and I see a police station dart in there. The angry mob arrives with hot breath on my heels and that is the m thing they are calling me.

The cops don't let them at me and the gant gets on the phone and gets a J.P. there and the first thing I know I am ch with exciting a riot, treason, arson and so

"Judge," I says when I gets a chance, a artiste, a performer. I never meant to any Jap flag out of that hat. I hate them eyes as good as any man but my wife an sistant is sore, see, and she plants this othe which I have not used since we made umphant tour of the Orient some time he

"So," the judge says, "you do not sub after all but are a good 100% American."

"No man is more anxious to defend Country, your honor," I says. "The only son I am not in uniform is that I am a 3A with a dependent wife, not mentioning family."

AT THAT point I hear a familiar voice at the back of the milling throng: "Wh married him I was making twice what th draws now hoofing single on the Keith and I can do it again." I'll let you guess w voice it was.

"She don't sound very dependent to the J.P. says, "and I intend to hold you wit bail and arrange you before the grand j

"Okay," I says, "but you are depriving Country of a Soldier because when I h that Calumy I made up my mind right the enlist."

"You did?" the judge says.

"Yes, sir," I says. "I don't take off my h any man in my desire to make this fair land

"You don't have to make a stump spee the judge says. "Sergeant, just go down street and fetch up that recruiting officer."

Well, that is really the end and I guess I giving away no military secrets when I ask to translate to my hosts of friends that I working up a act with a k—g—oo, who w be jealous of no blondes, and will bring th home soon though I am figuring on brea it in in M—a, or maybe just opening it in T—o.

Yours truthfully,  
Eddie Barton (The Grea  
and his Kollege K—g—

A SHORT STORY  
COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE



## How Doth the Busy Beaver—

Continued from page 13

no sure way to feed. And there's still mamma and the little ones. What's a fellow to do?

Well, the beaver figured it out, and his answer is a dam, bringing into creation a personal pond, with a winter's supply of eating timber anchored in the mud at the bottom of the pond, plus an impregnable family mansion, built on what amounts to piles.

First, the homesteading beaver spots a forest plentifully populated with soft-barked trees. There must be a stream running through it; he doesn't especially care how large or how small.

This stream he proceeds to dam, his operations depending exactly upon the type of problem. If it's practically a dry pond, the start may be made with sticks and brush pulled in from the shore. If it's really a stream with a current he'll cut a tree up above and float it down with the current until it jams near the point at which he wants to build. If it's a stream with little motion he may even start his logging operations downstream and tow up his foundation.

Such a tree, or trees, of course, once set, catch silt and driftwood, but the beaver is working like fury lugging in material from the side lines. Mud, sticks, stones, grass are all grubbed up or pulled in and worked into the mass. Even dead trunks ashore may be cut and steered to the place. Sticks and twigs are usually dragged in with the teeth.

### Mud in the House

Mud, the major ingredient, once the foundation is set, is carried in the hands, sometimes after minute-long dives to the bottom, and worked into place with the hands and the sides of the face. The beaver starts in the middle and builds toward either shore.

A dam may be ten feet long, or it may be a thousand. There's a 900-footer in Alaska, another almost as long in Yellowstone Park. There's one 400 feet long in Wisconsin, and any number 200 feet long in some of our northern states.

Beavers don't work on a dam in great labor gangs either. Colonies are small, and while several may be working at one time, they never seem to pay any attention to one another. Beavers work preferably on clear, moonlight nights. They almost never work days except in case of emergency—something such as a break.

And, as the dam goes up, each beaver couple starts to build a house, keeping the top of the construction just above the height of the deepening water. This house may be affixed to the dam, to the shore or to an island in the pond.

Its foundation is practically the same as the dam, being composed of sticks and stones and twigs and such, so woven that it can't dissolve or collapse. But once the dam is completed and the water level established, this family residence is topped with a big domelike room slightly clearing the water, and provided with a dry wooden floor the water doesn't quite reach. This room is usually from four to eight feet in diameter and three or four feet high. Some as large as twenty feet across have been found.

"The two entrances and exits are down through the floor and under the water. One of these is primarily for the pulling in of timber. The other is for family use. The spare hatch is convenient if submersible enemies come up from under to pay an unexpected call.

The top of the lodge is of heavily

woven thatch, but it is never completed until freezing weather sets in. Then, the beavers plaster it thickly with mud, which freezes in an armor plate often ten inches thick.

In the meantime, a full winter's supply of edible timber has been felled upstream, ferried down to the dam and anchored butt-first in the mud.

So! Come ice and sleet and cold and snow, the beaver family is dry and snug. Nothing that prowls has the strength in its claws to tear out that roof. When anybody gets hungry, the old gentleman merely slides down the chute and comes back with a suitable sapling.

The naked sticks are tossed out for subsequent use in repairing the dam or maybe the home the next summer. For repairs, of course, must be constantly made. Break a beaver dam and the reaction is prompt. The pond may be still, with not a ripple, or a sound, but suddenly a brown head will break through the water near a lodge, and the beaver will swim unerringly to the point of trouble. Surveying the break thoughtfully, if briefly, he'll slide down into the hole and go to work.

The lodge is allowed to go more or less to rack and ruin in the summer. The mud melts and the rains wash it loose. But when the nights grow chill and the leaves about the pond begin to turn to flaming scarlet and shimmering gold, the family reassembles at the old homestead and starts looking it over. Shortly, they're repairing all the leaks and sealing it tightly shut again.

It takes a pair of beaver about six months to build a lodge at leisure, but if rushed by threat of freezing weather, they can do the job in thirty days.

The beaver's logging operations are as amazing as his carpentry and engineering. Standing on his hind feet, he eats round and round a tree until what are going to be the stump and the falling trunk look like a couple of smooth, if briefly tapering, spikes balanced point upon point. The wind or the law of gravity finally brings the tree crashing.

Stories that a beaver can drop a tree in any desired direction are exaggerations. A toppling tree often falls upon the beaver responsible, trapping and even killing him.

His hope, of course, is that it will fall in the water. If it doesn't, he may have to cut it into smaller pieces, and roll or drag these into the drink. If his pond is old, and the shores are pretty well cleaned, he'll dig canals back into the forest and float his timber out.

### They Gnaw 'Em Down

While beavers usually work on saplings they frequently saw down trees a foot and a half thick. Contrary, again, to accepted lore, only one beaver works on one tree. He cuts with special dental equipment consisting of long, curved teeth, hard and sharp and covered in front with almost unbreakable enamel. These teeth grow constantly. He has to keep sawing and wearing them down.

Eventually, of course, although it may not come for generations, he logs the place bare of his type of wood and moves on. Or, as has happened many times, he is completely killed out of a section by fur-hungry trappers. Then those untended dams constitute definite dangers. A big beaver dam, breaking in British Columbia, flooded a valley, derailed a train and killed several people. Other damaging floods of lesser propor-

tions have happened all over the map.

The commercial value of the beaver, of course, is his pelt. Surprisingly easy to trap because of his trusting disposition, and possessed of soft but durable brown fur once used exclusively in male millinery but now a favorite with the ladies, he was almost literally slaughtered from the face of the earth.

Conservationists came to his rescue just in time, and he came bouncing back. All he needed was the chance.

In the spring of 1920, the State of New York loosed three pairs in the woods of Palisades Park over on the Jersey side of the Hudson. A survey made fifteen years later revealed that these six had become approximately one thousand, that they had spread over one hundred and sixty square miles, had built more than one hundred dams, that several had crossed the Hudson, and that one pair of rugged pioneers had migrated all the way to the Catskills more than one hundred miles northward.

### Unknown Quantity

Nobody knows what the beaver census is in New York State today. It may be a half million. I've seen 'em as far north as Saranac Lake.

Maine reports an approximate population of 200,000.

The real headquarters of beaver life in this country, however, still is where it always was—the upper reaches of the Mississippi.

Trapping now is generally done under state supervision in regions where their care-free damming operations are really damaging human property. The state game commissioner having been appealed to, declares open season on him, and the trappers, paying an extra fee for the privilege, start to arrive from all directions.

The state carefully watches the proceedings, and officially tags each skin. Last year in Maine, a total of 7,249 were officially taken. The pelts are worth about \$25 apiece. Furriers must remove long, coarse, apparently protective hairs scattered through the soft, close fur, but a newly developed process of clipping rather than plucking now promises to make beaver the most beautiful, if not the most precious, fur on the market.

A few years ago, the Federal Department of the Interior officially recognized the beaver as an agent of progress by assembling him in numbers and scattering him widely to assist its human operatives in sundry projects ranging from erosion control to the better housing of trout.

The Indians had a legend that a Great White Beaver, living far to the northward, was the father of all mankind. At current quotations that would seem to be something of a libel. He has made his contribution in clothes, contours and customs.

He's changed boundaries and histories. Men have been shot and killed over him—there have even been "beaver wars"—but to hang mankind and all its works around his neck isn't fair.

He'd never let his world get in our sort of shape.

He couldn't. The principal reason was previously noted. Nature taught him to work hard, stay home, and keep the general peace.

There may not be much color to that type of living, but its aspirin content is low.

THE END



### —SAYS "OLD SARGE"

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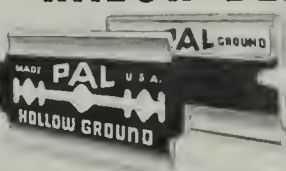
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# STALINGRAD...

## which we shall also take

ADOLF HITLER

**B**ACK in September, Hitler ranted over the radio that Stalingrad would be taken, that its capture would be concluded. But once again the Nazi timetable ran into a snag. The man whose name the heroic city bears appealed to his people to die, but not to retreat and—like Moscow—Stalingrad still stands. This Red Verdun, under siege since August 24th, is striking back, and methodically, decisively, brilliantly,

the resolute men and women of Russia have cut deep into the ranks of the Nazi invader, who has lost his boastful initiative. Well over 300,000 enemy troops have been killed or captured in the area where the Volga and the Don bend.

These exclusive photographs, recently brought back from Russia by Collier's correspondent Irina Skariatina, show a phase of actual combat in the stirring Battle of Stalingrad. ★★★



Tanks rumble forward to clear the way for Red infantrymen. This photograph was taken through the open port of one of the advancing tanks. The Russians have adapted and perfected panzer tactics, their tank columns attacking far in advance of the infantry



The objective is a strategically important village occupied by the Germans near Stalingrad. In the dusk of early evening, Red scouts and sappers are sent out to reconnoiter. Armed with automatic rifles and carrying explosive charges, they make their way stealthily through the forest



The infantry follows in the wake of the devastating tanks. supremely confident Russians rush in to reclaim land that has been too long in the enemy's possession. Today this same field is snow-wrapped, and biting blizzards are whipping tired Nazi bodies



Above: Antitank gun crews set out at dawn. This crew, commanded by Lt. Stolypin, has been ordered to take up position on the bank of a stream to repel any counterattacks by enemy tanks

Below: Soviet field artillery is moved into firing position for an attack on the enemy. Sergeant Sergeyev's men move up field gun under heavy fire from the enemy who has detected their movements



The village is again in Soviet hands. The battle is over and these Nazis who have not found death near Stalingrad will live in dismal defeat. Even now the raucous, unfulfilled predictions of their Fuehrer may be ringing in their ears as, herded together, they march silently to a prison camp





Camouflaged infantrymen approach closer to the enemy, crawl toward the Nazis' outer defense line. They take advantage of the uneven terrain while the Red artillery covers their advance.



The Red air force has been busy overhead, strafing and bombing. In this attack, Sr. Lt. Baranov again distinguished himself by shooting down two more enemy planes to bring his total to 26.



When the first houses in the village are captured, Soviet troops maintain fire from doorways and windows to dislodge reluctant Nazis. Here two Red soldiers are firing a mortar from an attic window.





# ST. OLAF'S DAY

By Harold Lamb



ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

The hawk's beak flashed down, and Salza, with a cry of pain, struck at the falcon

It was a magnificent bird, trained to capture meat for its Viking master. Ernst of Salza desired it mightily, and his greed betrayed him

THE first of it was Ernst Salza's waking in the morning. Straight to the window opening he went, and saw a sea mist coming in. Then he felt sure that this would be his great day. Mist and a light breeze—they were sheer good luck.

To check his excitement, he smoothed out the blanket on his wall pallet; he cut himself a slice of black bread and spread cheese sparingly upon it with his knife. Drinking a little water, he gave himself the pleasure of eating a few Syrian dates that had come in on his last ship. For Ernst Salza was a careful man.

As he broke his fast there in his sleeping cell, his thin body towering in its black gown, he lifted his eyes to the whip on the wall, the whip that had lashed raw the flesh of his back when he had become an apprentice, forty-eight years before. An apprentice of the Hansa that

outsiders called the Hanseatic League, which he now served as agent.

Beside the whip hung the motto he had picked: "Success comes only with the last farthing."

Once Klas Stortebecker had seen that motto and laughed. "Never try for the last farthing, Ernst," he had giped. "'Tis bad luck, that."

Klas was superstitious. Klas buried the men he killed, and had a Mass said for them, with candle and bell. But Ernst Salza had shed the blood of no man.

But Klas would come as he promised, and the mist would hide his coming.

At the window, Salza could barely make out the masts of his own cogs moored to the Bridge that divided his Kontor, or warehouse, from the rest of Bergen-town. He could not see the fishing fleet clustered in the half-moon harbor, or the quays of his competitors, the Norwegians and foreign merchants on the opposite side.

He had closed, by virtue of the power of the League, all the Norwegian coast to those foreigners except the Bergen port of arrival. He had fixed a high duty on the goods they imported, while the Hansa goods came in to the Kontor free. Still the strangers flocked in, to gnaw at his monopoly of the fisheries and the lumber. . . .

With a key from his chain he unlocked the clasps of his record book. Carefully selecting a quill and touching up its point with his knife, he dipped it in ink, and wrote:

"Declaration. I, Ernst of Salza, Achtzehner of the Bergen Kontor of the Hansa League do avouch and affirm on this day of St. Olaf in the Year of Our Lord 1428, the harbor of Bergen was attacked during the fourth hour—"

He hesitated, thinking whether he should write more.

"—by the masterless men and outlaws of Visby," his pen traced out the words crisply. "Wherefore, I do accuse these men of Visby commanded by one Klas Stortebecker, of piracy. I demand that all Christian ports be closed to them, and victuals kept from them, and that they be hunted down and harried to their deaths."

THIS he read through carefully, and signed his name beneath. Now, whatever happened to Ernst of Salza this day, there would be evidence in writing that the Hansa had neither part nor parcel in the raid. And who would know the hour in which he had written it?

Out in the mist he thought he saw the tracery of a ship's mast moving in. With a tingle of excitement he closed and locked the book. Quickly he carried it

out to his desk in the meeting hall. Over that desk hung his new map of the Northern Sea, marked boldly *Mare Germanicum* and in smaller letters beneath, *oder Nord-See*. For forty and eight years Ernst Salza had driven himself unsparingly to make that inscription a fact.

A glance at the dripping water clock showed him that it lacked a quarter of the third hour of the morning. The time was close.

When he strode out of the hall, the journeymen on the stairs bowed to their belts. At the gate, the Kontor guards clashed their halberds in salute. Ernst Salza kept military discipline within this warehouse that he had built like a fortress. Glancing to right and left as he crossed the courtyard, he noted mechanically that the pack of mastiff dogs were loose, the men-at-arms cleaning their crossbows, as he had ordered.

But out on the quay, where apprentices trundled barrels of pitch and soap ashes, the half-dozen men of the Bridge watch were gathered around something, and that something wore a skirt.

No women were allowed upon the Bridge. Not that Salza cared what might go on between the Kontor's men and Norwegian wenches, but he was jealous of the trade secrets of the Kontor. So his men slept in their cells of nights, like



onks, and the women were kept out. "A redhead, my sir," Bode of the guardsmen explained. "With a trifle to ill."

Red indeed was her hair, hanging long upon her shoulders—so she could not be married. White and clean her small linen tippers, so she could not have walked far. No broad-cheeked peasant lass, but girl with impudent eyes.

"What to sell, woman?" Salza asked.

She curtsied gracefully, smiling, showing him a blue cape, bright with embroidery that she held. "My name, sir, is Kari. And will not the merchants of the great Hansa give me a price for this that I made?"

"No," said the agent, without a second glance at it. The girl Kari drew back the mass of her henna-red hair, and the lustful eyes of the halberdiers went up and down her body. Her long eyes had the green of the sea in them. "We have both, narrow and broad, to sell, not to buy," Salza added mechanically, wondering what had brought her here.

BODE touched his arm, and he saw the square leather sail of a longboat turning in to the quay, with one man at the steering sweep. This stranger let down the board with a crash, and let go an anchor stone. "Ho—good is the landfall," he called, "on St. Olaf's day in the morning."

Jumping up to them, he swayed with the feel of the sea in his legs. Leather covered his long body; a pair of horns projected from a dented and polished iron cap. "I rode the long ways," his voice chanted, "on this steed of the sea."

A gold ring gleamed on his arm, and Salza saw that it had Icelandic runes upon it. He thought that this man might have stepped out of the mist of a century before now.

Suddenly Kari laughed. "By the saints—the hath the look of a Viking. Do hosts, coming out of the mist, have a way of speaking, my sir?"

Vikings, Salza thought, no longer sailed in their dragon ships to raid out of Norway's coast. No, they had lived in a darker age of barbarians. The seararer looked at Kari's hair, and the scar along his chin made it seem as if he grinned. "Ay, woman," he said, "they come back at times from the isles of the sea to the old country."

Reaching down, under the aft deck of the boat, he pulled up a hoop, with a great brown bird, perched upon it, hooded. Its wings lifted restlessly as it sensed the men near it.

"An eagle, that," cried Bode.

"Nay, a falcon of the Green Land that gathers meat for me."

"At sea?" demanded Salza, noticing the white marking on the bird's throat, the grip of its talons. Not for many years had a trading ship touched at Greenland, to fetch back one of these giant falcons, the rarest of their species, and seldom trained.

"The sea or the land—it is all the same to this sky-soarer," the Viking said. Over the water a crane was winging lazily. "Now watch," he said, "for this bird is fast."

Pulling loose the thongs, he drew the hood clear of the restless head. Taking the falcon's talons on his arm, he tossed it up. The brown wings threshed over Salza's head, and the hawk was soaring.

"Hungry it is indeed," cried the Viking.

So swiftly did the brown falcon circle up that it was over the crane before it passed. The wide-winged creature sighted the falcon and swerved, its long beak pointing up. The falcon circled higher, and the crane headed for shore.

Suddenly the brown bird swooped, driving down at its prey. Cutting in from the side, it struck the crane, and feathers sprang into the air. Hawk and quarry shot down, until the brown wings threshed, and the falcon reached the ground tearing at its victim.

"Savage it seems," Salza said coldly, "yet I'll pay thirty nobles in hand for it."

The Viking, watching the bird, shook his head. "Elijah ne'er sold his raven."

"Forty then," Salza nodded. "Coin of Lubeck."

"Not for forty, or a hundred."

The Viking, it seemed, was quick at bargaining. And Salza wanted that falcon the more. His mind quested along its possibilities. The falcon could go with the Baltic convoy, from Lubeck the headquarters of the League, on to Muscovy, or even down the rivers and over the Brenner Pass to Venice, where he could get Eastern jewels for the bird. And those jewels might be cleared in the Amsterdam market for more than a thousand nobles.

"We can give the highest price," he conceded, "because we have a market. Agreed at a hundred."

The Viking only shook his head.

Unreasonably—for he was watching the haze over the harbor intently for a sign of the ships coming in—Ernst Salza craved the brown falcon, as he had never craved liquor. He could see the picture of it so clearly now; himself appearing with the royal Greenland bird, before

the council at Lubeck to announce the triumph of this St. Olaf's day, and the full mastery of the Norwegian coast. "Have it your way," he cried, "and name your price for the falcon. Almighty! Have you no need of monies?"

"That have I," the Viking laughed, "for this is the day of my namesake, Olaf. And I shall be opening up the ale kegs in Bergen-town."

"Well, so—"

"So the falcon is mine, and will be mine, merchant." Olaf the Viking rubbed the scar on his chin. "For I doubt much if the bird can be held by any hand than mine, devil that he is. Here!" He pulled off the gold arm ring. "Lend me a fistful of farthings on this surety."

Checking an exclamation of anger, Salza turned the heavy ring in his fingers, pondering. "There are runes written on it," he murmured.

"Aye."

Salza glanced into Olaf's gray eyes, level with his own, and made his decision. This seafarer, who kept a rare falcon for hunting mate, who knew so little of the power of money, who thirsted after ale from a keg, would not have the skill to read. He handed back the arm ring to Olaf. "As you will, outlander," he said indifferently. "Keep the ring. The Hansa does not deal in pawn. If it is coppers you want, my men will bring you out two score, and a quittance to sign against their repayment."

He called out in German to a passing clerk, and strode away from them into the Kontor gate. Across the harbor he had seen four sailing barges coming in from the fiord, and he had made out the wolf's-head crest of Klas Stortebecker on the leading sail. Olaf was watching his falcon, which had taken to the air again and was coming down in lazy circles to the longboat. Carefully Olaf coaxed the bird to its perch and tied the hood upon his head. He gave the bird water.

WHEN a journeyman approached with a fistful of copper coins, Olaf pouched the farthings without counting them. He took the pen the other gave him, and made a cross where the man's finger pointed, beneath some lines of fine writing on a scrap of parchment.

"Dunderhead!" cried Kari involuntarily, when the man had gone with his receipt. "Did you read what you put your name to?"

"Not I." Olaf stretched his long arms, and picked up an ax with a bone handle and shining steel head from the boat. "I know what was said and agreed between us. And who says dunderhead?"

Taking the girl's chin in his great fist, he tipped up her face. "Red hair dye from Venice," he muttered, "and a lady's slippers on your hoofs."

Crimson flooded Kari's throat and surged up to her cheeks. She had tried to dye her hair for this morning as she had heard the famous ladies did in Venice—who were the loveliest in the world.

"Are you light of love?" demanded Olaf. "I think not."

Kari choked with rage upon a word. Yet the harshness of the Viking frightened her.

"Word maker!" she gasped. "Duck stealer!"

"The falcon steals the ducks, Kari. I think well you have stolen away from the farm for this holiday."

It was true enough. Kari had become weary with tending the cattle up in the mountain *saeter* of her father; she had got together this splendor—as she thought—of garments and appearance, to come to Bergen-town.

"Still, you are lovely enough underneath, girl," Olaf admitted. "And as this

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is my day for wine and women, you can come with me to the feasting."

"If you are thinking that I will sit on your knee and pour your farthing's worth of beer—"

"Ale," said Olaf, shouldering his ax. After consideration, he drew the cape she had brought, over her shoulders, and pulled the hood over her head, hiding the hair. "You will do well enough," he said, taking her hand, "young as you are."

Kari was nearly sixteen years old. Tears of rage filled her eyes, and she pulled away her hand.

She hoped that this booster who had wounded her tenderest feelings would choke on his ale and lose his wild hawk. And she wanted to run away from him quickly.

But at the end of the Bridge, the Kontor apprentices were ranging barrels in a row across the way, and behind the barrels loitered Bode and his men-at-arms, leering at her now that they were clear of the *Achzehuer's* eye. Olaf had to push through the apprentices.

"No weapons on this holyday," shouted Bode, noticing Olaf's long ax. "Put away that woodchopper."

Olaf stopped, turning this way and that. He saw that the Kontor's men carried no arms here, but crossbows and halberds were stacked out of sight back of the heavy casks which made a fair breast-high barricade.

He looked at Bode, and his voice chanted slowly, "Messmate, when I make use of this ax, wolves and ravens are fed, and strife starts, and a war is waged, for I am a fast fighting man. Now what do you say?"

Kari felt a thrill of excitement, seeing Bode's hands grip hard on his belt. But he hesitated, glancing at the Kontor. "Well, take it off the Bridge," he growled, "you and your light o' love."

WHEN they walked through the Street of the Shoemakers, Kari tossed her head. "What war have you seen, seafarer?"

Looking into the open shops, Olaf answered thoughtfully, "In Tsargrad, in Hispania where the Moors are. In Granada and the Isle of Crete, and across the western sea. But this is a day of homecoming and peace."

He headed after the townspeople in festive cloaks, where a merrymaker walked on stilts, and a trained bear danced. Down in the square by the docks, tables had been set and kegs opened. Olaf sniffed the odor of steaming cod and hot punch, and something else.

"Reindeer steak!" he muttered happily. Kari shivered.

Finding a place by the dancing bear, where they could hear the fiddle music, Olaf called for cheese and a horn of ale, and berries and cake for the maiden. At first Kari would not touch the dainties. Then, because she was hungry, she began to eat.

Pushing back his sleeves, Olaf leaned his elbows on the table. "Eh," he said contentedly, "they are singing 'Come All Ye Faithful.'"

When the singing stopped, Kari noticed that the best-dressed burghers and Norwegian shopkeepers went from the tables toward the quays, and a buzz of whispered talk ran around her. Visitors were landing from a convoy—sailors who had lost their way in the mist, and put in for the feasting; Klas Stortebecker and the mariners of Visby island.

The first group of strangers rolled up to the tables, talking with the *meisters* of Bergen. They wore sea capes and some had on mail but their scabbards were empty of swords.

"Stortebecker and his lads fly the peace

flag," called out a Flemish trader. "They come to drink. They bring honey mead."

Klas Stortebecker came up, broad as a bear with half his head bald, and white scars showing on the bare skin. "Fire the pots," he bellowed, "fill the tankards, ye Bergen folk. Kindle up for Stortebecker."

Behind him more men staggered up from the boats, with hogsheads on their shoulders. These they set down by the great open bed of coals where an ox had been roasted.

"They stint not their drink," said Olaf, watching.

Some of the women around them were fearful of the Visby sea rovers, who had put the torch to more than one town. Still, they seemed peaceful enough on this St. Olaf's day, and across the harbor stood the walls of the German Kontor, with a strong garrison. Kari looked at the fine wolf's head embroidered on Stortebecker's tunic.

Olaf had not put his arm around her, or tried to pull her to his knee and for that she was glad. The shouting rose loud about her, as the seamen gulped meat and swallowed beer.

"Bergen beer," said Olaf. "They do not open their own hogsheads."

A giant from Visby kicked away the dancing bear and called for a champion to tug at war with him. The stout Flemish merchant came forward at the challenge.

"The bull's hide, Lefard," roared Stortebecker. "Pull the hide, man."

The Visby gamester took one end of the rawhide stripped from the bull's carcass, and showed the Fleming how to hold to the other end by the legs. Lefard took his stand at one side of the smoldering bed of coals, and, at a word from Stortebecker, heaved at the hide, while the Fleming strained back, across the fire. The taut hide moved back and forth as the giants tugged. Suddenly the man Lefard threw himself back on his heels. Jerked off balance, the merchant plunged into the embers, the hide falling across him.

He writhed up, and fell again and dragged himself clear of the fire, smoking and blackened. A whimpering came from his mouth.

"The goat bleats," said Stortebecker, looking around. The Bergen men were silent, startled. "Let the goats bleat!" Stortebecker roared.

Olaf grinned and drank more ale.

Kari shivered, feeling for the hurt of the burned man. And Lefard, striding back to their table, took the nearest ale horn, which was Olaf's, and emptied it. The big Visby man looked at Olaf who said nothing. Then he bent over Kari pulling the hood back from her head. At sight of the flaming red hair, he crowed.

Two heavy hands gripped the girl's waist and lifted her high. She felt the blood rush through her body. And then she jolted down on Lefard's knee, as he seated himself on the bench.

"Pour out the ale, girl," Lefard said in her ear.

Kari felt cold with fright. She made no move to touch the ale horn. Now she felt ashamed of her red hair.

"For wine or for a woman," laughed Lefard, "I wait not."

HIS shaven head turned toward her and his hand smelled of the wet bull's hide. Beside her, Olaf watched curiously, saying nothing. And Kari closed her eyes as she felt her throat choking. She heard Olaf's chanting voice. "Messmate, you play hard. Let this child go, and pour your own drink."

While the Visby man stared at him Olaf reached down to the ground between them. His hand came up gripping the ax under the head. The head of the ax caught Lefard under jaw and ear knocking him aside.

"Blood!" Stortebecker bellowed. "Be ware and yare, lads. Out with the steel."

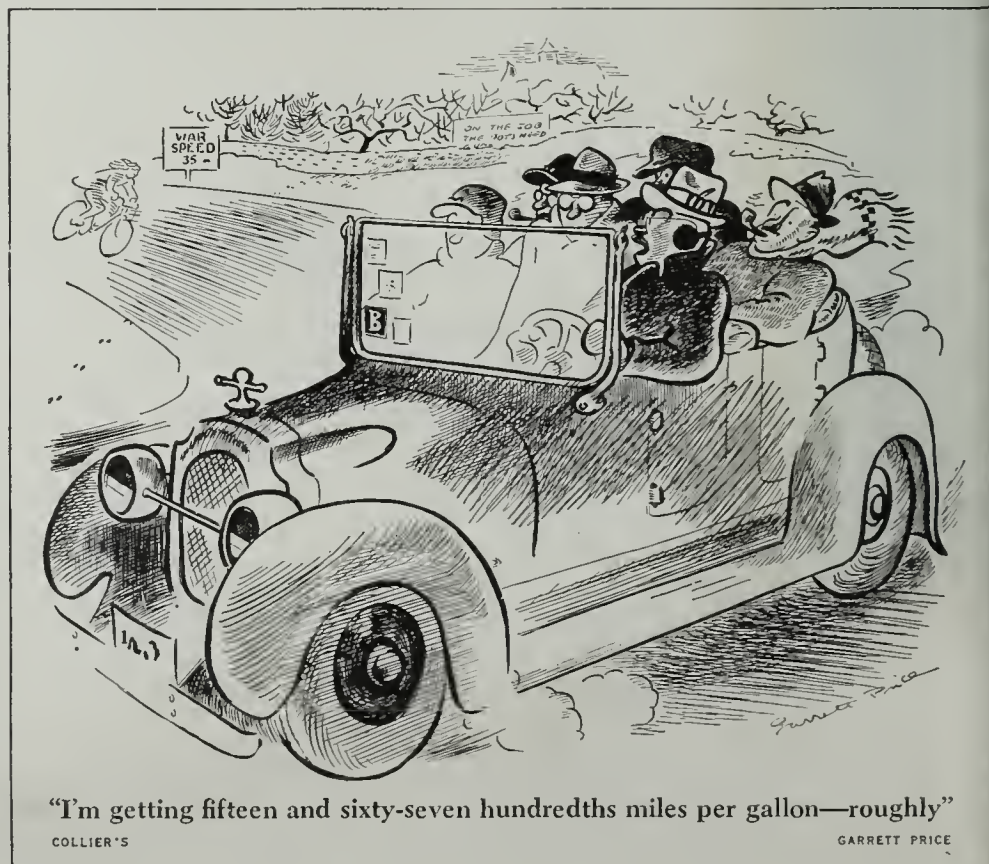
Getting to his feet, his ax arm swinging, the Viking called, "You find a quarrel easily."

Kari, gasping at the bellow of voices, saw twenty men of Visby run to the unopened hogsheads. Ripping off the tops they began to pull out swords, shields, battle-axes. Some of these weapons they tossed to their mates at the tables. A wailing rose among the women, and the unarmed Bergen men surged up like cattle startled by a wolf's coming.

"Steel it is," sang out Olaf, vaulting the table, and making for the hogshead.

The nearest swordsman stepped out to him, slashing at his head. Olaf checked his run, poised, braced on his feet. His ax flashed in front of him as the sword came down. This sword and the hand gripping it flew up into the air, cut off by the ax blade.

Stortebecker caught an ax from a man near him. His eyes gleamed red and he



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arled as he ran at Olaf, who turned to meet him. Neither man had a shield. Swinging his hands over one shoulder, Klas Stortebecker slashed wide with all the reach of his arms. As he did so the Viking leaped forward, inside the stroke. His hands gripped the ax haft short and the head of the ax smashed at Stortebecker's face. The Visby chieftain bent his head taking the blow on his skull, falling to the ground.

As he did so, his hands clutched at Olaf's legs. But the Viking, quicker than he, was away from him. A glance to right and left showed Olaf that the swordsmen were closing around him, and he leaped clear of them, back to the table.

He came running to Kari, his ax in his hand. Catching her about the knees with his right arm, he heaved her up over his shoulder, and ran on.

Behind him the bearlike Klas hauled himself up shaking his head. "Leave the goats," he bawled. "Fetch back that rifle starter."

As he ran through the Street of the Hoemakers, Olaf heard them coming after him. He headed for the barricade on the Bridge, for the wall of kegs and the men-at-arms. Without slowing his pace, he thrust his ax hand on the top of the kegs and slid over. "There is a lie and cry," he called to Bode, "coming this way."

THE Kontor's men stared at him bewildered, when he raced down the ridge toward his longboat. Kari's breath was squeezed out of her, and she hung on to his swaying shoulders, until she felt him jump down into the boat. Then he lowered her to the aft deck and reached for the rope of the anchor stone. Suddenly he stopped, staring beyond her. The brown falcon with its hoop had come from the boat.

"Hide and hair of the Horned One!" Olaf swore. For the first time anger visited his face, and he swung round to search the quay with his eyes. Down the barricade voices clamored and metal crashed. Two apprentices ran out the Kontor gate with a pack of mastiff dogs. All this seemed to Olaf to have the making of a brawl, but he saw no sign of his falcon.

Taking his ax he ran into the unguarded gate of the Kontor. When he came upon stairs leading up, he took them three at a time, and so he found himself in the great meeting hall of the Kontor. And he found himself not alone—men in uniform lined the wall, waiting, leaning upon staves and halberds.

Behind the table Ernst Salza sat in his high seat calmly, with a massive book before him. Behind him the hooded falcon perched on its hoop in a clerk's hand.

It seemed to Olaf that these silent men were waiting and listening. Through the window opening he could hear the disturbance on the Bridge. Pushing through the attendants, he went up to take his hawk, and he spoke to it. At his voice the bird spread its wings.

But the clerk would not give up the hoop. "Achtzehner," the man exclaimed, troubled.

Salza was listening intently to the tumult below—to the brawling that had passed from the streets of the town to the quay, against his instructions. It was coming closer now, and he wanted to go to the opening to look out, but thought that he should remain at the desk, taking no notice of it. Impatiently, he turned on Olaf, snapping out words: "The Greenland falcon? The Kontor owns it."

Olaf shook his head, startled. "No—"

"Here!" Salza flung open the huge book, taking a parchment slip from between the pages. "The quittance for it." And he read swiftly: "For the value of forty farthings, more or less, paid into my hand, I, Olaf, an outlander, do sell and devise unto the Bergen Kontor of the Hansa League, a brown falcon marked with white, weighing—"

"That was never said between us—"

"Never? You signed to it," Salza nodded at the clerk. "He witnessed."

Before Olaf could answer, a rush of feet came upon the stair, and Klas Stortebecker plunged into the meeting hall with his Visby weapon men wedged behind him. When he sighted the Kontor guards along the walls, and Olaf at the desk, his broad face darkened, and he came forward slowly.

Salza, motionless, watched him without expression. "Well, Klas?"

"Ho!" the sea raider snarled. "'Tis not well, Ernst. Not with the Bridge held against me, and this woodchopper holed up here."

He glared his suspicion, breathing heavily. Salza glanced from one weapon man to the other. "If you want him, Klas, take him." And quietly he drew the record book toward him.

It happened then so quickly that only Olaf saw it all. The falcon at Salza's side moved its wings, restless at the voices. And Salza thrust it away with his hand, unheeding. The hawk's beak flashed down, and Salza, with a cry of pain, struck at the falcon. The threshing

hooded bird rose into the air, clawing at the man.

The talons struck into the man's head, and the falcon's beak ripped across his forehead. Jumping for them, Olaf caught the hawk beneath one wing, and pulled him clear, loosening the hood on the brown head and tossing him up. The falcon threshed and headed out the opening toward the light.

Salza screamed, throwing himself down on the table. Even Stortebecker swore at the sight, for the iron dignity of the Achtzehner had been stripped from him. Hurt, with blood running into his eyes, he groped about the table. But he had no thought of his own pain. His fingers searched frantically for the book.

"Wait, Klas!" he cried. "I will explain—"

One hand struck the book and he caught the pages to close them. Stortebecker looked at the written page, and planted one fist on it. He had seen his own name.

The Viking backed against the wall, feeling behind him, not taking his eyes from the two at the table.

"It says St. Olaf's day," Stortebecker muttered, and pulled the book around to him suddenly. "It says—"

"Wait!" cried Salza again, reaching for the book.

Tracing out the words with his finger, Stortebecker was reading slowly, chewing at his lip, "And that they be hunted down and harried to their deaths," he repeated at the end. And he ripped out the page, dropping the book. "Sold out by the Kontor, lads!" he roared. "Ay—invited hither by this Kontor head, to frolic with the Bergen folk over the bay, and help ourselves with free hands to gear and goods of the merchants' stalls—"

Olaf spoke from the wall, "Well here are gear and goods."

STORTEBECKER glared around at the rich tapestries on the walls, at the silver lanterns hanging over the desk, at the open door leading to the warehouse beyond. "Turn to, lads!" he shouted. He stuffed the parchment page into his belt. "Great liars these merchants be, for we have lifted no hand against the honest Bergen folk. Let them buy back their own goods in Lubeck."

And the sea raiders leaped for the walls.

Hidden under the aft deck of the boat, Kari heard the uproar of battle inside the Kontor. Frightened, and not knowing what to do without Olaf, she lay quiet on a robe of eider-duck feathers. First the brown falcon came down to its perch by her. Then Olaf leaped in.

Without a word he hauled up the anchor stone and shoved off with an oar. Hoisting the yard, he knotted taut the sheets. Throwing himself down beside her, he fastened a hood on the restless falcon. Then he wiped the sweat from his eyes, and shook his head. "It seems that I do not understand trading in the old country," he said.

Kari laughed a little. Now she did not feel frightened. "No," she said, "you do not, Olaf."

Settling down on the feather robe she felt warm and comfortable, between Olaf and the hawk. It was as if this place had been made for her. When she felt the sea breath from the fiord's mouth, she pulled the hood over her red hair, and under its cover her eyes searched the troubled face of the seafarer. "Nor do I," she admitted.

She was thinking, watching the line of the sea, when Olaf asked where he should set her ashore.

"On the isles," she said softly, "of the western sea."

THE END

## MISERABLE WITH ACHING COLD WEATHER JOINTS?



When the icy wind cuts through you, does it lay you up with painful, grinding "cold-weather joints"? Absorbine Jr. quickly eases those aching joints—brings speedy, joyful relief from such winter torture!

Normally, little blood vessels feed lubricating fluid into the joints. Extreme cold constricts blood vessels. Slows up the supply of fluid. Makes joints "grind" and ache. Hinders your movements and work!

Rub on Absorbine Jr.! Feel the warmth spread, as it speeds up the blood flow—helps nature quickly counteract the effects of cold. Soon your joints "glow" with relief! You'll feel like singing! At all druggists. \$1.25 a bottle. Write W. F. Young, Inc., 201 Lyman St., Springfield, Mass., for free sample.

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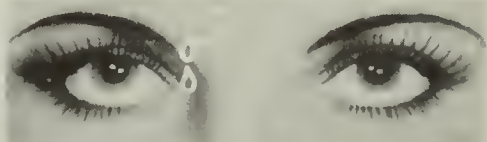
### ABSORBINE JR.



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"Don't worry about me, dear—just write before each furlough so I can cancel all my dates"

LEO GAREL

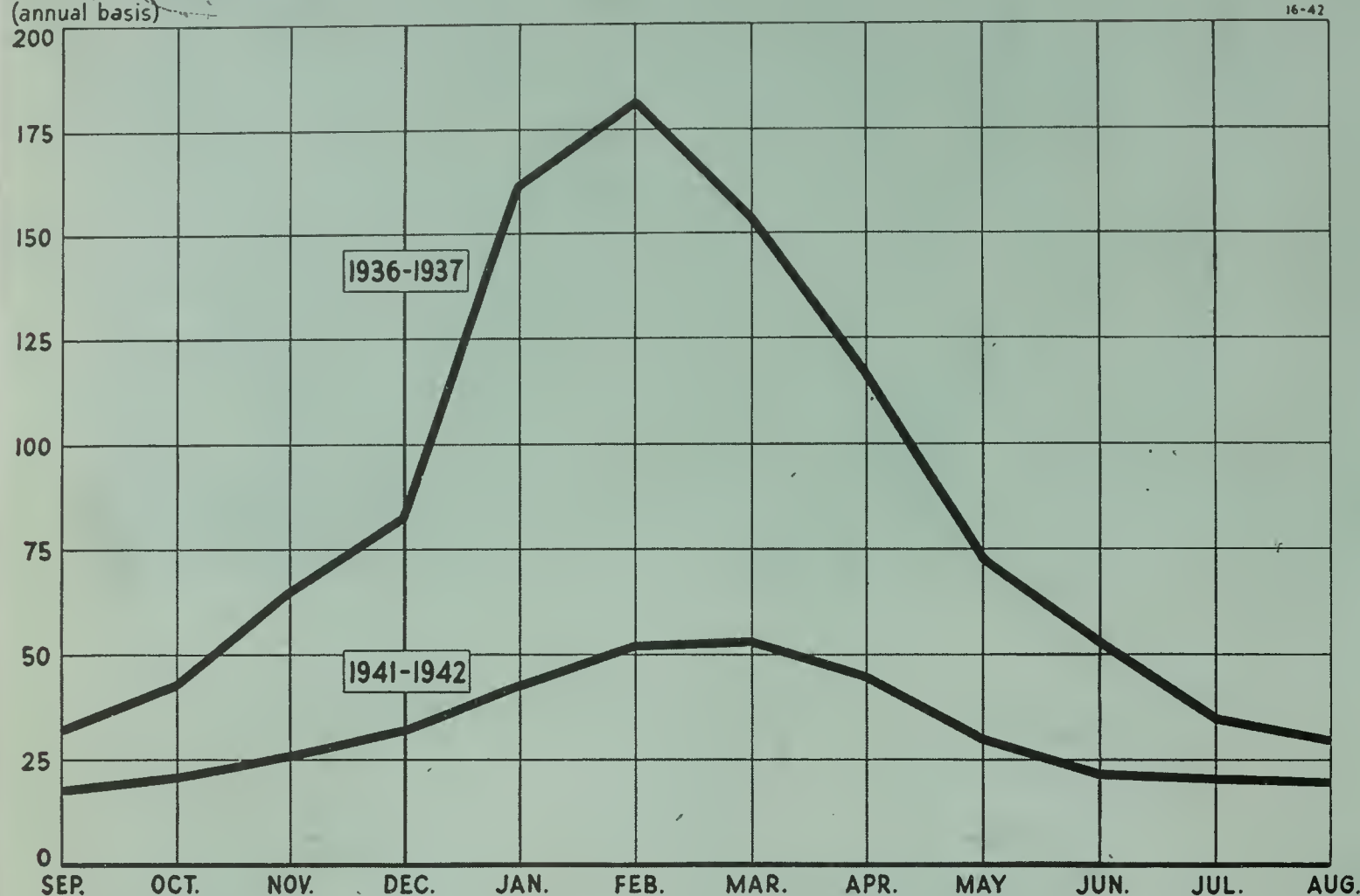
COLLIER'S



# MORTALITY FROM PNEUMONIA AND INFLUENZA

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, Industrial Department

Death Rates  
Per 100,000  
(annual basis)



16-42

## THE WAR AGAINST DEATH

**T**HIRTY-FIVE years ago, a young Austrian student discovered something he called sulfanilamide. Neither he nor anyone else knew what it was or how it could be used. Today that chemical and its derivatives are saving the lives of hundreds of thousands of Americans and giving new protection to our fighting men on far-flung battle lines.

The chart printed on this page tells a stirring story of a part of this great human achievement. Five years ago, more than 175 people out of every 100,000 Americans died from pneumonia and influenza. Now the loss every twelve months has been brought down to about 50. Sulfa drugs chiefly have saved these lives.

More than that, sulfa drugs promise health and recovery to the untold myriads of American soldiers and sailors who have been and who will be injured in battle. On his return from Honolulu after inspecting the damage done at Pearl Harbor, Dr. I. S. Ravdin of the University of Pennsylvania reported: "It has been repeatedly said by great generals of the past that an army is no better than its surgeons. If the experience in Honolulu is to be taken as an expression of the type of medical service our Armed Forces are to receive, we can be sure that in the end victory will be ours."

More than three fourths of the men who received abdominal wounds in

the first World War died as a result of infection. After the Pearl Harbor attack, infection was almost nonexistent. No amputations were necessary because of infected wounds. Yet in the first World War, one hospital reported that 47 per cent of the amputations were due to infections.

Although this war is being fought in places peculiarly menacing from the standpoint of infections, lives are being saved and disabilities prevented.

Whatever else is true, this is a great record of achievement. It is not ours alone, although American doctors have been and are pioneers in this development.

Chemists, physicians, industrial laboratories in Germany, in France, in England and in the United States all aided in developing the sulfa drugs. Dr. Perrin H. Long of Johns Hopkins University has the chief credit for bringing sulfanilamide to America.

After the Austrian Gelmo discovered the drug, the German chemical firm, I. G. Farbenindustrie, worked on it. That is the company that sold many inventions to American corporations, and Thurman Arnold, Assistant Attorney General, has been holding the purchasers of the patents up to public scorn because of their purchases.

The Germans made great progress, and so did the British, in following up the clue offered by the Austrian stu-

dent's work. A ten-month-old near death from blood poisoning saved in Düsseldorf in 1933. This became famous. So too was the recovery of Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., who was cured of a streptococcal throat by sulfa.

Now at Johns Hopkins University and in many other college laboratories and in the laboratories of the houses, new researches are being tried on. During the last ten years immense strides have been made. Sulfa combinations have been found and brilliant studies are being made the methods by which the drugs accomplish their beneficial effects.

The sulfa drugs are not cures for everything. Their limitations are sharply defined. But the chart of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company shows how vast is the saving.

In the United States and where American soldiers and sailors and Marines are serving, the chances to cover from wounds and from a group of diseases are bettered because of the work of these scientists in the lands and in more laboratories.

In the table below is the experience of the Metropolitan Life's industrial policyholders.

Literally hundreds of thousands and, before the story is finished, millions will live in health and without mutilation because of these drugs.

Men who are able to do so may be able to apply the same quantities of intelligence and of good will to the greater task of establishing a social order in which the nations live together in peace.

### The Sulfa Drugs in the Treatment of Various Diseases

Disease Organism	Drug of choice	Case Fatality		Death Rates Per 100,000		
		Before chemotherapy	With chemotherapy	Before chemotherapy	With chemotherapy	Per cent
Pneumonia—all forms						
Pneumococcus	Sulfadiazine	25-30%	7-12%	67.6	30.5	55
Streptococcus	Sulfadiazine		15-20%			
Appendicitis				11.3	7.4	35
With peritonitis						
Mixed (B. Coli predominant)	Sulfanilamide	20-30%	5%			
Puerperal sepsis						
Streptococcus	Sulfadiazine	20-25%	5-7%	5.5**	3.8**	35
Cerebrospinal meningitis						
Meningococcus	Sulfadiazine	20-75%	5-15%	1.8	.5	75
	Sulfapyridine					
Other meningitis				2.2	1.4	36
Streptococcus	Sulfadiazine	95%	25-35%			
Pneumococcus	Sulfapyridine	98%	70-80%			
Septicemia (blood stream infection)				1.7	.9	47
Streptococcus	Sulfanilamide	75%				
Staphylococcus	Sulfathiazole	80%	35%			
Erysipelas						
Streptococcus	Sulfadiazine	13-15%	4%	1.0	.2	80
Tonsillitis and pharyngitis				3.7	1.3	65
Streptococcus	Sulfadiazine					
Disease of the ear and mastoid				3.2	2.0	38
Streptococcus	Sulfadiazine					
Pneumococcus	Sulfapyridine					

\* Based upon experience among industrial policyholders of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. Before chemotherapy—1935-1937; after chemotherapy—1940, except for pneumonia and appendicitis for which 1941 rates are given.

\*\* Deaths per 1,000 live births, United States.



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# Collier's

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## Why monkeys hate Monday . . . and YOU!

Well, why shouldn't they? Monday may find them in the clutches of colds caught from the Sunday crowds visiting the zoo. How do chimpanzees catch these colds?

Many medical authorities believe that a virus or bacteria, or both, residing in the throat or nose of man, are carried through the air by sneeze, cough or heavy breathing, and contribute to the infection we know as a cold.

Doctors often call such bacteria the "secondary invaders"—thought by many to complicate a cold and to be responsible for some of its most disagreeable symptoms. These "secondary invaders" include pneumococci, streptococci, bacillus influenzae, staphylococci, and other bacteria.

Apparently, when resistance is materially lowered for any reason (wet feet, fatigue, sudden changes of temperature, drafts), these "secondary invaders" can stage a mass invasion of the mucous membrane.

Our research men reasoned that if such bacteria on mouth and throat surfaces could be killed in suf-

ficient numbers, very possibly the incidence of colds could be lessened . . . and that Listerine, because of its germ-killing action, might be of real therapeutic value.

So, over a period of 11 years, using human beings as guinea pigs, we studied the incidence of colds in people who gargled with Listerine Antiseptic as compared to those who did not. This is what we learned:

Those test subjects who gargled Listerine twice a day had fewer colds and fewer sore throats than those who did not. Moreover, when Listerine users *did* contract colds and sore throats they were usually less severe and of shorter duration.

Such results are due, we believe, to Listerine's germ-killing ability, reflected in tests which showed germ reductions on mouth and throat surfaces ranging up to 96.7% fifteen minutes after gargling, and up to 80% one hour after gargling.

Don't get the impression from the foregoing that Listerine is a sure preventive or cure for colds and simple sore throat. We make no such sweeping claim. But test results have been so consistent that we believe

Listerine Antiseptic merits your consideration as a daily precaution against these troubles and as an emergency first-aid treatment when they are beginning to develop. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

### Hints On What To Do About A Cold

- 1. Go to bed** and stay there. The incubating period of a cold may be within the first 48 hours. Rest helps nature to throw the infection off. When you carry a cold around with you, you not only weaken yourself, but you may infect others.
- 2. Eat lightly** and drink plenty of water and fruit juices. Use only your own eating utensils and see that nobody else uses them. They may carry germs.
- 3. Don't blow** your nose too hard; you may force bacteria back into the middle-ear passages. Blow one nostril at a time gently.
- 4. When sneezing** or coughing use only disposable tissues, and burn them.
- 5. Gargle with Listerine** Antiseptic regularly, especially in the early stages. It may help you to head off the infection entirely or lessen its severity.
- 6. If you have fever** call your doctor, especially if the fever persists.

**LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC for Colds and Sore Throat**





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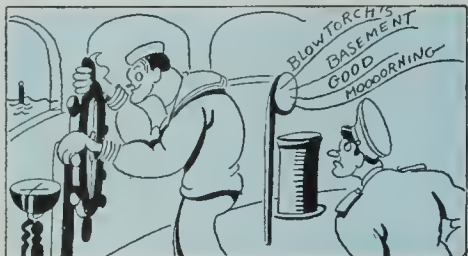
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FRANK GERVAZI Near East  
MARTHA GELHORN Articles  
JIM MARSHALL West Coast  
ROBERT McCORMICK Washington  
IFOR THOMAS Photographs

## ANY WEEK

THIS week's cover is the Army Engineers poster designed by Jes Schlaikjer of the Graphics Section of the War Department. It is one of four in the first series of posters ever prepared within the War Department for distribution to Army units at home and abroad. These simple, direct and understandable posters (others in the first series covered the Medical Dept., the Signal Corps and the Military Police) have proved such an effective stimulus to morale, among both soldiers and civilians, that the War Department plans to continue the series.

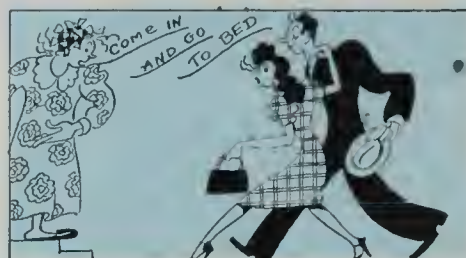
VERY recently a twenty-eight ship convoy arrived in England a little out of breath but quite intact. One of the transports was the City of—oh, well, let's call it Blowtorch. A couple of hundred miles west of its British port the City of Blowtorch discovered that it was being stalked by a German sub. The captain ordered more speed. One of his officers telephoned from the bridge to the engine room. From the engine room came a cheery voice: "Blowtorch's basement, good moooorning."



FOR some reason we cannot isolate, there is a growing feeling that something useful should be made of busted-down politicians. This column has given you many ideas, contributed by readers, about the disposal of Benito Mussolini. One more has arrived—from Mr. Hugo Van Arx of Watertown, Connecticut. Mr. Van Arx, Swiss-born American, thinks that Benito would make very fine ski wax. But now we're getting suggestions about what use might be made of Gene Talmadge of Georgia. A Negro producer would like to hire Mr. Talmadge to play Simon Legree in a "modernized version of Uncle Tom's Cabin."

HOWEVER, we don't believe that one of Washington's most energetic war agency heads asked his secretary to "Call up Harrisburg and find out what the name of the governor of Pennsylvania is." We get this from one of the gentleman's aides. There is entirely too much of this sort of thing going on. It is virtually sabotage. If a general in Washington takes three quarters of an hour long-distance-telephone priority to talk to Camden, Maine, to tell

somebody that he will not be at his house for Christmas, that's no reason why somebody in his office should be hastening the information to us. We're particularly indignant over our informant's postscript: "The real reason the old suet pudding won't go is that they didn't send the cost of transportation with the invitation."



ANYWAY, we much prefer to write little romances. We've got one this week about an elopement. The male end of it got to know the lady through a correspondence club. After several hundred impassioned letters were exchanged, he proposed by mail, was accepted by return (registered). He presented himself in the lady's town, telephoned her, was told not to come to the house, that she'd meet him at his hotel. After both had recovered from the shock, they took a walk out into the country, got caught in a rainstorm, had to take refuge in a barn for four hours. It was late when the rain stopped and the lady told him that her mother would surely murder her for being out so late with a strange man. So he became masterly and married her that night. They arrived at the girl's home at three in the morning. Mother came to the door. "Where have you been and who's that?" demanded Mother. "I've been getting married and this is my husband," said the girl. "Well, why didn't you say so! Come in and go to bed," said Mother. . . . Up to there we think it's quite a touching story. But we go on sadly to tell you that he fled the next day, protesting that her family didn't have any traditions.

WE DON'T know whether the hero of this paragraph is very important. All we know is that he has a very important job in Washington. He also has a secretary who is impressed by neither him nor his job. However, he called her into his private office one morning, having had just two hours' sleep. The rest of the night had been devoted to a night club. "Miss —," said he, taking two aspirins, "when do I speak to that group of manufacturers?" Said she: "Tonight." He groaned, then: "Very well, get your book. I'm going to dictate a few notes about national morale. It is very low." . . . W. D.

# Collier's

WILLIAM L. CHENERY Publisher  
CHARLES COLEBAUGH Editor

## THIS WEEK

FEBRUARY 13, 1943

### SHORT STORIES

#### SAX ROHMER

The Man Who Killed Blackb. One of Bimbashi Baruk's strange cases. Page

#### FRANK X. TOLBERT

Virgie Shanghaies Wainwright. Miss Fixit turns to sabotage. Page

#### NANCY TITUS

I'll Be for You. The soldier came to dinner. Page

#### WELLS LEWIS

The Forgotten Governor. Indolence is mightier than the sword. Page

#### PUTNAM FENNELL JONES

Ivy and the Figurin' Man. They knew what they wanted. Page

### THE SHORT SHORT STORY

The Semaphore, by Robert S. M. field. Page

### SERIAL STORIES

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China Flight. The second of parts. Page

#### GEORGE F. WORTS

Five Who Vanished. The eighth ten parts. Page

### ARTICLES

#### QUENTIN REYNOLDS

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Where There's a Way. Wood ships play their part in the war. Page

#### KYLE CRICHTON

Hollywood Holocaust. Pity the movie star—no gas, no servants money. Page

#### DANIEL DE LUCE

Oil for the Planes of China. scorched wells of Burma can supply it. Page

#### COREY FORD

Mission Over Kiska. Take a business trip over Japanese-held Kiska. Page

#### FRANK D. MORRIS

Mike Moran's Men. The Boise's ous race against destruction. Page

#### HENRY L. JACKSON

Get Your Goat. But be sure it's paca. Page

#### FRELING FOSTER

Keep Up with the World. Page

#### WING TALK.

### EDITORIALS

#### Pay-As-You-Go.

Strikes Against Government.

One Soldier's Suicide.

How About that Garden? Page

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## Tires Made with B. F. Goodrich Synthetic Now Rolling on Nation's Buses

*A typical example of B. F. Goodrich leadership in tires*

**Y**OU'VE read plenty about synthetic rubber, about the tires that are *going* to be made with synthetics. But did you know that right now many a bus in Chicago, Boston, Cleveland and New York is trying out tires using synthetic rubber made by B. F. Goodrich?

One of these tires is shown in the picture—an Ameripol Silvertown being inspected after more than 8,000 miles on the wheel.

Varying amounts of synthetic rubber have been used in making these new Ameripol bus tires—but some of them now actually in service contain over 99% synthetic rubber.

B. F. Goodrich was *first* to offer for sale tires made with synthetic rubber for passenger cars—that was in 1940! And now B. F. Good-

rich pioneers with Ameripol Silvertowns for buses. Production is not unlimited. The rubber shortage is still acute. But already synthetic tires made by B. F. Goodrich are helping in the war effort.

The Army and Navy get first call on every ounce of synthetic rubber we make. Right now there is little, if any, for general civilian use. There will be some for essential transportation.

And when synthetic rubber is plentiful, come to B. F. Goodrich for your

tires. You can be sure that B. F. Goodrich will be first just as B. F. Goodrich was first to offer American car owners tires made with synthetic rubber. Remember, nobody makes as good a cake as the cook who discovers the recipe!







**AMERICA WILL MARCH TO VICTORY  
ON THE LEATHER YOU SAVE**

It's time to turn *conversation* into *conservation*  
... to make every lift of shoe leather do double  
duty! Buy *good* shoes when you need them ...  
and give them the extra *care* that will bring  
you extra *wear*. Remember! America's fighting  
men are hard on shoes; you can't afford to be.

Illustrated: The WESTFIELD, S-1028 • The ECLIPSE, S-896  
The RAMBLER, S-1018

# Florsheim



# Shoes

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY • CHICAGO • MAKERS OF FINE SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN



## KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Of the several dogs in the Army Air Corps to be awarded silver wings for making five jumps from a plane, the best known is "Max," a Boxer owned by the 505th Parachute Battalion at Fort Benning, Georgia. So far, Max has jumped eight times, wearing a special harness with a large chute that is opened by a static line attached to the rip cord.—By Sgt. Frank Freestone, Fort Benning, Georgia.

Of the hundreds of different electron tubes, one of the most sensitive is a certain photoelectric cell that enables a scientist to determine which of two cups of boiling water was stirred for a minute with a strip of metal. The cell readily detects the infinitesimal amount of metal dissolved during the action.

As fragmentation bombs, used primarily against humans and animals, weigh only thirty pounds, a plane can carry a large number and effectively sweep a huge target by releasing them methodically while flying at a low level. As the plane requires time to pass out of the range of the flying fragments, the descent of these bombs is usually retarded by a parachute.

Textbooks on world history used in the high schools of the United States have never devoted, on the average, more than three per cent of their space to China and Japan, which together contain one quarter of the world population.—By Betty Barker, New York, New York.

Our naval vessels are now built in about half the time required in pre-war days. Destroyers are constructed in six months instead of eighteen, aircraft carriers in seventeen months instead of thirty-five, submarines in one year instead of two and battleships in three years instead of five.

Not one of the 221 women who lost their lives in the Coconut Grove fire in Boston had anything on their persons that immediately identified them, having checked their wraps and become separated from their purses and bags. Consequently five days were required to identify all the bodies.

In the United States, the percentage of absenteeism from work in war industries is about three times as large as before the war. In England, absenteeism among essential workers has virtually ceased because it is subject to punishment; about fifty persons have been imprisoned during the past 18 months for being habitually absent without justifiable reasons.

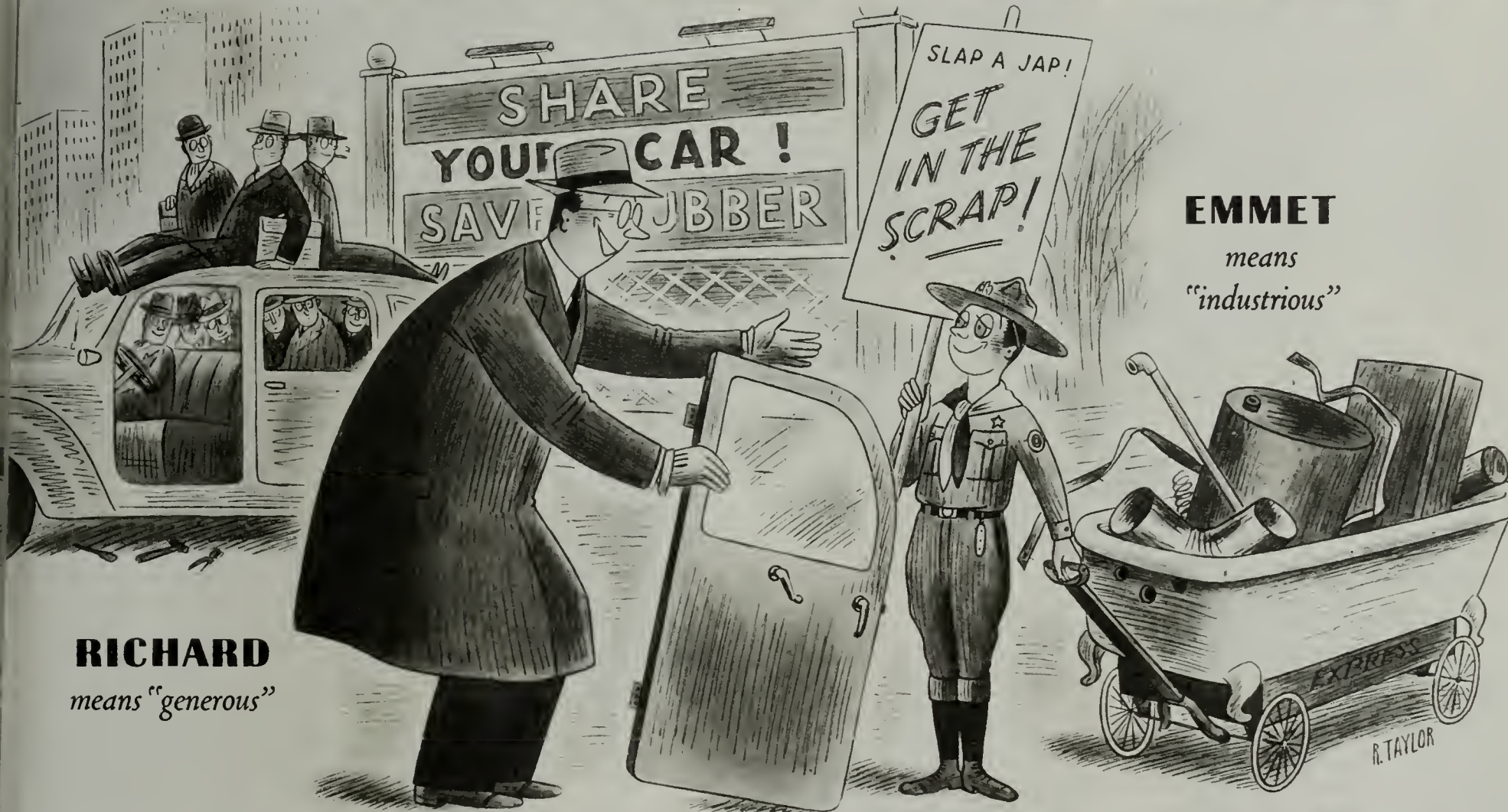
American prisons are now producing millions of dollars worth of war materials. Air-raid sirens are being made at San Quentin; shirting for the Navy at the Alabama state prison; bomb parts at the federal penitentiary in Lewisburg, Pennsylvania; and cartridge belts at the reformatory for women in Alderson, West Virginia. Even large patrol boats for the Army are being built entirely by the inmates at McNeil Island.

One of the reasons why younger men make better soldiers than older men is that their wounds heal more quickly. All things being equal, a wound that heals in thirty days in a man of twenty and forty days in a man of thirty requires sixty days in a man of forty and eighty days in a man of fifty.—By Nelson Dean, Jr., Sacramento, California.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher.



# What's in a Name?



**RICHARD**  
means "generous"

**EMMET**  
means  
"industrious"



**LUCRETIA**  
means "a good housewife"



**FRANK**  
means "free"



**ETHYL**  
is a trade mark name

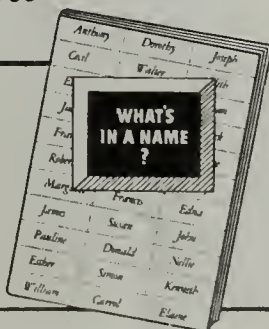
It stands for antiknock fluid made only by the Ethyl Corporation. Oil companies put Ethyl fluid into gasoline to prevent knocking.

The Ethyl trade mark emblem on a gasoline pump means that Ethyl fluid has been put into high quality gasoline and the gasoline sold from that pump can be called "Ethyl."

## What does your name mean?

The meanings and origins of over 900 masculine and feminine names are given in the fascinating illustrated booklet, "What's in a Name?" It's free—no obligation—just mail coupon.

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COURTESY T. W. A.

## WING TALK

Men of the Army Air Forces learn to repair planes at a postgraduate aircraft mechanics' specialist school. Each man has a separate specialty. In foreground, Private Bert Bailey (left) and Private Edward Castor.

OUT near the Solomons one day after a heavy battle, a U. S. Navy destroyer was on patrol. Suddenly a Jap bomber came rushing at it. The destroyer opened up with its anti-aircraft, and the bomber dropped down on the water. The bomber crew promptly took to their life raft, and the destroyer circled to pick them up.

As the American ship pulled close, a line was tossed over to the raft. A member of the bomber crew reached eagerly for it, but the Jap officer in charge knocked his hand away, growling what was probably a bad word. Better to die, it seemed, than be rescued by the filthy white man.

At which point, another of the bomber crew calmly took out a pistol and shot the officer dead. His body was dumped into the ocean, and the man who had originally reached for the line reached for it again. This time he wasn't interrupted.

AMONG the unsung heroes, the desert flowers doomed to blush under a bushel basket (or something), are the commercial airlines.

The airlines are doing a number of very important things for the Army and still maintaining a civilian transportation system, hauling a great many people between 250 cities in this country at a three-mile-a-minute clip.

The commercial lines are handling the secret modification centers for the Army Air Forces. Planes coming from assembly lines are sent to the centers for last-minute special changes and equipment. A ship going to Africa, for example, will be equipped with a sand filter. Another going to Russia will get gadgets for cold-weather flying. One going to the Pacific will have the armor plate shifted slightly, as protection against maneuvers characteristic of Jap Zeros. If these trivial changes were made in the manufacturing plants, production lines would be gummed up disastrously.

Airline pilots are flying military planes all over the globe. A pilot who flew a few weeks ago between Chicago and Denver is now hopping across the Pacific. Another on the Atlanta to New York run has switched to New York to Cairo. The airlines were a reservoir of experienced transport pilots without whom our air-cargo system could never have operated.

The airlines also have schools for mechanics and flight officers. One line turns out a thousand mechanics every 120 days. The lines likewise have furnished scores of technical and administrative workers for the Army and Navy.

One third of all transports and crews from civilian lines are in military service. Between 38 and 45 per cent of the airlines' equipment has been turned over to the war. Yet the commercial lines are carrying only from 11 to 17 per cent less passenger-and-pound-mile cargo.

So stop grouching because you can't get a seat to fly back home for a week end.

THE R.A.F. has its way of keeping fliers awake. One of the major sins that can be committed by a Royal Air Force pilot is to forget to watch the skies about him. A Jerry plane may come swooping down upon him any time, whether he is making a sweep over the English Channel or ferrying an officer to his country place in the interior of Britain. The pilot must keep his eyes open, even on the most casual trip.

When one pilot sees another dreaming along in mid-air, thinking about that trim little cookie he left behind, the first flier sneaks up behind and above, then dives with a roar at the dreamer. As he flashes under the dazed pilot's plane, the tormentor speaks into his radio. "Ta-t, tat, tat," he says staccato. "You're dead."

It's astonishing how thoroughly it can wake even the sleepest pilot. . . .

ROBERT MCCORMICK



DON'T LOOK NOW—BUT HERE COMES 444 LADIES STOCKINGS

Yes Ma'am!—BOMBYX MORI, that Jap silkworm, has another knot in his tail. Parachutes are being made of cellulose acetate *rayon*. Strong parachutes. *Safe* parachutes!

Sure, the rayon for one parachute would make 444 stockings. But you still have stockings. Right, Ma'am?

The "University of Petroleum," Shell's research laboratories, is very much in the "silk stocking and parachute picture" through research which resulted in Shell becoming one of the principal suppliers of *acetone* to industry.

It is acetone—produced by Shell from a waste petroleum gas — which changes a cotton derivative, cellulose acetate, to a syrupy liquid: the "spinning solution." This is forced through holes of microscopic fineness. Presto! It becomes silky fibers. These are twisted into thread. From then on, you can name what you want—from sheer, glamorous stockings to a parachute!

We're really richer than we were before these wartime "shortages" came along. Scientific ability is applied to our native resources and lo! we have artificial silk . . . or rubber . . . or exotic flavorings and perfumes—to mention only a few that have been found buried deep in the chemical structure of petroleum.

*And the exploration of these new chemical frontiers has only begun.*



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Plowshare of Tomorrow**





# "Greasing the Skids"



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**T**HE men and women of Philco have set their sights for the new and greater tasks of the coming year. The allied offensive of 1943 is already on its way in the laboratories and production lines of American industry. And the electronic equipment produced by Philco soldiers of industry will play a vital part in the offensive power of our planes, tanks and ships.

The electronic miracles which have been developed in the Philco laboratories and produced in the Philco factories have

helped to bring the dawn of the *Age of Electronics* to the battlefronts of the world. Yesterday, they were scientists' dreams. Today, they are realities. Tomorrow, their deadly purpose will be turned to the pursuits of peace.

With Victory, the *Age of Electronics* will dawn for all humanity. And Philco, the quality name in millions of American homes, will again bring you thrilling new wonders of comfort, convenience and entertainment.

Sammy McKim, the 16-year-old boy cartoonist of Hollywood, Calif., makes this contribution to the Philco series depicting the productive might of industrial America. He is one of the Five McKim Kids of the screen colony, aged 9 to 18, who "ishoo" the whimsical "weakly," McKimskims.

**Free Limited Offer . . .** While available, a full size reproduction of the original drawing by Sammy McKim will be furnished gladly upon request. Simply address Philco Corporation, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania and ask for Cartoon Number 41C.

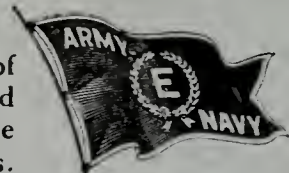
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The Army-Navy "E" Flag awarded to Philco plants in Philadelphia, Chicago, Trenton, N. J., and Sandusky, Ohio.





## THE MAN WHO KILLED BLACKBIRDS

BY SAX ROHMER

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

The amazing Bimbâshi Barûk and the sinister Dr. Manoel. The strange case of a man whose evil did not die with him

BIMBÂSHI BARÛK had an insatiable curiosity concerning his fellow men. In consequence of this, Tom Eldon, host of The Bull, at Opley, came to look upon him as a "regular," rarely absent from the corner armchair whenever the bar was open. He had returned to his old quarters at The Bull after an interval of more than a year and seemed to have nothing in particular to do, except that he often went out sketching, so that the cleanly chiseled, vaguely Oriental face, old Harris tweed suit and the stubby briar pipe had become familiar to all Tom's customers. The fact was that Bimbâshi Barûk had formed one of a party of officers recalled home to make personal reports after the fall of Tobruk, and he was now awaiting return transport to Egypt.

It was here, in The Bull, just before closing time on a hot summer's afternoon, that he first set eyes upon the resentful Home Guard.

"Double Scotch," the Home Guard ordered peremptorily.

He wore battle dress and he rested a rifle against the bar while getting out his wallet. A tall, well-knit figure gave an impression of youth, but the lined, dark face and somber eyes belonged to a man middle-aged, to a man who had suffered much or to one who had drunk too deeply of the cup of life.

As Tom Eldon set a glass before his customer:

"I see," came Barûk's pleasant voice, "that they still serve you out with Lee-Enfields down here."

The Home Guard turned. "They do. Does that fact interest you?"

His manner was so provocatively rude that Barûk felt affronted, and when he replied he spoke sharply: "I appear to have offended you, sir. But as a professional soldier I am naturally interested in the arms of all the services."

"Oh, I see. You are a regular officer." The man's tone was less offensive, but his glance no less mocking. "Yours is a sorry trade, sir. In me you see a most unwilling warrior. Two generations of fools have plunged us into this mess. Under a government of sane men there would be no need for armies. A sane government would ignore the armies and strike at those who directed them."

He swung his rifle over his shoulder. "Having publicly proclaimed these views during the past twenty years, I naturally resent being compelled to form part of the bone and muscle."

He went out. Bimbâshi Barûk smiled at Tom Eldon. "Agreeable fellow," he murmured. "Who is he?"

"That's Mr. Peter Gillam, sir," the landlord replied glancing at the clock and then going across to bar his door. "I reckon he hates everybody, does Mr. Gillam. Queer, he is, and mad as they're made. He's what they call a mining engineer and he's in charge of those excavations under the hill, in the old stone quarries."

Bimbâshi Barûk nodded. "He's not a native, then?"

"Not he. Come from foreign parts, I hear. Don't know just where. But he lives in what they call Quarry cottage, on the hillside. Lonely it is; and he's got the prettiest little woman locked up there as I ever set eyes on."

"Locked up?"

"Well, in a manner o' speaking. No

Antoinette was forced into marriage with Manoel, the second wealthiest man on the island, and thirty years her senior. But she never loved him







society, like. Seems to be frightened of everybody. Aye, they're a queer couple."

Somewhat less than an hour later, Bimbâshi Barûk found himself in a narrow winding path, all but indiscernible because of encroaching nettles, a path which traced an aimless way through a wood of firs. This wood possessed one peculiar and unpleasant feature; it contained a number of dead birds, chiefly blackbirds, in various stages of decay and overrun by wasps. The bimbâshi carried water-color equipment, and was bound for a spot which he had long determined to try to paint—a pool opening out from a tiny stream, where there were water lilies.

He was aware that this was private property, but except by rocks, thrushes, squirrels and a rare rabbit, his trespass had never been challenged. The house—Court Oaks—stood at no great distance from the pool, but he knew that most of it was locked up, that the grounds were neglected. Dr. Manoel, its wealthy and eccentric occupant, camped out in two rooms, where he resided alone except for a colored manservant.

Presently, through an opening in the trees which he remembered, the lily pool burst into view. He stood still. His abrupt halt had not been occasioned by the loveliness of the pool, however, but by the fact that a man was seated beside it.

He was sitting bolt upright in a split-cane chair beneath a magnificent lime tree. On the grass beside him lay a book.

He was perhaps sixty years of age, but possessed a slim figure and saturnine good looks. As he wore no hat, the sun quickened his thick, wavy hair to silver, accentuating the yellowness of his skin. Heavy eyebrows, mustache and a small pointed beard remained dark, and he wore a white linen suit; so that, recalling spoken descriptions, the bimbâshi concluded that he was looking at Dr. Manoel, owner of Court Oaks.

And Dr. Manoel, without relaxing that rigid pose, sat holding a gold watch extended before him, his eyes fixed upon it and his expression one of such extreme horror that Bimbâshi Barûk became physically chilled. Although Dr. Manoel's hand was steady, immovable as the rest of his body, perspiration shone upon his high forehead and he presented a perfect study of one facing imminent and inescapable destruction!

AS HE stood there, Bimbâshi Barûk heard a dull, familiar thud. The gold watch fell to the grass; Dr. Manoel came to his feet like a puppet jerked upright on a wire; a speck of blood gleamed, a living ruby, on his wet forehead—and he pitched forward and lay, arms outstretched. The crack of a rifle shot echoed around the valley, and rooks rose, filling the air with their alarm calls. . . .

The first shock of this dreadful killing being conquered (for the fact that he had witnessed an assassination was unmistakable), Bimbâshi Barûk gained the victim's side in a period computable in seconds. Barbed wire intervened, but the bimbâshi had learned all that one may know about barbed wire, in Libya. Breathing rapidly, he stood for a moment looking down. Then, twisting about, he stared up the slope.

From this point of view, owing to close-set timber, no more than a corner

of the east wing of Court Oaks was visible. Otherwise, a stone cottage on the hillside beyond seemed to be the only building in sight. There was, however, ample natural cover. Nothing stirred but the rooks above; their cries and the shriek of a hidden jay alone disturbed a hot silence. . . .

Dr. Manoel had been killed by a first-class marksman. The bullet had passed clean through his brain, back to front. Death must have been swift and painless as that inflicted by a guillotine. His watch lay, dial upward, near his clenched hand; it recorded that the hour was 3:03 P. M. (summer time). The book on the grass beside the chair was a richly bound copy of Cardinal Newman's "Dream of Gerontius."

ALTHOUGH the bimbâshi wasted no time in running up to Court Oaks—an ugly, rambling stone mansion of mid-Victorian design—he met with infuriating delay in gaining admittance. The house presented every evidence of desertion. Many of the windows were shuttered and others clearly belonged to unoccupied rooms. The drive was liberally decorated with thistles, and the main entrance, its rusty bellpull reluctant to function, had long forgotten the smell of paint. A sepulchral note, deep within the house, responded to his ringing.

At last came footsteps. A man, whom he judged to be a mulatto, opened the door. He was dressed in a sort of livery, with black trousers and a striped linen jacket; and his face, yellow like his master's, bore an habitual expression of hopeless despair.

"Are you Dr. Manoel's servant?" the bimbâshi asked sharply.

"Yes. I am José. What do you wish? The doctor is out." José had a slight accent and spoke almost tonelessly; the effect was that of a very old gramophone record.

"Did you hear a shot a few minutes ago?"

"Yes. The doctor is shooting rabbits, I suppose."

"Does he often shoot rabbits?"

"Often. We eat many rabbits."

Bimbâshi Barûk fixed an analytical regard upon the man's dull, dark eyes; but he could read nothing in them.

"Dr. Manoel has been attacked. My name is Major Barûk. Show me the telephone."

José inclined his head and led the way along a gloomy and shuttered passage to an even darker alcove which had the fusty smell of a place where daylight is unknown. Here stood a telephone.

And so in this way the outer world was notified of the death of Dr. Manoel, and on that sunny afternoon the neglected grounds of Court Oaks became peopled by unfamiliar figures: Inspector Horley and Dr. Whittington (both of whom the bimbâshi had met before) and several others who were strangers. Police on motorcycles were soon weaving in and out of that maze of narrow lanes which embraced the grounds of Court Oaks. There was a sharp brush when the inspector suggested that Bimbâshi Barûk had taken no steps to apprehend this mysterious assassin.

"Might I inquire," said the bimbâshi smoothly, "short of throwing a cordon around the neighborhood, what I could have done? Being but one, and indivisible, this maneuver presented certain difficulties."

In fact, Inspector Horley was in a bad humor; it rankled in his memory that the bimbâshi had once succeeded in unraveling a local mystery where he himself had failed; so that at the earliest opportunity which he could decently accept,

(Continued on page 59)

Inspector Horley paused. Mrs. Gil- lam, her delicate color fading, had tottered to a chair, supported by her husband. "Peter," she whispered. Her dark blue eyes seemed to grow black with emotion. "Oh, my dear!"



# Why Meat Must Be Rationed

BY QUENTIN REYNOLDS



An unfamiliar sight nowadays is this 145-pound sirloin of beef held on the shoulder of Emil Feitusch, a New York butcher

**Meat rationing is a military necessity and a protection for the civilian. It does not imply that you or your family will go hungry. On the contrary, carefully worked out plans will provide the home front with all the meat that it needs**

**T**HERE was that week when you couldn't buy a steak in Boston or Providence or Worcester or practically anywhere else in New England. There were just no steaks to be had. Nor was there any lamb or pork, and the meat-hungry New Englanders raised their voices in a collective squawk. They squawked to the Department of Agriculture, to the American Meat Institute and to the packers themselves. Only an embarrassed silence met their lusty complaints and soon meat returned and the complaints died down to low grumbles.

They never knew the reason for the shortage and were quite annoyed because neither the government nor the meat industry would give an explanation.

The explanation was simple: Two large ships set out for northern Ireland loaded to the gunwales with meat destined to feed our troops. But the German subs got there first, and the meat fed the fishes of the North Atlantic.

The War Department explained the emergency situation to the packers; the packers grabbed every bit of meat that was headed for New England and diverted it to ships which were waiting. In no time at all, the ships were loaded and sailed off to allay the meat shortage among our troops in northern Ireland. Yet for security reasons, the Navy could not announce the loss of the two sunken ships, and that was the reason for the embarrassed silence on the part of the government and the packers.

Any time that there is a meat shortage in some parts of the country, a similar incident may be the reason. In December, 1941, there was a terrific meat shortage in San Diego, Los Angeles and all other southern California cities. The native sons were very indignant. But once again there was no explanation.

It can be told now that, when Pearl Harbor was bombed, a warehouse containing one million pounds of meat was destroyed. All meat that was headed from Kansas City and Chicago for southern California was diverted and by December 10th was loaded and en route to Pearl Harbor to feed hungry Army, Navy and Marine personnel. As the war becomes grimmer, more of these incidents are bound to happen; temporary meat shortages are sure to occur.

Meat shortages of another type occurred last summer and fall in some cities, notably in the Northeastern states. These were due to the fact that the March price ceilings were relatively lower in these cities than in other cities. The total demand for meat was greater than the total supply, owing to the high wartime incomes of workers. The meat then tended to go to the places where the ceilings were higher and not to the places where the ceilings were lower. This has been corrected by establishing uniform ceilings, and shortages of this type will not recur.

Even without further such shortages or without sinkings and bombings, there will be a relative shortage of meat during the next year. Of course, what we call a shortage would be sheer luxury to the civilians of either Russia or Britain. I spent three months in Russia without ever seeing a steak, and in London you are very lucky (even in the luxury hotels) to get one steak a month. The people of Russia and Britain long ago learned the lesson of total warfare—to wit: civilians have to fight, too. But one of our less attractive heritages is our propensity to delight in squawking about minor complaints until the real pinch comes. Then there is no doubt that we'll be able to take it as well as the civilians of either Russia or Britain.

Take a quick look at the all-over picture of meat in this country and you'll see why there will be a relative meat shortage. You'll realize, too, why meat must be rationed and why it will be to our advantage to have it rationed. Last year, 22 billion pounds of carcass meat were produced by the packers of the country. Four billion pounds went to our Armed Forces and our allies. This

(Continued on page 46)

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY IFOR THOMAS



# WHERE THERE'S A WAY

PHOTOGRAPHS FROM  
INTERNATIONAL

First recognizable part of the wooden submarine chaser is the rib—a single strip of wood which is steamed and put on a rack for bending. The ribs shown right are now ship-shape and are being removed for fitting into the keel. Each rib constitutes a half-section, one for each side of the ship



**Y**ACHT and pleasure-craft catalogues that catered to cruising America are back numbers today, and the small shipyards that turned out the luxury cruisers are now building mine sweepers, subchasers and coastal transports for the Navy.

The glamor of the steel battle wagons and the streamlined efficiency of the cruiser aren't here, but the small sisters of the giant fighting ships, built by descendants of early American shipwrights, are sliding down the ways every day as part of the Navy's program to clear the seas of enemy mines and submarines.

Using wood as the predominating structural material, the old shipbuilders are spending their time and talents on work of lifesaving importance to the armed and armored products of the nation's larger shipyards.

Typical of the present business-before-pleasure yards that dot the New England coast (some of them tracing back over a long history of outfitting the early fishing settlements) are those of William A. Robinson, Inc., and Simms Brothers. These firms, well known to pleasure-boat owners, are making new names for themselves in war production. The workers are recognized shipbuilding craftsmen of long standing, many of them having been called into service recently after years of retirement. Age seems to be no handicap. Some of the shipbuilders are eighty years old.

The photographs on this and the opposite page show steps in wooden-ship building, from the initial curved ribs to a fully rigged subchaser ready to do its part for victory. ★★★

The keel has already been completed and the first ribs of a wooden coastal transport are shown being fitted to the keel. Made up in sections, these ribs are then put together before being hoisted into place on the keel. The rib-work of another transport, farther along the ways, is visible in the background



Resembling the skeleton of a paleolithic monster, the nearly finished ribwork of a small transport stretches out (upper right toward the bow. Workmen with a variety of tools including an adze (extreme left of picture) put the finishing touches on the interior. Many of the men are descendants of a long line of New England shipbuilders. Several of them long since retired, are back at work for the duration

All dressed up for its debut subchaser No. 979 is ready to be christened and slid down the ways for its dangerous but useful career of clearing the seas of enemy pigboats. The two pictures at the right show workmen knocking out the chocks in preparation for the event, and the ship as it slides into the water pennants flying. Another headache for the Axis is about to churn seaward









Beset with gas rationing, wage ceiling and maid shortage, Linda Darnell puts up for sale her Brentwood mansion. Asking price: \$50,000



What her new home—a small, court apartment, near 20th Century-Fox studios—lacks in Hollywood "swank" it makes up for in convenience

# Hollywood Holocaust

By Kyle Crichton

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S  
BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS



Hollywood has the following: (a) No gas, (b) no hired help, (c) no money, (d) an awful ache in the head. The \$25,000 ceiling depresses them; the gas rationing murders them; they sell their homes; they cook their own meals. The amusement center of the world is definitely not amused

THE ceiling has fallen in on Hollywood, and the screams of the wounded are pitiful. The \$25,000-a-year wage freeze was deadly, but gas rationing really piled woe upon anguish. On December 1, 1942, a famous motion-picture actress sat by the side of her swimming pool in Bel-Air and keened in misery. She was by turn tragic, indignant, mournful and irate.

"Why, this gas rationing," she cried, tearfully bitter. "It's—it's worse than being bombed!"

Allowances must be made for a lady who has been sorely tried. Instead of six servants, she now has two—and she hears strange sounds in the kitchen that convince her she will soon be alone. Her chauffeur has been drafted; her butler is working at Lockheed. Her flower gardens are a wreck because the Japs who once tended them are in internment camps. She sits on her mountain peak, ten miles from the studio where she supplies beautiful allure for the multitudes, and thinks of her gas-rationing card and her puny twenty-five grand, and weeps savagely.

Do you think this is farfetched and merely literary? Well, answer me another question: How much dough have you in the kick, and how high will you go for a castle? For instance, here's a little \$82,000 job owned by a famous actress. It has five master bedrooms, a swimming pool, tennis court, guest house and three acres of ground in a swank neighborhood. Would you give as much as \$20,000 and take in the bargain a few grateful kisses from the harassed lady? Make out the papers, my boy, and the thing is yours.

I have another little bargain here that will make your eyes boggle: a fifteen-room villa, fully furnished, swimming pool, guest house, tennis court, stables. The grounds alone cost the owner \$68,000, containing rare shrubs, rare species of trees and gardens that are extraordinary even in southern California. The whole shebang—house, gardens and five acres of ground—\$28,000. What do you say?

## The Hired Help Goes to War

The point, of course, is that you couldn't maintain a place like that with fewer than five servants—and there are no servants. Defense plants have taken them in thousands. Cooks are running drill presses at Douglas or North American; second maids have become riveters.

There was an advertisement in a Los Angeles newspaper:

"Maid wanted; will pay Lockheed wages."

That gets you exactly nowhere. In the first place, you couldn't find the maid and, with the \$25,000 ceiling, you couldn't afford her if you found her. On October 27, 1942, when the government announced the new wage ruling and added that anybody who had already made a gross salary of \$67,200 for the year couldn't draw any more, it was exactly like the days of the bank moratorium in 1933. People who made thousands of dollars a week were destitute. Since most of them customarily live up to everything they make, there was an actual state of panic, with sundry celebrated individuals milling about like desperate mothers in a food riot. At that moment you could have had any house in town as a gift—and you'd have been a fool to take it. The government finally allowed the usual salaries to be paid to the end of the year, but even so, cases of shell shock were widespread.

Clarence Brown, the M-G-M director, deserted his million-dollar estate at Malibu Beach and moved into an apartment in town. (Continued on page 23)

There's no need for a maid to answer the telephone in Miss Darnell's tiny quarters. Anyway, there's hardly standing room for both in the living room. And in the kitchen-dinette, left, it's exactly two steps from cooking to eating



# Virgie Shanghaies Wainwright

By Frank X. Tolbert

ILLUSTRATED BY  
EARL OLIVER HURST

The strategy was all Virgie's but the tactical execution depended upon Sergeant "Asiatic" Donohoe and General Ho. Another smashing triumph for Miss Grew of the United States Marine Corps

NOT meaning any disrespect, of course, Sergeant Michael J. "Asiatic" Donohoe once passed the remark that General Ho Ma-Feng's head looked remarkably like the flight deck of the Saratoga.

General Ho was pretty bald-headed, but he was very youngish in appearance for his fifty-five years and two hundred and fifty pounds of heft. And he was plenty tough, as he proved during a visit last autumn to the Marine Corps Base at New River, N. C.

Ho was a member of the Chinese military mission to the United States, and he came to North Carolina, as guest of Colonel Elmer Grew, to observe the New River Marines in training. The Chinese officer was interested, particularly, in Paramarines and Raiders. For Ho, a Peiping University chemistry professor before the Sino-Japanese War, had first gained military renown as number one train wrecker for China's Eighth Route Army.

The general had a pleasant stay at New River for the first four days. He watched demolition and sabotage squads at their mischief. And he went on landing parties with the Raiders. He was very happy and busy—until Admiral Becker of the Washington Navy Yard and his son, Wainwright, arrived, also as house guests of the Grews.

On the morning following the Beckers' arrival, General Ho was awakened rudely. In fact, the general hadn't been awakened quite so rudely since the time back in 1939 when a Japanese patrol caught him asleep in a foxhole. (One of the Nips held reveille by jabbing the general on the hip pocket with a bayonet. And Ho let out a yelp that must have been heard halfway across Shansi province. Anyway, Ho's men heard him. They bobbed out of their foxholes and, quickly, erased the Japs with machine-gun fire.)

So, on opening his eyes there in the Grews' guest room, the drowsy Chinese thought for a moment that he was back

in a Shansi foxhole and hands were clutching at his throat. Certainly, someone was pawing his face and forcing his mouth apart. He looked up into the fat, frowning face of a small boy. It was Wainwright Becker.

"Hold still, you old Jap rat," ordered the boy.

According to his birth certificate, Wainwright was seven years of age. But Sergeant Donohoe argued that somebody made a mistake. "For how," said Asiatic, "could a kid get so fat and ornery in only seven years?"

After forcing Ho's jaws apart, Wainwright inspected the Chinese's teeth rather closely. Then he moved to the foot of the bed, jerked back the covers and stared at Ho's toes.

"*Che shih-shih ma ya?* (What is this?)" asked Ho. He was so astonished that he spoke in Chinese.

"Shut up, you old spy," replied Wainwright. "You may fool these eight-ball Marines around this old camp. But I know all about you, even if your toes ain't so big."

Wainwright was a child of deep prejudices. He had lived around naval stations all of his life and he had acquired a deep-rooted dislike for Marines. Wainwright had devoted most of his time, since he'd begun to toddle, toward making life miserable for members of the corps.

Ignoring Ho, the fat boy left the bed and began rummaging through some papers on a desk. He picked up the general's reading glasses and examined them intently.

So the general was relieved considerably when Miss Virgie Grew, the colonel's eight-year-old daughter, rapped once on the door and came into the room. Virgie's sweet, sunburned face was expressionless, except that her full, red mouth was set angrily.

"*Nin lai-la!* (Thankful you have come!)" said the Chinese.

"Get out of here, Wainwright," Virgie ordered. "Breakfast is about ready, and you'd better hustle downstairs."

The little boy smiled at Virgie. He scowled at the prone Chinese officer. Then he left the room.

"I knew I could get rid of that little chow-hound if I mentioned breakfast," said Virgie.

Then she spoke to Ho in the Mandarin dialect that she'd learned from her Chinese nurse during Colonel Grew's long tour of duty in Shanghai and Chungking:

"Forgive this little stupid fat one, sir. He is a brother of the rabbit who forgot the seven virtues."

"It is nothing, Sweet One," answered Ho. "I was only startled. But why did the fattened boy examine my teeth, my

The general came down the stairs hurriedly. In fact, he rolled most of the way with a half-dozen golf balls bouncing after him

toes and my simple notes on the table?"

"I fear to tell you, sir," said Virgie. "But the unlettered boy has the fanciful notion that the general is one of the Monkey People. In the presence of his elders, he has stated that the general is really a Japanese spy posing as a leader of the Kuomintang."

Virgie had on green dungarees, very like those worn by Marines at work and in combat, and there was a green beanie set far back on her red hair. When she spoke Chinese her black eyebrows arched with the effort of pronouncing the monosyllables. But, otherwise, her face remained very grave.

She said: "Breakfast will be ready soon, sir."

(Continued on page 24)





# Oil for the Planes of China

By Daniel de Luce

ASSOCIATED PRESS CORRESPONDENT

All the oil the Chinese need can be obtained from Burma—if and when the Allies drive out the Japs. A famous war correspondent tells you here why the enemy will never use the Burmese fields

THE greatest reservoir of fighting manpower to whip the Japanese lies not in the United States, 5,000 miles from Tokyo. It's in free, unoccupied China, with some 250 millions of people, just across a relatively small stretch of water from the Nipponese isles. For five years the Chinese soldier has proved himself every bit as courageous and clever as his Japanese enemy. He has hung on in the face of discouraging odds, lacking modern weapons and an air force.

Anglo-American arsenals should eventually be able to furnish him with these new arms and give him the support of a combined armada of the United States Army Air Forces and the Royal Air Force. However, "the day" is indefinite. In 1943? Perhaps longer. There is a lot of spadework to be done for a great Allied offensive on the Asiatic continent. It is required chiefly in a land of white pagodas and yellow-robed priests—Burma. And it's being planned right now by Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, General Sir Archibald Wavell and Lieutenant General Joseph W. Stilwell.

The transfer of a thousand bombers and a thousand fighting planes from America to China could be made in seven days. But once having got the air fleet into China, the Allies would be little better off than before unless they had Burma. For the Air Force would need fuel—not a piddling few thousand gallons flown laboriously over the eastern tip of the Himalayas for the handful of planes already operating under the command of Brigadier General Claire L. Chennault. To strike effectively, the Air Force would require many thousand tons.

And where's the oil for the future planes of China? In Burma. "Oh!" you say. "Weren't the Burma fields scorched by the British? Or was that just another newspaper story?"

Yes, the Burma fields were scorched, thoroughly scorched. At the moment

they're useless. But listen to the man who did the scorching:

"If the Japanese brought in 15,000 oil specialists and 50,000 tons of equipment and machinery, they could get Burma producing again within a few months. But they have neither the specialists nor the equipment. We have both. We can soon have the wells flowing—if and when we recapture Burma."

For the story of the scorching of Burma, let's begin by looking into a little red-cloth-covered notebook which this itinerant war correspondent bought in Mandalay for ten annas before the shops were bombed and burned down on Good Friday last year. I had it in a sweaty pocket of my khaki shirt when I jeepped through Yenangyaung, oil capital of Burma, on Thursday, April 16, 1942.

Yenangyaung (pronounced yeh-nan-jowng), in Burmese, meant "stream of the smelly waters." Some centuries ago silk-skirted natives had first knelt beside a wide, shallow creek near its confluence with the vast Irrawaddy and scooped up the pungent, black fluid which ran slowly down from shale fissures of the brown hilly slopes along the creek. They took the "smelly water" back to their small dusty villages of palm-leaf roofs and grass-mat walls. They burned it in crude lamps at home and in their hpoongyi kyaungs before the shrine of the beneficent Buddha.

Came the white man. In the last sixty years thousands of derricks had sprung up on the drab hills. They became almost as dense as the teak trees in the Pegu forests. Burma oil, a million tons every twelve months, began lighting many a lamp in greater Asia.

Then came the Jap. He was about thirty miles south of Yenangyaung and pressing hard last April 16th when I walked into the main oil-field powerhouse and met a lean, hard, eagle-nosed English civilian loading his army .38 revolver. Walter L. Forster, of the Shell Oil Company at Cairo, had supervised the demolition of the Rangoon refineries the previous month, calmly departed by boat for India at the very moment the enemy was occupying Rangoon, and

(Continued on page 66)

A job well done. Forster examines what was once a busy machine shop in the Yenangyaung oil fields. It is no prize for the oil-thirsty Jap



Walter L. Forster (left), demolition expert, Bill Munday, Australian correspondent, and de Luce (right) in Yenangyaung, survey heavy machinery rendered useless by British along with \$1,000,000 power plant



In a non-destructive mood, Forster takes time off to rescue a cow from a swimming pool. The water drained, Forster figures way to get cow out

Retreating British pile electrical equipment in pit which will be flooded with oil and set alight. In the background an oil well blazes away





# I'LL BE FOR YOU

By Nancy Titus

ILLUSTRATED BY  
MARIO COOPER

Her only desire was to make him happy. And, in so desiring, she found joy herself

HANNAH awoke, drowsy and happy, with the instinctive pleasure of waking to a new day that is part of being seventeen. She stretched her thin, long legs under the muslin sheets and yawned.

Then she saw on the dresser the little wooden souvenir hammer from the Hotel Belmont and she remembered last night and Bob Huston. And the nagging doubt that had been in her when she went to sleep came back, drumming at her mind again, persistent as a bottle fly against a pane.

She sat up, pushing back the heavy black hair from her pointed, freckle-splashed face.

"But I didn't do anything wrong," she thought.

She heard Mom downstairs in the kitchen, rattling pans, china. She would have begun preparations for the heavy dinner planned for the soldier she had invited to dinner today, through the Y.

Oh, the soldier! Last week Hannah had been excited over the prospect of his coming. But her interest had gone. A lonely soldier in a rumpled khaki uniform. That wasn't what she wanted. She wanted someone . . . glamorous. She wanted the kind of time she had had last night . . . wanted the things that Sally had.

In the bathroom across the hall, the shower came on with a rush. Sally was up. Hannah swung her legs over the bed, her toes wriggling, reaching for her scuffs.

She'd tell Sally about last night. Her sister would understand. She wasn't like Mom. Sally was sophisticated and wise, with a smart cynicism Hannah passionately desired for herself. Sally was engaged to Chandler Lorrان who had obtained a divorce to marry her. She would soon no longer be Sally Wales, secretary to Mr. Lorrان. She would be Mrs. Lorrان, wearing a mink coat; her pictures in the society section of the Holden Times, riding in the Bellevue Hunt, giving big parties. Hannah thought she would rather be Sally than anyone else in the world.

She padded into the bathroom, and Sally thrust her head through the shower curtain. "Hullo, chicken. Up late, aren't you?"

Hannah leaned against the washbasin. "Mmm . . . I was out last night. Sally—"

"Haven't forgotten your soldier's coming today, have you?"

"He isn't mine. He's Mom's. Sally—"

But Sally had withdrawn. "Will you get my breeches and boots out for me, lamb? I told Chan I'd be ready at ten and it's quarter to already. He hates to cool his heels."

It was hard to force the intimate moment for a confidence when Sally was hurrying to meet Chandler. While her sister dressed, Hannah sprawled on the bed, brown legs waving, watching her.

Sally leaned forward at her dressing table, painting on her mouth. She was beautiful. Her face a perfect ivory oval,

its planes and shadows delicate and fine; her eyes brown-wine, behind improbably thick golden lashes; her hair dark honey to her slim shoulders. Her loveliness was so true, Hannah could not envy it.

She could not envy it, but she could wish that some small part of it had gone to her. It was hard to be seventeen now . . . to have come to this breath-taking, trembling, shining moment . . . and to find there was nothing for one.

"I'm all out of tune with everything," Hannah thought.

She longed to be popular; to dance; to have flowers come in square white boxes, in green waxed paper. But who was there who would ask her to dance, send the flowers? So many boys she had known in school were gone; they were dropping out from her class. There were the college boys from Holden University, on the outskirts of the city. But to them she was a town girl. If she had been pretty . . . but she wasn't. She was too small, too boyishly thin; her cheekbones were too high and sharp; her mouth too long; her eyes were neither green nor gray, but both, and so, she thought, nothing. She did not even attract the soldiers from Camp Axton, twenty-five miles away, who thronged the streets on their hours of liberty. To them she was young, a child.

Sally stood up, tucking in her shirt. "How do I look?"

"Okay. Swell."

Hannah did not add: *But tired. Not as much a part of spring as you looked three or four Aprils ago.* There had been a kind of luminous glow to Sally's eyes when she was going out with Tom Fielding. But Tom had been nobody.

"I hope I manage to stay on the darned horse today," Sally said, picking up her gloves.

"Sally—" Hannah began again. Somehow she must tell it now, this morning. She had to be sure.

A HORN sounded loudly outside. "He's here." Sally bent impulsively and touched Hannah's cheek with her smooth red lips. "Wondering about that soldier, aren't you?"

"I am not."

Sally laughed. "You can't fool me." Her booted heels were castanets on the stairs.

"Hannah leaned on the banister. Mom was coming into the hall, her face kitchen-rosy.

"Sally, will you be back for dinner? You know how to handle boys. You can make them laugh."

"I'm a riot, all right." Sally patted her shoulder. "Hannah can do the honors. I'll be back, though. Chandler's coming along afterward with a bottle of wine, in case the military is too difficult."

Mom said nothing. She froze, her mouth tight, but her eyes old and worried when Sally spoke of Chandler Lorrان. Mom was not yet used to the thought of Sally's marrying him.

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Sally's head was down among the perfume bottles . . . the precious bottles, pushed every which way. . . . Hannah said, "Dike's crazy about you. What are you crying for?"





# MISSION OVER KISKA

By Corey Ford

TELEGRAPHED FROM ALASKA

Reclaiming Kiska from the Japs is a job that must be done, but it won't be any cinch. You get the idea after a trip over that fog-shrouded rock in an Army bomber

IT WAS a lucky shot—or maybe it wasn't so lucky. When you're coming in on a low-level attack, some hundred feet above the target, you're open for everything in the books. And the antiaircraft at Kiska is plenty good, make no mistake about that. Already it had done a job on the tough little bomber—shot off the elevator and rudder-trim tabs, sent a bullet through the control pedestal, hemstitched the glass tail, driven a slug through the left engine nacelle and punctured the tire. The turret gunner, looking through the side window, saw the gashed rubber and knew what that would mean when they tried to shoot a landing.

But the shot that did the real damage came in through the right side of the cockpit, blew the copilot's hands full of jagged metal, ricocheted off the window handle and drilled clean through the pilot's foot, before it wound up, spent, on the floor. With a tire flat, the tabs useless, the pilot and copilot both crippled, a landing was impossible—except that in the Air Forces they do the impossible. The copilot, both his hands dangling helpless, handled the rudder and brakes with his feet. The pilot, without feet, fingered the throttles and the control column. Together in perfect teamwork, they wobbled the ship to a safe halt, and the copilot climbed out, the lap of his leather flying pants sticky with blood: "Boy, I was sure scared."

We admitted that was somewhat understandable.

"I mean the weather. I was scared the field would be socked in." He wrapped a handkerchief soberly around his hands. "You know, I'd rather face a Zero in the air than zero-zero on the ground."

For the battle of Kiska—the battle we're fighting in the Aleutians—is not a battle of antiaircraft shells and machine-gun fire and lithe, derisive Zeros, half rolling toward you out of the sun. The battle of the Aleutians is, day after week after month, a battle of weather.

## The Battle with the Elements

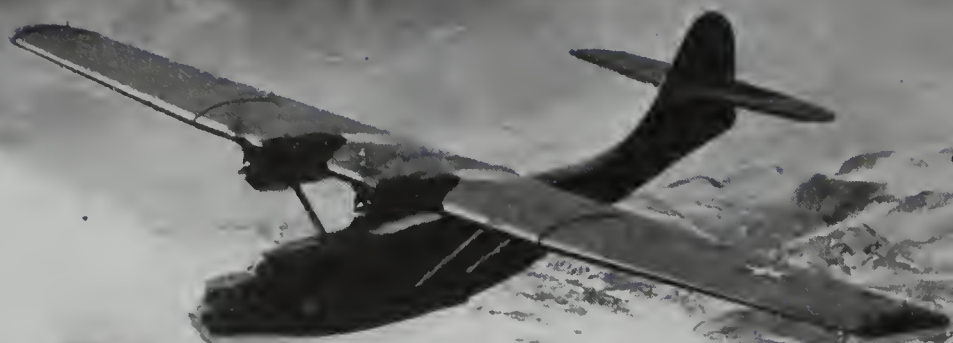
Distance and weather—or rather, distance times weather. A battle of fog and sleet and sudden snow squalls—cavu one minute and snabu the next—and frozen clouds that ice up your wings in a matter of seconds, and williwaws and hundred-mile-an-hour gales that rack your ship or drop it a couple of thousand feet in a breath; all of it multiplied by nine hundred miles of the cruelest and coldest and loneliest ocean in the world, through which only an occasional submerged volcano thrusts its jagged crater.

There are no emergency landings in these islands; the radio beams are distorted and undependable, the water is so cold that a pilot who sets down in it can stay alive only a very few minutes. And yet it is over this silent and storm-shrouded archipelago, cursed with the toughest weather in the world, that our land-based planes must fly to drop their occasional freight of bombs on the enemy's well-bastioned fortresses at the chain's western tip.

Understand the weather and you'll understand why it is difficult to blast the Japs off Kiska by intermittent air attack alone. You can bomb and be damned. The Japs simply pull in their necks till the bombers have gone over and then take advantage of the next ten days of fog to rebuild their installations and ready themselves for the next round.

For Kiska is a tough rock to take. Forget those stories of a few bewildered Nips clinging by their finger tips to a slippery cliff; here is a veritable Bering Sea Malta, its sheltered harbor protected by enfolding hills, its base honeycombed by underground passages, its approaches guarded by antiaircraft as powerful as that of a full-size task force. If you think Kiska is easy, fly over it with the Air Forces on a mission some morning. Look down through the glass nose of a medium bomber and see for yourself just what the Japs have got out there.

You come in low beneath the overcast, and the Bering Sea is a flat, gray meadow, and flocks of white clouds, like sheep, browse placidly below you in the wan winter dawn. You are flying in elements of two, the rest of the medium bombers strung out on either side of you, the slim nervous fighter planes in an intent echelon on your tail. Ahead of you Kiska volcano, at the north tip of the island, is a stationary cloud on the horizon, its (Continued on page 30)



U. S. NAVY

A PB4Y Navy patrol bomber cruises over the cruellest and coldest and loneliest stretch of islands in the world, on the lookout for Jap planes and ships

An Army bomber takes advantage of a rare break in the weather, as a direct hit on this Japanese transport in Kiska harbor leaves it burning and sinking

U. S. NAVY







## Sorry, the Postman says "No!"

**WE WISH** we could mail you a Four Roses Hot Toddy—just to let you know what a downright marvelous cold-weather drink it is.

We can't. So we suggest the next best thing:

If you haven't a bottle of Four Roses on hand, get one at the nearest liquor store. Then just follow these simple directions:

### **Recipe for the world's finest Hot Toddy:**

*Put a piece of sugar in the bottom of a glass and dissolve it with a little hot water. Add a twist of lemon peel (bruise it firmly) . . . four cloves and, if you desire, a stick of cinnamon. Pour in a generous jigger of that matchless whiskey, Four Roses . . . and fill the glass with steaming hot water.*

Now settle back in your favorite chair before the fire and slowly sip the warm

and fragrant masterpiece that you and Four Roses have created!

## **FOUR ROSES**



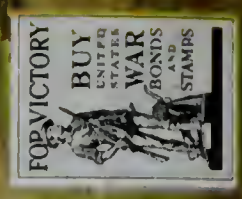
*Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.*





# LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO!

"Getting ready for auction day." Painted from life on a Southern farm by Aaron Bohrod.





# Hollywood Holocaust

Continued from page 16

Sam Woods, the Paramount director, also left the Santa Monica district, where the blackout is absolute and where driving at night is worth a man's life.

Claudette Colbert and Dorothy Lamour gave up their houses and took apartments. Robert Young deserted his ranch in San Fernando Valley and moved near the M-G-M studios in Culver City. Linda Darnell closed her home and offered it for sale.

But if the salary limitation and the servant problem brought furrows to the brows of the lovely, it was the gas rationing that murdered them. No resident of Hollywood ever lives close to anything. If he works at Columbia studios he insists on living at Santa Monica, fifteen miles away. If he works at 20th Century-Fox, he lives in San Fernando Valley, from ten to twenty miles off. Four gallons of gas a week for a Hollywood movie worker means precisely as much as a pint of water a month for a Marine on Guadalcanal.

People living up in the canyons of Beverly Hills might as well be on a raft in the Pacific. There is no bus service; there are no stores for miles; there is no delivery service—nothing but cliffs, crags and nightly fogs. It is in romantic places like this that our friends, the actors, live. They wanted to be different and now they are not only different but stranded.

But you can't be too sorry for the Angelenos. They know they can't get along without tires and they know also they've been burning them up for over a year, at a ruinous rate. They have what they maintain is the finest climate in the world but it never occurs to them to sit down and enjoy it; they must be riding in it before they're pleased. Out they dash every chance they get, neatly bound up in a four-door sedan so the sun won't hit them.

## Treason in Los Angeles

Leon Henderson was lammed for hinting that people who wasted rubber were traitors, but he should have confined the charge to Los Angeles and stuck to it. It is the largest city in area in the world, and the bus and streetcar service is terrible. Distances are literally estimated in sections of five miles; they think nothing of that. So if they aren't stopped from driving, the tires will wear out and when the tires wear out there, the town stops. There will be very little work at Vultee, North American, Lockheed or Douglas airplane plants, and almost none in the motion-picture industry, another war essential.

But it wasn't the wage ceiling that terrified Hollywood so much as the provision in the original ruling that no deductions for expenses would be allowed in income-tax returns. That was a killer!

Previously an actress could claim her agent's fees as a business expense, as well as part of her wardrobe, her advertising and publicity, entertainment, travel and fan-mail expenses. If that has to come out of her \$25,000 net—WOWZIE!

Since no layman could be expected to understand a disaster of such magnitude, we went to see Mr. Forest Monroe, business manager of many cinema celebrities. Mr. Monroe gave us the case history of an actress who operates in the higher brackets. Assuming that she was under contract to make \$99,500 in 1943, under the wage-freezing ruling of October 27, 1942 (with no deductions

allowed for expenses), this is what would happen to her:

Salary	\$67,200
Federal Tax	\$38,200
State Tax	4,000
Victory Tax	3,330
	\$45,530
	\$45,530
	\$21,670
Agent's commission	\$6,720
Charities, 10%	6,720
Publicity, advertising	6,720
Wardrobe	5,000
Misc. Business Expense	2,500
	\$27,660
Minus, or in the red	\$5,990

Did you ever hear of anything like that? The lady makes \$67,200 a year and before she's had a bite to eat, she's almost \$6,000 in the hole. Without paying the rent or slipping a few bucks to

for radio gratis? Will he work for radio and give Paramount his pictures free? If anybody gives him more than his wage ceiling, the culprit can get heaved in the clink for a year and smacked with a nasty little fine.

Furthermore, if an actor works after his level has been reached, the government doesn't get the money he would have made: the company keeps it. That burns up the actor. According to tax authorities, corporation taxes on such additional amounts would be only 40 per cent, which would allow the studio a neat profit.

The studios insist they don't want the money: they want the actors. The actors say in that case why don't the studios turn the extra money over to charity? Did you read where Franchot Tone refused to work for Warner Brothers? If it was a question of working for the

ber last year were laying off. They will lay off this year just as soon as they have reached their ceiling. They will also look closely to find the medium that will keep them most fully in the public eye during their season of financial hibernation. It may be the Broadway stage instead of the movies. With Hollywood already shorthanded from the great number of players going into the armed services, this new blow will be hard to meet.

The original wage-ceiling ruling—holding that expenses were not deductible—meant the guillotine for the Hollywood agents, those ultrapowerful screen figures, and even now the future is not bright because the large fees are ended. We are pained to report that on at least two occasions, well-known actors have taken us into a back room, closed the door carefully, looked around for dictaphones and then cried:

"Haw! Haw! Haw . . . the agents are ruined!" in the most evil-sounding voices. The truth seems to be that actors have merely accepted agents as a necessary evil and will not be injured to the quick if the 10 per cent gentlemen suffer a slightly complete collapse.

## Clipped Wings

Many actors approve of the wage ceiling and others like it for strange reasons. There is the director who hates his producer.

"The louse," he said, "keeps a love nest up at Arrowhead Springs. Now, two things: (a) he can't afford it any longer, and (b) he won't have gas enough to get up there. So he brings his sweetie down here, his wife hears about it and clips him for everything he has. Put me down as in favor of the wage freeze."

There is a possibility that many of the more important stars may be able to arrange things so they will be employers rather than employees, but that will help in only a few cases. James Cagney had formed his own producing company before the wage ceiling was promulgated and he has now been joined by Jack Benny. Others will probably follow. The hitch to this is that actors trying to be producers have invariably been failures. They may avoid the \$25,000 ceiling and lose their shirts in doing it.

Naturally, gas rationing became a racket almost immediately. Nice parasitical boys and girls turned up with "B" and "C" cards while workers often had to be content with "A" cards. The climax was reached at the Pasadena Rose Bowl game when 30,000 cars were parked around the stadium, 8,000 more than had ever attended the game in pre-rationing days. The uproar over this was tremendous, and movie stars who had moved back to their mountain eyries with the thought that the worst was over, began trembling again at the possibility of government investigations.

There is gas bootlegging already and there will be much more of it. There will be tax dodgers and tax delinquencies. There will be men suddenly turning patriotic to enter the services with a view to delaying their taxes until after the war. There have been profound discussions on the need of discovering "legitimate" means of postponing extra salary payments till after the war.

The movie lawyers and tax experts, sore and chastened from previous tax trials, admonish gently.

"That way, dear children," they say sadly, "lies Atlanta."

THE END

## BUTCH

by CPL. LARRY REYNOLDS



the hired help or dropping the four gallons in the tank, she's broke. Is there a dry eye in the house?

Just when it seemed that a wave of suicides would clutter up the famous bridge at Pasadena, the government in Washington relented. The Treasury Department still maintained that no deductions could be allowed from the \$67,200 wage-freeze level but permitted "an additional salary equal to expenses." This means that actors may again be making \$100,000 a year—but they won't be getting any more than \$25,000 a year when it's all over.

If they can only gross \$67,200 (or something more to cover expenses), are they still going to work after the level has been reached? That question has everybody worried. Take the case of Bing Crosby, for example. His rate for one picture at Paramount is more than his wage ceiling. In addition he makes a fortune on radio. What's he going to drop? Will he make a picture and work

government for free, he didn't mind; but he didn't want to make beggars out of the Warner boys.

The wage-freezing edict has had tremendous repercussions already. Take the matter of contracts, those seven-year affairs by which the company has you for that length of time but can drop you at the end of any six-months period. If the option is taken up, however, the actor gets a raise in salary. Now salaries are frozen. "Oops, sorry!" cries the producer when the option period arrives. "If I raise your ante, the government smacks me." The actor answers very civilly that if the contract isn't fulfilled, obviously it is dead—and goodbye, Mr. Producer. *Oh, no!* screams that worthy, who is already going mad for lack of performers . . . and they've been trying to work it out.

Actors are patriotic but they are also human beings. The latter truth has already become manifest. Stars who had exceeded their \$67,200 limit in Novem-



## Virgie Shanghaies Wainwright

Continued from page 17

### LIGHTER MOMENTS

with **fresh**  
**Eveready**  
**Batteries**



"Loan me your flashlight  
willya? The Major's got  
a little something in his  
eye"

FRESH BATTERIES LAST  
LONGER... Look for  
the date line →



PRACTICALLY every branch of our fighting forces makes some important use of "Eveready" batteries. There are few for civilians—so use yours only when necessary.

**EVEREADY**  
TRADE-MARK

The word "Eveready" is a registered trade-mark of National Carbon Company, Inc.

And then she went downstairs. She was afraid the general would be very angry. In the kitchen, she told Creola, the Negro cook:

"Wainwright is not helping international relations any by calling Chinese gentlemen Jap rats. I got to figure out some way to see that Wainwright leaves with his dad tomorrow. We don't want him here for any long visit."

"I don't know nothin' 'bout these inernashnul relations," replied Creola, "but Wainwright is a powe'ful trial to all he close relations, including 'at old admir-ul. Hit was this way back in Washin'ton. He pa was always sending Wainwright over to our house jus' to get shed of him."

"We got to shanghai that little poge," said Virgie, firmly.

Admiral Becker, Colonel Grew and Wainwright were seated at the breakfast table as Virgie and Creola came out of the kitchen. Creola brought in a big platter of crisp brown pork chops. She placed the platter well out of Wainwright's reach. But the boy stood up in his chair and grabbed a couple of the chops.

Mrs. Grew, at the foot of the stairs, called, "Breakfast is ready, General Ho."

The general came down the stairs hurriedly. In fact, he rolled most of the way with a half-dozen golf balls bouncing after him.

Someone had dropped some golf balls on the second step of the stairs.

"I don't know who could have been so careless," said Mrs. Grew. "Elmer hasn't played golf since 1939."

Colonel Grew helped Ho to his feet.

"It is no matter," said the Chinese, politely. "I am not injured."

VIRGIE regarded Wainwright accusingly. The boy avoided her eyes. He was starting on his second pork chop. But he stopped eating for a while and watched the general with a fixed, hostile stare.

Mrs. Grew spoke to the admiral: "It's too bad you have to leave tomorrow. Couldn't you let Wainwright stay for a visit with us? Virginia gets so lonesome here at New River."

"Well," replied Admiral Becker, and he seemed very happy, "I'm coming back here in a couple of weeks on an inspection tour and I could pick him up then."

"We'd love to have you, dear," said Mrs. Grew, smiling at Wainwright, "wouldn't we, Virginia?"

"Yeah," said Virgie. She thought, "I'll get the bulkhead stare if that fat feather-merchant stays here for two weeks. And he'll ruin the general's visit and, maybe, make the general mad at us."

The fat little boy held a pork chop at high port and grinned at Mrs. Grew and Virgie.

"You can stay, Wainwright," said the admiral, "if you'll promise to behave."

Virgie drank her milk and asked permission to leave the table. She'd lost all appetite.

Colonel Grew said, "We're going over to the Parachute School this morning. We'll be in the station wagon, and Virgie and Wainwright can come along."

Mrs. Grew looked troubled. "Perhaps you'd better leave the children here. I don't want Virginia near the rifle range or near those jumping towers. You know how things like that upset the child. And she has been more nervous than ever since we moved to this camp."

"There'll be no shootin'," said the colonel. "The kids won't be in the way. Sergeant Donohoe is going to give us a

demonstration of unloading cargo chutes under simulated fire."

"Simulated," said Mrs. Grew, in a low voice. And she made no more protests.

"Asiatic has been made platoon sergeant since he became an instructor at the Parachute School," said Colonel Grew.

Wainwright made a grunting noise from behind a piece of toast and his round face turned red. Of all Marines, the little boy hated Sergeant Donohoe most. On their last meeting, at the Marine Barracks in Washington, Asiatic had paddled Wainwright most vigorously.

A half-hour later, with Colonel Grew driving, the party started for the Parachute School on Hadnot Point. The colonel stopped the station wagon in the boondocks near the obstacle course. He said to the admiral and General Ho:

"I've got some kinks in my legs and I need exercise. How about running the obstacle course with me? It'll settle your breakfast."

Ho and Becker were in dungarees. So they agreed. And the three athletic veterans set out through the pines. The children stayed in the car—until the men got out of sight. Then Virgie got out and took a look at a Garand rifle in a sling on the side of the car. Wainwright got out and started down the trail after the men.

The little boy caught up with the men at the fifth obstacle, a culvert pipe of galvanized steel. Colonel Grew and the admiral were snaking through the pipe as Wainwright entered the clearing. Then they loped on toward the sixth obstacle, a scaffold. The Chinese officer had stopped after the fourth obstacle to tie his shoe. He had considerable difficulty entering the narrow pipe, and it was several minutes before Ho's bald head appeared out of the mouth of the tube. The general was squirming about, and Wainwright saw that the Chinese was wedged in the pipe. Ho turned in

the tube, trying to get free, and looked up into Wainwright's bold round face.

"Please, some help, little one," said Ho.

But the boy only replied:

"You old Jap rat, you, I wouldn't give you all the hay you could eat if you were a blind donkey in a cement pasture with a muzzle on. Maybe, I can make you confess now."

Wainwright picked up a heavy branch, brushing Ho's face with the leaves. Then he began waving the club menacingly over the helpless Chinese officer.

AFTER Wainwright ran off into the pines, Virgie also left the station wagon. Near by, a group of Paramarines, under the tutelage of Sergeant Donohoe, were throwing dummy hand grenades. Virgie went over to watch the show.

Asiatic, standing erect, was throwing grenades through "windows" at various heights on a scaffold. Then the big sergeant started firing at a small pit far down the field. He'd start from prone position, rise to one knee and heave the grenades with a mechanical sort of accuracy into the target. Before the war, Donohoe had been one of the Fourth Marines' best hurlers in the Shanghai baseball league.

Asiatic stopped and said, "The smoking lamp is lit. You guys can take a few minutes' breather, but I don't want no sky-larking." He said to Virgie:

"You shouldn't be hanging around here, honey. This grenade course, even if we ain't throwing live ones today, ain't no place for a little gal. Your maw thinks you don't even know what a grenade is."

"Aw, this isn't any more dangerous than watching a ball game," replied Virgie. "Asiatic, I was wondering if you could throw a golf ball into a bowl of gravy at fifteen yards!"

Before the Marine could reply to this strange question, Virgie continued:

### MR. FALA OF THE WHITE HOUSE

by ALAN FOSTER



"The President has a tendency to pamper me"

COLLIER'S



"I think you'd better hike over there in the pines and take a look around, Asiatic. That little poge, Wainwright Becker, is visiting us. And he's over there trying to run the obstacle course, or something."

Virgie followed Asiatic as far as the station wagon. There, the little girl took the Garand rifle from its sling and began to make a detail strip of the weapon on the fender.

When Donohoe arrived at the fifth obstacle on the course he saw Wainwright dancing around the mouth of the culvert pipe and, occasionally whacking the general's head with the branch. Wainwright was yowling:

"You old Jap rat, if you don't confess I'll knock the hootin'-nanny-hoot out of you."

Asiatic jerked the club from the boy's paws. Wainwright, with his fat little knees hitting together, ran down the trail toward the station wagon. Donohoe could not follow, for he was very busy trying to remove the Chinese from the pipe. Finally, the general was freed, after ripping his dungarees and leaving some hide inside the tube.

General Ho rubbed his head, which was scratched and bleeding a little. He said:

"Was engaged in running this excellent course when unfortunate accident occurred, Sergeant. Would you care to accompany me for remainder of way? It seems I have need of a bodyguard with that devil's brat loose in the woods."

"Yes, sir," said Asiatic.

BACK at the station wagon, Virgie had completed the detail strip, and the parts of the Garand were laid out neatly on the fender. But the little girl cupped her hands and swept together the parts of the trigger group. Next she took a half-dozen golf balls from the glove case and scrambled them among the metallic parts. She dropped the stock group and barrel and receiver group on the ground. She was thus engaged when Wainwright, breathless, came out of the pines.

"What you doin', Virgie? Who taught you to take rifles apart?"

"Anybody with my time in the Marines ought to be able to service a 155-millimeter," replied Virgie. "How about watching these parts while I go over to the course and look for my dad."

"Okey-dokie," said Wainwright. He was so exhausted that he lay down on the fender. And he was picking the golf balls from among the Garand parts when Admiral Becker and Colonel Grew returned to the car.

"What the devil is going on here?" said the admiral, looking at the scattered parts and the golf balls on the fender. The operating rod spring was now lying on the ground, along with the stock group and the barrel and receiver group. The admiral had scratched his leg on barbed wire and he was in an angry mood.

"It looks like what's left of a rifle," said the colonel, and he was angry, too. No one could mistreat a rifle around Colonel Grew.

"I didn't do nothing," sputtered Wainwright, stuffing golf balls in his pockets. "Virgie done it."

But at that moment, General Ho, Asiatic and Virgie came up the trail to the car. And the Chinese officer said, "Miss Virgie has been with us for some time."

"I suppose those are your golf balls, too, Wainwright?" said the admiral, sternly. "I'll attend to you when we get home. One more break from you and I'll take you home tomorrow."

Virgie gathered up the rifle parts, tenderly. And, as the station wagon

sped on toward the Parachute School, she reassembled the weapon.

That evening Creola had prepared a particularly good meal, including barbecued ribs and gravy, candied yams, hot biscuits. Admiral Becker was the last to appear for dinner. And he repeated the general's morning performance on the stairs. Only, this time, the golf balls had been planted on about the fourth step and the admiral did only two barrel rolls on the way down.

The admiral picked himself up from the floor, slowly, and then he fixed a savage glare on his son.

"I didn't do nothin'," said Wainwright, his mouth full of candied yam. "Here's my golf balls right here." And he removed several of the balls from his pockets and placed them beside his plate.

Admiral Becker might have seized his offspring right there had not Creola entered with a platter of barbecued ribs and with a huge bowl of gravy and a smaller bowl of "devil's sauce."

"No bones broken, I guess," said the admiral to Colonel Grew. And then he seated himself at the table and said, cheerfully, "There's no one in the world who can barbecue ribs and make barbecue sauce half so well as Creola."

"Chris-mas gi'f, Admir-ul," said Creola, and she laid the big bowl of gravy carefully between Admiral Becker and Wainwright. Then the Negro girl started back to the kitchen.

"I skinned my hand today," said Virgie, and displayed one of her tanned little paws for the admiral's inspection.

"That's too bad, honey—" began the admiral. He never finished the sentence. For something soared through the air and landed plop in the gravy bowl. Admiral Becker's face and his dress blouse were covered with gravy. The bowl turned over and a golf ball rolled out.

Wainwright dropped a rib, took one look at his father and then headed for the stairs as fast as his fat legs could carry him.

"Excuse me, please," said the admiral, mopping gravy from his face. And he followed his son up the stairs.

FIVE minutes later, Virgie, General Ho and Sergeant Donohoe were sitting on the back porch of Colonel Grew's quarters. They were chewing on barbecued ribs and watching the moon rise out of the broad river. It was a cool night and the pines showed silver in the moonlight. Far out in the timber they could hear boys' voices. Some outfit was on a night combat problem. Too, there were angry yells from the second floor of the Grews' house. Wainwright was getting what his father later described as the "licking of his life."

"It was all well planned," said the general. "Creola laid the bowl in exactly the right spot and opened the kitchen door at just the right time, when the admiral's head was turned, for the throw."

"I guess you know, honey," said Asiatic to Virgie, "that I took an awful chance hiding in the kitchen and throwing golf balls on the colonel's table. If he'd seen me I'd be secured in the brig for the rest of this cruise."

"Speaking of chances," said the general, "I was almost caught leaving those golf balls on the stairs for Admiral Becker."

"Now you can really get down to business, sir," said Virgie, "with Wainwright shoving off tomorrow."

"During the Fattened Boy's visit my time has not been altogether wasted," replied General Ho Ma-Feng, "for you know I came down here to study new methods of sabotage."

THE END

## WHAT I LACK IS VITAMIN Y-O-U!



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# MIKE MORAN'S MEN

By Frank D. Morris

Part 2 of the story of the cruiser Boise—how Mike Moran and his men and his ship survived a blind half-hour of hell that saw the death of six Japanese warships in the sea battle off Guadalcanal



Reviewing the Boise's part in the Solomons action, Captain E. J. "Iron Mike" Moran follows the cruiser's course on a map of the South Pacific with Lt. Kenneth McArdle (left) and Lt. Nate R. White

U. S. NAVY



THE light cruiser Boise was in plenty of trouble. Two Jap cruisers were blazing away at her and the straddles of their salvos were delivering punishing blows. Two of her forward turrets had been struck by heavy shells, and another shell had zipped through her starboard side nine feet below the waterline and let go in a magazine. A direct hit in a powder magazine—a sailor's nightmare.

Explosions in the magazine forked white-hot flames into the handling room adjacent. Every man in the path of those flames was killed. The hot, acrid gases they ferried covered even a wider area and sent the few survivors choking and stumbling through the narrow exits.

In a space just aft of this inferno, Gunner's Mate Paul Kunkel was busy feeding an ammunition hoist. When the magazine was hit, he was bowled over, but a second or two later, Paul was right back on his job. Then he sniffed gas fumes and traced them to a door leading into the handling room. As he opened this door, flames leaped out, so he closed it in a hurry. He didn't need the warning just then coming over the loud-speaker: "Fire in the forward magazine." He'd seen it.

Smoke and burning powder fumes were thick around him as he corralled the half-dozen colored mess attendants in his crew of powder handlers and guided them aft toward escape hatches. On the way, Gunner's Mate Kunkel came across a Marine wandering aimlessly in a smoke-filled passageway. Placing a hand on the Marine's shoulder, Kunkel conducted him aft to the nearest hatch leading to an open deck. For a while there was trouble with the steel dogs that held the hatch closed, but finally they gave way and Kunkel with his little band piled out on deck.

The Boise's chief carpenter, Harold Thomas, wasn't so fortunate. As leader of Repair Party One, stationed forward, he and his men had just resumed their post after dousing the fire in Captain Moran's cabin and he was waiting for further orders. When these orders finally came through from Central Station, "Repair One lay forward to fire in forward magazine," there was no reply from Thomas or his men. They couldn't answer. All of them had been killed instantly by concussion.

"Flood the forward magazine!"

## The Repair Party Takes Over

Carpenter Kelley immediately took over his chief's job and led another repair party forward. With the help of Boatswain's Mate Donahue, he manned the flood valves of the magazine, but neither was sure they would work because of the terrific damage the blast had caused in that part of the ship. They soon found out, however, that the flooding operation wasn't necessary. Sea water rushing in through the underwater hole that one of the Jap shells had made was doing the job for them.

The men left in the magazine and handling room were beyond help then, so Kelley and Donahue concentrated on the rescue of another shipmate. Ship-fitter Binder was on duty in the pump room in the Boise's bow directly under the flooded compartment. A hatch leading to the pump room was already under several feet of water when Donahue dived down, secured a line to the hatch cover and, with Kelley's aid, forced it open against the heavy pressure of the rising water. Then they hauled Binder up to safety.

At this time, the bow of the Boise was enveloped in flame and smoke. All three forward turrets were out of action and two of them were blazing furiously. "Garf" Thomas, a junior-grade lieutenant, was officer-in-charge in Turret One. When the enemy projectile—a lucky, freak hit—penetrated his turret, Lieutenant Thomas actually heard it splutter before the fuse went off. Over his phone headset, Thomas ordered all of his men below in the magazine and the handling room and on the shell deck to clear their stations. At the same time, he was shunting the turret crew through the escape-hatch opening on deck.

Although his battle station was nearest this hatch, Garf didn't attempt to leave it until most of the men around him in the crowded turret had got clear. Then it was too late. With a thundering roar, the shell

Still showing the scars of her battle wounds, the Boise arrives at the Philadelphia Navy Yard for repairs. She took a direct hit from an 8-inch shell and several hits from 5-inch shells and was set afire. The death toll of her crew in battle was 107



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detonated, and flames filled the steel pill-box, killing the 26-year-old officer at his post. Thomas' quick thinking and disregard for his own safety saved the lives of eleven men. The citation accompanying the Navy Cross he was awarded posthumously testifies to that.

Young Thomas, nicknamed "Beaverhead" because he always wore his hair close-cropped, was one of the most popular j.o.'s aboard ship. His disposition was famous in the wardroom; no one could ever ruffle it. Garf, who came from Colver, Pennsylvania, had been on the All-America soccer squad at Penn State where he graduated four years ago.

One hundred and seven of Iron Mike Moran's men died a hero's death that night on the Boise. As the survivors of Turret One tumbled out on deck, they saw the fate they had escaped. Turret Two, directly above the magazine that had been hit, was a holocaust with streams of fire pouring out of all its apertures. Not a man inside was alive. Even the deck they trod was splintered and burning, and tongues of flame shot high up the forward superstructure, past Captain Moran on his flying bridge. The air was heavy with suffocating fumes that caused men dragging fire hoses forward to topple over unconscious.

The Boise was down by the head and listing to starboard as the ocean poured in through the gaping hole in her side. But she was still maintaining a respectable speed, and her two after turrets were still blazing away at the Jap heavy cruiser that had done all this damage.

For three full minutes, the Jap heavy cruiser blanketed this light cruiser with eight-inch and smaller shells. Near misses spouted geysers of salt water over the men fighting the fo'c'sle fire and drenched the gunners on the secondary battery, which also was still in there punching. "The Champ" was groggy and it looked like a certain knockout, but Iron Mike Moran, the fighting Irishman, was never one to quit.

#### Give-and-Take Punishment

When he saw his forward guns shot out of action, however, Mike also realized that the severe damage the Boise had sustained forward might put her out of control, so he swerved out of column to the left. Of all the ships in her task group, the Boise had been the focus of give-and-take punishment, and now Iron Mike was grateful when he saw a heavy cruiser astern close up the column to protect his departure.

This neighbor ship's heavier guns and the sixes of the Boise in her after turrets laid down a barrage on the Jap ship that must have made her skipper sorry she had ever left port. Before Mike had given his final "Cease firing" order, he and his men had the satisfaction of seeing the enemy heavy cruiser shattered by an explosion that caused her to sink a few minutes later.

The Boise had been in action exactly twenty-seven minutes. In that brief span, she had scored direct hits on six enemy ships and, with the aid of the other ships in her group, had sunk each target. Two Japanese heavy cruisers, a light cruiser and three destroyers would try no more sneak troop landings at night on Guadalcanal or any other place. Some 30,000 tons of scrap steel now lay on the ocean bottom, under the deep blue waters of Cape Esperance.

But now you wouldn't bet a nickel on the Boise's own chances to escape that same scrap pile. As she limped away from the task group, the commanding officer of that force took a long look at her blazing hulk and stoically gave her up for lost. He knew the chances of

survival for a ship on fire with tanks of fuel oil and a cargo of ammunition to feed the flames.

Iron Mike Moran and his fighting men, however, were determined to save her. While fire-fighting parties on deck trained their hoses on the burning turrets and fo'c'sle, Carpenter Kelley was busy below with his repair party, patching up the shattered, flooded area surrounding the exploded magazine. Heavy timbers were jammed against forward bulkheads to shore them up against the pressure of tons of water still coming in through the bows. Mattresses and bedding were stuffed in smaller holes in the ship's side, and submersible pumps were rigged to keep the Boise afloat.

Carpenter Kelley, an enlisted man who had been promoted to the grade of warrant officer just a short time before, proved during the next few hours that the promotion had been one of our Navy Department's soundest investments. The damage-control assignment given him and his willing men was a mammoth one. Several separate fires were raging below decks, two shells had penetrated

he turned the hose over to others and worked his way through the darkness to the fan room where he found Seaman Kreth lying on deck, badly hurt by shell fragments. Ward cut away Kreth's clothing, injected morphine to ease the pain and put a tourniquet on the seaman's wounded arm before one of the busy pharmacist's mates took him off to a battle-dressing station.

Ward then made an attempt to enter stricken Turret Two, but the hatch was jammed. Going below, he next put on a rescue breathing apparatus and, taking a flashlight, went into the compartment where Chief Carpenter Thomas and his Repair One had been felled. Ward had volunteered to remove the bodies. The smoke and gas were still thick in here, but Ward decided that the breather wasn't giving him enough air, so he took off its facepiece, exposing his lungs to the poisonous atmosphere. He had succeeded in getting some of the bodies out when, choking and gasping, he was ordered topside for fresh air.

Shortly after this, he was busy again, helping to shore up a shaky bulkhead

the explosion in there, getting a broken nose and a pair of black eyes. Taking time out to report to a battle-dressing station, Moore waited until the doctor had stitched up his nose, then he hurried back to the fo'c'sle to help with the fires.

"Get rid of those lifejackets!" Captain Moran, from the flying bridge, pointed to a pile of kapok jackets burning and smoldering atop Turret Two, showering sparks all over the fo'c'sle. From the group of men on deck, one climbed up on the hot turret, busily cut away the lashings on the lifejackets and tossed them over the side. He had finished this job and had disappeared back in the crowd without anyone ever finding out who he was.

The Boise was now rounding the western end of Guadalcanal. She was strictly on her own as the navigator, Lieutenant "Squidge" Lee, held her on a course for the rendezvous the task commander had announced when the ships set out to intercept the Japs.

Captain Moran and the navigator weren't too sure she would ever keep that rendezvous. Those turret fires were bad. The temporary shoring up of damaged bulkheads might last only so long—they were giving trouble now—and it was becoming a race between the submersible pumps and the water seeping through the mattress-patched holes in the ship's sides. And down by the head as she was, a 10,000-ton fighting ship is hard to handle.

#### A Race with Death

Back in the chief petty officers' quarters there was another race. In the emergency hospital set up there after the Boise's sick bay had been shelled, Lieutenant Commander Kenney and Lieutenant Baxter, the ship's doctors, were running a race with death. As the men more seriously wounded in the battle were brought in, they were placed on the chief's mess tables, now subbing as operating tables. Pharmacist's mates and hospital-corps men were patching up the lesser wounds, and volunteer workers, released from their regular battle stations, were busy with bandages and splints.

At the finish, the race proved definitely one-sided. With but one exception, every man brought there for treatment was saved. The exception was a sergeant major of Marines, Berry Perry. Sergeant Perry, stationed in one of the forward handling rooms, had been severely gassed when the magazine was fired. Impatiently he allowed shipmates to carry him aft for treatment, but as soon as the doctors had finished with him and ordered him to a bunk, he said, "Aw, I'm all right," and went up on deck to join the fire fighters. Subsequently he manned his battle station at every call to general quarters, but the next day he collapsed. His lungs had got more gas than they could take, and death followed.

Gas and smoke fumes caused many more men to keel over during and after the brief battle. But hardly had a victim hit the deck before one of his able-bodied shipmates saw him and leaned over to give artificial respiration. Dozens of men were revived this way. One of them, Junior Lieutenant Henry Clark, had been given up for dead. He had been found lying on deck, and when one of the medical volunteers examined him, there was no trace of a pulse, so the volunteer left him there and went to revive others who did show signs of life.

A short time later, Joe Hanto, a warrant machinist, saw Clark's prostrate body and recognized it as that of his boss in the engine room. Getting down on



the Boise's bow close together, tearing a large hole and flooding the first platform and part of the third deck. A freak hit by an eight-inch shell also had nosed through her starboard side, ricocheted on a thick armored deck, leaving a gouge in the steel inches deep, and had passed through the portside of the ship without exploding. But the holes it left were open to the sea, which now poured in.

The damage-control men worked under the greatest difficulties. After the Boise had withdrawn from action, their boss in Central Station, Commander Wolverton, had cut out all power to the forward part of the ship, to prevent short circuits and possible electrical fires. That meant they had to work in darkness, using electric torches and sloshing through water several feet deep. Stifling gases and thick smoke still pervaded that part of the ship, forcing the repair crews to don gas masks.

#### First-Aid in the Dark

Typical of the men struggling to save the ship was a young shipfitter named Ward. He had helped put out the fire in the captain's cabin and now was standing by with a fire hose at the blazing forward magazine. Word reached him that a man had been hurt in the fan room, so

and managed to get a submersible pump rigged in a flooded compartment. Then he found a man who had been gassed and helped him up to the open deck.

Ward's report on all these activities ended up with: "By this time I had taken too much gas and smoke, and was getting sick. I made my way aft to the after battle-dressing station where I got some much needed water. Doctor Smith made me lie down on a table. For the next two hours, I recall very little."

Mike Moran's men had the fo'c'sle deck fire out in less than an hour, but the fires inside the turrets were still raging. All hope had been given up for the men trapped there, but one man aboard, Edward Tyndal, a gunner's mate, wasn't convinced of that. He had been on duty below decks during the action, but now he stood before flaming Turret Two pleading with his superior officers to let him go inside to rescue any men who might be alive. One of the men in there was his kid brother Bill. Ed was twenty-two; Bill was twenty. Three times, Ed tried to get permission to crawl in through the escape hatch, but wiser minds restrained him. They knew he could never come out alive.

Ermo Moore was one of those lucky enough to have escaped from Turret One. He had been battered around by





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his knees, Joe tried to resuscitate him. For a half-hour, his strong hands worked unceasingly on the lieutenant's diaphragm, but breathing still hadn't been restored. Joe didn't give up. For fifteen minutes more, he continued to work over his chief and then he felt a feeble pulse beat. With that much encouragement, Joe kept up his pumping until the patient's breathing was almost normal.

Lieutenant Clark is alive today, thanks to Joe Hanto's devotion and persistence. When the ship's doctors examined the lieutenant later, they found him quite intact except for a cracked rib. Joe Hanto, as previously mentioned, had powerful hands.

By 2:40 in the morning, Captain

Moran had received a report that all fires were safely out and that other damage was well under control. Commander Culver, the Boise's executive officer who had come forward from his battle station after the action to direct the repair work, proudly announced the details to Iron Mike. The ship was still maintaining her speed, the wavering bulkheads had been given extra reinforcement, and emergency patches and suction pumps were holding their own against the sea.

That report should have ended Mike's worries, at least temporarily, but it didn't. He had been holding the Boise on a course for the prearranged rendezvous with the rest of the task group. But five minutes after the report was made,

several ships loomed out of the darkness, and neither Captain Moran nor any other man aboard was at all sure whether they were friendly or another gang of prowling Japs. Furthermore, the Boise had been thought sunk and, even if these blacked-out ships approaching were her own, what was to prevent them from mistaking her for an enemy and opening fire? It was a ticklish decision for the skipper of a crippled ship—of any ship.

Abruptly Mike Moran ordered the signal officer to challenge with the Boise's recognition signal. As it flashed on, all hands waited for the answer. In just a few seconds, the challenge was answered—without sound effects. The replies flashed by the other ships admitted

the Boise to their company. But the commander of the task group still thought she was a ghost. From his flagship he sent Iron Mike three additional querying messages before he was convinced that she really was the Boise.

Back in her regular station in column and breezing along at twenty knots, the Boise headed for her base. Shortly after daylight, Iron Mike looking down from the bridge, saw a starboard gun crew manning their five-inch at general quarters. They looked weary, dirty and bedraggled. Mike grinned down at them and raised two stout fists over his head in a hearty handshake. The gun crew grinned back.

THE END

## Mission Over Kiska

Continued from page 20

peak perpetually lost in the ocean-colored sky.

You recognize it at a glance from the charts and relief maps you studied in the alert hut this morning when the mission was briefed. The island is shaped like a lobster claw; the harbor is formed by the pincers of the claw, clutched firmly between the heavily fortified north and south heads. You're surprised by two things as you see it for the first time from the air: how small it is (the total Jap installations, including the sub base, cover only a couple of square miles, and the congested camp area itself is not much more than a city block) and how quiet and deserted it looks. The snow is melting along the volcano's sides, the lowlands and beaches are still brown green and pleasant as a New Hampshire pasture in the early spring.

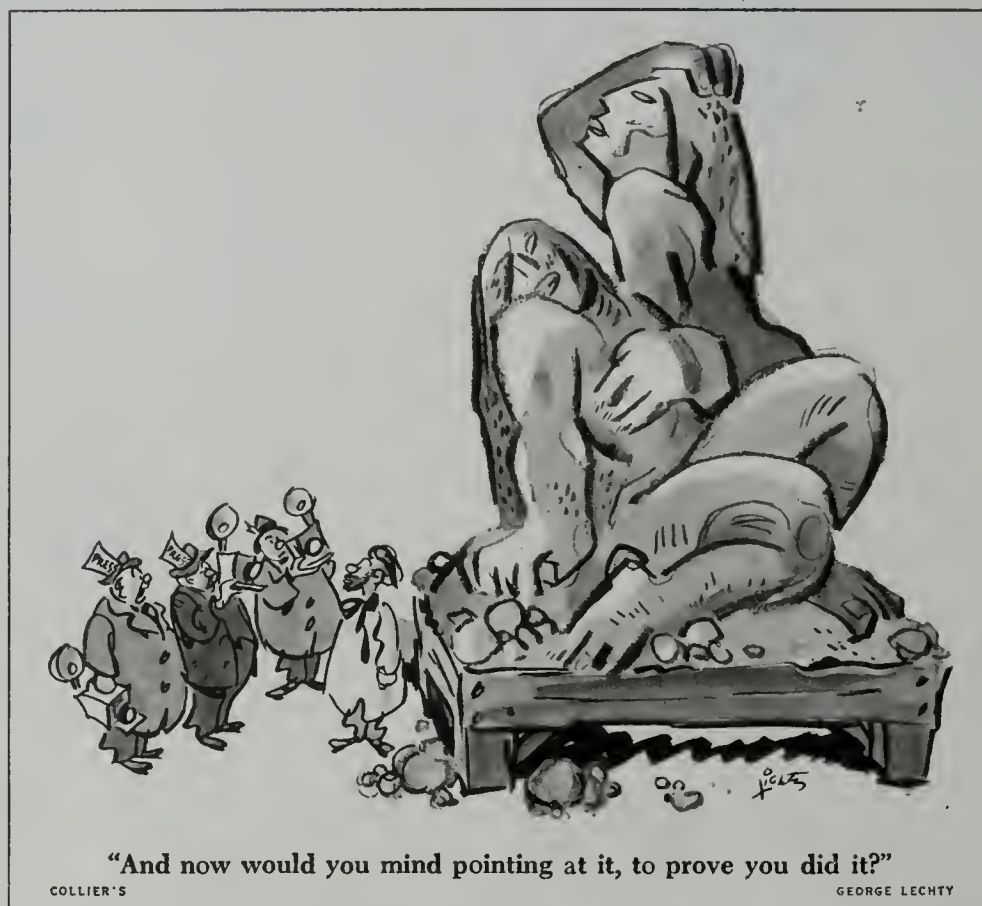
Still everything is ominously quiet as you come over the ridge. There are no excited Japs running to man the guns, no troops stampeding up the streets, no sign of human life anywhere. You wonder for a moment if everyone has pulled out and gone home. Small and distinct below you are the solidly built structures of the camp area, the buildings well revetted, the orderly streets lined with telegraph poles that had to be lugged all the way from Japan. They are thorough, the Japs.

You see the two big hangars at the water's edge and the ramp leading up to them. You see piles of fresh lumber, trucks, tractors, even a row of rickshas with their empty shafts resting parallel on the ground. Everywhere you see foxholes and zigzag trenches and neat roads leading toward the adjoining sub base, toward the hill behind the camp, toward the gun emplacements along the ridges.

### Surprises for the Japs

A couple of transports squat in the harbor like fat hens, their barges huddled around them like a brood of chicks, and still there is no movement, no sign of life—nothing but the stabbing orange-yellow tracers fanning the sky, the regular scarlet flashes of the heavier artillery like a signal light in a control tower, the increasing puffs of black smoke that materialize silently in the air around you and behind you as you make your run over the target.

The Japs have been handed two major surprises in Alaska. The first occurred on the morning of June 3d, when a group of their fliers proceeding blithely to polish off Dutch Harbor were utterly confounded by the appearance of a swarm of land-based planes from a secret field the very presence of which they had never even suspected.



"And now would you mind pointing at it, to prove you did it?"

That field changed the history of Alaska.

The second surprise to the Japs is the fact that they've been allowed to stay on Kiska so long. At first they must have suspected a clever ruse, but it is possible that they are wondering now whether our tolerance of them has a far simpler explanation.

There's a third reason for cleaning up Kiska. That reason is Russia. As long as Kiska is occupied, we cannot guarantee Siberia a safe conduct of supplies in case of attack.

The first land plane ever flown in the Aleutians was by the Army Air Forces last summer. They pioneered the first winter flying in all Aleutian history, and still they have to fly mostly by guess and by instinct.

A Navy pilot, feeling his way back toward shore in the fog, spotted a duck flying ahead of him through the mist. "I knew that duck wouldn't fly into a cliff," he said later, "so I just got behind it and flew formation on it till we got in."

Another PBY pilot, skimming low over the water with visibility zero, was discouraged to look out his window and see a sea gull flap to a halt and perch on his wing. He set his ship down then and there, and said that if the fog was too tough for a sea gull to fly it was too tough for him.

There's a phrase you hear all up and down the chain. When the sun shines,

it's called senatorial weather. Recently, it seems, a Senate investigating committee arrived on the only clear day in weeks, spent one hour at a field near Dutch Harbor—six hundred miles from the enemy—and departed again in perfect sunshine for the States, where one statesman gave with some rather tart remarks about this so-called one-way weather that favors the Japs but not us.

As a matter of fact, he was right. The weather is literally one-way here. Almost invariably the storm fronts in the Aleutians move eastward. The weather makes up at Attu, like a commuters' local, and Japs who live at the end of the line always get the best seats. Not only can they utilize a storm to repair losses and get in supplies, they know just how long the weather will take to pass over our own bases to the eastward and consequently how long it will be before they can expect another attack. Who holds Attu holds the weather for tomorrow.

Meanwhile, as long as Kiska holds out, our Navy fliers must carry out their perilous patrols, and the weather ship must make its regular milk run to Attu, and now and then, when the overcast lifts a little, our Army bombers must take off on another routine mission to drop bombs in Kiska harbor.

"In case the Japs are running out of fish," they explain to you resignedly, and next day you pick up the newspaper and

read the official Navy communiqué: "A force of Mitchell medium bombers escorted by Lightning fighters was intercepted by Jap Zero float planes which proceeded to attack two enemy cargo ships or transports in Kiska harbor. Two Lightnings and one Zero were shot down during the fighting which ensued. The Mitchells continued to attack the enemy shipping with uncertain results. One of our bombers was shot down."

Well, maybe that's enough. It was just a routine mission; they go on all the time. No need to give it a great build-up. No need of recalling the sight of a sleek Lightning—the most beautiful plane that ever graced the skies—crumbling earthward under the guns of six Zeros that have been hiding upstairs. No need of remembering the stricken bomber, leaving a defiant trail of smoke scrawled against the sky as it exploded on the waters of Kiska Bay. No need of mentioning the lone Peashooter, its gas line punctured slowly bleeding to death as it struggled heavily and more heavily over the icy water in a desperate race back home.

### Return from a Mission

No, a battle's a break from the dull routine. It's fun while it lasts, and lasts only three or four minutes anyway. You get out of it or else you don't, and if you get out of it, you fly home, provided the weather hasn't socked in the field in the meantime. You buzz the field if it's been a good mission, and if it hasn't, you land quietly, and the balance is there to take out the men who can't get out themselves. The ground crews swarm over your ship and reverently count the holes, and you go to mess and eat canned Vienna sausage and lukewarm tomatoes and bread without butter, and someone admires the very elegant furrow plowed across the leather collar of your jacket. After chow, you go over to the hospital to have the fragment of shell taken out of your neck, so that you can keep the piece in your wallet as a souvenir.

It's the weather that's the real enemy here. The solid overcast, the sudden snow squalls, the mud and fog and endless numbing rain, the days and weeks of waiting (no town to go to, no beer, no mail to read), and the mission called off again at the last moment because still more weather has moved in from the west. It isn't glamorous or exciting, isn't stuff that makes movies; but it's the story of our Aleutian war. It's what shows the kind of fliers we have in the Air Corps. It's what trains our fliers—the ones who come through it—to be the toughest and finest pilots in the skies.

THE END





The deadly new de Havilland Mosquito fighter-bomber

## Who puts the buzz in the Mosquitoes?

THEY'RE AMAZING CRAFT, these lightning-fast PT boats the Navy has dubbed its Mosquito Fleet."

Their exploits, in fact, are becoming legendary as witnessed by this message to Lt.-Comdr. John D. Bulkeley from a superior officer . . .

*"Dear Buck: I really think your gang is getting too tough. The latest report is that 'three dive bombers were seen being chased over Mariveles Mountain by an MTB.' Don't you think that is carrying the war a bit too far?"\**

This "kidding" comment referred to the amazing feats of Bulkeley's famous "expendables" and their PT boats in the Philippines.

In these boats, General Douglas MacArthur and President Quezon were spirited out of the islands. Two PT boats aided in the rescue of Captain "Eddie" Rickenbacker and his bomber crew. Off the Solomons . . . off North Africa . . .

\*From "They Were Expendable," copyright, 1942, by W. L. White. By permission of Harcourt, Brace & Co.

in the English Channel, the PT has been in deadly and successful combat with the enemy.

The heart of the mile-a-minute torpedo boat, we're proud to add, is its bank of giant Packard super-marine engines—a precision-built brute of an aircraft-type engine.

That's the buzz that lets the PT boat give the Axis the business!

AND THERE'S ANOTHER MOSQUITO—the sensational new de Havilland "Mosquito" that's been giving the Axis headaches.

Nazis who've felt the lethal sting of its bristling armament or the earth-shaking c-r-rump of its belly-load shake their heads over the double dose of poison this fighter-bomber gives out.

Many a pair of Packard-built Rolls-Royce engines that comes off our assembly lines ends up in this type of versatile new combat plane.

We're not only giving the Mosquito its buzz—but we're turning out gratifying quantities of Packard-built Rolls-Royce engines for the British Hurricane and Lancaster, and our own Curtiss P-40F, the deadly Warhawk.

★ ★ ★

BUILDING PRECISION "JEWELLED" ENGINES by mass-production methods is nothing new at Packard. But this wartime job of ours means that thousands of skilled Packard craftsmen are constantly acquiring new knowledge and precision techniques—experience which is bound to carry over into a still finer precision-built Packard car after the war has been won.

*Ask the Man Who Owns One*

# PACKARD

*Precision - Built Power*



PT boats in Uncle Sam's hard-hitting Mosquito fleet





She went to the door and suddenly threw it open. The room was full of men and every head turned to look at her

## CHINA FLIGHT

BY PEARL S. BUCK

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTHA SAWYERS

### The Story Thus Far:

LIEUTENANT DANIEL JAMES, of the U. S. Marines, leaves his ship, the *Petrel*, at Shanghai and goes on a house-boating jaunt with the Hatfords—Arnold Hatford and his Eurasian wife, Leone. Two days later, Pearl Harbor is blasted; and, leaving his friends, James rushes back to Shanghai. The *Petrel* has fled! As the young lieutenant makes this appalling discovery, he is arrested. . . .

Seated in the Japanese Foreign Office, in Shanghai, a prominent official—the suave, beautifully educated Shigo Kuyoshi—greets three American prisoners: Lieutenant James; Jenny Barchet, correspondent for a great American newspaper; and a Mrs. Shipman, head of the “Gate of Hope,” where unfortunate girls are given a chance for happiness—fed, protected, mothered.

The introductory remarks over, Kuyoshi tells

the three what their fate is to be. It is all very simple: James is to be imprisoned, for the duration; Miss Barchet is to be interned at her hotel, the *Cosmopolitan*; Mrs. Shipman is to be interned at the “Gate of Hope.”

James and the girl accept their sentences stoically. Not so, Mrs. Shipman—she tells Kuyoshi exactly what she thinks of him. And what she thinks is by no means complimentary! . . . When the victims are led away, Kuyoshi is restless, uneasy. Fully aware that Jenny Barchet is an enemy of his country, and a bitter enemy, he is strongly attracted to her. He realizes that he should have nothing to do with her. But, fascinated by her beauty and personality, he longs to see her again.

And see her again, he does—he calls on her, in her hotel room.

Jenny greets him coldly. Immaculately garbed, he seats himself, begins to talk. And within a few minutes Jenny realizes, to her

consternation, that he is making guarded—and none too guarded, at that—advances.

Badly frightened, the girl implores him to go away. Kuyoshi (always the gentleman, *when he feels like being one*) rises, courteously. Then—after intimating that he will make other calls, later—he goes to the door, opens it, steps through it, and closes it softly behind him.

### II

THREE hundred miles from the city of Shanghai, Leone Hatford smiled at her English husband, as they stepped out of their bamboo sedan chairs before a village inn.

It was night and they had traveled all day. She had said almost nothing through the hours, but Arnold Hatford had thought nothing of that. She was a

quiet woman always, and part of her great beauty lay in her tranquillity. It was exciting to him to be married to a beautiful woman, after all those years with his English wife, Daisy.

Daisy had come out to him from England when he was a clerk in the Hong Kong Shanghai bank. He had met her in London on a picnic when he had been a clerk in the London branch, a very young clerk. When he was offered the post abroad he took it because his parents urged it—there was so little outlook for a young man in England in those days. But he had hated leaving England and suddenly it seemed to him that it would be easier to leave if the young innocent blue-eyed English girl would be



# ★ ★ Elm Street Miracle ★ ★



STOLE up the stairs to Young Bob's room last night while Anne was still bravely fussing around the kitchen. Rowdy trotted after me.

The bed was smooth. The room was unnaturally neat. I opened the closet door . . . There, in the half light, were the things that clutter up the closets of all happy, carefree boys of eighteen . . . broken hockey stick . . . cracked phonograph records . . . old socks . . . a limp gray sweatshirt . . . a mud-streaked football helmet.

Standing there, I was suddenly no longer ankle-deep in war. I was throat deep in a mighty surge of resentment against the sort of sideline American I had been before Young Bob left. The sort who shrugged his shoulders at men taking "extra

days off," who thought that wildcat strikes, business as usual, politics as usual were the other fellow's headache . . . who felt a secret prick of resentment when taxes and war bonds and rationing were mentioned.

*Suddenly I knew the true meaning of a service star.*

And I saw a million fathers standing before a million closets all over the land. Feeling this war for the first time. Feeling it like a white-hot iron in their souls.

And I knew that this America of ours had, overnight, added another mighty force to the million or two Young Bobs who were dropping old shinny sticks to pick up new rifles. A mighty

force for war production, day and night . . . Fathers whose secret shrine would always be a dusty closet, but whose constant battlefield would be that lathe, that office, that farm where the miracle of giving part of yourself had not yet touched.

★ ★ ★

General Electric is doing many things to help speed war production. One of these is to supply G-E MAZDA lamps and the necessary lighting counsel to use them best . . . for war plants, large and small.

**G-E MAZDA LAMPS**  
**GENERAL  ELECTRIC**





# "FIRSTS"

## A ZENITH HABIT

A GOVERNMENT official was being shown a new idea in the Zenith laboratories. In passing, he commented upon the outstanding manner in which the radio industry was effecting the rapid and continuous changes necessitated by war requirements. A Zenith official replied—he said:

"... the answer is easy. Radio and Radionics represent a trigger-quick, fast moving business. Concerns that couldn't 'change overnight' are out. In this industry, we're used to fighting with new ideas—only—now we're 'fighting' Japs and Germans instead of each other."

In that statement is evidenced the condition that made possible Zenith's attainment of industry leadership. Ever increasing public acceptance of Zenith name and product resulted from a never ceasing stream of Zenith "firsts"—new features—new devices and new sets which enabled us to truthfully say to the public:

# "ONLY ZENITH HAS THIS"

Today you find as commonplaces—essentials—of most radio sets—features first introduced to the public by Zenith—such as—

## "FIRST"

### Push Button Tuning

Years—yes, years ahead of the industry—(1928) a Zenith set embodied push button selection of the station desired. Our slogan in 1928 was "Push the button—there's your station."

For over seven years, Zenith Radio Corporation has advertised on our short wave sets—"Europe, South America or the Orient Every Day or your money back." It has never been called upon for a refund.

## "FIRST"

### House Current Sets

"Way back when" (1926) all home radios were operated from storage batteries until Zenith offered the first set run by house current.

BELOW—A FEW NEW ZENITH "FIRSTS"—"FROZEN" BY ZENITH CHANGEOVER TO WAR PRODUCTION

## "FIRST"

### Long Distance

### Push Button Portable

1942 saw the national introduction of a revolutionary new portable—the Zenith Trans-Oceanic. Without increase in size or weight it gave push button operation for foreign and U. S. short wave stations—tuned in the same way as locals—and standard broadcasts too. It contained a disappearing fish pole antenna plus dual Wavemagnets—operated from battery or house current—was born of Zenith pioneering in LONG DISTANCE RADIO RECEPTION.

## "FIRST"

### Safety Auto Radio

The only auto radio you can operate WITHOUT TAKING YOUR EYES OFF THE ROAD—or—YOUR HANDS OFF THE WHEEL—the Zenith Safety Foot Control Auto Radio. This remarkable new radio was on the FORD, NASH, MERCURY, LINCOLN-ZEPHYR, HUDSON and WILLYS. Owners of these cars will gladly demonstrate their Zeniths—give you a "preview" of "tomorrow's" radio today.

—AND THESE ARE JUST A FEW OF THE MANY ZENITH "FIRSTS"—

## "MILITARY SECRET"

Today all Zenith production centers on war needs. What we are making is a military secret. But three things we can tell you. First... we are dealing with the thing we know—Radio—and Radionics exclusively. Second... we are learning every day—gaining new knowledge which will reflect itself in Zenith civilian products when the time

arrives. Third... we now know—by first hand experience—that our Army and Navy are more than "up-to-date"—they are alert and progressive in thought and action—almost unbelievably so. This fact is a great reassurance to us here as citizens—it commands our complete confidence as it would yours if you knew what we know.

## RADIONICS

### the New Miracle Industry

Four great industries are destined to lead this country back to normalcy after victory is won.

Planes and Radionics are two of the four. Radio—never a necessity on ship or train—is as essential as the engine itself to that great new form of individual and mass transportation—the airplane.

—a Zenith Radio Dealer near you is giving reliable service on all radios—regardless of make.

ZENITH RADIO CORPORATION — CHICAGO

## BETTER THAN CASH

U. S. War Savings Stamps & Bonds

1917 WAR  
RUN BY TELEPHONE

1943 WAR  
RUN BY RADIO

ZENITH  
LONG DISTANCE RADIO  
RADIONIC PRODUCTS EXCLUSIVELY—  
WORLD'S LEADING MANUFACTURER

coming out to him in a year, and so they had become engaged.

When ten years later in Shanghai he left the bank to found Hatford & Hunt—Hunt had had the money in those days, and he had the caution and the brains—Arnold got rich before he knew it.

Daisy had not been a success as a rich man's wife. She put on airs and she grew thick-waisted and her pink cheeks turned a veined purple with too much food and too little exercise. Of course everybody in Shanghai had servants. But she had felt she had a position to keep up and that had been annoying to Arnold who had no conceit.

It was in those years that Arnold had begun to notice the exceeding beauty of the young Chinese girls as they began to grow modern with Shanghai. Plenty of men took such girls as mistresses, but in his awkward fashion he was loyal to Daisy. He did not love her—he knew now he never had—but he was fond of her. And in a curious way he had been rewarded, for when she died, he had found Leone. He had to thank Mrs. Shipman for that—old Mrs. Shipman whom everybody knew.

THE Gate of Hope had been one of Daisy's charities, and quite often when he came home he found Mrs. Shipman there to tea, and he heard the solemn talk of the two women over the problems of the "girls." He was far too shy to ask anything about these "girls" or their problems, but sometimes Daisy talked to him a bit, with proper reserve as between man and woman. She did not, he perceived, want him to know too much about that sort of thing.

Nevertheless that was how he had first heard about Leone. Leone had been in some peculiar way a protégée of Mrs. Shipman, but still not one of the girls. He had heard Leone discussed sometimes, even while Daisy was alive. The Frenchman who was her father had deserted her mother, and old Mr. P'an, her Chinese mother's father, would not take her back. That was the time when Daisy and Mrs. Shipman did so much talking. He knew now that Mrs. Shipman had asked Daisy to take Leone in for a bit, and Daisy had refused.

The matter had been settled then by Mr. P'an's suddenly saying he would take his half French granddaughter into his house if he could bring her up entirely as a Chinese. And it had been quite ten years later that Daisy died, and quite a full year after that that Mrs. Shipman had come to see him one day and had proposed that he marry Leone, because no proper Chinese marriage could be arranged for her.

"You're lonesome without Daisy," she had said bluntly one day in his office. She had simply walked in, saying she wanted to talk to him. "Why don't you get married, Mr. Hatford? I have just the girl for you. You won't want to marry anybody like Daisy—it would be hard for you. But this girl is as different as can be—there'd be absolutely no comparison."

"Don't be absurd, Mrs. Shipman," he had said.

"I'm not," she had retorted. "I'm only being sensible."

And then she had gone on to tell him about Leone.

"I'm not a native, Mrs. Shipman," he had interrupted her with dignity.

"The Chinese are real sensible about marriage," she had replied. "What else do men want of women and women want of men except to get married—if they're decent? And you're a decent man, Mr. Hatford. I've watched you. You'd be good to poor Leone."

By coaxing and hard sense she got him to come to tea and he had seen Leone. He had been relieved to find so little Chinese. In Western dress scarcely looked Chinese at all. And Leone had been so sweet, so exactly right in her shyness, that before he knew it he had fallen in love with her.

Now when she ordered the chairs down before a filthy little inn in a Chinese town, he came forward anxiously but always fond.

"I say, is this where you really want to stop, my dear?"

"Yes, it is, please, Arnold. It will get better, you know—not for a long time. We're very far from foreign hotels. And there won't be any Japanese here, at least, as there might be if we went on to a bigger place."

Her velvet dark eyes looked up at him with their calm tranquil gaze and constantly he felt the sense of what she said. The inn stood on the edge of a filthy canal, but he supposed that did not matter.

"Very well, then," he said.

He turned to Yang, his number one boy whom he had brought with him. He took the chap everywhere because it was simply impossible to get any decent food or in fact do any business at all without him. All foreigners were dependent on such "boys." He had an easy sense that Leone could have done as well as any Chinese, but this he did not like to think about. Ever since he had married her he was careful to treat her as though she were wholly a French woman.

It had cost him a few friends some of his best—but she was his wife. When the wives of his friends would not come to call on her, he simply dropped his friendship with the husbands. When he got to Hong Kong he'd jolly well tell Hunt that Mrs. Hunt had to come and see her regardless. He had more money than Hunt now, besides being the head of the business.

"Boy!" he called imperiously, "Fetch coolies chop chop and get some chop for us."

Yang, the number one boy, bowed slightly and reached his hand into his bosom for the cash he always kept his belt.

"Masta, Missy, please go inside," said in his gentle, cultivated voice. "Come chop chop makee all light."

THEY stepped into the dusk of the inn and a few men, sitting about the room at the square tables fell silent and looked at them with wide eyes. Obviously they had never seen foreigners before. They did not move, staring though they were images. Arnold turned his back on them and walked over to the oblong opening in the wooden wall that served as a window. It looked out over the canal. Boats were passing below, small, hand-poled boats. The faint odor of cooking food floated upward from them.

His back turned to the room was a regular and square and British. Leone smiled and looked down at the toe of her pretty bronze shoe. She stood gracefully withdrawn from everything, while the men stared at her.

In a moment Yang was there, and a moment more they were being ushered into a bare room, a bed and a table and two chairs the only furniture. The bedding was brought in and unrolled quickly.

Arnold pointed his stick at the bed. "Yang, bugs?"

"My look see," Yang said.

He examined the bed and in a moment brought out a large can of insect powder and sprinkled the bed with



oughly. Arnold sat down on one of the chairs and Leone on the other.

"Not too tired, my dear?" Arnold inquired, twisting his short mustache.

"Not at all, thank you," she said in her clear sweet voice. She turned her eyes on him pleasantly and smiled.

"You're wonderful, you know," he said. "Most women couldn't stand up to this sort of thing at all."

She continued to smile without answering. It would annoy him if she told the truth, that this room was no worse than many she had lived in with her mother in the bad days when her father had left them. But she had never told this English husband of hers about that. Instinctively she was, while she was with him, the sort of woman he liked, delicate and gentle and a little helpless.

She gazed downward, reflecting upon this. How different she had been with Dan James! She blushed slightly thinking of how she felt when she was with the strong young American. She had fallen in love with him the first time she saw him. From then on she had wanted simply to put her hand into his and go away with him, anywhere. But did he love her at all? She could not tell. Yet was he not a man?

SHE sighed, and instantly Arnold bent toward her.

"You are tired, you know, whether you know it or not," he said.

"Perhaps I am," she said.

"Boy!" he called to Yang, who was quite near him. "You fetch hot water chop chop for Missy bath. Then some food."

"Yes, Masta," Yang answered gently.

He drew the rubber tub out of the baggage, and lit a small portable oil stove. "One minute," he said and went away.

Arnold rose. "I'll go out, my dear, until you are ready. But I'll be near the door—in case there's any trouble." Trouble meant peering eyes at knotholes or the door creaking open gently.

"Thank you, Arnold," she said very softly.

He went out and in a moment Yang was back with a water coolie, who carried on either end of his bamboo pole two wooden buckets of hot water. Yang superintended the pouring of the boiling hot water into the rubber tub, and paid the coolie off. Then, glancing toward the door, he poured out a soft rush of Chinese to her:

"If you are determined, mistress, this is the place. It is a canal town, as you see. If you are sure, then I will hire for you a foot boat and tell the man to take

you to the town through which we passed this noon. I have already hired the inn-keeper there and he will expect you. From there he will take you to the village of my family, which is less than ten miles from Shanghai. At my home you will be welcome. I have already sent messages to them."

She did not ask how he had sent such messages. She knew that there were message routes everywhere over the countryside, a wireless as ancient as China itself.

"I am quite determined," she said. "I will not go on to Hong Kong."

She rose and took off her hat. Her Chinese was as perfect as his, and as she spoke it she suddenly became wholly Chinese so that her English tweed suit sat strangely on her.

"But you will be good to him?" she said. "You will guard him and see that he gets safely to Hong Kong to be with the other English?"

"Certainly, I will do that," he said. "Let your heart rest. What time shall you be ready?"

She studied the small diamond-framed watch on her wrist. "At midnight," she said. "He will be sleeping soundly by then."

"I will put something into his soup to make sure," Yang said.

"Nothing to hurt him," she warned.

"Assuredly nothing to hurt him."

He went away then, and she undressed herself slowly and laid her clothes carefully on a chair. She would not wear these clothes tonight when she went away. She took out of her bag a soft Chinese silk robe of dark blue. Arnold did not like her to wear Chinese garments, but she always had with her a Chinese robe. She folded it carefully and hid it under the tweed skirt. It would be there tonight when she wanted it in the darkness.

Then she bathed herself. The water was still very hot, but she loved the sting and the burn of hot water. She was Chinese enough when it came to that. Arnold bathed every day in cold water, and she shuddered to think of it. She stood gracefully in the rubber tub pouring the hot water over herself, and then soaping her body. She laughed a little to herself. The first time she had ever used this tub she had not known that one must not sit in it as in a porcelain Soochow tub lest the rubber sides give way and flood the floor.

Cautiously now she felt in the water when she was soaped and cautiously she washed the soap off. The water sent up clouds of warm steam about her and she



Manhattan's a seasoned veteran in the art of making a fine shirt. Since the first Manhattan shirts, in Civil War days, they've been the choice of well-dressed men. The secret of Manhattan quality is "knowing how" through experience.

Manhattans *must* fit you because they're *Size-Fixt*—average fabric shrinkage is a mere 1% or less. They're *Man-Formed* to conform to your body; collars are hand-measured for accuracy. Wear a Manhattan shirt—and see what **\$2.50** a difference 82 years of "basic training" makes! **AND UP**



**Manhattan**  
SHIRTS

THE SIZE-FIXT SHIRT FOR THE MAN-SIZED JOB



"Here comes one now, just looking for a fight"

WILL JOHNSON



# John Smith

## WILL OWN THIS "MIRACLE HOME" TOMORROW



### HOW TO MAKE IT YOURS!

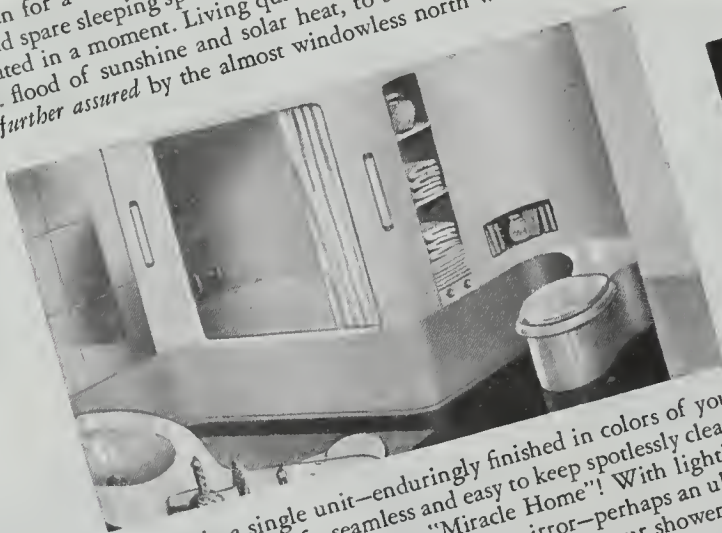
This glimpse of some of the wonders that *can* be yours in the future is published to drive home one fact. Today—when wages are high and things you might ordinarily buy are needed for war—you have the opportunity of a lifetime!

By buying War Bonds now, you accomplish two important goals. Today, your War Bond dollars provide the weapons we must have to sweep our enemies from the skies and seas—to preserve the American way of life and right of men to freedom of thought and worship and work.

At the same time, you're saving money for the wonders victory will bring—money that will come back to you with interest, to pay for comforts and luxuries beyond your hopes in the past.

Architect: George Fred Keck

Complete flexibility for living needs is designed into this plan for a "Miracle Home" of tomorrow. Living, dining, and spare sleeping space can be opened up together or separated in a moment. Living quarters face the south to let in a flood of sunshine and solar heat, to save fuel—a saving further assured by the almost windowless north wall.



Pressed in a single unit—enduringly finished in colors of your choice—leakproof—seamless and easy to keep spotlessly clean! That's the bathroom in your "Miracle Home"! With lighting scientifically planned for the shaving mirror—perhaps an ultra-violet skylight for a sun-bath while you take your shower.



Out of the Celotex laboratory, wartime research has brought many multiple-function products which will contribute to the "Miracle Home" of tomorrow—such as Celo-Roof which combines sheathing—insulation and roofing in one composite material; Celo-Siding which combines sheathing, insulation and mineralized exterior surface; and Cemesto which combines exterior and interior finish plus insulation into a complete fire resistant wall unit.

### FREE!

To help you take care of your precious War Bonds, The Celotex Corporation offers you a beautiful, durable War Bond Container—specially designed to hold all your War Bonds conveniently and securely, with provisions for listing dates and numbers of all bonds. Ask for it at your Celotex Dealer's. It's FREE—to help you save for your "Miracle Home" of tomorrow! Or we will send it direct, if you will check the correct space on the coupon.



# Average American

## ... WITH WAR BONDS BOUGHT TODAY!

IN the white-hot crucible of total war, American industry is telescoping *years* of advancement into week-ends! Old ideas, old materials, old ways of doing things are being outmoded with a swiftness thought impossible only a few short months ago!

Today these great events are concentrated on winning the war. In post-war America, their benefits will enrich the ways of peace. And one of these benefits will be a "miracle home" with undreamed-of comforts and conveniences for the average American family.

This home will be an infinitely better home—in clean, open, healthful surroundings far from congestion, dirt and noise. Low in cost—easily within reach of the average wage earner—this home will provide livability on a scale unknown even to the wealthiest family today! Ingenious new electrical servants will carry the load of tedious tasks. Manufactured weather and "climate-proof" engineering will seal out summer's heat and winter's chills, safeguard comfort and health.

In this home, you will enjoy the revolutionary advances now being created out of the vast war experience of the building industry . . . advances in design, materials, construction and economy made possible by the cooperation of America's architects, contractors and building craftsmen.

Your "miracle home" will not only be better in every way, and lower in cost—but also remarkably easy to own. For you will enjoy the fruits of financing plans that will make your home as easy to buy as an automobile.

Is all this far in the future? Not at all! It is now so close to reality that you can earmark the War Bonds you buy today for down payment on such a "miracle home" of tomorrow. Its foundations are already laid in the laboratories and on the drawing boards of the building industry. They are a part of the blue prints of the new America and its heritage that all will enjoy when victory is won.

### But in the meantime . . .

### Take Care of the Home You Have!

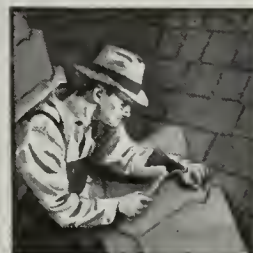
THE MARVELS of tomorrow must wait until victory is won—until today's big job is done. So until then, remember that your present home is better, more comfortable than the average family of any other land has ever known.

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To help you guard the value of your home—to tell you exactly what you can do and should do to protect your property—The Celotex Corporation has prepared "A Wartime Guide to Better Homes." This is a complete, clear-cut, easily-understood book, full of valuable and timely information. It contains a simple interpretation of government rulings. Get it FREE at your Celotex dealer's—or mail the coupon.

And if you have a big house which can

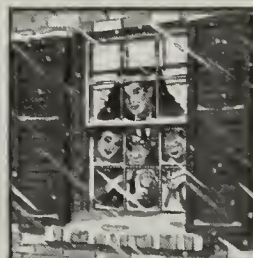
be remodeled into apartments to provide living room for war workers, Uncle Sam makes liberal provision for necessary expenditures on such remodeling. Ask your Celotex dealer!



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This is the story of a ship, of the men  
who so gallantly serve in her, and of  
the women who love her, fear her, and pray  
with all their hearts for her safe-keeping.

This is a great motion picture.

Noel Coward in

# "IN WHICH WE SERVE"

with Bernard Miles » » » John Mills » » » Celia Johnson » » » Kay Walsh » » » Joyce Carey

Written and produced by Noel Coward » » » Directed by Noel Coward and David Lean

A Two Cities Production released thru United Artists

REMEMBER TO SEE THIS PICTURE YOU'LL NEVER FORGET, WHEN IT COMES TO YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE!



breathed it in. It was just as well to have this good bath now—it would be days before she could have another—days before she could get back to her grandfather's house.

She stepped out of the tub upon a mat that Yang had put down and wiped herself dry and then slipped into her nightgown and a warm woolen robe. They would have their supper here in the room, and she would go to bed while Arnold had his bath. Poor Arnold—he would feel it very much tomorrow morning when he woke and she was not there! She would not leave any message or tell him anything and Yang would pretend to know nothing. Indeed Yang knew nothing except that she had decided to go home. She had told him no more than that she could not and would not go to Hong Kong where all the foreigners were, and if he did not help her to escape she would escape without his help, "or kill myself," she told him.

"You know how the foreign women hate me," she told him, "and Hong Kong is full of foreign women."

He had wholly understood this for he knew that no foreign woman had entered his master's home since she came to it. And since she would return to her grandfather, the rich old Mr. P'an, he had thought it wise to help her.

Tomorrow morning, she thought, imagining it, Arnold would wake up and she would be gone. He would call and Yang would come in and together they would search. Perhaps they would search the canal below the window.

"I'll throw my tweed suit out before I go," she thought. "Oh, poor Arnold!"

But her genuine pity did not move her in the least. She was sorry for him but she did not love him. With all her heart she knew now that she loved Daniel James. As soon as she got back to Shanghai she would find him. She would make her grandfather spend his money to save him.

The thought of him gave her strength and quietness again. She rose and went to the door and opened it enough to call through it:

"Arnold, I am ready."

He came in at once and the slightly grim look on his face vanished.

"I say," he whispered, "how lovely you are—even here!"

She smiled her sweet mysterious smile. Poor Arnold! She would let him make love to her tonight—since it was the last time.

AT MIDNIGHT she rose. Arnold was sleeping heavily, but she had not slept at all, her eyes constantly upon the small illuminated disk of her watch. She rose and put on her garments and over them the Chinese robe. Then she took her tweed suit and dropped it softly through the open window. There was no boat beneath and it splashed softly into the water. She put on noiseless Chinese shoes and into her bosom she thrust a satin purse with money. Then she opened the door and went out. Yang was there alone. He led her without a word to the back of the inn, and to the stone steps leading down to the water. A boat blacker than the water in the darkness was moored at the bottom of the steps.

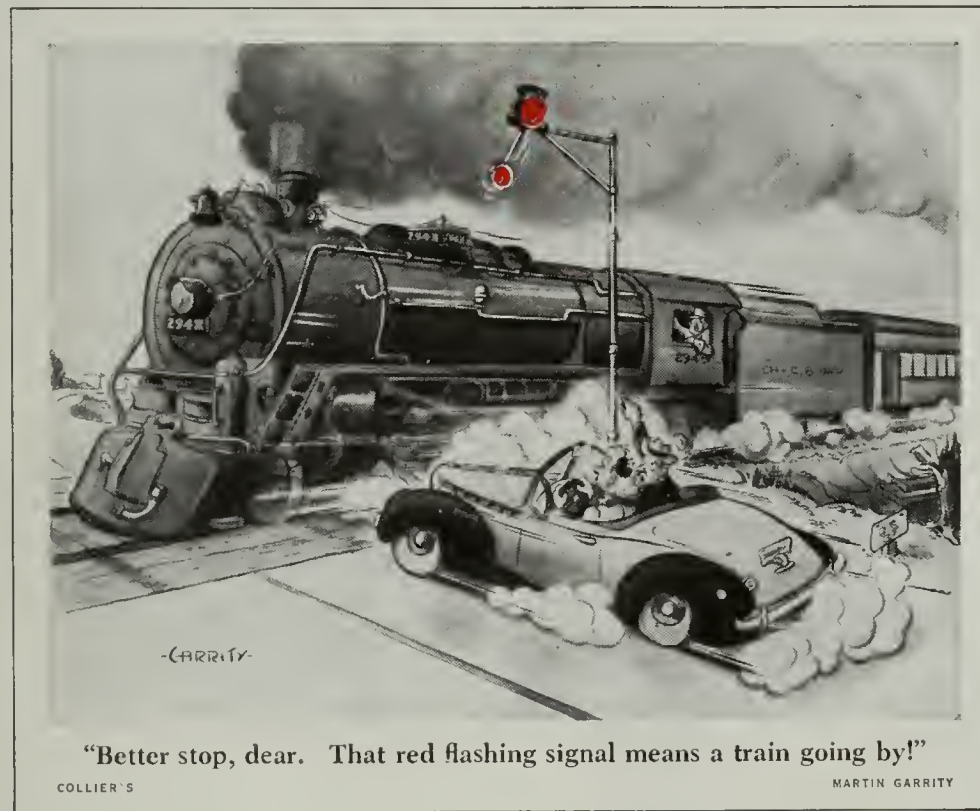
"I was lucky to find a man from my own province," Yang said in a whisper; "and he knows a man in my village. You need not be afraid. He will take you as far as he can in the boat, and then he will go all the way with you to the village. At the village my father will meet you at my home. You will not be dependent on the landlord at the inn, therefore."

"Be sure my grandfather will reward your family," she told him.

She stepped quickly into the boat and silently and quickly the boat moved away into the darkness. She had a strange sweet sense of escape. She had escaped into her own people. . . .

TWO days passed and already it seemed to her she could scarcely remember Arnold. She was at home along the roadsides, at home in the inn where she spent the night. The boatman had left his boat there with a friend and had come along as her servant. He was a middle-aged man, a man so silent that he asked her nothing and grunted a word or two when she spoke or asked him a question. But he served her well, for some reason that Yang had given him, and what that was she did not inquire. Instead she fell into silence, too, and so the end of the third day brought her to the village of Yang.

It was a large village. There had once been a brick wall about it but this had fallen now into ruin. Only the gate still stood and through this gate they went.



"Better stop, dear. That red flashing signal means a train going by!"

They were on donkeys that the man had hired and they rode down the narrow main street. People looked curiously at them, but the man called out loudly, "We go to the house of Yang the Third!" and so they were not stopped.

At the house they dismounted and the man pounded on the gate and it was opened by a servant girl.

"Here is the one I was told to bring," the man said.

The girl nodded and motioned to them to come in. But the man shook his head. "I will not come in," he said. "I must get back to my boat."

Leone put her hand in her bosom for her purse but he shook his head again. "I have been paid," he said, and went away.

She was alone but not afraid. In a Chinese house she felt always more at home than she ever had felt in Arnold's heavily furnished English house in Shanghai. Now she stood looking about her at the familiar arrangement of chairs and tables, always the same in any Chinese house. The girl shouted, and an old man came into the room. From his resemblance to Yang she knew it was his father. He was the village elder, she could tell by his looks. There was something of the farmer about him, a country look, but he was better than an ordinary farmer. He wore a long cotton robe, and he carried a brass water pipe and he had the small beard of one of the gentry in

a village. He bowed to her in a quick rustic fashion.

"Are you the one whom we expect?" he asked.

"Your son has been so kind," she replied.

"We are honored," he said, "your Outside One has been very kind to my worthless son."

"Your good son has been faithful and useful in our house," she replied.

Thus having exchanged courtesies, he clapped his hands and an elderly woman came into the room. Since he did not look at her, Leone knew this was his wife and Yang's mother, and she bowed.

"This is the one who is to be sent on her way to Shanghai," he said.

The woman smiled and burst into loud cheerful talk: "Oh, how tired you must be, lady, and how can you find any rest in this poor house of ours? But come in—come and drink some of our tea, though it is cheap poor stuff with no taste, and eat some of our coarse food."

Leone followed the woman out of this

They were all kind to her, pressing her with food and tea, and keeping the coals hot in the brass foot stove they insisted she have. But she thought only of the American whom she loved. What had happened to him? Had he reached the city alive? Was she too late to help him? The delay became too much for her.

On the third night when the evening meal had been eaten she went early to her room. She made ready for sleep and then lay awake a few minutes determining that if the next morning nothing were said of her going on, she would ask to be sent on. Then she fell asleep. She was still very tired from the days of cold winds that had blown upon her on her long ride. The uneven jogging of the donkey had been wearisome and she was still aching. She slept deeply.

It was after midnight when she heard the sound of men's voices in the main room next to hers. A man's voice woke her with a shout: "Now is the time, I say!" She woke and sat up, listening. Then she heard the voices of young men. She rose and slipped on her robe and went to the door and suddenly threw it open. The room was full of men and every head turned to look at her. Old Yang was there and his wife, but all the others were young men.

NO ONE spoke. She knew at once that she ought not to have opened the door. These were guerrillas!

"You need not fear me," she said. "I, too, am Chinese."

A tall young man, whose voice she had heard so loudly and clearly above the others, cried out, "You look foreign!"

"I had a foreign father, it is true," she said gently. "But he despised my mother who was Chinese, and I despise him."

Old Yang leaned across the table and whispered loudly, "She is the granddaughter of the honorable one, P'an Lao-yeh."

At the very sound of her grandfather's name the air in the room changed. The tall young man laughed.

"But what is this bright moon doing in your house, old man?" he said to old Yang. "Do you entertain the granddaughters of rich city men every day?"

Old Yang rose to his feet and turned to her. "You must excuse the roughness of this uncouth young man," he said. "He is a good man, and a brave one. He is the leader of—of—" the old man coughed into his beard and looked down.

"I understand what he is," Leone said, smiling. "And I can see that he is brave."

The young man's face turned suddenly red and he looked away, but she could see that he was pleased. "What I do is nothing," he said. He coughed and spat on the floor. "That is, it is nothing to what I shall do," he said loudly.

"I know that," Leone said.

She came into the room and sat down on one of the small side chairs and so all sat down. But still they were ill at ease before her.

"I shall not disturb you," she said gracefully. "But I ask only one thing. Can it be that some of you go toward the city tomorrow? If you do, will you let me follow you until I see the city? Then I can go on alone."

The young men looked at one another, and then the tall one, laughing and clearing his throat and torn with shyness and pleasure, said in his loud voice, "Why, I myself—I will go—why not?"

His men cried out at this that he ought not to expose himself. But he answered them in pretended roughness, "I was planning to go near the city anyway to find out how many guards stand at the gate."

"How much I thank you!" Leone said

room and into a plain bedroom. "It is very kind of you," she said gently. "I shall not trouble you long. Some sleep and a little food, and I shall be ready to go on."

She saw a grave look flit over the woman's cheerful round face. But it was gone in an instant. "Do not hurry—do not hurry—stay a few days," she insisted.

LEONE did not hurry indeed. That day passed, and the next, and there was no mention of her going on. The family was a large one, with four daughters-in-law and their many children under the same roof. But no sons were there. When she asked of the other two, besides Yang, she saw by their answers that they did not wish to tell her.

"My eldest son," Yang's mother said, "is unhappily dead. The enemy killed him. My second son is happily with your own lord. My other sons are—" The old woman looked vague. "They have business," she finished.

Leone heard this with dismay. If all the sons were busy, who would show her the way to the city? The house was empty even of menservants. Old Yang himself was too old to walk far, and the women were old-fashioned women, not used to leaving home. Even the three servant girls were too young to go alone beyond the village.

How then was she to leave this house?



# YESTERDAY...TODAY





# TOMORROW...

## *Always the Same*

ONE of the hardest things we ever have to do is to change our habits. Especially the little habits of everyday life! We get into the habit of picking up our evening paper from the same newsboy, buying our cigarettes in the same store, saying "Howdy" to the same bus-driver, and if they change, we miss them. It upsets us a bit because we like the old, familiar faces we have come to know and depend on.

The same holds true of the things we buy, eat, smoke, drink, wear. Names, brands, trademarks and packages get to be habits in our daily life, because we know just what they stand for in price, quality and satisfaction.

And so when our country's war-time needs force changes and you have to take new packages to save tin and plastics, and when labels and sizes and prices all have to change, even though you're glad to play ball for victory's sake, you can't escape a sense of uncertainty as the old landmarks fade.

So to the discriminating men whose habit it has been to drink the finest whiskies, it is our distinct pleasure to point out that the quality of these five *great* whiskies will *not* change! For generations past they have been great landmarks in America's distilling art! And as they were *yesterday*, so they are *today* and will be *tomorrow*!

*For even in war-time, the strict U. S. Government regulations specifying how bottled-in-bond whiskies shall be produced, are not changed!*



**OLD GRAND-DAD**

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

**OLD TAYLOR**

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

**OLD CROW**

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT WHISKEY—RYE OR BOURBON

**MOUNT VERNON**

BRAND

STRAIGHT RYE WHISKEY

**OLD OVERHOLT**

STRAIGHT RYE WHISKEY



softly, and she rose and went back again to her room. She closed the door softly behind her and crept into bed. That tall fellow—how he had looked at her!

In this way in the morning she came to be walking along the country road behind this tall fellow, who was a chieftain among the guerrillas. She wore her plain long robe and her Chinese shoes, and she walked some distance from him for a while after they had bid goodby to the family at the house of Yang. Then he motioned with his head that she was to come nearer to him, and so she came closer by a few steps, until they were almost side by side.

She perceived then what she had known the night before—that this rough fellow was ready to love her though he did not know it. The knowledge gave her a sort of tenderness toward him, such as she might have felt toward a young awkward boy. He was simple as men in the country are, so that whenever they see a woman it is with the question in them at once whether or not she is one to be loved. But he was afraid of her, too, since she was a woman from the city, and belonged to a rich house.

"You have children?" he asked her.

"Alas, I have not," she said.

"Your man—is he older than you?" he asked.

"Much older," she said gently.

"Is he good to you?" he asked again in his abrupt fashion.

"Very good to me," she said.

"THEN why do you come home?" he demanded.

"He is a foreigner," she said simply, "and he is going to Hong Kong, and since the foreign women who are the wives of his friends did not like me in Shanghai they will not like me in Hong Kong, and so I said to myself that I would come back to my own people." It was better to tell him the truth, for this he would understand.

"Are you leaving your man forever?" he asked.

"Oh, no," she said, "not that. I have my duty to him."

"It is strange that if you are Chinese you married a foreigner," he said bluntly.

"I was very young," she said. Then she told more truth: "Besides, no Chinese man would have me—whom my grandfather would allow."

He fell silent after this for a while and she fell a step backward away from him, but still not far so that she heard him give two or three great sighs.

"After you are in the city you will perhaps never come out again," he said after a long time. He waited for her to come near to him again.

"Perhaps I will," she said, smiling.

"Would you help us, your little brothers?" he demanded.

"How can I help you?" she said.

"If sometimes I should come to your grandfather's house pretending, you see, to sell some fowl, or something, would you tell me what the news in the city is, and how the enemy is—whatever you know?"

She understood completely that in this way he hoped to see her again by asking her to be a spy for the guerrillas, but she was touched, too, by his asking. It would be interesting, she thought, it might be exciting—and then suddenly it came to her that this man—these men, might be of use to her. If she could find a way for Dan to escape, might not they help him to get out of the city?

"Do you trust me?" she asked.

"Why not?" he returned. "We all know P'an Lao-Yeh."

He was looking at her with such frank longing that she laughed.

"Until my lord returns," she said,

"why should I not make myself useful against the enemy?"

He nodded shortly and they went on for a while. Now the city was coming within sight on the flat plains, and once or twice he looked back at her uneasily.

"Have you no poorer robe than the one you wear?" he asked at last.

"I have nothing else," she said.

HE WENT on then but after another mile or two he turned aside toward a field. There, a woman was working alone in the field hoeing sweet potatoes. She was a middle-aged woman with rosy cheeks and a patched blue coat and trousers on, not too clean, and on her bare feet were straw sandals.

"You woman," the young man cried out, "go home and take off your clothes

"Brother and sister," Leone said quietly.

"You do not look alike," the woman said. "He is poor and you are rich."

"I was given to be the concubine of a city man," Leone said.

The woman was satisfied with this, and she led the way to a small farmhouse near by, and there was only an old blind woman sitting there, who lifted her head when they came by and cried out to ask who it was.

"It is only I, good Mother," the woman replied, "and this is a city woman come to buy eggs."

"Have we eggs?" the old woman asked anxiously.

"We have three good eggs," the peasant woman said and she motioned Leone into the room where she slept, and to-

No one looked at her as she passed. The life of the street went on. It was not the old gay life it had been before the enemy came. Men and women were quiet and their faces were grave, and there were far fewer on the streets than once were there. Even the children played silently and near the doors of their homes, ready to hide in an instant if enemy soldiers came into sight. Certainly none looked at Leone except two or three housewives who saw her fuel.

"Good Mother, are you selling your fuel?" they called.

But she answered each time without lifting her head: "It is already promised in the city."

Thus she came to the barrier, and now her tongue was dry and her lips were dry. Yet this only helped to make it easier to let her mouth hang as she panted. Even so she stepped aside at the last moment and went behind a house again into an alley, and tore a piece from her girdle and dirtied it in the gutter and tied it so that it blinded one eye and shaded the other. Then she put on the kerchief again.

There the guard stood beside the barrier, a single Japanese soldier leaning on his gun, and then she saw three or four others, leaning against the wall. She made to pass as though she did not see them, but the man with the gun stuck his bayonet through the fuel, and cried out at her.

SHE paused, and looked sidewise at him, pretending she could scarcely see him.

"Eh?" she said as stupidly as she could.

He shouted at her again, and she shook her head to show she could not understand him. Then he said in broken Chinese:

"Where are you taking the fuel?"

"It is promised," she said, "to a Japanese captain inside the city. His lady wants it."

The soldier scowled at her, not knowing whether she was lying and yet not daring to think she was not. "How did you hurt that eye?" he demanded.

"My man beat me last night," she said simply.

The soldier shouted with laughter. "A good husband," he said, and he took his bayonet out of the fuel and pushed her with his foot.

So she knew she was free and yet she took great care to limp slowly as though she did not know either fear or relief, and thus she came safely into the city.

She limped along until she was well inside the streets she knew and only then did she stop to take out of her sandals the bits of brick, and even after that she still went haltingly, though here there were not likely to be seen any Japanese. She chose the small streets and the hidden alleys. These ways carried her past the Gate of Hope and at that place which she knew so well, she saw what made her turn aside quickly at the west corner of the wall. For there before the gate stood two Japanese guards, their guns held upright and the bayonets shining in the morning sun.

What did this mean? She asked herself the question and then answered it easily enough. Mrs. Shipman was an American, and she would of course be interned. Perhaps Dan, too, was only interned. She turned as the wall turned and came to the back gate. There stood no Japanese, but old Wang, whom she had known since she was a child. When she came near to him she paused and sat down on the edge of the street as though to rest. No one was in sight in this alley. The houses across it were only back gates, too, and all were closed.

(To be continued next week)



"I don't like this business of movie actresses touring the Camps . . . you know how attractive Frank is!"

KIRK STILES

and give them to this one and she will give you hers!"

The woman's round black eyes stood out at this.

"Who are you to tell me such a thing?" she cried.

The young man made a sign and she saw it and without a word to him she threw down her hoe. "Come with me," she said to Leone.

Now at this moment it seemed well to Leone to part from this man and so she said to him: "It is a good moment for us to part." She coaxed him with her smile. "See, there the city is, on the edge of earth and sky. I know my way, now. It is better for you not to come with me closer. I will put on this good mother's garments and put dirt in my hair and dirty my skin, and if she will let me have a load of fuel, I will carry it into the city. I thank you, elder Brother—and I will do what you say."

He coughed and shook his head, but she nodded hers, and so at last he yielded.

"Well, let it be so," he said. "But I will soon be at your gate."

"I will open it to you," she said.

All this time the woman stood gazing at them, and she gazed as the man turned and went away, not back, but winding along a road that edged the city, but did not enter it.

"You are—?" she hinted at last.

gether they took off their garments and Leone put on the peasant woman's, but this one folded Leone's robes carefully and put them away into a red pigskin box which long ago she had brought here with her as a bride. It was this woman who showed her how to mix a mud from the yellow earth by her pond and rub it into her face, and she showed her, too, how to carry the load of fuel on her back and how to put the ropes crossed between her breasts so they would not cut her flesh.

"I learned that when my children were small," the woman said, "and I had to nurse them while I carried the fuel." And then the woman wished her well and so they parted.

NOW Leone went alone along the country road toward the city and as she came near the city gate her heart began to beat more quickly. Would she be able to escape the eyes of the Japanese men at the gate? She had crusted her hands with the mud, and broken off her long nails and rubbed off the red lacquer upon them. A quarter of a mile away from this city she went behind a house and found two bits of broken brick which she had slipped into her straw sandals to make her hobble as she walked, and there she saw her clean white feet and she rubbed earth into them and made them filthy, too.





## "Everybody talks about the weather..."

... but nobody does anything about it." No longer is this famous old quotation true. For Boeing engineers *have* done something about it!

They designed the Stratoliner\*—the first transport airplane built to fly in the stratosphere, *above* the weather—where the air is thin, but smooth—where greater speed, safety, passenger comfort, and economical operation are possible.

In order to open up this new super-highway of the air, Boeing engineers designed the first cabin with automatically controlled atmosphere-conditioning. Thus at 20,000 feet, where the bitter-cold air is too rarefied for sustained breathing, the

atmospheric "altitude" inside the Stratoliner is maintained at a comfortable level. That's why the Stratoliners, built for TWA and Pan American, marked a revolutionary advance in the design and manufacture of commercial airplanes . . . and a guide-post to the future of flight.

Today, Boeing Stratoliners have discarded their gleaming mufti for drab camouflage, and employ their great speed and huge load capacity on errands of war . . . shuttling across seas and continents, hurrying men and materials out to the front lines.

And in another way, too, the Stratoliner is helping to win the Battle of the Skies . . . supplementing

the work of another Boeing-designed and Boeing-built airplane—the Flying Fortress.\* For the engineering and manufacturing lessons learned in building the Stratoliner and the Fortress are today being applied to creating still better military planes.

*The engineering and production know-how acquired by Boeing in many fields—structural, electrical, metallurgical, aerodynamic and a score of others—this know-how will some day be converted . . . from making America victorious, to making the fruits of science and industry available to free men everywhere.*

*Engineering leadership . . . manufacturing efficiency . . . now and tomorrow, these are implicit in the phrase "Built by Boeing."*

DESIGNERS OF THE FLYING FORTRESS • THE STRATOLINER • PAN AMERICAN CLIPPERS

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 Lawrence, Mass., Master Tire & Radio  
 Little Rock, Ark., I. K. Electric Company  
 Long Beach, Calif., Eastern-Columbia, Inc.  
 Los Angeles, Calif., Eastern-Columbia, Inc.  
 Louisville, Kentucky, J. Bacon & Sons  
 Lowell, Massachusetts, Goumont Bros.  
 Lynn, Massachusetts, P. B. Mognone Store



# "How many bullets will this make, mister?"

Sacrifice isn't a thing you can weigh in pounds or count in dollars.

It is measured in the brave little gifts of children.

In the heartbreaks of women. In the suffering of men.

But remember—you boys who toss your precious toys on the salvage heap—

They'll be coming back, all gay and new.

And you grown-ups who are giving up so many American comforts and conveniences—

These things will be back, too.

New products of American industry. More of them—finer than ever.

Sparton will have a part in the keeping of that promise.

Today, we are building for war, in all Sparton plants in both the U. S. and Canada.

But we are looking ahead to a peacetime world of greater plenty for all, at lower cost.

There will be new and finer Sparton radios.

There will be other new Sparton equipment for your homes.

All brought to you The Sparton Way—

Through one *exclusive* Sparton dealer in each community.

Meantime—

Thumbs up for Victory!

## SPARTON

*Radio's richest voice since 1926*

**THE SPARTON WAY.** . . Sparton Radios and other precision-built home equipment will be sold The Sparton Way... a simplified method of bringing to your home better products at lower retail prices through one *exclusive dealer* in each community.

**THE SPARKS-WITHINGTON COMPANY • JACKSON, MICHIGAN**  
*Precision Builders Since 1900 of Radios, Electrical Home Equipment, Auto Horns, Sirens*  
**SPARTON OF CANADA, LIMITED, LONDON, ONTARIO**



Home Sweet Home will be a house of wonders  
... in the world of tomorrow.

Mocon, Go., Peeler Hardware Company  
Madison, Wisconsin, Hills Dry Goods Co.  
Memphis, Tennessee, Lowenstein's  
Milwaukee, Wisconsin, Schuster's  
Minneapolis, Minnesota, Dayton Company  
Mobile, Alabama, Gulf Furniture Company  
Montgomery, Ala., Montgomery Fair Store  
Muncie, Indiana, H. J. Schroder Company  
Nashville, Tennessee, Castner-Knott Dry Goods Co.  
Newark, N. J., Kresge Department Store  
New Britain, Conn., New Britain Furniture Company  
New Haven, Conn., Shartenberg's, Inc.  
New Jersey, at all Vim Stores  
New Orleans, La., Maison Blanche Co., Ltd.

New York City, N. Y., at all Vim Stores  
Niagara Falls, New York, Levy Brothers Furniture Co., Inc.  
Norfolk, Virginia, Price's, Inc.  
Oakland, Calif., Union Furniture Company  
Oklahoma City, Okla., J. A. Brown Co.  
Pasoic, N. J., Arrow Electric Company  
Paterson, New Jersey, Vim Stores  
Powtucket, R. I., Good Housekeeping Shops  
Philadelphia, Pa., Stern and Company  
Phoenix, Ariz., Barrow's Furniture Company  
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, Kaufman's  
Pittsfield, Massachusetts, Wood Brothers  
Pontiac, Michigan, Stewart-Glenn Company  
Portland, Maine, Federal Furniture Co.

Portland, Ore., Meier & Frank Company, Inc.  
Providence, R. I., Good Housekeeping Shops  
Quincy, Massachusetts, Corey's  
Racine, Wis., White Brothers Appliances  
Reading, Pa., Goldman & Adams  
Rochester, New York, Weis & Fischer  
Rockford, Illinois, Chas. V. Weise Co.  
Sacramento, Calif., Eastern Outfitting Co.  
Saginaw, Mich., Chopman's Appliance Co.  
Saint Paul, Minn., Golden Rule Incorporated  
San Antonio, Texas, Joske Brothers Co.  
San Diego, Calif., Grand Rapids Home Furniture  
San Francisco, Calif., Union Furniture Co.  
San Jose, Calif., Union Furniture Company

Santa Monica, California, Frank Furniture Company  
Schenectady, N. Y., Breslaw Furniture Co.  
Seattle, Washington, MacDougal's  
Shreveport, La., New York Furniture Co.  
South Bend, Indiana, Indiana and Michigan Supply Company  
Spokane, Washington, The Crescent  
Springfield, Mass., Carlisle Hardware Co.  
Springfield, Ohio, Good Housekeeping Shop  
Syracuse, N. Y., E. W. Edwards & Son  
Tacoma, Washington, The People's Store  
Tampa, Florida, Tampa Radio Sales  
Terre Haute, Indiana, Root Store Company  
Toledo, Ohio, Lion Store

Trenton, New Jersey, Whitehill's, Inc.  
Troy, New York, Breslaw Furniture Co.  
Union City, New Jersey, Vim Stores  
Utica, New York, Kempf Brothers  
Waco, Texas, Clifton-Simpson Hardware Co.  
Washington, D. C., The Hecht Company  
Waterbury, Conn., Hampson, Mintie and Abbot, Inc.  
Wheeling, W. Va., Reichart Furniture Co.  
Wichita, Kansas, Crook Furniture Company  
Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, Lazarus Store  
Wilmington, Delaware, Stern & Company  
Worcester, Mass., C. T. Sherer Co.  
Yonkers, N. Y., Steadman Music House, Inc.  
Youngstown, Ohio, The Strouss-Hirschberg Company



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### The Coldstream Guards

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Waterloo—Sevastopol—Egypt, 1882—Marne, 1914  
—Ypres, 1914, 17—Hindenburg Line

## HONOURS OF

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AFTER a day of war time activity, guests salute the host who serves Dewar's White Label and Soda, highball of the highlands. This veteran campaigner—cited over 60 times for distinguished service—brings a victorious conclusion to any social manoeuvres!

COMMAND DEWAR'S  
AND...BE "AT EASE"



# Dewar's "White Label" and "Victoria Vat"

THE MEDAL SCOTCH OF THE WORLD

Both 86.8 Proof • BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY  
Copr. 1942, Schenley Import Corp., New York



## Why Meat Must Be Rationed

Continued from page 13

left nearly 18 billion pounds for civilian use. There is a shrinkage of 10 or 12 per cent in trimming the meat carcass to retail cuts.

There are 114 million full meat eaters in this country, and 14 million babies and invalids who can be termed half meat eaters, which adds up to a total of 121 million full meat eaters. A bit of simple long division reveals the fact that each of these 121 million people in 1942, on the average, could have about two and a half pounds of meat per week. That is the 1942 story, with the government, the American Meat Institute, and the packers all agreeing on the figures. It is hoped that the production of meat in 1943 will exceed the 1942 total by about 3 billion pounds—a total of 25 billion pounds. That's by far our largest annual meat output in history. There is no actual shortage of cattle, hogs, or sheep, but the meat must go further.

Let us assume that our Army invades Italy or France or Greece during the next year. If that happens, the Army will bring surplus food along to pacify and insure the co-operation of the local inhabitants, who can be very useful. Sometimes a pork chop can be a more efficacious weapon than a machine gun. Local inhabitants will be less prone to snipe at our lads if our lads toss them food instead of bullets. Also, our Army will of course be much larger than it is now.

The needs of our Armed Forces and our allies add up to eight billion pounds. Take eight from the 25 billion output. That means we will have nearly 17 billion pounds to feed our civilian population this year, or an average of about 2½ pounds per week per person.

### Lend-Lease in Reverse

Inevitably a few boys and girls will still whine, "Why should we send all that meat to Britain or Russia under Lend-Lease when we have a shortage at home? Let the English feed themselves." Discard for a moment the fact that the British and Russians are our allies who to date have borne the brunt of the real fighting, for such an argument would hardly pierce the isolationist shell of such squawkers. Let us hurry to a more realistic argument as to why we will send so much meat to our allies. It may come

as a wide-eyed surprise to many that Lend-Lease also works in reverse. We send no meat at all to Australia and yet we have thousands and thousands of troops there. All are fed with the beef, pork and mutton from Australia and New Zealand.

In Britain, our troops are supplied with potatoes, bread, fresh vegetables, all bulky food and considerable meat. Britain presents no bill for this food. Happily, the governments and the military leaders of both countries believe in the theory of pooling their resources. An example of Lend-Lease in reverse occurred during General Eisenhower's North African campaign. The operation would not have been possible unless Eisenhower had virtually drained Britain of available military supplies.

To quote some few of the war weapons "given" Eisenhower, we might mention 160 Spitfires; enough 25-pounder guns to furnish a division (more than 500 guns); 200,000 hand grenades; 334,000 antitank mines; 240 wireless sets; 600 ambulances; four complete 1,000-bed hospitals. At least a third of the ships used to transport our troops to Africa were British-made and British-manned. One might add that, for just about a year, 250,000 British workers have been allocated to the use of General Eisenhower and his Army. They have (Britain pays their wages) built barracks, airdromes, hospitals, sea bases and repair plants, which are operated by the British. Besides, all American airdromes and encampments are protected by British anti-aircraft guns manned by British gunners.

One could go on for quite a while, but it is all a rather silly method of approaching the problem of pooling our resources. It sounds like a bargain day at a department store. Actually to win the war, we must of necessity pool everything we have. This is a stern military necessity, and for civilians even to question it is absurd. But it might be the answer to the uninformed critics who six months from now may grumble, "Why send meat to Britain when we haven't enough for ourselves?"

Incidentally, although a great deal of pork is sent to Britain and to Russia, less than five per cent of our beef is shipped and about the same percentage of lamb and mutton, so Lend-Lease can







# CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS are the

dependable source of full, flowing engine performance, so vital to a Navy pilot at that crucial moment when an enemy ship—the never-to-be-forgotten prize—looms large in his sights. Champions are on active duty on every front.



The furious assault on an enemy ship by a formation of Navy dive bombers is a sight reserved for few to see. But a little imagination tells us what a magnificently awe-inspiring and intense moment it must be. Already the record books are replete with glorious achievement on the part of the men who man these avengers of Pearl Harbor. The records likewise show that many of these Navy planes, as well as all other types of planes in use by our air forces, are

powered by engines equipped with Champion Spark Plugs. In performing their respective and vital tasks, instantaneous response to the throttle is paramount. This quality of performance depends on the proper functioning of the all-important spark plugs. The characteristic dependability of all Champions, including those for your car, is directly due to research, engineering and precision manufacturing unequalled in the spark plug industry.



hardly be made the Big Bad Wolf of the meat shortage. In fact, we are under certain obligations to our allies, just as they are under certain obligations to us. Mind you, if the anticipated meat shortage were to result in one single war worker in this country actually going hungry, the whole picture would be different. But there will be no such shortage as that.

The government's policy on this point is clear. Secretary of Agriculture Wickard, the man whom the President has commissioned to handle the distribution of our food supplies among all needs, puts it this way: "There will be no shortage of meat for civilians in the sense of our having less than the prewar normal amount. The civilian supply per capita in 1943 will be a shade over the average civilian supply in the years from 1935 to 1939—the years just before the war.

### Soldiers Need Meat

One of our foundation policies in handling the wartime supply of meat—and of all other foods, for that matter—is to see that the American civilian population has enough for health and strength.

"Any doctor or dietitian will insist that men and women doing manual labor need more meat than the rest of our civilians who do nothing more energetic than punch typewriters, paint pictures, sell dictionaries or take tickets in a movie palace. Our troops, especially, not only need plenty of meat but want it. And our service men average just under a pound of meat a day."

In addition to the military need for meat, there is a civilian desire for meat to a degree we have never hitherto known. People in general will buy as much meat as their purses allow. Hundreds of thousands of defense workers who a year ago were able to afford steak or roast beef only once a week, now by virtue of increased pay envelopes and steady employment can afford it every day. They can't spend their money for automobiles, gasoline, electric iceboxes or other knickknacks which military necessity has decreed must be forgotten until after the war.

To these many thousands, meat, hitherto a luxury, is now an everyday fare. Today, they and their families literally purchase billions of pounds of meat which a year ago was not within their means. In other words, some people who formerly consumed about 100 pounds of meat per year are now purchasing meat at the rate of 260 pounds a year. There is no reason why they shouldn't have all the meat they need: rationing and restrictions will merely mean that they can't have all the meat they want.

This will be (and has already been) the condition in places like San Diego, Portland, Detroit, and a dozen other cities whose populations have mushroomed during the past year or so. The working out of technicalities in equitable distribution and transportation of meat to such suddenly grown cities has lagged behind the tremendous and not easily ascertained increase in population. As quickly as new centers of population arise, the packers and the government get together to adjust supply, transportation and distribution, so that shortages in such areas will be, at worst, temporary.

Now, leaving the over-all picture of meat alone for the moment, let's get down to what the shortage will actually mean to the ordinary housewife. It will not mean any radical increase in price. It should mean no increase at all. Last December, the Office of Price Administration fixed the price of beef.

\* Maximum prices per hundredweight for cuts of steer or heifer, for example, have been carefully worked out for the ten zones into which the country has been divided. These prices make allowances for the established charge for transportation applicable to each zone, based on the zone's distance from the territory where the beef is killed and packed. As to how this works out, one need only look at the prices charged for meat during the last war. Today, they are about thirty per cent lower than they were then.

"But," the housewife wails, "today my butcher has no steak. He has no pork, either, nor has he any lamb. What can I give my old man for dinner?"

When we discuss a "meat" shortage we use the word "meat" as the packers use it. It is a trade term meaning beef, pork, lamb, veal, mutton—nothing else. Nothing that comes from the head or the entrails of an animal is considered to be "meat." That is called "variety meat."

A good supply is anticipated of kidneys, brains, liver, tongue, oxtails, tripe, sweetbreads, pigs' feet, lamb fries and hearts, for these variety meats are not

huge shipments of pork and soya sausage have gone to Russia and Britain. The addition of soya to the sausage extends the nutritional value of the sausage.

Russia has been given a large amount of a combination of dried milk, oatmeal and soya which, with the addition of water, gives one a dish with the combined strength of meat and cereal. In Britain, pork sausage with soya is not only considered a desirable and tasty dish, but a tremendously nutritious dish. In the words of the food experts, soya "extends the flavor of meat and helps to compensate in nutritive value for lessened amounts of meat."

To say that there will be adequate "substitutes" for meat is to fool ourselves with the Nazi philosophy of *ersatz*. There are millions of us who will never admit that any food in the world can equal a good steak. The best we can hope for during the war is to find something "almost as good" and just as vital in vitamins (which wouldn't make a bad advertising slogan). Dishes such as liver, sausage, braised oxtails, broiled pigs' feet, boiled tongue with raisin sauce, and numerous others are going to

is not at all a satisfactory solution in these days when men—and women—work on odd shifts. Twenty-four-hour production has turned night into day for thousands and thousands of households. A housewife who once did her marketing at ten in the morning now, by virtue of her husband's nightwork, might not get to the butcher's until four in the afternoon. And so very often when she got there, the cupboard was bare.

In addition, there were the few crooks who gleefully took advantage of the situation to set up what amounted to a Black Market in meat. In New York, for instance, the price of beef chuck rose to 51 cents a pound in January. Six months ago, the average price was 29 cents a pound. The retail butchers insisted that certain wholesalers had ignored the price ceilings and in many cases they, the butchers, had been forced to "tip" salesmen in order to get any meat at all. Retail butchers were afraid to report such violations to the OPA for fear of being blacklisted by wholesalers.

Mayor La Guardia, in his annual message to the City Council early in January, took note of the situation when he declared, "If food prices keep jumping, I am going to ask that we control the distribution." Whether meat rationing will eliminate such abuses will not be known until it has had a fair trial. In any case, wide-awake mayors can stop such abuses easily enough if given the wholehearted co-operation of housewives and retail butchers who will report violations and out-of-line prices.

Food profiteering is perhaps the nastiest form of illegal money-making, for in the long run the burden falls on the poor and on defense workers.

### Rationing is Fairer

The methods of rationing which will be used are the most efficient that man has been able to evolve. To say that rationing will be perfect is to expect that human ingenuity is infallible. It won't be. But the mistakes made in Britain early in the war and the way rationing finally worked out with reasonable satisfaction to all have been studied, and our rationing should be the more effective for that study.

As long ago as last September, the government realized that meat rationing would be necessary. Since then, rules have been worked out and the mechanics of rationing have been carefully planned.

Here is the view of Secretary Wickard, the man who directed that meat be rationed:

"I don't have any doubt that the American people will be much better satisfied with rationing of meat when it goes into effect than they have been with the situation which has prevailed previously in the periods when supplies for domestic consumption have been short in widespread areas. I think there has been a tendency, in some quarters, to underestimate the patriotic determination of our people to see this war through, no matter what personal adjustments and inconveniences it may mean for them. I think, too, that their common sense has been undervalued. I have gone on the theory that if we told them why food supplies were short and why they were being asked to use ration books, or otherwise give up the free and easy ways of peacetime life, they would respond enthusiastically and cheerfully. So far, I have seen no reason to change my mind."

Claude Wickard used to be a farmer. Farmers have a way of talking more sense than the rest of us. Claude Wickard is no exception.

THE END



used in military feeding or for Lend-Lease shipment; and in addition, chicken, turkey, duck and other fowl are not rationed. They will come from a record supply of animals, and all will remain right here for us. They may be expected to be seen more often on our own tables. Any of them may be substituted for "meat" without fear that the old man will knock himself out from starvation if he takes a deep breath.

It may be that families accustomed to stuffing themselves on steaks, chops and roasts will not take kindly to occasional meals which lack those succulent dishes, but it must be remembered that Britain was a very big meat-eating country once upon a time, and her population has managed very nicely to adjust itself to the new conditions.

### Extending Meat with Soya

There is a little thing called the soybean which is going to loom more and more important in our food program as time goes on. After the oil is taken from the bean, the protein is snatched from it and this (called soya) is going to be seen in one way or another on many a dinner table soon.

Our Department of Agriculture says that one pound of soya has the protein value of four pounds of meat. Already

load down our dinner tables and we won't be any the worse off for them.

Rationing of meat will come almost any day now. We have come to rationing only because everyone concerned (government officials, packers and retailers) agreed that it was necessary and was the only fair method of seeing that every family in the country received as much meat as it needed. The Share-the-Meat movement of the past year was a noble experiment, but like all noble experiments, for it to have been one hundred per cent successful, people would have to be one hundred per cent noble. That is putting too much of a strain on most of us.

Then, too, the Share-the-Meat campaign put too much responsibility on the individual retail butcher. Most butchers were forced to adopt a "first come, first served" policy.

Around the stockyards in Kansas City and Chicago, they have an indelicate but very pungent slogan regarding meat. It is "Sell It or Smell It." The retail butcher, with all the good will in the world, couldn't hold back some of his meat for old and regular customers who might not order it after all—and the meat would be spoiled. You can't keep meat around until a customer makes up his mind.

The "first come, first served" policy



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*How American it is... to want something better!*

IT HAS BEEN SAID that the world seeks something *good* while America wants *something better*.

This hunt for *something better* has led a quite sizeable number of Americans to discover a notable Ale.

In fact, this moderate beverage lives up so literally to the "Purity," "Body," "Flavor," inscribed upon its three-ring trade mark, that it has easily come to be—

*America's largest selling Ale*







Le Comte de Badoit moved in procession toward his carriage. And behind came José carrying a sunshade

# THE FORGOTTEN GOVERNOR

by Wells Lewis

Success story of a great master in the unorthodox art of doing absolutely nothing

THE melon had been cooling in the cellar, so the body of it was deliciously chill. But the sun was filtering through the heavy trees of the patio, and the top of the slice of melon was mildly warm. Warm on the surface, chill underneath, the melon was also sweet but sprinkled with salt. It was a harmony of agreeable, gently contrasting sensations.

The Comte de Badoit dug his pointed spoon into the green flesh. In the morning, melons were comforting. It was one thing, in the evening, after bathing his huge body in a huge tub, shaving freshly and armoring himself in fresh linen, to battle with quail and wild turkey, with antelope pie and suckling pig, with *moles* and *chilis*, with large glasses and large decanters of wine, with cigars and pipes and bursts of song and thumping on the table and stamping on the floor and determinations to ride out into the night on immense, vague expeditions. That was all right for dinner. But in the morning, the count preferred melons and stillness and the sunlight meander-

ing from leaf to leaf until it spread in small circles on the brick floor of the patio.

Again and again he dug in his spoon, and with double satisfaction. Bringing melons from Cuba to grow in the palace gardens had not been easy, but French elegance in northern Mexico in the 1830's demanded an effort, even from the governor of a province. Every hour of luxurious laziness had cost the count an ounce—or perhaps an ounce and a half—of his own sweat.

With the last spoonful, José appeared carrying the second course—chicken livers cooked with sherry, in a covered silver dish. Behind the footman, or butler, or valet—José had various titles—came Dr. Lorent, jittering with excitement.

"It is!" he gabbled. "It is! It really is!" Badoit prodded the chicken livers to see if they were tender. "I'm delighted to hear it," he said. "What are you talking about?"

"Why—the—the—" Dr. Lorent stammered, gazing helplessly at José. The elderly little doctor had no tact. But José had tact if nothing else. He smiled reassuringly and withdrew.

"Ah!" said Dr. Lorent, "I couldn't speak in front of that fellow, you know. It's most important! Vital! But secret."

"Secret, indeed. Explain yourself, man! . . . Or shall I assume that you have finally contracted sunstroke?"

"I thought I had sunstroke when I tested it! Almost pure gold! Such rich ore! There's millions in it—millions and millions!"

"Gold? Gold?"

"Yes! That outcropping in the cliff above the Rio Quintano . . . Henri de Badoit, you have a gold mine on your property!"

MONSIEUR LE COMTE began to eat his chicken livers in the most maddeningly casual way, his great shoulders hunched over the table. Between each morsel he thought for a while. After the sixth he said, "A gold mine?"

"A most amazing gold mine, I am sure of it."

"Um. . . And people wish to acquire gold?"

"Of course."

Badoit seemed displeased. "To acquire gold, people will burn, steal, make impolite remarks, sell their grandmothers

into slavery, and annoy me in the middle of breakfast." He sighed . . . a huge sigh from his prodigious, vatlike chest. "I had hoped that this province had no natural resources at all."

To the wrinkled face of the geologist came the expression of a man who has been trying to scale a mountain all his life and reaches the top to find planted there a "No Trespassing" sign. "But this is fantastic!" he exclaimed. "Do you mean to tell me that you have no desire to possess a house in Mexico City and another in Paris, a château on the Loire, a hunting lodge in the Vosges, a yacht, hundreds of servants?"

"No," said Badoit.

The geologist waved his hands like a hysterical windmill. "All right! Be insane if you will. But at least let me dig out some of that precious ore for myself!"

"Hah!" The Comte de Badoit suddenly pushed around his chair, rose to his feet, advanced menacingly toward his former tutor turned geologist. "Listen to me, you misguided old scholar," he said, wagging a big finger. "Do you think you could dig out that ore *alone*? Do you think you could drive the ore to a smelter or build a smelter *alone*? And do you think you could gather workers

(Continued on page 56)

ILLUSTRATED BY WALLACE MORGAN



# Ivy and the Figurin' Man

By Putnam Fennell Jones

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL BLOSSOM

Young Jotham was slow to action, but when he did move, he was in the right direction

LONG before the others on the porch heard anything, Ivy knew Jotham's truck was out there on the road. Her ears had caught the faint rattle of its tailboard as it bounced down Cedar Hill, and while her father and mother and Ben Ellsbree kept on talking, she sat with her chin in her hands, waiting to see whether Jotham would drive past or would turn up their lane. She guessed there wasn't much chance, for Jotham never visited anybody any more. He just stayed by himself in the old farmhouse across the valley, up among the trees his father had planted. He'd been that way since his father's death.

Ben's dog raised his head and growled. "Hey, Rebel!" Ben said. "What's the matter, boy? Cats?" The hound cocked an ear in the direction of the road, and Ben shrugged. "Somebody comin' up, I guess."

Ivy's father listened. "Sounds like Jotham Trent's machine."

"Huh!" Ben growled. He looked at Ivy, and his fleshy jaw tightened. "He been sparkin' around here?"

"Not once," Ivy answered. "Not once ever."

But her cheeks were warm as the little green truck rolled into the barnyard. Jotham turned the truck around and parked it, then came toward the porch.

He was dressed in the clothes he always wore to Stoneway, the county seat. These consisted of a dark blue suit that hung loosely from his tall frame, a clean white shirt with a knitted tie, and a pair of square-toed oxfords that had been rubbed to a dull black. He had no hat, and his tousled brown hair contrasted sharply with the solemn lines of his face. Jotham was only twenty-five, the same age as Ben, but he seemed older and more mature.

"Evenin', Miz' Jackson," he said. "Evenin', Mr. Jackson."

"Evenin'."

Jotham paused at the steps, and his gray eyes came to rest on Ivy's face. "Evenin', Ivy," he said. He spoke to Ben also, but the latter only grunted.

"Evenin', Jotham," Ivy murmured, trying to keep her voice steady. "Been over to Stoneway?"

"Since mornin'," he answered. "Draft board wanted to see me." He stood silent a moment, evidently thinking about something else. At last he reached into his pocket and brought out a piece of newspaper, which he handed to her. "Wanted to ask you about this," he said. "Found it in yesterday's Gazette-Times. Thought maybe you could tell me what it means."

Ivy flattened the clipping on her knee. It was a drawing called "Strange Facts," and it showed a black cat looking up at Hitler, Mussolini and Napoleon. The lettering underneath said: "Like Napoleon before them, both Hitler and Mussolini are *ailurophobes*."

She stared at the queer word, but it meant nothing to her. "I'm sorry, Jotham," she sighed. "I've never seen that one before."

"Dictionary around?"

"It's in my desk at the schoolhouse. We could go down there now, if you

"So you're worrying about Jotham's cat," Ben grunted. "Well, let's see how she likes this." He stooped, picked up a rock, took careful aim and threw





# U-UMM! Orchard Fresh Fruits in February...mere minutes off the farm!



**1. Take** Birds Eye Strawberries: they're out-of-season visions—sun-ripened! Then cleaned, sliced, sugared, and Quick-Frozen! All midsummer deliciousness is sealed in!

**2. It's like** that with all Birds Eye Fruits! Strictly QUALITY—tasty, tempting! Try Birds Eye Peaches—tree-ripened, sliced, and sweetened! (Simply swell for Shortcake!)



**3. A-ah!** Birds Eye Red Sour Cherries—in a pie! Pitted, stemmed, sweetened—to save you trouble! Quick-Frozen at their tree-ripened, tingling-tart peak!

**4. Quick-Freezing** captures ALL the goodness of Birds Eye Fruits. They come cleaned, waste-free—economical! You can't BUY farm-fresh fruits like these today!



**5. Birds Eye Fruits**—like other Birds Eye products—are naturally rich in Nutrition! Notably so in vitamins A and C, and in Minerals. They're all good for YOU!

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Tru-Blu-Berries • Mixed Fruits • Strawberries  
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(This week Feb. 8-13)

**PEACHES • SQUASH**



would like to. Wouldn't be any trouble."

"No, it ain't that important. But some day when you're around there, maybe you'd check up."

"I will," she said, disappointed that he hadn't wanted to take her. "I'll be glad to."

"Much obliged," he said. He nodded to the others. "Night, folks."

Ivy's father pulled a chair forward. "Don't rush off, Jotham. Sit down and visit a while."

"Sure would like to, Mr. Jackson, but I got to get home. Lady's been shut in all day, and she'll be pinin'."

"She had her kittens yet?" Ivy asked.

"No, but she's sniffin' at boxes. House-huntin', I guess."

He turned toward the car again, but Ben called after him.

"Hey, Jotham, what'd the draft board say? You tryin' to skip the Army?"

"Killin' ain't my business," Jotham answered quietly. "I like to make things grow. Draft board told me to keep on raisin' food for people. Logical, ain't it?"

"Sure, if you're scared of the fightin'."

**JOTHAM'S** eyes were steady. "I might be scared or I mightn't," he said. "Nobody knows till he gets there. How about you, now? You goin'?"

"I would, only Pa can't handle the farm alone. The board allowed I'd better stay here."

"So?" Jotham asked. "Your pa been sick?"

Ivy wondered, too, because everybody in the valley knew that Phineas Ellsbree looked after his farm without any help from Ben. Ben spent his days in the thickets and the high timber, hunting rabbits and coons with his dogs. He'd never felt the heft of a plow.

"Pa ain't young any more," Ben said, shrugging. "And besides"—he paused and winked broadly at Ivy—"I'm aimin' to settle down. When you know what you want, there's no use waitin' on a war."

"Logical," Jotham agreed. He smiled briefly. "Well, I really got to get goin'. So long, folks."

Ivy sat frozen to the steps. She wanted to run after him and explain that Ben was only talking, that there wasn't any understanding between Ben and her. But the little truck started before she could move, and its swaying tailboard soon disappeared down the lane. She turned hot eyes on Ben.

"Why did you say that? I never promised I'd marry you."

"Logical, ain't it?" Ben grinned, imitating Jotham's soft drawl. "I don't want him trespassin'. Saves trouble, if he knows beforehand."

"He doesn't come here for that, I told you."

"Can't tell what he might do, bein' a crazy fool."

"I don't think he's crazy," Ivy objected.

"No? Well, listen, then." He ticked off the points on his fingers. "He's a nut farmer—thinks he can make a livin' out of trees. That's crazy, ain't it? Then, there's that cat. Who ever heard of a grown man takin' a cat in and worryin' about it? Doesn't make sense. And now, tonight, he comes askin' what big words mean, like a professor. Logical? Huh! If Jotham Trent's logical, I'm a cock-eyed muskrat!"

"Well, he aims to be logical," Ivy said. "He likes to figure things out, so he'll know what he's doing."

"Yeah, like growin' walnuts all over the place!" Ben chuckled. "Jotham Trent, the squirrels' friend! Ha-a-a-ah! Ain't that a honey? Jotham the Squirrel! Ha-a-a-ah!"

He slapped his thigh and leaned back, roaring.

Ivy stood up. "I've got a headache. I'm going to bed."

Ben grabbed at her arm. "Pretty early, ain't it?" he asked. "I counted on us takin' a walk after it got dark."

She pulled away from him and ran into the house, not stopping until she reached her room. She locked the door behind her and stood there a moment, then lay down on the bed, burying her face in the coverlet.

The window beside her was open, and she could hear the sounds of evening—the hoot owl up on the ridge, the chirping of the meadow crickets, the katydids' endless song. It was the hour when she liked to think about Jotham. Right after sundown, while the soft dusk was gathering, almost anything seemed possible, even a love match between Jotham and herself.

That was her oldest dream, the oldest and the best. When she was hardly big enough to walk, she had trudged across the valley to look at "the crazy Trents," as people called them, and her heart had been won by the awkward, solemn-faced boy who discovered her at the top of the path and took her to see his baby rabbits in the nest beside the barn. Years later, when she was sixteen and the Trents had begun their experiments with nut trees, she had watched Jotham graft the walnut stocks with his strong brown hands, and she had caught herself wondering how a tree felt, inside its bark, when he touched it. From then on, her thoughts of him had a breathless, aching quality that often brought tears to her eyes.

For the dream was only a dream, after all, and she would have to forget it soon. She was twenty-one, grown up, and anybody could see Jotham didn't want her.

She wished she could go to sleep and dream once more, then never wake up again. . . .

**BY TEN** the next morning, however, she had been awake more than three hours. By that time she had walked to the Lower Forks schoolhouse and back, had washed the breakfast dishes and made the beds, had got herself ready for the trip over to Jotham's. The dress she had put on, a soft summer print with a plain neckline, brought out the smooth texture of her skin, with its August tan. She had brushed her hair until it shone in glossy, upswept waves, and her dark eyes were alive with excitement. She made a face at herself in the mirror.

"Ought to have better sense, Ivy Jackson," she murmured. "He's probably forgotten that clipping already."

But on her way across the valley, she kept repeating what she had found in the dictionary, so as to have it by heart when she met Jotham. She hoped he would feel like talking to her for a while.

The path wound down through the bottomlands and across Swamp Creek, then up the other side toward Jotham's walnut groves. She had crossed the little stream and was in sight of the open hillside beyond when the brush suddenly parted at the side of the trail and Ben Ellsbree stepped out, his dog at his heels. Ben eyed her steadily.

"Mornin'," he said. "You sure look pretty, slicked up like that. Visitin' somebody?"

"Yes . . . Jotham Trent."

"Guessed you might, after last night. That's why Rebel and I been waitin'. Thought we'd go with you."

"I don't need company."

"You're gettin' it, just the same. Jotham'd have the wrong idea if you went up there alone. So I'm comin'."

She knew she couldn't keep him from



following her up the hill, and if they arrived at Jotham's door together, Jotham would think they were engaged for sure. There was only one thing to do.

"All right," she said quietly, "I'm going home." She turned and started back down the trail, toward the little footbridge she had crossed earlier. She hoped he would be satisfied and would leave her alone.

But he had no such intention, it seemed, for he caught up with her just short of the bridge. He walked close beside her for a few paces, then slipped his arm around her waist. "This suits me fine," he said. "We can make up for that walk we missed last night. It's nice and quiet down here."

"Cut it out, Ben," she said sharply, pushing him away. She knew what he meant by a walk, which was one reason she had never gone out with him.

She hadn't any choice, she guessed. Before Ben could grab at her again, she turned and fled back along the path toward Jotham's hillside. Better Jotham than Ben, no matter what came of it.

SHE heard Ben's grunt of surprise, then the thud of his boots on the trail behind her. The ground was soft, so that she couldn't tell whether he was gaining or not. She simply kept her eyes on the distant green slope and ran as hard as she could. If she once reached the meadow, she would be in sight of Jotham's house and Ben couldn't bother her.

But with less than twenty yards to go, she was sure she couldn't make it. Her feet were like lead and Ben's heavy breathing was almost at her ear. She expected each instant to feel his hand on her shoulder and to hear his grunt of satisfaction as he gathered her into his arms. It was this last thought that drove her on. She ran blindly, dizzily, trying to escape those avid fingers.

Then, suddenly, the air had a new quality. It was no longer damp, but warm and dry, filled with the sweet smell of clover. She was in the meadow! She halted, panting, and looked up toward the crest of the hill, where Jotham's white bungalow gleamed in the sun.

Ben, who had stopped beside her, followed the direction of her glance.

"Smart, ain't you?" he asked. "Well, runnin' won't get rid of me. I'm taggin' along, like I promised."

She didn't answer him. Though still out of breath, she started up the path, which skirted the northern edge of the walnut grove. Ben kept pace with her,

and the dog Rebel, his nose close to the ground, scoured the meadow ahead. He was running in wide circles, apparently tracing a scent he had found.

Ben yelled at him: "Hey, Rebel! What is it, boy? Rabbits?"

Ivy's heart froze. She turned swiftly to Ben: "Ben! Call him back! Jotham's cat may be out."

But it was already too late. Even as she spoke, the dog gave a sharp yelp. A gray bundle of fur broke out of the tall grass and streaked into the open, making for the walnut trees. Rebel was in hot pursuit, so close that Ivy expected his next bound to end the chase.

Ivy watched tensely, as the gap narrowed, for it was plain that even if Lady got to the tree she was headed for, Rebel would catch her when she jumped. The cat evidently realized this. Instead of jumping, she flashed past the tree trunk, then made a twisting, clawing turn and scrambled up the other side. Rebel wheeled at the same instant, but he was off balance and his teeth missed her hind-quarters by a good six inches. Before he could gather himself for another leap, she was up among the branches.

Ben was laughing gleefully. "Hey, Rebel!" he shouted. "Where's your cat? Go get her, boy! Shake her out of that tree!"

The dog barked wildly and jumped high against the tree trunk. It was one of the smaller walnuts, bearing its first crop, and the impact of Rebel's body made it tremble in every leaf. Lady had climbed to a small limb near the top, where she hung on desperately, her tail fluffed out like a fox's brush, her eyes fixed in terror on the dog below.

"Call him off, Ben!" Ivy pleaded. "Lady's going to have kittens, and she's scared to death."

Ben laughed again, but his eyes were hard. "So you're worryin' about Jotham's cat!" he grunted. "Well, let's see how she likes this." He stooped, picked up a rock, took careful aim, and threw. The rock crashed through the upper branches, nipping a twig beside Lady's nose. She flinched backward, almost upsetting herself, and Rebel's barking rose to a frenzied pitch.

Ivy grabbed Ben's arm. "Please don't, Ben! She's so helpless up there! Can't you—"

She broke off, startled by the sound of footsteps. She turned and saw Jotham striding down the slope. His face was pale and set, and his eyes blazed with a fury she had never seen in them before. He made straight for the tree under

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"I have several requests from a gentleman in Chicago, but I'm gonna sing anyway"

GENE STANLEY



which Rebel was barking. He lifted the dog by the scruff of the neck and carried him back to Ben.

"Don't want to hurt your dog, 'cause it ain't really his fault," he said. "But you better tie him up before I choke him to death."

"You choke him and I'll bust your head in!" Ben retorted. "Anyhow, why should I tie him up?"

"So I can get started bustin' your head in," Jotham answered quietly. "I saw you throw that rock."

Ben's eyes narrowed. "You mean you'll fight me?"

"I mean I'm goin' to thrash you, soon as you tie this dog up."

"Give him here, then. I'd tie my old man up for a chance like this. Always wanted to fight you, Jotham."

Ben was smiling grimly as he took Rebel by the collar and led him to the edge of the field. He anchored him to the fence with a piece of loose wire, then came back and stood in front of Jotham.

"So you're goin' to bust my head in!"

"Aim to try."

During the instant they faced each other, Ivy dug her fingers into her palms, wanting to cry out in protest. This was no match. Ben was known throughout the valley as the meanest, deadliest fighter in all those parts.

Jotham wouldn't have a chance in that sort of brawl. He knew nothing about fighting, and he hadn't even the weight to meet Ben on equal terms. He was tall, but lean and loose-jointed. Ben, with his bulky shoulders and his wrestler's legs and arms, outweighed him by at least forty pounds.

BEN put his weight into play from the start. He took Jotham's first punch high on the cheek, and then, with lips drawn back and eyes smoldering, he made a low, hard rush. Jotham braced himself and swung again, aiming at the big jaw, but Ben's head caught him in the stomach like a battering ram. As he staggered, Ben wrapped his arms around him, bending his spine into a tight arc. They fell that way, with Ben on top, and Ivy tried to shut her eyes. At the last instant, however, she saw Jotham send a stiff right to Ben's body, breaking his grip as they hit the ground. He rolled clear and got up slowly, struggling for breath. His back didn't seem to be injured.

But that was only the beginning. For the next fifteen minutes Ben attacked like a mad bull; he butted and gouged, clawed, slugged and wrestled, giving Jotham such a mauling that Ivy wondered how he stood up. At one point she thought it was all over. After straightening Jotham with a short uppercut, Ben slid into a clinch, then brought his knee up into Jotham's groin. Jotham's face went white, and his eyes were glazed with pain. But when Ben stepped back and measured him for the kill, Jotham beat him to the punch with a stinging left. Ben's fist glanced harmlessly off his shoulder.

Then, for the first time, Ben failed to renew his attack. He was breathing heavily, and his cheeks showed ugly splotches of purple, as if he had suddenly spent himself. He watched Jotham's eyes, and when the latter moved toward him, he gave ground slowly. Ivy prayed that the tide had turned.

Jotham closed in and hooked a right to Ben's jaw. Ben struck back clumsily, and Jotham put everything he had into three solid right-hand smashes. Each found its mark along Ben's jaw. After the third one, he tottered a moment, then slipped to one knee, spreading his hands on the ground for support. Jotham stood over him.

"Get up, Ben. You ain't hurt much—yet."

Ben stirred a little, but he didn't lift his head. "I'm licked," he mumbled. "I can't take any more." The plea in his voice was naked, embarrassing.

Jotham looked down at him curiously. "Why . . . all right, then. Take your dog and get out. But remember, he ain't to come up here again."

Ben nodded without answering. He got up painfully and went over and untied the dog. Holding him by the collar, he led him down the slope, and in a few minutes the two of them disappeared into the thicket at the edge of the swamp.

Jotham turned and limped over to the tree where Lady was hiding. He had a queer, preoccupied look in his eyes as he climbed the tree for the cat.

She kept quiet till he got the cat down, but then she had to know. "Jotham . . . are you all right?"

He glanced at her, and his eyes were

lie about," he murmured. From his tone, Ivy couldn't be sure who he meant was lying, Ben or herself. She made no comment, and after a while he raised his head. "Could we walk up the hill while you tell me about that word? Lady feels scared down here."

"Of course," Ivy answered. She reached across and smoothed the fur along Lady's throat. "Poor little thing! She got a chasing, all right." The cat pressed shyly against her fingers.

THEY started up along the path, walking slowly while Ivy told Jotham about "ailurophobes." She repeated the definition she had found in the dictionary—"A person with a morbid fear and hatred of cats"—and she noticed how intently he listened.

Then, because it had pleased her when she read it, she explained how the word was formed. The first part, *ailuros*, meant "tail-waver" in Greek, while the second

around while other fellows do the fighting. It's my war as much as theirs."

"But what about your crop? And Lady?"

Jotham's eyes clouded, and he glanced down at the cat, which was rubbing daintily against his leg. "I don't know," he said, with a tired shrug. "That's where I get stuck in my figurin'. I'm all snarled up about the crop, about Lady, and about you."

Ivy bent forward, not sure she had understood him. "About me, did you say?"

"About you," he nodded. His eyes were steady, but a tinge of red had crept into his cheeks. "I shouldn't be sayin' it the way things stand, but I've wanted to marry you ever since we were kids. I was ready to kill Ben for his braggin' last night. I figured he'd shoved in ahead of me."

She stared at him. "But you never said a word, Jotham. You never came callin' or anything!"

"Well, I didn't figure I should. Pa used to talk about that. He said I ought to have somethin' to offer before I went courtin'. That's why I've sweated over those trees. They're comin' along fine too. This first crop, when it's ripe, will be worth three thousand dollars. Dealer from Stoneway told me so."

"Jotham! How wonderful!"

"Would have been nice," he agreed. "But it's just squirrel food, now. I ain't goin' to wait."

"Not even for Lady's kittens? What will happen to her?"

THE lines in his forehead deepened and he slowly turned his head. "I been wonderin' if you'd help me, Ivy. Could you take her to your house? She likes you, and she wouldn't be much trouble."

"I don't know, Jotham," she murmured, shrinking from the words she was about to speak. "We've never kept cats over there, and I'm afraid the dogs would tear her to pieces. Besides, she's used to this place. She'd be uneasy having her kittens anywhere else."

She lowered her glance as she finished, unable to meet the disappointment in his eyes. *I'm bad, she thought. I'm just a hussy, and maybe he'll hate me for it. But please, God, make him see what I mean!*

"I guess you're right," Jotham said quietly. "She's got her box picked out, back in the shed."

Ivy looked down along the hillside, with its rows of trees. "Those nuts, too. It seems a shame to let them rot, after all your trouble. You've done the real work. Harvesting would be easy."

"You think I should wait, then?" he asked, frowning. "Gosh, Ivy—"

"No, no!" she cried. "You mustn't wait! I want you to fight, and I'm proud of you!"

Jotham blinked for a moment, and then he fastened his eyes on hers in a concentrated gaze. He leaned forward slightly, his brown hands tight on the arms of his chair.

"Ivy . . . is there a chance you'd marry me . . . now, before I go? I'm askin' you because I love you, and not on account of the crop, or Lady, or anythin' else. Could you, do you think, without any proper courtin'?"

Ivy brushed a tear away. "Of course, I'll marry you, because I love you, too. As for courtin', I'll never want more than the things you just said."

They stood up together, and he took her into his arms. It was quite a while before either of them spoke. At last, however, Ivy turned her face and whispered against his chest:

"Jotham . . . you figure so beautifully!"

THE END



suddenly sharp. "Yes, I'm all right. You better go help Ben."

"But—but I came to see you, Jotham. About that word, remember? The one in the clipping? I—"

"Why'd you let Ben bring his dog, then?" Jotham demanded. "You knew Lady was here."

His voice cut like a knife edge, and she lowered her eyes.

"I meant to come over alone," she said, "but Ben picked up with me down in the swamp, and I couldn't get loose from him. I'm sorry about Lady, Jotham. About the fight, too."

"WELL, that's water over the dam," he said. "Reckon we better forget it." His voice had grown milder, though there were still signs of strain around his mouth. He was silent a moment, looking at her. "Ben won't like this."

"Won't like what?"

"Your stayin' here after the fight. You should have gone with him."

"But why, Jotham? What do you mean?"

His eyebrows came together in a puzzled frown.

"You're engaged, ain't you? Seems I heard Ben sayin' so, just last night."

"Maybe that's what you heard," Ivy answered quietly, "but it isn't true. I wouldn't marry Ben for anything."

Jotham glanced down at Lady, who was curled inside his arm. He rubbed her gently behind the ears, his forehead puckered in thought. "Funny thing to

half came from the word for "fear."

"Tail-waver," she smiled. "Isn't that a nice name for cats?"

"Sure is," he nodded. "Couldn't be prettier. Thanks for all your trouble, Ivy." He spoke with evident sincerity, but there was no smile in his eyes, no outward change from the dark and preoccupied mood he'd been in all morning.

They reached the level ground in front of Jotham's house, and he led her across the yard to the side porch. When they got there, he put Lady down and moved two chairs back out of the sun.

"Sit and visit a while?"

"I ought to get home," Ivy answered, taking the small rocker, "but I want to talk to you for a minute. Are you still cross with me about Ben's dog? If you are, you better tell me, instead of acting strange."

"I ain't holdin' grudges. Not against you anyhow. If I been actin' strange, it's because my head's like a squirrel cage. Can't seem to figure straight any more."

"About what, Jotham?"

"About me and the war, for one thing. I'd figured I ought to keep on farmin' as long as they'd let me, so as to get these nut groves paid for. But while I was up in Stoneway, I did a lot of readin', and I found out what those Germans and Japs have been doin' to other people, and what they aim to do to us." He paused and frowned at the floor. "Reckon I'll join the Army."

"You mean . . . right away?"

"Soon as they'll take me. I can't sit





## A HIGH HONOR FOR YOUR DAUGHTER

**T**HE NAZIS look upon us as a degenerate nation. But they have a great respect for our accomplishments. And, if they win, they may decide that we have something in our blood which they can use in building their master race.

For they're great believers in eugenics, these Nazis. They're strong for selective breeding.

You they may cast aside and put to some ignominious task, such as scrubbing the sidewalks or sweeping the streets. But your daughter...well, if she's young and healthy and strong, a Gauleiter with an eye for beauty may decide she is a perfect specimen for one of their experimental camps.

A high honor for your daughter...

Does this seem a story spun in the realm of fantasy? It isn't. It is now happening, all through

Europe. The latest experiment of the victorious Nazis has been to ship Austrian and Hungarian girls to the Northern countries. The result of these unions...unblessed, of course, by matrimony...will not be known for some time. But the Nazis, you must admit, are not above innovation.

Two, three, four, five years from now they may ship American girls to some far corner of the earth...may select your daughter...if *you* relax, if *you* fail to do your part now. If you say, hopefully, "It can't happen here. We can't lose."

No, we can't lose. We can't afford to. We must not. Else all the terrors, all the degradation, all the misery and suffering that have been loosed upon Europe will be loosed upon us. We of all people will not escape it. We shall be the chosen...we

shall be the elect...in the Nazi scheme of things.

We who have only just begun to win. We who risk the danger of resting on our new-won laurels and considering the job done.

This is no time to relax. This is the time...the opportune time...to do all we can to get this war over sooner.

We *must* measure up to the job!

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# The Forgotten Governor

Continued from page 50

and build smelters without having the whole affair heard about in Mexico City?"

The geologist looked worried. "I suppose not," he answered.

"You suppose not! Well, I suppose not, too! I must ask you to remember that I am governor of this unimportant, remote province only because Mexico City has forgotten me or doesn't care about me. I must ask you to remember that the dear old friend of my family who appointed me governor is no longer president; that he has been overthrown, and that there is a very different kind of man who is dictator now. This dictator would do anything for gold to pay the army that keeps him in power, yet you want to discover gold mines. Gold mines! In the name of a donkey! Do you want us to lose all this—" he gestured about the patio, pointed at the breakfast table—"this very pleasant life, and exchange it for a prison or a firing squad?"

The old geologist in his shabby black suit turned away from his patron, filled with insupportable dejection.

"No more about gold mines!" the count shouted after him. "Not a word to anyone!"

Badoit breathed heavily for a bit. He stared angrily at the breakfast table with the silver spoons and forks and dishes brought from France, the two surviving chicken livers. "Tchah!" he exclaimed, and stumped back to his armchair.

The sun had shifted; it came down more directly into the patio, pierced strongly through the trees. There was warmth for the count's bald spot, for the face like a corpulent eagle, for the generous stomach that appeared in the opening of the brocade dressing gown, covered only by a thin nightgown. The sun was soothing on the bald spot and the stomach. The sunlight was golden on the patio floor.

"Gold enough for me," murmured the count.

AN HOUR later, after dressing with care, Badoit moved in procession toward his carriage.

The count and any one other person were enough to make a procession. He wore an official cocked hat with gold lace, a magenta coat reaching to his knees, a light blue waistcoat with more gold lace. He carried a powerful cane with a topaz knob. On his waistcoat were stains of food and wine, imperfectly cleaned by José. Some of the gold lace had loosened itself from the hat and floated upon the air. And behind came José carrying a sunshade. Indians, appearing from nowhere, cheered heartily for their beloved governor.

The carriage which he approached was old, the paint nearly all peeled away, doors sagging, axles obviously repaired, wheels at perilous angles. But hitched to it were six horses and each door bore a faded crest. It had been brought to the province by a Spanish royal governor. There were also outriders and postilions, and these and the coachman Badoit had dressed in liveries he had found in the palace storerooms, liveries various and decayed, but colorful. The servants in turn had adorned each horse with feathers, red ribbons, and fresh flowers. The retinue was better than a circus.

Badoit climbed into the carriage. It complained at his weight. Dr. Lorent hopped up on the seat opposite. José stepped on the footman's board behind

and held the sunshade over the count's head, for the carriage was open.

At the last moment another servant hurried out with a bottle and two glasses. Badoit and the doctor each took some wine to fortify themselves for the twenty-minute journey to the town. Badoit passed his refilled glass to José, Dr. Lorent passed his glass to the coachman. Then with a cry, horses, carriages, governor, scholar and outriders moved off.

AND the Indians cheered again. They were truly fond of Badoit. From laziness, he collected money taxes only from the merchants in the adjacent town, not bothering with the peasant farmers. A few vegetables now and then, a few fowl brought to the palace door—these were tax enough. And a hungry man could always find a meal in the count's kitchen.

Apart from any fondness, however,



"We'd just love to come, but John's a little tired—he just got back from Washington"

COLLIER'S

ED GRAHAM

the Indians cheered because Badoit was, for them, the perfect embodiment of what a governor should be. He was tall, he was fat, he wore a cocked hat with gold lace, he sang in a loud voice (a voice louder than any other voice in northern Mexico), he drove about in a carriage with six horses and each horse was adorned with feathers and red ribbon. Obviously a governor.

So they all cheered heartily again.

The carriage began to descend the mountain. The governor's palace, standing upon its own mountain, was surrounded by the huts of the Indians who worked, periodically, on the governor's hacienda. From the rear, the mountain was joined to the rest of the mountain range by a bridge suspended over a deep gorge. In the front of the palace was a square from which a road wound down to the valley through sharp curves among rocky foothills.

The coachman maneuvered his six horses down the road. Rocks bordered it, commanding each curve like so many gun emplacements. The approach was naturally fortified. . . .

In La Cholla, the carriage pulled up in front of Badoit's office, which was the chief tavern of the town. Badoit wheezed up to his private apartment on the second floor.

It was a large room with a big table suitable for official papers and for roistering, a couch for the siesta, and an awning balcony on which the count could sit and observe life in the plaza.

But today it was too hot for state

affairs or even for observing life, and after the two men had lunched, they separated, for the siesta. Badoit went gratefully to the couch, loosened his cravat, removed his boots, and soon fell into an enjoyable, dreamless sleep. As the gilded hours passed over the tiled roofs of La Cholla, the gentle music of snoring blended with the hum of bees, the chirping of the crickets, the whisperings of the earth.

In time, Badoit's siesta came to its heavy-lidded awakening. He got slowly to his feet, dabbed his forehead with cologne, and summoned Dr. Lorent. "Let us return to the mountain. It is too hot in La Cholla today."

But as the carriage was leaving one end of the town, there dashed in from the other, the southern end, a rider galloping a sweating horse.

He halted in front of the inn, and gave a weak shout for the innkeeper.

Badoit. Forgetting his cocked hat on the bank, he returned to the palace to the terrace, which received a breeze from the valley, and sat down in a chair with an awning top, near the old cannon which was an ornament for the terrace wall.

"That's better," he said. His siesta in La Cholla had not been long enough.

When Badoit began to snore his majestic snore, there was no need for any one about the palace to stay awake. The gardener crawled under a bush. Only in the kitchen the cook began to prepare the evening meal.

GENERAL Fadrique Nuñez de Santa Cruz had studied at St. Cyr, the great French military academy. Though he had not seen many battles, his instructors said that the plans he had drawn up on paper were unsurpassed for brilliance and daring.

People in Mexico City wondered that so distinguished a general should be sent north merely to drive out that Frenchman, the Comte de Badoit. So did the general, until the dictator said, "That traitor, Badoit, is a lion in these mountains of his. We need our finest general to dislodge him. . . . Also I hear there is gold on his hacienda." So off went the finest general with a handsome expedition and six big brass-plated cannons newly bought from the United States.

Nuñez de Santa Cruz began to show his subtlety, his brilliant military psychology, as soon as he approached La Cholla. Riding at the head of his column, he asked an Indian in a torn serape standing at a crossroads which was the way to the town.

"Watch the man's expression as he answers," whispered the general to his aide-de-camp. "Watch him."

The Indian, with no expression at all, pointed up to a signboard which said in large letters "La Cholla," and extended an arm straight ahead.

The general laughed contemptuously at a fierce contempt. "Pah! What childishness! I learned that trick my first year at St. Cyr—leaving spies by the wayside to misinform the enemy. Now look here stupid one! Which is the way to La Cholla, the real way?"

The Indian was bewildered. "Please Your Excellency! Please! The sign—does it not say 'La Cholla'? I cannot read, Your Excellency."

The general laughed again. "Am I to be held back by such foolishness as this?" he hissed to the aide-de-camp. "Cannot read! Pah! Bring my persuader."

A powerful soldier with a hideous, sadistic face, appeared carrying a thumb-screw. He hastened eagerly toward the bound Indian.

"Barbaric things," said the general, pointing at the thumbscrew with his riding crop. He laughed elegantly. "We don't use them in Europe. But they have their purposes. Torture is the only thing these Indians understand."

The Indian, still wholly bewildered, let the soldier seize his hands and thrust the thumbs into the screw. He did not even cry out at the first tightening. He was used to finding pain in this life. But the pressure became intolerable. He shrieked, and shrieked again. Excited by the shrieks, the soldier made two more quick turns of the screw, nearly crushing the Indian's thumbs.

"Mercy! Mercy! Mercy!" screamed the little Indian.

"Will you tell us which is the road

"An army!" he sobbed. "An army is coming from Mexico City! With cannons, with dragoons! They are coming to drive away our good governor. *Madre de Dios*, they may burn down La Cholla!"

The innkeeper was horrified. "You must go after him. At once! You shall have a fresh horse."

The rider stood for a moment on trembling legs, then pulled himself on to the new mount. He set off after the count's carriage, again at a gallop. But not far from the town his horse put a foot in an armadillo hole, fell, snapped a leg, and threw the rider violently against a rock.

WHILE the rider lay senseless, Badoit's carriage drove up before the palace door. The doctor went upstairs, the count went for a walk through the gardens. He inspected closely the melon vines, the bougainvillea he was training against the palace walls. He watched a gardener trim a cactus.

How hot it was! Badoit removed his cocked hat with the gold lace, threw it on a bank. He strolled to the gorge between his mountain and the rest of the range, examined the bridge. "This bridge must be repaired," he called back to the gardener. "The suspension cords are partly rotted. Attend to the matter immediately."

The gardener nodded vaguely. Perhaps he was too far away to hear clearly. But if he forgot, the count was certain to forget, too.

"The sun is still high," murmured





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to La Cholla now?" barked the general.

"Oh, yes! Oh, certainly yes!"

"Which way?"

The Indian's thumbs were released from the screw. He started to point at the sign again, but instantly jerked his hand away from that direction and pointed along the road to the left.

"I thought we would find out something," said the general, very crisp and efficient. "This questioning has saved us several hours." He drew out his sword. "Forward!"

The Indian was dragged along, still bound, by the soldier with the thumb-screw. Said the general, "You had better not mislead us again."

Soon, however, it became apparent that something was wrong. The road that should have been the main road to La Cholla dwindled to a pair of tracks, and even these showed signs of disappearing.

"Halt!" shouted the general, and glared at the little Indian. "You have deceived us again." He looked quickly about him—especially at his aide—to see if anyone would contradict him. Then he said, "Hang the Indian on that tree over there. And gag him first."

Soldiers took the Indian to the tree and hanged him with extraordinary speed.

The general would not retrace his steps to the crossroads, but led the troops out across the plain, where there was no road at all. The horses, men, cannon moved forward unevenly, leaving the little figure of the Indian in his torn serape dangling from the tree.

After a while, footsore and ill-tempered, the troops got back somehow to the La Cholla road. They entered the town. The general's good spirits were restored by the terror and obsequiousness of the mayor and other officials. "Excellency! Excellency!" They bowed low to the new governor.

"It is fortunate that we took that roundabout way," said the general to the aide. "Badoit undoubtedly had some trap on the main road. He's a sly devil! I know these Frenchmen—from my days at St. Cyr."

THERE was only one road from La Cholla to the count's mountain. Very soon the palace was in plain view. The general drew up his troops about a hill near the mountain, then with his aide rode to the hill's summit to inspect mountain and palace with a spyglass.

General Nuñez de Santa Cruz was thorough in his inspection. He observed the curves in the road up the mountain, the natural battlements of rock, the ballistical advantages of the terrace. Noticing the ornamental cannon on the terrace he informed the aide that he could make out eight additional cannon partly hidden behind the rocks.

"Badoit is thoroughly prepared," he said. "Observe the fact that not a single soldier is in sight. They are all concealed with remarkable skill." He swept the spyglass upward to the terrace again, all at once saw the magnificent outlines of the Comte de Badoit asleep in the chair with the awning top.

"So!" he exclaimed. He passed the spyglass to the aide. "Look at that, will you!"

The aide looked. He burst out laughing. "The big fellow's asleep! What a joke! They aren't prepared for us at all. Probably don't even know we are coming."

General Nuñez de Santa Cruz turned to his aide with an expression of unutterable contempt. "You are young," he said accusingly, "you have had no military schooling. What you see through the glass is really a triumph of strategy.

The Frenchman is more asleep than am—and less asleep than you are. He luring us on. We see him asleep—apparently. We advance up the mountain. Zoom! He destroys us with his twelve cannon, his deadly hail of musketry. What a trap, what a trap!" He smiled turning up but one side of his mouth. "But not a trap for me." And he rode down the hill.

Dividing his force into two parts, larger and a smaller, the general quickly sent the larger division out of sight, behind the hill, while drawing up the smaller group prominently within view of the palace. He put one of his captains in charge.

"March about, stir up dust, try to seem as numerous as possible," he told the captain. "I will summon you later—from the terrace of the palace, with the Frenchman kneeling at my feet!"

LEAVING the decoy, the general marched with the rest of his troop behind the hill until he flanked the mountain and found a road leading up into the range of which the count's mountain was the spur. It was not easy to drag the cannon up to the road along the top of the range, but the general urged on his men, cursed at them, ordered the dragoons to assist, with their horses, the artillery teams.

Scouts, meanwhile, were sent to explore Badoit's domain from the rear. One of them crossed the suspension bridge, holding shrubbery over his head to disguise himself as a tree. With every craft known to a veteran soldier, he squirmed about the count's garden. At last he spied a hat sticking up behind a bank. With a very extremity of caution he circled the bank. He saw Badoit's cocked hat, but nothing under it.

"Peculiar," he thought, and brought the hat back to the general.

"I knew it!" cried the general. "I knew it! This hat is a decoy, just like the mer I left in the valley. Badoit has concentrated all his men in front of the palace guarding that road; and stationed himself—pretending to be asleep—on the terrace to induce us to attack that way. Empty helmets, empty hats like these have been placed behind the palace to frighten us away from the rear. There were other empty helmets about?"

"Perhaps, Your Excellency. I didn't see any."

"They were there, of course. I know the whole scheme. But I shall outwit the old French fox! We shall cross the bridge, take the gardens, and be inside the palace while Badoit still guards the front."

As the general drew close to the suspension bridge he ordered his men to be as quiet as possible. He made a ferocious grimace at a soldier who seemed about to sneeze. He himself, on tiptoes, stole up to the bridge and peered across it.

Also on tiptoes a few dozen soldiers moved on to the bridge. Three of the cannon came next. The general, leading his horse, advanced cautiously in a nest of soldiers with fixed bayonets. Then came two more cannon. The general, five cannon, and some hundreds of soldiers were all on the long bridge at once.

On the terrace, in front of the palace, the Comte de Badoit smiled in his sleep. He was dreaming about something pleasant, something to eat.

There was a stupendous crash.

The count woke up. "Mon Dieu!" he cried, "what was that? An earthquake?"

But it was only the suspension bridge, the old suspension bridge, collapsing into the gorge.

THE END



# The Man Who Killed Blackbirds

Continued from page 12

the bimbashi withdrew. He had gathered certain information, however, which dictated his course when he left Court Oaks. He went uphill toward that stone cottage which he had seen as he stood beside the dead man on the edge of the pool. It proved to be reached by a bridle path which branched off from a lane winding around the hill crest; and here he passed a constable standing beside a bicycle. A board at the corner bore the words:

PRIVATE  
TO QUARRY COTTAGE ONLY

The place, on close inspection, looked well cared for. The door was newly painted and its brasswork shone in the sunlight. Masses of pink roses rambled over its porch. Bimbashi Baruk rang the bell. A sound of movement followed, there were heavy footsteps, and the resentful Home Guard opened the door. He had discarded his uniform and wore blue overalls. At sight of the bimbashi, his large, deep-set eyes lighted up with that look of mockery.

"Hullo," he remarked. "You here again!"

Bimbashi Baruk nodded, smiling. "And I must warn you, Mr. Gillam, that the police are close behind me."

"The police?" Gillam's expression was one of authentic misunderstanding. "Why the police?" His expression altered; a dreadful possibility seemed to have presented itself. "You don't mean that something has happened to my wife?"

Bimbashi Baruk shook his head; his smile grew broader and became a happy smile. "Have no fear on that score."

Gillam's eloquent eyes registered another change of mind, "Then what the devil do you want?"

"I want to come in for a chat. I am called Major Baruk, and I believe we shall have all our work cut out to save you from arrest."

AT THAT, Gillam's habitual expression of intolerant mockery returned. "You amuse me, Major. Come in, by all means."

He led the way into a sort of workshop-study right off the porch. There were laden bookshelves, a desk littered with papers and blueprints, and on a side table the bimbashi noted a drawing board to which a partially completed plan was pinned. Under one window he saw a bench where a model of a complicated piece of mechanism seemed to be in process of evolution. Peter Gillam,

whose hands were oily, picked up a rifle and peered into the barrel.

"Sit down," he said casually. "I have a job to finish."

"Cleaning the Lee-Enfield?"

"Cleaning the darned thing, as you correctly observe. I was ticked off today by a certain sergeant, on the pretext that my rifle was dirty. The fact is that I happen to be the best shot in the platoon, and my arrival has put this gentleman's nose out of joint. I am now assuring myself that the rifle is clean."

The bimbashi took out his pipe and pouch. "Do you mind if I smoke?"

"Not at all."

As he began to fill his briar, watching this unusual man whom fate had thrown across his path, Bimbashi Baruk observed an odd thing. A bee had flown in at an open window and was blindly endeavoring to fly out again through a pane of glass. Peter Gillam laid his rifle on the bench, captured the bee and wafted it on its way into the sunshine.

"A fellow worker, Major. We must help one another." He sat down. "And now—what's it all about?"

"May I ask if we are alone?"

"Quite. My wife has cycled into Moreton Harbor to buy our weekly rations. Why?"

Bimbashi Baruk replaced his pouch and struck a match. "I am glad. You see, a charge of murder is hanging over your head."

"Murder?" Gillam's mocking voice robbed the word of its significance.

"Exactly. Did you hear a shot recently?"

"Yes—that is, within the last half-hour. Probably that swine Manoel shooting blackbirds."

"Shooting blackbirds? What for?"

The match burned down to the bimbashi's fingers, and he dropped it.

"Just wanton destruction. Sits at an open window picking them off. Slaughters them for fun."

"Slaughtered, Mr. Gillam, not slaughters."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that Dr. Manoel was murdered in his own grounds at almost exactly two minutes past three."

Peter Gillam crossed the room and locked the door. "I begin to understand," he said, returning to his chair. "Please give me the facts."

Bimbashi Baruk lighted his pipe. "They are simple enough. Dr. Manoel was shot through the head as he sat by the lily pool. Several windows of this

cottage command the spot, at a range of little more than two hundred yards. I gather that you have never troubled to disguise your dislike of Dr. Manoel, and it seems that he distrusted you to the extent of asking for police protection—"

"What!" Gillam stood up. "He asked for police protection against me?"

The bimbashi, using the end of a pencil, pressed down burning tobacco in his pipe bowl. "He does not seem to have named you; but the police apparently had no doubt respecting the person implied."

"They suspect me!" Gillam resumed his seat, watching his visitor. "And you found me with a rifle actually in my hands!"

Bimbashi Baruk nodded, fixing a steady regard upon the drawn, somber face. "As time is by no means on our side, perhaps you would like to make your position in the matter more clear."

"Do I understand, Major, that you are acting for the police?"

"Certainly not. My presence on the spot was accidental—perhaps providential."

"You mean—you saw the crime committed?"

"I was less than twenty paces from Dr. Manoel when he fell. May I take it, Mr. Gillam, in the first place, that you did not regard the doctor as you regard Hitler and Mussolini?"

PETER GILLAM smiled grimly. "You may take it that I hated him more than I hate either Hitler or Mussolini. Nevertheless, I didn't shoot him. But I recognize the fact that I have no alibi, of course. His having asked for police protection practically pins the thing to me."

"Why did you hate him?"

Gillam hesitated. Then: "As well tell you as tell it in court," he said, "so listen: For two and a half years, Juan Manoel treated Antoinette as neither you nor I would treat a mongrel dog."

"Who is Antoinette?"

"My wife. She was Manoel's wife at that time. I was young, and hard working. I had a small business in San Domingo, which brought in a meager living. Antoinette and I were engaged; we should have been married in three months, when her family (she is of old French stock) found out—"

"Found out what?"

Peter Gillam stood up again and stared through the window: he had heard a car in the lane above. He replied slowly, as if choosing his words:

"The de Charnys—my wife's people—and the Manoels, their near neighbors, came to the West Indies in the days of Henry Morgan. They had always prided themselves on their family and their inheritance. My father was a British civil servant; I was born in Devon and I graduated from Merton. What they found out is this: They found out that I had no money and that my paternal grandfather was a convict." He twisted around to face the bimbashi, and his strange eyes seemed to glow.

"The engagement was broken. Antoinette was forced into marriage with Manoel, the second wealthiest man on the island, and thirty years her senior. She never loved him—and he never allowed her to forget that she had loved me."

"I left San Domingo. I thought Antoinette shared her family's prejudices. I was a fool—a coward. It was more than two years later, in Mexico, that I found

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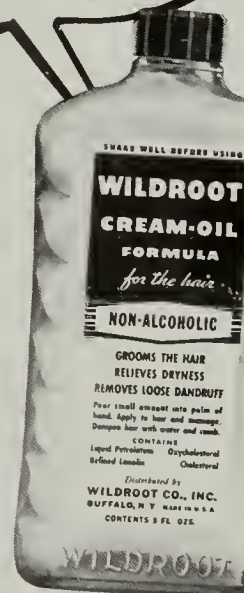
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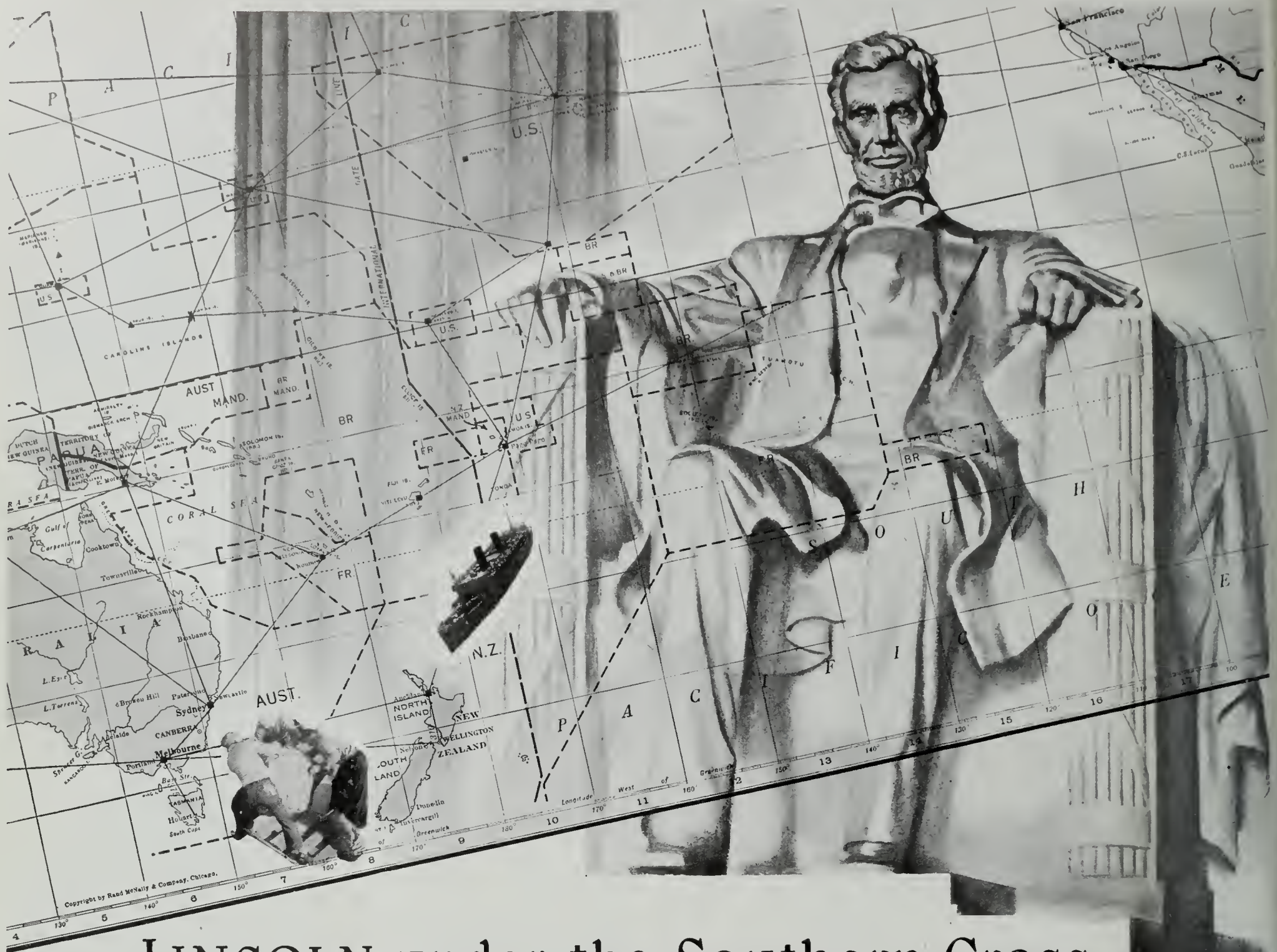


"You notice she can do the really hard tricks only on one foot"

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out my mistake. Manoel had property there, and I was silver mining. By accident we met again. I found that Tony (I mean Antoinette) was leading a dreadful life; he tortured her; she was a nervous wreck. I found out something else—that she still loved me." He smiled, shrugged his shoulders. "In plain English, we bolted."

"And then?"

"Manoel—the swine (oh! I hate him no less dead than alive) got his divorce, and we were married, in the States. But he used his wealth, and his influence, to try to ruin me. Time and time again, in the years that followed, he pulled wires and brought me down. Once, when I was flat out, he tried to get Tony to go back to him. I settled the matter with my bare hands, and he had evidence of assault. That made things worse. When the war started, being a Quixotic lunatic, I came home, and they turned me over to the Ministry of Supply."

"That is why you are here?"

"Just that. This cottage belongs to the Court Oaks estate—which was unoccupied. I leased it. A month later, Manoel bought Court Oaks!"

A bell rang.

"The police," said Gillam, and looked out of the window. "Tony is with them!"

AS GILLAM crossed and unlocked the door, his wife stepped in from the porch followed by Inspector Horley and a police sergeant. The bimbâshi had a glimpse of a small and girlishly slight figure, quick but graceful of movement, of a vivacious face characterized by a complexion peachlike in the Oriental sense and lighted by dark blue eyes whose expression conjured up the image of a gazelle. Hair of dull gold presented a mass of close, feathery curls.

"Peter, dear!" she cried, and ran to her husband. "Whatever has happened? What do the police want to—?" She broke off as Bimbâshi Barûk appeared behind Gillam.

"Major Barûk. This is my wife."

The bimbâshi bowed, and Antoinette Gillam forced a welcoming smile.

Inspector Horley addressed Gillam:

"I have a few questions to ask you, Mr. Gillam, regarding the death of Dr. Manoel. After which I must request you to come with me to Moreton Harbor for further inquiries."

He paused. Mrs. Gillam, her delicate color fading, had tottered to a chair, supported by her husband.

"Peter," she whispered. "Peter!" Her dark blue eyes seemed to grow black with emotion. "Oh, my dear!"

"It appears to me, Barûk, to be a clear case." Colonel Brown-Maple, the chief constable, stared gloomily from a window of his car at one of the loveliest landscapes in the West Country. "Here's this fellow, Gillam—brilliant at his job, and a gentleman as far as that goes; but kinked, definitely kinked. He's a dead shot. He has a rifle in his possession. He's alone in his house at the time, and his house overlooks the lily pool. So I can't really see what evidence there is for the defense. Sudden impulse, perhaps. Tragic story. The eternal triangle. Sorry for his wife. Pretty little woman. Most attractive. Fatally so."

Bimbâshi Barûk smoked. Twenty-four hours had elapsed since the death of Juan Manoel. Peter Gillam had been detained for the crime.

"Manoel," the colonel went on, "was a queer fish admittedly. But he had pots of money, and influence. Why he bought Court Oaks in order to live in two rooms I don't know. He was allowed to retain some firearms for dealing with vermin, although everything had been confiscated except stuff issued to Home

Guards. Shot a lot, I hear. Funny notion, because we have learned that he had only a short time to live. Angina pectoris. Harley Street had warned him the next attack would be the last."

"Another mysterious feature," murmured the bimbâshi, "is why he asked for police protection."

"That should be clear enough. You're a hot man at this sort of thing. He suddenly discovered who his neighbor was! Events proved him right, too. You say you have found the bullet. Was it fired from a Lee-Enfield?"

"I think there's no doubt of it. But I want you to form your own opinion—and here we are."

A police sergeant opened the door of Court Oaks and smartly saluted the chief constable.

"Anything you want me to see inside, Barûk?"

"Not at the moment, Colonel. Let's walk down to the pool."

But when, passing through unfurnished, echoing rooms, and going out by

"Let's walk around the pool and I will show you."

In a frame of mind betwixt mystification and annoyance, the chief constable followed Bimbâshi Barûk to the trunk of one of several fine conifers which rose, mastlike, from the farther bank of the pool. A cardboard target was pinned to this tree, pierced by a single shot mark.

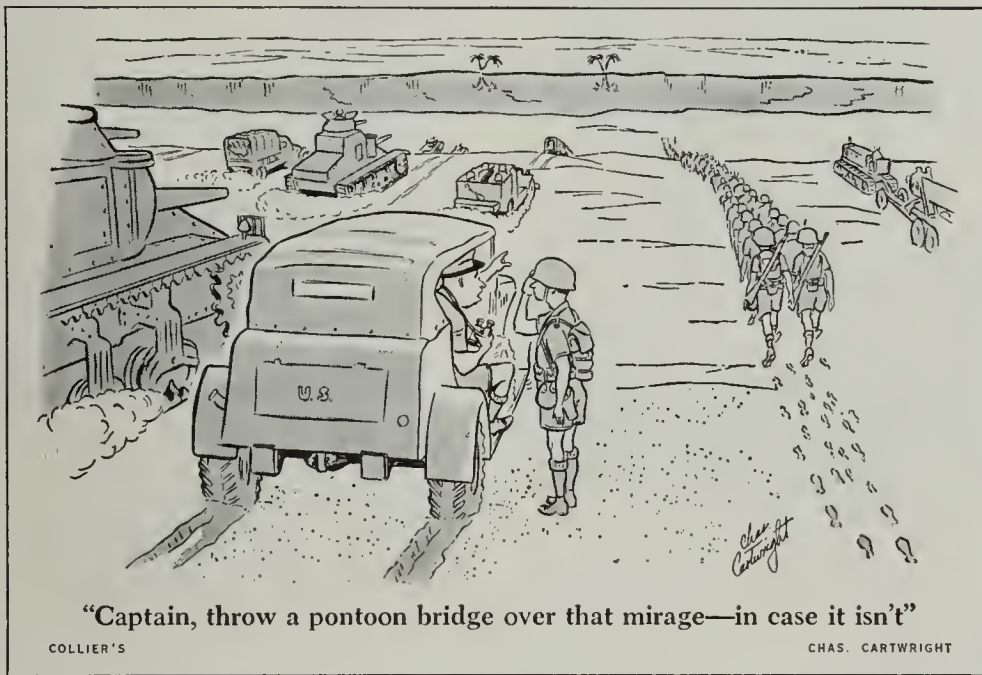
"Outer—six o'clock," muttered the colonel. "Isn't this the bullet that passed through the wooden disk over there?"

"The same. And now, note the tree trunk as I found it before I attached my target."

HE REMOVED the square of cardboard. The bark behind it was pockmarked with bullet holes over an area of no more than ten inches in diameter!

"What the devil—"

"On finding this, I knew that *someone* had been practicing rifle shooting from a range of little more than a hundred yards, to judge from the penetration. Now, if you will note the general direc-



"Captain, throw a pontoon bridge over that mirage—in case it isn't"

COLLIER'S

CHAS. CARTWRIGHT

way of a French window onto a weed-grown terrace, they began to descend the slope, Colonel Brown-Maple pulled up, shading his eyes against the sun.

"What the devil's that stuck on a tree, Barûk?"

Projecting from the trunk of a magnificent lime, beneath which the cane chair still stood, an object appeared which resembled a white disk—which, indeed, it was.

"That is an alibi, Colonel."

THE chief constable faced Bimbâshi Barûk, and his prominent eyes seemed to be more prominent than usual. "An alibi! What the deuce do you mean?"

"Allow me to explain." Walking to the tree, the bimbâshi pointed. "A round piece of wood, about the diameter of a human skull, and painted white. It is attached to the side of the tree by means of a rod. This rod fits into a slot which I found already cut in the bark."

"You say you found a slot there?"

"Yes. I assumed that some similar device had been used before, and so I extemporized this target. Its position, immediately over the chair, corresponds to the head of a man seated there—and the chair, as you can judge from the marks in the turf, always stood on the same spot."

"But you are merely confusing me, Barûk. Do you mean to say that—hullo!" He adjusted his monocle. "Your target is holed!"

"I know," said the bimbâshi. "I fired a shot through it this morning."

"What the devil for?"

tion of the bullet holes and then glance back up the slope, it will occur to you that if one of those bullets is that which passed through Dr. Manoel's brain, it could not very well have been fired from Quarry Cottage."

Solemnly, now, the colonel inspected the marks, then turned and stared up the slope toward Court Oaks. It was possible from this point, to see Quarry Cottage, but fairly obvious that it lay outside the line of fire. The bimbâshi spoke in a low voice:

"When Dr. Manoel died, I heard the thud of the bullet striking, but I was uncertain of the exact point of impact. Having obtained your permission (after Horley had detained Gillam) I came and searched. Then I remembered the blackbird shooting of which Gillam had spoken. The servant José told me that it took place from Dr. Manoel's bedroom window at the top of the east wing. After several experiments, I fixed the wooden disk in its present position; and from the open window of the east wing, with a borrowed rifle, I fired a shot through it. You saw where my shot registered on the tree."

"Barûk," said the colonel, "I believe you have saved the life of an innocent man. But—who is the guilty man?"

The bimbâshi watched him for a moment, and his regard grew dreamy; then, "Dr. Manoel," he replied.

"Dr. Manoel! But—"

"Remember his record, Colonel; his insensate cruelty; his perverted family pride. Then, remember that he was robbed of his wife (whom he tortured mentally). I believe his latter years were

entirely devoted to that man's ruin, and the ruin of the woman who had married him. Let's return to the house."

"But—"

"Remember (it is important for us to understand his motives) that he knew he had only a short time to live. When Gillam took Quarry Cottage, Dr. Manoel—who probably had Gillam's movements watched—immediately bought Court Oaks. What for? To be conveniently placed for his purpose."

"What was his purpose?"

"To bring Gillam to the scaffold."

"What do you say?"

They had reached the terrace, and Bimbâshi Barûk pushed open a French window. "If you will be good enough to follow, Colonel, I will lead the way to the room from which Dr. Manoel carried out his target practice."

The room at the corner of the east wing had evidently been used as a bedroom. One window commanded a view of the hillside. Staring out of it, Colonel Brown-Maple saw a policeman apparently searching for something in the little garden of Quarry Cottage. The other window overlooked the lawn sloping down to the lily pool. Both windows were partially obscured by masses of untrimmed ivy which had climbed as high as the roof. A rifle lay on the window ledge of the southern window. Court Oaks had stone walls of dungeonlike thickness. The only other object on the ledge was a cheap alarm clock.

"So this was the shooting gallery, eh?"

"Yes, this was it, Colonel. Whether Manoel shot blackbirds because he hated them or just as a blind, I don't know. But from here he did his serious target practice."

THE colonel examined the rifle, and then turned to Bimbâshi Barûk: "Was this the weapon used?"

"No. That is the one I borrowed for my experiment. My discovery of the weapon used was due to a lucky accident. Since Manoel had a resident servant, I wondered why he wanted an alarm clock. Trying to pick up the clock, I found that it was screwed to the ledge. The problem became more odd than ever. Next I discovered that some sort of attachment went down through the base. Accordingly I borrowed tools and removed the oak panel below the ledge. I will lift it out and show you what I found there."

The bimbâshi did so, and Colonel Brown-Maple stooped, peering into a deep cavity at the end of which a certain amount of light was visible.

"Formerly a ventilating shaft, but the grille has been taken out." The bimbâshi directed the ray of a torch into the gap. "A Lee-Enfield, clamped down to an oak beam. There is a simple counterweight fixture attached to the striker of the clock above. The rifle is trained accurately on the target you saw just now, and its barrel is concealed by the ivy."

He stood upright; so did Colonel Brown-Maple. The two men stared silently at each other for a moment.

"Unlikely to be discovered," the bimbâshi added, "until Gillam had paid the penalty. From this window, Manoel could watch all that occurred at Quarry Cottage and choose his time. His pre-occupation with an after-life may have been real or merely another pose. The clock was set to strike at three—"

"But he was actually shot—"

"Two minutes later. Quite so. I understand, now, the agony of suspense in which I found him. By some oversight which we cannot hope to explain, he forgot to put the clock right. It is just two minutes slow. . . ."

THE END



## I'll Be for You

Continued from page 19

DOES  
STUFFED UP NOSE  
SPOIL SLEEP?

Specialized Medication  
Works Where  
Trouble Is...

If transient congestion clogs up your nose tonight, hinders breathing, keeps you from getting to sleep, do this . . . Put a few drops of Vicks Va-tro-nol up each nostril. This specialized medication shrinks swollen membranes—relieves transient congestion—and brings greater breathing comfort. **TRY IT!** And remember—if used at the first snuffle or sneeze, Vicks Va-tro-nol helps prevent many colds from developing. Follow directions in package.

**VICKS  
VA-TRO-NOL**

**COUGHING COLDS** Relieve coughing spasms and loosen phlegm, ease muscular soreness or tightness with Vicks VapoRub. Its poultice-vapor action brings welcome relief from coughing colds miseries.

**VICKS  
VAPORUB**



**KEEP**

your scalp in condition,  
invigorated and tingling—

**HAIR**

manageable, well groomed and  
free from loose dandruff, with

**JERIS**

for Loose Dandruff

At All Drug Stores and Barber Shops

"He left one wife for you," she said. "How do you know what he will do to you?"

Sally said, "This time it's different."

It was a year and a half since Chandler had left the first Mrs. Lorrain, and Hannah knew Sally was waiting to marry him until Mom could be happy about it. Sally couldn't hurt Mom.

Hannah went back to her room. She picked up the hammer and tapped it lightly on the bureau.

Well, it didn't matter if she had not told Sally. Sally would have said what Marilyn said last night: "Why shouldn't you have gone? Why not take your chance when you get it?"

It had been so simple. Marilyn and Hannah had gone to Caplan's, the big downtown drugstore, for a coke, and the two college boys had come in. Marilyn thought she knew them, and smiled. When they came to the table, she said she had made a mistake, and they laughed and said, "Was it such a bad mistake?" Hannah knew then that Marilyn had never believed she knew the boys. But that was like Marilyn. Hannah admired her gay, careless daring.

She tried to ape Marilyn's manner, when the boys sat down. But her heart was pounding and her tongue thick. She'd never spoken to a strange boy before.

SHE didn't have to do much speaking. Both of the boys gravitated to Marilyn. Hannah sat with her hands growing cold, her fingers stiff. Of course, they liked Marilyn, tall and blond and wearing her lipstick glossy as a movie star's. Hannah wished she were home.

When the boys suggested dancing at the Belmont, she said, looking down at her skirt and sweater, "Oh, I'm not dressed right," but at once Marilyn cried, "Why not?"

The Belmont. . . . A rumba orchestra . . . a floor show . . . dancing with these good-looking, well-dressed students. Only she didn't know them. She mustn't be a pick-up. They would think . . .

In the end she went, because Marilyn was impatient with her and she could not let the boys know her youthfulness and inexperience. She had to call Mom and invent an excuse for coming home late, and that was hard. She wasn't used to lying to Mom.

But when they were at the Belmont, she was glad she had gone. There was a heady atmosphere to the place. The dim lights, the crowd, the smoke and chatter. And at the hotel, the taller, handsome, fair-haired boy paired with her. The short dark one fell to Marilyn.

Bob Huston. He was Hannah's date. He came from New York. His manner was casual and poised as a much older man's. When he asked her to dance she held back from contact with him, but he laughed and whispered, "Relax, sweetheart," and pulled her close. Excitement sped through her when his hand closed hard on her shoulder.

He asked her where she lived, what she did. Each dance he took her to the dance floor and held her more tightly. They didn't talk much but she thought, "He likes me . . . he acts as though he does . . . he must."

He said, "You know, you're cute. I'll bet you've got a lot of fire under all that ice. I'm going to see you again. Maybe you'll come over to college sometime."

When, between dances, he reached for her hand, she let him hold it. Her pulses

drummed swiftly. She was thinking, Could *this* be it? Could it happen like this? Might this not be for her as it had been for Sally, with Chandler? Love coming from a chance date?

He brought her home, not to the door but to the end of the street. "Would you kiss a guy?" He squeezed her hand.

Hannah, embarrassed by the presence of Marilyn and Frank in the back seat of Bob's car, wrapped in each other's arms, murmured, "If I liked him . . ."

"Don't you like me?"

"I guess."

She did. Oh, she did. But when he kissed her, the thrill for which she raised her young mouth was not there.

He told her, "I may give you a ring tomorrow. I'd like some more of that. You're quite a girl, Hannah. I had you wrong at first."

She had to go down the dark street, alone, to her house. She was trembling then. The kiss had been a quick white light shining on the evening. She had been ready to fall in love. Why, it hadn't been love at all. She knew what it was.

TRIOLET ON  
A FATTY ISSUE

Bring on the rationing of butter!

Too much would only make me fatter.  
That's why I'm not disposed to splutter . . .

Bring on the rationing of butter!

Though other epicures may mutter,  
I claim it doesn't really matter.  
Bring on the rationing of butter!

Too much would only make me fatter.

—MARGARET FISHBACK

No more than payment. He had expected it.

She lay in bed afterward, swept by shame in rushing and retreating waves.

Still she could not dismiss the night. She *had* had a good time. She hadn't done anything . . . bad. Why shouldn't she go out with him again? If she didn't like Bob's kisses, it wasn't too much to give, was it, for dates; for the chance to meet other boys through him? How could she know but that one of them *would* be the right one.

"If he calls, I'm going," she thought now, savagely pulling on her socks. "I don't care." She wasn't as ashamed this morning. In the light of day, the end of the evening might never have been. She couldn't wait for life to come to her. She had to go out after it.

SALLY hadn't waited. Sally hadn't waited for Tom Fielding to make good on his engineering job in Panama and send for her. In the beginning she had, saving and scrimping toward the trip down, from the stenographer's salary which was the support of the whole family . . . all but the small amount of insurance Dad had left when he died. But that was before Chandler Lorrain came to take over the management of the plant where she worked, and made Sally his secretary.

One night he had taken her to dinner, after they had worked late, and Sally had come home, flushed and impressed. She had drunk champagne cocktails, eaten lobster Newburg. Chandler had brought her home in his big black convertible with its white-wall tires.

That was more than two years ago.

Chandler began to ask Sally out a good deal. She never told what happened between Tom and herself. His letters stopped coming. She never mentioned him. She had spoken of him only once since then, when they heard he was in the Army. "If I'd waited till Tom was ready to send for me, where'd I be now? Right back here and probably with children."

Instead, she was going to marry Chandler, rich, romantic, handsome. . . .

WHEN Hannah went downstairs for breakfast, Mom said, "You'd better just eat a bite. I've got the roast in." She did not say anything about the previous night, but you always felt Mom guessed what she had not been told. "If you're planning to go out with Marilyn today, Hannah, you'd better call it off. You ought to be here to help with the soldier. It's no fun for a boy, with just an old woman."

If Bob Huston calls I'm not going to stick around. Not for a general! What good is a soldier, leaving for someplace else right away?

She went to pick daffodils for the table after she had washed up her dishes. She was kneeling in the sunlight, clipping the pale green stems when a voice said cheerfully, "Hello." She looked up and saw a big, rawboned soldier grinning at her over the sparse barberry hedge. His cap was on the back of his head, and he had short sandy hair, a sunburned face. There were a corporal's two stripes on his sleeve.

"Hello."

He's not so much, she thought.

"Is this 400 Highspire Avenue?"

"Yes."

"I kind of suspected it. I don't know why. Maybe it's because the sign on the street says Highspire, and the number on the steps is 400." His blue eyes held a sparkle, like sun-diamonds on water.

"You must be our soldier," Hannah said.

"That's right. I'm your soldier. The Queen's Guard." He gave her a mock salute and came through the gap in the hedge. He was carrying a box camera and a package. He set them on the grass and sat beside her.

"What's your name?" Hannah asked. He was a whole lot nicer-looking than she had thought.

His eyes crinkled. "First, let me tell you yours."

"What is it?"

"Clytemnestra."

"Oh, she was in the Odyssey . . . or the Iliad."

He grinned. "Yes. She was a killer. Clytemnestra was the faithless wife of Agamemnon. Remember?"

Hannah said, "I'm not the type. I'm just Hannah. Hannah Wales. I'm not a *femme . . . fatale*."

"I'm Dike McCann . . . and I'm not so sure you aren't a *femme fatale*. . . . Hannah, may I take a picture of you? . . . No, don't get up. Sit there like you are, with the flowers. I want to put it on my wall and tell the fellows it's Hedy Lamarr."

"You'd have to do an awful lot of telling," Hannah said.

"Listen, honey," he said, "I think you look like Hedy. I think you're beautiful."

It was as though he understood everything about her—how much she yearned to be popular, her longings, her confusion. His words went down into her and burst like exploding stars and, unex-



pectedly, before his clear gaze, she could have cried.

He took the snapshot and went inside with her to meet Mrs. Wales. Mom liked him. Hannah could tell by the darting smiles at the corners of her eyes. He asked to help, and Mom tied a white apron over his uniform.

"I've peeled my potatoes," she said, "but you can fix the radishes and celery."

"I've got a mean way with a radish." He took the rosy root and worked on it with the knife; held up a perfect little red-and-white rose.

"Oh, it's pretty enough to wear in a corsage!" Hannah cried. She leaned close to watch him.

"When I take you to the USO dance next week," Dike said, "I'll send you a corsage of radishes."

Hannah said, "Oh."

He was asking her to a dance! In front of Mom, so he must mean it!

He turned and smiled at her. "You want to go?"

"Yes," Hannah said. "Oh, yes!"

There was no doubt in her now. No worry over last night. Let Sally have Chandler and horses and perfume and mink. Let Marilyn have the dates she found in drugstores. Hannah would have a date with Dike.

They were setting the table, laughing over something Dike had said, and he had opened his package, a bottle of inexpensive sherry, and put it at Mom's place, when Hannah heard Chandler's car.

She snatched Dike's cap and the belt he had removed. "Oh, put them on. I want her to see you in them!"

"Wait a minute. Who's going to see me?"

"My sister Sally. Stand right there. Please!"

"If you say so." He ruffled her hair.

She was so proud of him. Sally must see how handsome he was. He was growing handsomer by the minute. Sally must know that he was hers, Hannah's, and that there was no one in the world like him.

Sally came slowly up the steps, as Hannah danced to the door.

"He's here, Sal."

"Who?" She was dusting off her breeches, limping as she came. Hannah saw her new boots were split. "Oh, Sal, did you fall again?"

"I did. To Chandler's disgust. The horse pushed me. So your soldier lived up to expectations?"

"He's . . . wonderful," Hannah said.

SALLY followed her. Dike stood in the door to the dining room. He had put on his cap and fastened his belt, and he was tall and straight and brown. Sally put out her hand. "Hello, soldier." There was a smudge on her nose, and her hair was whipped all about her shoulders.

Dike stared at her. He put out his own hand slowly, hesitantly—as though there were a film across his eyes he would have first brushed away.

"Hello, Sally."

He kept her hand, holding it in his, his face with a hushed and reverent look; like that of a man stumbling over a chest in the sand and opening it to find treasure.

A cold ribbon of steel began to wind itself around Hannah's heart.

Dike still had Sally's hand. "Looks like you met the enemy and you are theirs," he said. His voice had a different tone than when he spoke to Hannah.

"Horses," Sally said. "I'm only living for the day they mechanize the bridle path. Can you help me off with these boots?"

She sat down, and Dike knelt at her feet, that look growing on his face. Han-

nah pressed against the wall. He didn't know she was in the room.

His hands tugged gently, pulling off the boots, and Sally leaned forward so that her hair fell down and touched his forehead.

"You're all cut up . . . your socks are torn," he said. "The horse must have stepped on you. You shouldn't have put the boots back on."

"In Chandler's sporting lexicon," Sally said, "there's no such word as shouldn't. I'd better get upstairs and change."

"Who's this Chandler?" Dike asked, adding, "I'll carry you up."

Tears were needle points against Hannah's eyeballs.

*It isn't me. It's Sally. He only had to see her once. . . . He'll take her to the USO dance. . . .*

And Sally would go. Something in her had come to life when she saw Dike. Her eyes had never held that light for Chandler.

THROUGH dinner, Dike ate with his eyes on Sally's face. Everything he said was to please her, rouse her interest, bring her laughter. Once he did say, "I took a picture of Hannah. I'm going to pass her off as my sister," and winked at Hannah. "What about it, Clytemnestra?"

But the silly name was no longer a shared private joke. Sister!

They were all in the yard at the back of the house, Sally lying in a deck chair Dike had brought from the cellar, when Chandler came. Hannah did not want to be there, watching them, but she couldn't leave.

Dike had cut a twig from the willow by the fence and made a whistle from it. When he finished, he gave it to Sally. "Blow."

She did. The tiny instrument produced a lovely, liquid, trilling note.

"Oh, Dike, what a heavenly sound!"

Dike put his hand on the arm of her chair. "I read a story once when I was a kid," he said. "The hero gave the heroine a silver whistle. Whenever she wanted him, she blew it and, no matter where he was, he heard it and came to her."

Sally bent her head, fingering the whistle. "He'd have heard it in an Army camp?"

"Across the world," Dike said.

Sally said nothing, but the sun caught a brightness of her lashes.

It was then Chandler came out on the back steps. He was smoking a pipe, and his hands were thrust in the pockets of his slacks. He looked compact, smooth.

"Hello, everyone." He came down, sure of himself, cordial, shaking hands with Mom, though he knew she did not like him. "Mrs. Wales, I brought you a bottle of sherry, Bristol Cream. I left it in the kitchen on the table."

Mom said, "Thank you, Mr. Lorrin. I'll put it by for another special occasion. Corporal McCann brought me a lovely bottle for dinner today."

Dike said, "Old Monk. Ninety-eight cents a quart." His mouth was tight. But Chandler was unperturbed. He shook Dike's hand, said something about always being pleased to meet one of Uncle Sam's boys.

He turned to Sally. "Sal, I'm sure the corporal will excuse you. I'm going to drive out to Cotter's farm. I dropped around at the club for a few drinks and I hear Cotter has a young pointer for sale. I'd like to take a look at it."

"Chandler, can't you go tomorrow? It's so comfortable here. I'm a little lame, after this morning."

"Nonsense. You'll be stiffer tomorrow if you don't move around today."

"All right," Sally said, "I'll go." She rose.

She looked more than tired now. Old;

*"Oop wi' our glasses...  
th' better tae see our absent friends"*

Invisible, too—but quickly discerned—is the distinctive quality of Teacher's that makes it so unique . . .

*"It's the flavour"*



86 PROOF

Made since 1830 by Wm. Teacher & Sons, Ltd., Glasgow

**TEACHER'S**

Perfection of Blended Scotch Whisky

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*"Stop, Susan! Let him enjoy his Sir Walter Raleigh"*

NOBODY LOVES a smelly pipe. Clean it regularly, and switch to Sir Walter Raleigh. This blend of choice Kentucky burleys is mild and mellow, free from tongue-bite. And best of all, its fragrance wins approval from everyone around you! Next time you buy, ask for "the quality pipe tobacco of America."

**SIR WALTER  
RALEIGH**

PIPE TOBACCO

*Smokes as sweet as it smells*



BUY WAR  
STAMPS  
AND  
BONDS

UNION MADE



the blueness under her eyes like blurred thumbprints.

*She doesn't want to go. She wants to stay with Dike. Why doesn't she, then?*

"You'd better get a coat," Chandler said. He took her arm possessively.

Dike stood with his hands in fists at his sides. Hannah felt that under his sleeves, his muscles were tense, coiled. But he did not move—not until Mom went into the house after Sally left with Chandler. Then he turned on Hannah:

"What's this see-a-man-about-a-dog gag? Who is this guy? Why does she have to go on his say-so?" His eyes were burning. "I thought she liked me. I told her I wasn't going to be around long. She said she'd stay here this afternoon."

Hannah twisted her hands together. She didn't want to see his face.

She said, moving her toe, bending the grass so that the light jade under the blades was turned up, "Chandler isn't anybody. She works for him. He's in love with her . . . she has to be nice to him. She . . . I could tell she liked you. She'll come back. You better wait."

She did not know why she was saying it—why she wished to hand Sally to him. She stepped back and raised her chin.

"But I don't like you," she cried. "I hate you. I hate you!" And she ran, stumbling up the steps.

Her suit jacket hung on a chair in the hall. She snatched it and flung it over her shoulders. "I'm going over to Marilyn's. Mom," she called, and rushed from the house.

**M**ARILYN was sitting on her porch when Hannah went up the walk. She wore a silk dress and high-heeled shoes, and her hair done on top of her head in elaborate rolls and curls.

"What's the matter with you, Hannah?"

"Nothing," Hannah said. "What are you doing?"

"Hanging around. I saw Sally go by. Gee, she's lucky. A fellow that can still get gas, too. How'd the soldier turn out?"

"Dumb," Hannah said. "A dumbbell."

"Look," Marilyn said, "did that Bob Huston call you up?"

"Not yet."

"Neither did Frank call me. You know what? Let's us call them."

Hannah put back a lock of her black hair. "It's okay with me." She hoped she sounded devil-may-care.

Marilyn made the call. She talked for nearly half an hour to Frank, fooling, giggling. Bob came on to speak to Hannah.

"You doing anything, Hannah? Neither am I. We might as well do it together."

*They're only coming over because they haven't anything else to do, and they wouldn't have called us. But I'm going to have what I can. Nobody'd like me just for me. Nobody ever!*

When the boys arrived, they didn't get out of the car to come to the house. They blew the horn and opened the doors for the girls.

Bob said, "We can't drive any place. How about we just take a look at some scenery?"

There was no scenery to the well-rutted field where they parked; only the city incinerator in the distance, dirtying the sky with its smoke.

Bob put his arm about her without preliminaries. He did not even bother to say she was cute. He didn't look at her.

She choked. She thought of Dike, holding her face in his hands.

"Don't!" she said.

"Oh, come on. Don't be like that!"

"No. I mean it. Please don't! Let's . . . let's talk."

"The heck with that." He sat away

from her in disgust. "You want to go home?"

Hannah nodded miserably.

"Of all the babies," Marilyn said.

Bob turned on the ignition angrily. "What are you out on the town for? To wet-blanket a party?"

"I'm not on the town," Hannah said.

He let her out at the corner of her street. He did not say goodbye. None of them did. She walked with her head down.

**I** THOUGHT you weren't coming back to see me off," she heard a voice say.

As once before that day, she raised her eyes to Dike's face. He stood before her on the sidewalk.

"You wouldn't really run out on me, Hannah?"

"Aren't you going to wait for . . . Sally?"

She didn't want to talk to him. She wanted to run and hide from him, from everyone.

"Sally came back," Dike said quietly. "I've got to catch the bus for camp."

"It doesn't go for twenty-five minutes."



"Maybe it's upside down to you, but it isn't to me"

"I'll wait. I can't take chances." He put his hand on her arm. "You don't hate me, Clytemnestra, do you? . . . About the dance . . ."

"I didn't want to go with you anyway," Hannah said fiercely. She shook his arm away. "I wouldn't go with you if you were the last man on earth."

She was running from him again. *Why didn't I stay with Bob? If I ever get another chance I'll take it.* But she knew she would not. Not now. Not since she had known Dike.

She went up to her room, but at the door she stopped. She heard a sound in Sally's room. Crying. Sally crying. Why should Sally cry? She had everything. She always had. All the looks. All the men. Now Dike.

Yet Hannah crossed the hall and went in. Sally's head was down among the perfume bottles. The cut-glass, gleaming bottles . . . the precious bottles, pushed every which way, tipped over.

Hannah put out a hand to her sister, awkwardly. "What's the matter?"

"Oh, Han . . . Han . . . he was so sweet!"

Hannah said desperately, not understanding why she must give comfort to Sally, as she had given it to Dike, "You aren't married to Chandler. . . . Dike's crazy about you. He's going to take you

to the dance. What are you crying for?"

Sally raised her head and smiled a little. "No, he's going to take you, Han."

"Me?"

"He said he'd asked you."

"It didn't count," Hannah said bitterly. "It's you. He said it was."

"You don't think he'd go back on a promise, do you? He told me he was taking you. . . . Oh, darling, that's not it . . . It's . . . that foolish whistle. . . . He said he wanted me to wait for him. . . . Wait for him. Me! I've never waited for anyone. I didn't wait for Tom. Remember Tom? He was a lot like Dike."

Hannah said, "But you—"

"But I got sick of scraping and washing out one pair of stockings night after night. And Tom was away. It was wonderful to meet someone like Chandler, who'd put a box in my hand and say, 'This is just for being gorgeous,' and I'd open it and find a dozen pairs of stockings. Oh, it was wonderful, all right! It still is . . . but there's something else . . . I can't explain it to you . . . but it's got to be there with whatever else there is . . . I thought I could get just a few of the things I wouldn't have a chance to when

Dike. Hannah thought of him and what he had said about Sally; his face when he saw her. Later she would feel for Sally. Now she was thinking of Dike.

"He wouldn't care," she cried. "He loved you."

Sally shook her head. "No. It can't happen that quickly. He was half in love with an idea and he tried to fit me into it without knowing anything about me. I told him, Hannah, because I could trust him. I had to cut it off quickly. It couldn't hurt him that way."

"Sally, don't you love him?"

Sally smiled again, that small smile more heart-twisting than her tears. "No . . . If I had . . . why, then . . . he made me think of Tom, remember how happy I'd been. . . . If Tom still cared he might understand. I was real—a person, not an idea—to Tom. . . ." She was rearranging the bottles now. "I'll always owe something to Dike. . . . I'm through with Chan. I can get a new job. Sometime . . . later . . . I can try to write Tom. . . ."

Mom was on the stairs. "Sally . . . my little girl . . ."

Hannah slipped away. Sally had Mom. Mom would understand.

But Dike. . . . *Dike, I wish you could have everything you want.* She wasn't thinking of Sally. She was thinking of Dike, wanting to go to him, offer him the world, hold him in her arms as she'd hold a child.

*If the bus hasn't come yet . . .*

He was leaning on a wall at the corner, still waiting for it, smoking a cigarette.

**S**HE went up to him. "Dike . . ."

"Why, Clytemnestra . . ."

"Don't fool," she said. "Don't fool, Dike. Please. I had to tell you. . . . I'm sorry . . . about . . ."

"It's all right," Dike said. "I fool because I *am* a fool. . . . She's a swell girl. . . . I just . . . I had this idiotic notion . . . it's that first boy with her and he'll be lucky. . . . but I still . . ."

She clasped his arm. "If you still . . . want someone to be for you, I will, Dike. I guess it won't matter to you . . . but I had to tell you. I'll be for you. I'll think of you and write to you and say your name in my prayers. I'll wait for you."

"Oh, Hannah!" He took her hand and laid it against his face.

"If it would help any . . . you'll know I'm waiting, till you find a girl you . . . really hope will wait. And I'll keep waiting even then. . . . Someone like you. Dike. . . . I didn't know there was anyone. . . ."

"Somebody like me, Hannah? Couldn't it be *me*?"

She knew he was only being kind, as he had been kind all day. She knew she was a kid to him, but he had sensed her uncertainty. He had held out, not needing to, a truth for her to grasp, a weapon, an armor . . . a promise.

"Yes, it can be you," she said.

They were both pretending now, but in the pretense, there was something as warm and sweet as reality. And when Dike bent and kissed her on the mouth and she answered the kiss, there in the late April afternoon, there under the red buds of the elm, it was a double gift, precious as love itself.

The bus came lumbering down the street, wheezed to a stop. Dike boarded it. She waved at him and he called through the open window.

"Don't forget the dance. . . ."

The dance . . .

*I will have my hair waved . . . I will have a new white dress . . . I will smile for him. . . .*

The dance. Oh, then, still the chance!

THE END





To his mother and dad it seems only yesterday that he was using the family telephone to call his high school sweetheart. But today the orders he sends and receives over his wartime telephone help speed the day when love and laughter, peace and progress shall again rule the world.



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**DRIVE SLOWLY—**  
at 25 miles you get  
**40% LONGER TIRE LIFE**  
than at 35



## P. S. pulls a 5<sup>th</sup> gas coupon out of the hat

**YOUR** ration board told you the number of gas coupons and the number of gallons of gasoline you can get each month—but it *didn't* tell you the number of miles you can go on each gallon. By careful attention to P. S. you can increase your miles per gallon and, in effect, give yourself an extra coupon each month.

The first step toward getting this "extra coupon" is to make sure you're getting the mileage you should. Check the gas you put in against the mileage on your speedometer. And bear in mind now that you're driving slower, your car should deliver 30% more miles per gallon than they told you it would when you got it. (That figure was based on the assumption your average speed would be nearly 50.)

If you're not getting this amount, it's fairly certain something's the matter and that you should have your service man make a Preventive Service check-up to find and cure the trouble. Any number of different parts of your car, when in need of adjustment or repair, can waste your gasoline. The coil is one of these parts.

### The Coil Can Waste Half a Coupon

Stepping-up the 6-volt current from your battery to nearly 15,000 volts is the job of the silent-and-tucked-away coil of an automobile. Of course, this constant strain is bound to have some effect on a coil—and it does. Like anything else, your coil gets "tired" after a while. And a "tired" coil means a weak spark and gas wastage.

Your service man can test your coil in a matter of minutes and tell you if it's

behaving as it should or whether it needs to be replaced in order to save you precious gallons.

### Electric Wires And Cables

Wires and cables that "leak" current are another source of gas waste. Loose connections, corroded terminals, and cracks in the insulation let voltage escape and end up by weakening the spark that fires the fuel. And even though the war scarcity of copper makes it impossible to replace the wiring as often as you used to, your service man has several tricks up his sleeve to keep wiring in shape. By shortening, mending, replacing connections, and keeping terminals and insulation clean, he can make wires and cables last a surprisingly long time—and he may save you as much as a fourth of a coupon each month.

**This Collier's column** has put the P. S. spotlight on two parts of your car's electrical system—the coil and the wiring. Regular P. S. attention to these, as well as other parts of your car will add "extra coupons" to your monthly gas ration. Remember, first check the miles you get per gallon. Then check your service man for P. S.

**There'll be more P. S. columns** in later issues. In the meantime, *send for the FREE P. S. Check List*. This form will help your service man tell you what Preventive Service is needed on your car now—and what can be deferred. To get your free copy, merely write to Collier's P. S., 250 Park Ave., N. Y. C.

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## Oil for the Planes of China

Continued from page 18

flown back to central Burma to finish other assignments.

At work or play, Forster liked dynamite. Knowing his specialty, the British government had sent him late in 1941 to Russia to advise Soviet engineers in their program of scorching the earth. He quickly decided that the Russians knew more than he did, but he stayed to learn their methods, visited secret areas of the Caucasus. He remarked afterward that the Reds had carried out factory wreckings in one day that Anglo-American experts had forecast might take six months.

"But I wish the Russians could have seen our job at Rangoon," he mused. "Smoke up to fifteen thousand feet. Vapor up to nineteen thousand feet. Not a drop of oil left for the Japs, nor a piece of workable machinery."

### A Masterpiece of Sabotage

After Rangoon was gone, Forster tackled the pipe line which had run more than three hundred miles down-country from Yenangyaung. He plugged the pipe with cement at river crossings, smashed the section pumps, wrecked bridges. He turned to the oil fields. Acetylene torch crews were busy for weeks. Huge chunks were cut from fly wheels, shafts, hoisting drums, rotary drills, casing elevators—all the equipment which once was enough to drill fifty wells at one time in Central Burma.

In one machine shop alone were fifty huge lathes. Forster had damaged each one critically by a small explosive charge. A three-foot brick wall had been laid around the outside of the shop. Crude oil was piped in until it flooded the floor, and was set afire. The lathes, when the fire burned out, were no good.

But Forster was rather marking time when I encountered him. The last big job, he said, was blowing up the powerhouse.

"Cost a quarter of a million pounds to build in 1923—that's a million dollars U. S. Step up and see the new bellybands."

Up steel steps to the second floor of the big, reinforced concrete building marched Forster, a cork helmet shoved back from his sweaty forehead, followed by Bill Munday, my Australian reporterial sidekick, and me. The bellybands, we discovered, were belts of guncotton tied around bulging generators.

"Got 6,300 gallons of oil in drums stored above the transformers over there behind the partition. Got oil piped in here to the main room, too. And the jets will turn on after the explosion. Nice fire we're cooking up."

Forster glanced at his wrist watch. It was 10 A.M.

"With Corps Headquarters located twenty miles north on the road near Kyaukpadaung and the Japs fighting somewhere near Magwe thirty miles to the south, we're in the middle, as you know," he said. "Frankly, I'd like to blow this powerhouse now, but Corps would rather not, if a chance remains to hold it. It used to generate current for eighty-five per cent of Burma's oil production."

The untiring demolitionist strode into the walled yard where his dilapidated car was parked.

"Let's see if we've overlooked anything at the wells," he invited.

The Yenangyaung field was ten miles long and about a mile wide on rolling hills. Tagging along behind Forster in

my American-made, Chinese Lend-Lease jeep, Munday and I covered most of the area. It was like seeing the guts of hell strewn out in the open, under a smoky sky.

Hundreds of wooden derricks had burned and fallen. But twice Forster stopped, got a can of kerosene from the back of his car, walked over to derricks that curiously hadn't yet been touched, soaked one corner near the boring, extended a piece of burning waste cotton on an iron rod and started a fire.

"The best wells were usually those with steel derricks," he explained. "We didn't bother the derricks, but we put a sweet mixture of concrete and scrap metal down the wells. It would be easier to bore a new well than try to punch through that kind of plugging."

Scattered through the field were twenty-four tanks holding a million gallons of oil apiece. All were on fire, spewing billows of black smoke. Once in a while, a ball of flame leaped up like a cannon shot. There were smaller tanks, also, which had contained 100,000 to 500,000 gallons. These had been the first destroyed earlier in the week. The Big Berthas were the climax.

Like a farmer inspecting his prize 40 acres, Forster took us through the razed machine shops on one hill.

"Figure the equipment in this whole field at five hundred thousand pounds (\$2,000,000)," he said, "and you'll be conservative. To redrill the field would cost probably another ten million pounds (\$40,000,000). The Army moved away one thousand tons of machinery for use elsewhere, but it took eight welders three weeks to cut the rest of it up with torches."

On another hill stood a Burman Oil Company refinery—a tidy plant with American apparatus which had turned out 250,000 gallons of gasoline monthly. But not now. Tanks were broken, gauges smashed. Twisted pipes strewed the floor. Munday and I lifted a fire extinguisher off the wall. A whitish chemical spurled out.

"Hold on," said Forster. "This isn't any place for volunteer firemen."

### Telephone Casualties

Looking at his watch again, Forster suggested a new kind of activity for our tour. We ought to break telephones.

We followed the tireless scorcher, then, into the best bungalows of Yenangyaung—fine, two-story wooden houses with wide porches and green gardens which clustered on a few hilltops where man had not deigned to drill for black gold. Oil-company executives had lived in them, some until only a day or two earlier, when the final evacuation of essential civilian personnel left only Forster behind.

We broke the telephones by the simple procedure of slamming them down on the floors. They made a sharp clatter. Afterward, we looked in the iceboxes for a bottle of water, for it was a stifling day.

In the tree-shaded yard of one house was a swimming pool. Forster saw it first. We were surprised. The pool was temporarily inhabited by a stray black cow. Apparently she'd slipped in shortly before our arrival, but six feet of water was more than she'd thirstily bargained for. With difficulty, she was keeping her nose above water, and her eyes were rolling in their sockets. Forster said we should get her out.

Munday caught the end of a floating



ro: which was tied around the cow's neck and tried to keep her nose up. That heed slightly, but only to slow down the process of drowning. Forster and I went into the house and he spied the big upholstered divan in the front room. We carried it out, Forster skinning his knuckles on the door. We dumped it in the pool, but the mushy upholstery didn't appeal to the cow. She refused to use it for a footing. Then Forster and I carried out the mahogany dining table. We returned for chairs. No dice. We couldn't seem to make the right kind of platform for the cow.

Eventually, Forster found a pipe valve in the garden and turned it, and the pool drained. Down into a dry gully, about six feet of water cascaded like a spring freshet. He looked at his watch one more, expressed the opinion that was done about all we had time to do. The Japs, coming along soon, would

gushed flames. Guards and Forster OK."

I didn't keep notes the rest of the night, but I remember pretty well what happened. Munday and I checked with the guards of the Gloucester Battalion, and they told us Forster had been snugly couched in a dugout a hundred yards from the powerhouse with a captain of the Royal Engineers, W. D. Scott, when he touched off the explosion. The Gloucesters said it was the logical moment to leave Yenangyaung, what with the Japs here and there in the neighborhood.

Munday and I got in the jeep, and Charlie Fenn, an ex-New York photographer who'd come down from China for a look-see at the Burma war, climbed in the back.

I don't know how Charlie was able to sit down, because the back was filled with eighteen cans of gasoline, holding two imperial gallons apiece. But he

ing overhead to strafe this motionless line of stalled transport. A tired company of Indian Frontier Force Rifles, unloaded from the trucks and deployed along a culvert under a small road bridge, would try to clear out the nesting enemy after daylight—but that wasn't much immediate comfort.

A tank officer who'd participated in action at the road block said we could squeeze the jeep past it, if we cared to take the risk. There was room by swinging out on the soft right-hand shoulder to get by the burning truck in the middle of the highway and the disabled tank off under a tree.

Munday, a delightfully belligerent Aussie when he tangled with censors and Colonel Blimps, was the soul of reason now that we were in a pinch. I wanted to risk the road block in preference to a morning strafing. "I'm easy," said Bill. Fenn didn't offer an opinion. He merely climbed onto the gas cans again. We lowered the windshield flat on the hood to see better in the dark and proceeded in second gear.

The road block was as described, the fire of the wreckage dying low, the tank vague in the shadows to our right. For a second, perhaps, we were silhouetted to the enemy—a squat, beetlelike jeep with Munday beside me, holding his bedroll on his knees ("To keep the shrapnel outa my belly," he said) and Fenn streamlining himself on top of 36 gallons of gasoline.

Then, darkness. High gear. Putting distance between us and the Japs.

#### Torture by Thirst

Munday and I congratulated ourselves on having quite a story to write: The Death of Yenangyaung. We didn't know when it would ever be published. Burma had no telegraph line left to the outside world. But maybe the news was important enough, regardless of delay.

We didn't know that we were leaving another story that would be even more dramatic. For during our evening with Forster, the tired remnants of Burdiv (First Burma Division), probably 3,000 men and not more, had piled into Yenangyaung. When the road block was reported from the north, they settled down to wait and fight their way out in the morning.

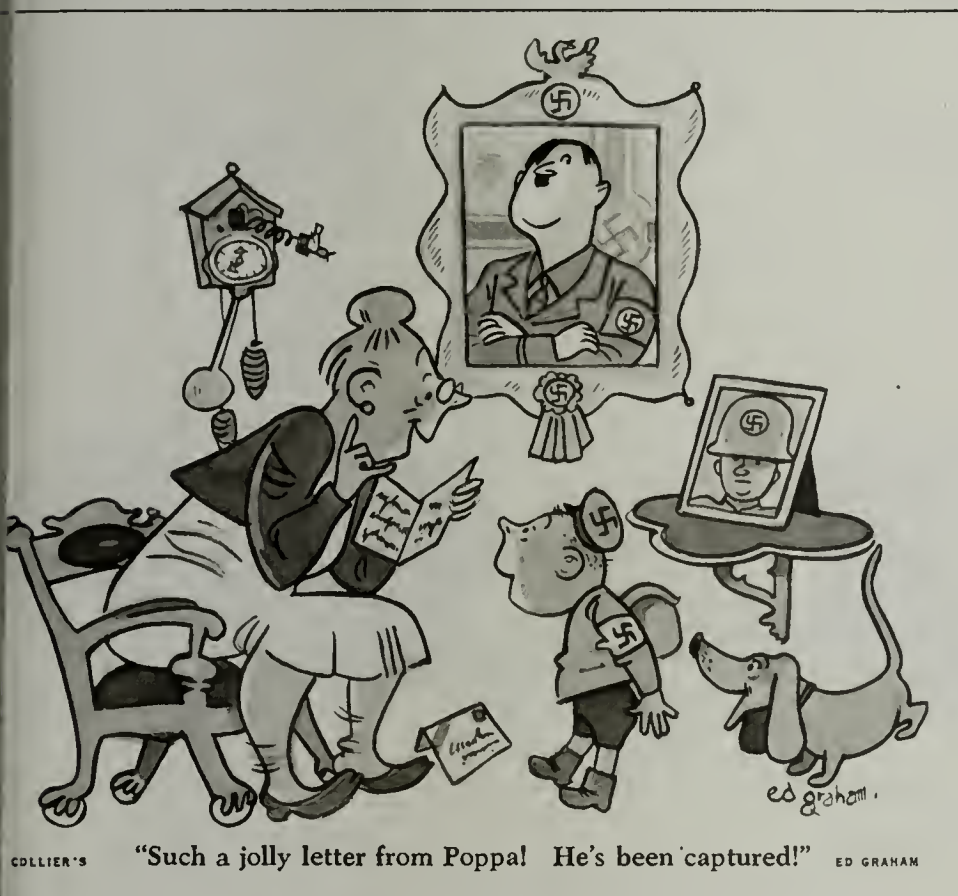
They didn't get out in the morning. They were there three scorching days, tortured by thirst and fatigue, as the Japs drew ever closer. The last of the huge oil tanks burned out one by one, and the wooden derricks on the brown hills were white ashes.

The sun beat down. The enemy seized the banks of the Irrawaddy and the Pin Chaung. And there was no water. Forster's demolition program, of course, had included the town's storage tanks. Exhausted Tommies dug water pipes from the bottom of gullies and drank the sour, rusty dregs that these still contained. Thirst was a fiercer foe than the Japs.

On the third day, a Chinese regiment, rushed by truck from a reserve camp in the north, attacked the enemy line with the support of British artillery. The Japs cracked. The Chinese carved a big hole. Burdiv poured north and escaped. The Burma war went on, minus at least one potential disaster.

Later, upcountry, Munday and I encountered Forster one morning at British headquarters. He was very weary, but he was satisfied. He had left Yenangyaung a few hours after we did, going up the Irrawaddy in a launch with Royal Marines and stopping off at Chauk to demolish a subsidiary oil field there.

THE END



ive to solve the problem of Bossy's citation.

The little red notebook continues the story:

"Aft. Drove toward Magwe try find out. Went two miles to horse farm on northern ridge. Two Jap fighters strafing road. After strafing, had tea with West Yorks crew of armored car under me. Bombs, gunfire ahead. Front seven miles away—not 30.

"Eve. Helped Forster burn 40,000 lbs. gas. 'Twas emergency supply for armored brigade, which said now unneeded. Also 2 bungalows burned.

#### A Date with Dynamite

"11:20 P.M. Forster been informed Manchurian cavalry across Irrawaddy the westward Yenangyaung, Jap patrols westward. Forster said 10 substations, 10 transformer stations all demolished, only powerh. left. Capt. and lieut. told Gloucester guards powerh. will blow up at midnight, don't let anyone enter compound, hold posts on compound wall. If attacked, keep fighting. 'We'll blow powerh. if we have blow ourselves up with it.'

"11:55 P.M. Hill ¼ mile from powerh. good view. Forster's signals: 1 pistol shot at 11:55 when all 12 guards go places safety. 2 shots at 11:57. 3 shots at 11:59. Then blast.

"12:15 A.M. All OK. Powerh. roof wall

managed. Both Bill and Charlie waded the Pin Chaung, the smelly-water creek just outside town, because it was two feet deep at least and spotted with quicksand, and driving a blacked-out, overloaded jeep across it in the darkness was a bit ticklish.

Getting back on the hard, oiled surface of the Burma Road was good, but we were soon flagged down by crews of a stalled column of army vehicles. We proceeded slowly, lights out, past a couple of hundred cars and trucks of assorted sizes. At the head, we found tanks—the little American "honeys" which the Seventh Hussars and the Second Royal Tank Regiment had brought with them from Libya shortly before Rangoon fell.

The tank boys, talking to us in a night so inky that we couldn't see one another's faces, explained that the Japs had slipped ahead with a mortar and registered it on the road. Mortar shells had knocked out a British lorry, a staff car and a motorcycle at one point, and when a tank had gone on to clear the road block, its track had been knocked off by shellfire, but another tank had hurried alongside and rescued the crew.

It was now about 1:30 A.M. and a Japanese machine gun opened up at targets a few hundred feet behind us on the road. Not too nice. A mortar-made block ahead, a machine gun behind, and every prospect at dawn of Jap fighters com-

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ACME



MONAHAN

In alpaca-warmed parka, gloves and overshoes a sentry stands guard at entrance to antiaircraft gun pit "somewhere on the Eastern Seaboard"

Here's the alpaca-lined coat with plenty of warmth without weight that looks good and is perfect for commuting—even on a two-wheeler

# GET YOUR GOAT

BY HENRY L. JACKSON

**N**OBODY can deny that it has been a right snappy winter. A lot of wise people have faced it by getting themselves a goat. Not one of the old tin-can goats, but an aristocratic beast known as the alpaca. From an alpaca, you get wool; from wool, you get a coat; when you get an alpaca coat, you can look a thermometer right in the eye and sneer with perfect impunity.

These dandy little animals bounce around in the Andes, mainly in Chile and Peru, 14,000 feet above sea level. The climate is high, cold and wet, and the alpaca has to be cushioned up pretty well, to stand it.

Hence, alpaca is the warmest wool in the world. The climate in the alpaca goats' native mountains is so cold that shearing time for them comes only once in two years. The goats are so bushy by that time the wool is thinned out rather than sheared—the way a barber might do

it. The result is very excellent wool indeed.

Alpaca was originally used in this country by duck hunters as a lining in weatherproof coats. Duck hunters are insane individuals who could use a bit of good sense and most certainly need a trace of warmth while sitting up to their ears in water in a blind. They liked the coat so well that they finally took to wearing pants of windproof gabardine, lined with alpaca.

Next, the college undergraduates, thoroughly fed up on the old sheepskin monstrosities, set up a yowl for the warmer and lighter alpaca-lined coats. These were turned out in regular trench-coat models, double-breasted, and in the shorter, finger-tip length coat, of weatherproofed cotton on the outside, with alpaca inside and on the collar and lapels.

Recently the Army, confronted with

the problem of keeping our Alaska and Iceland troops warm, tested alpaca. It overrode all specifications. They found that it was suitable for weather 20 to 40 degrees below zero; it wasn't bulky or cumbersome (as was previously tested sheepskin), and it didn't cause active men to become overheated to perspire.

Then the ski troops got onto it. Now the Navy is testing it for wear aboard small vessels—torpedo boats, subchasers, patrol boats and similar craft. It's a safe bet that alpaca will shortly be government-approved for naval duty.

Civilians have gone for alpaca-lined coats in a big way. It is a perfect country coat with plenty of warmth without weight. Men like it for shoveling snow, running around in wet weather, performing civilian-defense duties, and waiting for trains on cold platforms.

In fact, they like it so much that alpaca has finally come to town. The weather

gets just as cold in the city as it does in the country. And who cares about dressing up, anyway? Here's the coat with warmth without weight that looks good and is perfect for commuting.

Best of all, it doesn't take much moola to own an alpaca-lined coat. You can get a fine-looking coat with gabardine outside, alpaca inside and on collar and lapels for about \$30. Civilian defense and air-raid workers are grabbing the mackinaw-length model, which sets them back about \$18. A golf-type jacket, alpaca-lined, will run you around \$12.50.

It has now reached the point where alpaca linings are appearing in vests, slippers, shoes, gloves and earlaps on caps. Alpaca wears like iron, won't mat down or water-spot and never changes color. It is undyed wool, the natural shades being brown, tan, fawn, white and oxford. Alpaca can even be dry-cleaned—nothing bothers the King of the Goats. ★★★





It was Jane who led young Harvey into the basement after dinner. "Dads," she said, "I want to get married and this idiot won't hear of it. Maybe he'll listen to you"

## THE SEMAPHORE

By Robert S. Mansfield

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

**J**OE MICKLEMAUS and Harvey Frater were the richest men in town—and the craziest, the town said; they were also firm friends and had been all their lives.

They had gone to school together and in business later they were friends, and their fortunes had grown equally. Their homes stood side by side and one fence enclosed the two lawns. They married, and to the amazement of the town their wives got along famously. When Harvey junior and Jane Micklemaus announced their engagement on Christmas Day of 1941, the day before young Harvey went to report at Pensacola, it was no surprise to anyone in town. Joe and Harvey spent the afternoon of Christmas Day in their respective basements, dispatching drinks to each other over the complex network of their model railroads and sending each other congratulatory messages on the telegraph hookup which connected their dispatchers' panels.

For Joe and Harvey were mildly insane, although the town put it more strongly, on the subject of model railroading. Starting from the Christmas when Harvey had given young Harv his first electric train and Joe had spent Christmas Eve helping him set it up, their basements had become solidly massed with main lines, yards, bridges, tunnels, by-passes, country sidings, roundhouses, block signals and miniature stations with real grass lawns around them. They had even

caused a tunnel to be dug between their two basements through which a double-track line connected the two major systems, with an interlocking signal network and the direct telegraph contact. They used the straight old-fashioned key, and each had a tobacco can propped behind the sounder to give it volume.

Harvey was a lawyer. It was he, in large, who was responsible for the amazing accuracy of detail in their fun. Joe contributed the special cars for carrying highball glasses. After Pearl Harbor their passenger schedules were cut down and they hauled more freight.

When young Harvey had his first leave and came home with his wings and his assignment to an aircraft carrier, the families had a reunion at Joe's. It was Jane who led young Harvey into the basement after dinner, where Joe and Harvey were doing some new wiring on Joe's layout. The youngsters watched them, their eyes warm, half laughing, their hands clasped. Jane broke it up.

"Dads," she said, "I want to get married, and this idiot won't hear of it. Maybe he'll listen to you."

"No, Jane," young Harvey said. "It isn't that and you know it! Only, things are so uncertain. . . ." He turned to his father. "I don't want to marry Jane now when we'll have just a snatch at happiness. If anything happened to me, it'd make it just that much tougher for her."

Joe walked over and laid a hand on young Har-

vey's arm. "I appreciate that, Harv," he said. "You're right."

Old Harvey grunted. "Keep your nose out of the kids' affairs, Joe. Times like these, they've got to take what they can get out of life."

"If this is all we can have of each other," Jane said "just these two weeks, I'm not going to turn my back on it. Don't you see, Harv?" She turned back to the grave ensign. "I love you. That's all."

"That's right," Harvey senior told her. "You stick to the main line, Jane."

"Wait," Joe said. "You can't put a lifetime of happiness into two weeks. You'd just spoil some thing pretty fine."

"Joe," Jane said, and that hurt because it meant the father-daughter relationship was off and they were man to man. "Joe, I know how you feel, but it's wrong. It doesn't apply to Harv and me. This isn't anything hasty. We've always known we were going to marry some day. And that day has come."

Joe looked at them and he knew from Harv's eyes Jane had won her point. "I won't stand in your way Jane," he said. "I hope you're doing the right thing."

When they had gone, Harvey looked over at Joe drew a long breath and shrugged, and Joe held back his tongue because there was too much tension in the moment. When he trusted himself he said, "Let's try it," and walked to his dispatcher's panel.

Ten minutes later the Coast Flyer of the Mapleton and Western poured through the tunnel and drew up in the Union Station before Joe. He stared at it absently. He knew, deep down, why he had opposed the marriage; he wanted to protect Jane, he didn't want her hurt. Harvey shouldn't have been so shirty about it. He started the train again, glanced at the switch lights, and saw, too late, that he had routed it back through the tunnel against a closed block. A moment later he heard the crash as it piled up over the switch in Harvey's main line. Almost at the same moment came the unmistakable sound of Harvey's way freight plowing into the wreckage.

When Harvey closed the telegraph key two minutes later, Joe had been called everything the Morse code was capable of transmitting, and the tunnel block lifted once and dropped emphatically back to red and stayed that way.

It remained so until the light burned out, and still the semaphore stayed down.

**J**ANE and young Harvey were married, and from the day they left on their honeymoon, Joe and Harvey senior had not spoken. They walked to work separately. They walked home separately. There was a deep anger in Joe's heart, a resentment, and a loneliness. Night after night their trains roared through separate schedules, their rumblings plainly heard in both basements, but the telegraph sounders were still and the tunnel semaphore stayed down, and there was no joy in either house.

It was Jane who brought the news to Joe. A new, different Jane—quiet, calm in her movements, already a little awkward from her burden of life, a straight-backed Jane with tears on her face and courage in her voice.

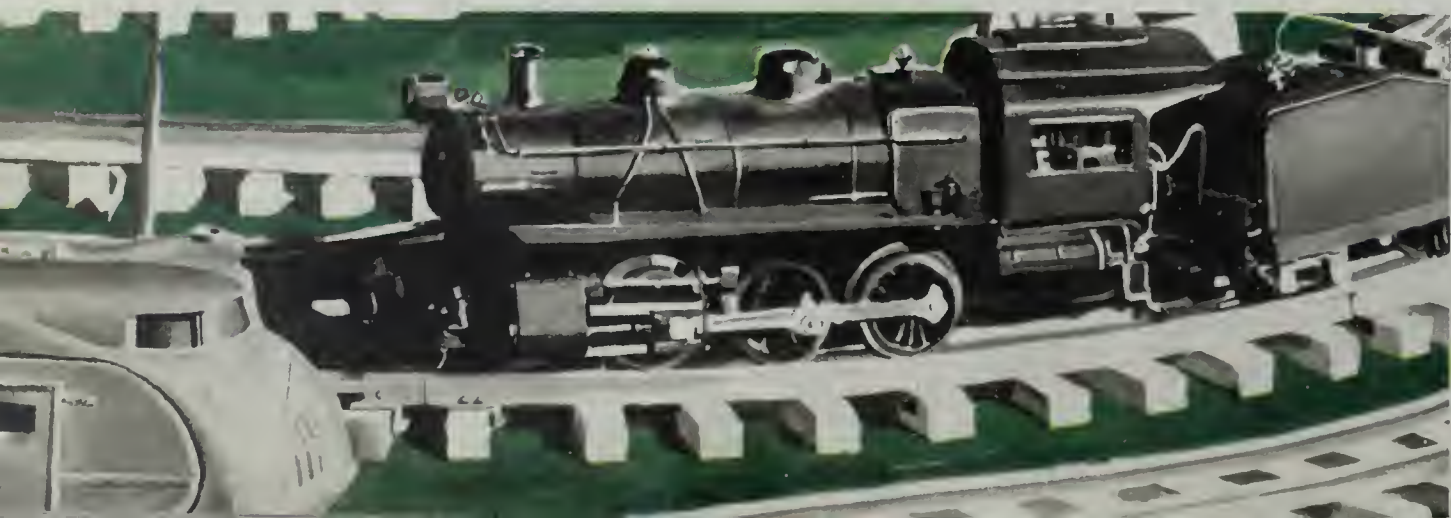
"Harv's missing," she said. "They wired me. Maybe he's dead." Her chin went up. "I'm glad we married Dad. I'm glad!" She turned and went up the stairs, never faltering, not missing a step. Joe sat as he had been.

He was thinking of Harvey. Jane had within her the consolation and the demand upon her strength that she needed. She was young. Joe closed his eyes and opened them again. The sound of moving trains from the other basement had stopped. Harvey knew, now and he was alone. Terribly alone. Joe knew he couldn't go to him, and he wanted to. His eyes fell on the highball car.

He reached into the cellarette behind him and drew out an ancient bottle. He poured from it, glanced at the siphon, shook his head and filled the glass directly from the bottle. He threw on the current and with a switch engine brought the long unused highball car from its siding and set the glass on board. As he reached for the control levers the Morse key clicked into life, and the distant rumble of a single engine reached his ears.

"Special coming through the tunnel," the telegraph said. "Clear the line to the dispatcher's yard. Missing isn't dead, and no son of an old blown-up balloon like me could sink. Rickenbacker had a rubber boat, too."

Joe started the switch engine, put the power into his trunk system. Over by the tunnel mouth there was a click and, slowly, creaking from disuse, the signal arm raised to vertical. All clear!







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men like this and help them win the war?”

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The blond girl was on the verge of hysterics. "Why, Jason? Why did they kill him?" She stared at him. "You've known all along!"

## Five Who Vanished

By George F. Worts

### The Story Thus Far:

EARLY one morning, a girl—an exceptionally beautiful girl—slips into the San Francisco apartment of Jason Amboy, knocks him out, takes a packet of letters (from his brother, Wayne) and makes her getaway.

Jason's valet—an eccentric named Flack—follows the intruder and learns that she is a Miss Topping—Luana Topping—of Hawaii. . . . Jason is notified that Wayne (who has been working in Hawaii for the powerful Grazzard family) has disappeared and that murder is suspected. Acting quickly, he takes a ship, starts for Honolulu.

Old Mrs. Hiram Grazzard ("Queen Bertha"), head of the Grazzard clan, takes the same boat. With her are: her son, Lorrin; Lorrin's fiancée, Luana Topping; Channing Mace, manager of one of the Grazzard plantations, and his at-

tractive wife, Natalie; and one or two others.

As the ship plows southwestward, Jason has a series of exciting adventures which convince him that Wayne has been murdered by the Grazzards. Flack (who, disguised and using the name of "Rodney K. Kitchener," has also taken passage) feels certain of it. Nevertheless, Jason falls in love with Luana and he and Natalie Mace become close friends.

Jason permits a stowaway to share his state-room. The fellow disappears. Natalie tells Jason that she is sure he has been murdered; she says that he was Winfield Grazzard, the black sheep of the family; she says that he and Wayne had tried to blackmail the Grazzards, who had done away with both of them.

"Rodney K. Kitchener" disappears. Unfortunately for Jason, the evidence makes it appear that he had killed the man; and he is placed in the brig for several days. Then Luana informs the captain that she had seen "Kitchener" jump overboard; and Jason is released.

A short time later, Flack shows up. He tells Jason that he, Luana, Jason's room steward,

and a person known as "Singapore Sam" had co-operated in an elaborate scheme (necessitating the disappearance of "Kitchener") designed to save Jason from the Grazzards. He admits that the idea had miscarried. . . .

Jason's boat, the Tasmania, reaches Honolulu. Jason goes ashore and begins the investigation of his brother's death.

### VIII

FLACK and Luana were at a table at the edge of the dance floor when Jason arrived at eight. His valet wore a tropical white dinner jacket. This once humble little man was suave, very urbane, very sure of himself.

Luana was wearing the cerise dinner dress she had worn on the night she had crawled into Jason's bedroom window.

When Jason approached the table, Flack arose and bowed. "You are on

time, Mr. Amboy," he said, and there was, it seemed to Jason, something sinister in his way of saying it, a promise or a threat of dark events in the offing.

"Miss Topping and I have agreed it would be best to postpone our talk until we have dined. Is that agreeable to you?"

"Of course," Jason murmured. He sat down across from Flack.

The orchestra started to play a rumba. "I've ordered dinner, Mr. Amboy—with special attention to your preferences, of course," Flack said.

Luana was smiling at him mysteriously and her eyes were unfathomable.

"Will you dance, Luana?" Jason asked. "I'd love to dance," said Luana.

It was rich smooth music and Luana in his arms was slim and light and sweet. He soon discovered that they danced



beautifully together. There was a sensation of floating to a dreamy romantic rhythm.

"Darling, I don't know what this is all about," Jason said. "I soon will, doubtless to my sorrow, if I'm any judge of storm warnings—but let's skip all that and get down to the important thing. May I say that this is the happiest moment of my life? You are beautiful, you are sweet, you are wonderful and you're in my arms at last and I love you."

He felt the quick pressure of her hand on his shoulder.

"Jason—" she whispered.

He bent away from her and tried to see her face. Her eyes were closed. In the dimness he saw the shimmer of tears among her dark lashes.

"Luana!"

"Please don't say anything more, Cousin Jason. Take me back to the table."

But she was composed by the time they reached the table.

WHEN dinner was over, Flack sat twirling a brandy glass and puffing at the largest, blackest cigar Jason had so far seen him undertake. His manner was one of gravity touched with sternness.

"Mr. Amboy, we three have met here tonight," he said, in the voice of a man getting down to brass tacks, "to discuss some very important matters. If you are tempted to become angry, I hope you will restrain yourself. Perhaps the most important item, from your point of view, concerns your brother Wayne."

Flack paused, as if for deliberate dramatic effect. "Your brother is not dead, Mr. Amboy. He is, at this moment, alive and well—on Kahuna Island!"

"Aren't you surprised?" Luana cried.

He glanced at her. He shook his head very slowly. "No, Luana. Why should I be? I don't believe it."

"But I know he's on Kahuna, Jason!"

He bent forward again. "Did you see him there?"

"No. But he is."

"You mean, someone told you he is."

Luana was staring at him and her lower lip was stubborn. "I didn't think you'd behave like this, Cousin Jason. I thought you'd be delighted. It's true!"

"I still don't believe it. My brother is dead. Who told you? The queen? Channing? Lorrin?"

When she didn't answer, he put his hand in his pocket, and took out Wayne's watch. "Do you know what this is, Luana? It's my brother's watch. It was lost between the head of his bed and the wall the night he vanished from Kokala. Notice that strap. Notice that blood on the back?"

"Yes," the green-eyed girl said coolly. "I know all about that watch. You sent a man over from Honolulu and he found it. But what does it prove?"

"That my brother was murdered."

"Your brother, Jason, went off somewhere almost every Saturday night and came home fighting drunk. He may have lost that watch behind the bed weeks before he left Kokala."

Jason was gazing at Luana speculatively. He suspected where this was leading.

"All right," he said. "My brother is alive and well on Kahuna. Go on."

"He was taken to Kahuna," Luana answered crisply, "on the night he vanished so mysteriously."

"After your brother was rather badly beaten up," Flack put in.

"Who beat him up?"

"I don't know," Luana said.

"You were in Kokala that night, weren't you?"

"No. I had dinner and spent the evening in Koloa with Dr. and Mrs. Water-

house. I got home at one o'clock. Your brother was then on his way to Kahuna."

"With whom?"

"I don't know, Jason."

"But was everyone at Kokala—the queen—Lorrin—Channing?"

"Yes."

"Had they spent the evening together?"

"I presume so."

"But you don't know?"

"No."

"All right. Why was my brother beaten up?"

"I'll tell you," Luana whispered. "It's what I've been dying to throw at you since all this started!" She paused. Her eyes seemed to have glints in them. "Your brother is a blackmailer! Do you pretend you don't know that?"

Jason shrugged. "I've heard that one from other sources. You aren't surprising me. Don't be so tender with my feelings."

Luana looked startled and a little angry. "Your brother spent years in Burma, where Aunt Bertha's brother Colton once lived. Why do you want me to say this, Jason? You know all about it. You know that your brother found out some very unsavory things about Colton Grazzard—and that he used that information to try to extort money from the Grazzards."

"Yes, I've heard that story," said Jason. "And Uncle Colton is now occupying the palatial family doghouse on Kahuna Island, brooding over those sins of his youth."

"Then you're not denying any of it?" Luana cried.

"Of course I deny it," Jason said. "I've been denying it for days. But I want to hear your side of it."

He was aware that Flack was bending forward, as if he were crouching to spring. Luana had settled back in her chair with the air of a girl trying not to seem tense.

"Go on, Luana," Jason said calmly.

Luana came forward again. "You're not only in it with him—you directed the whole horrible thing!"

"Go on," Jason said pleasantly. "Let's have both barrels."

"You're callous!" Luana cried. "You haven't any shame! You arranged it all! Those letters your brother wrote you were nothing but an ingenious code informing you of his progress!"

JASON bent forward now and dropped his elbows to the table. He clasped his hands hard. He glanced at Flack.

"Flack, do you agree with all she's saying?"

"Yes, sir. And I'm amazed at the dexterity with which you pulled the wool over my eyes."

Jason gazed at him. "Flack, I am horribly disappointed in you. I considered you my best friend. And now—"

"He only found out the truth about you!" Luana cried. There were tears in her eyes, and they were not tears of fury.

Jason took a deep breath. "Well, the two of you have made a very interesting point. And I'm glad we're finally in the open on these letters. I want very much to know more about this, Luana. When did you learn that those letters were in a sort of code informing me of Wayne's blackmailing progress?"

"It doesn't make any difference!"

"It makes worlds of difference."

"The point is," she said hotly, "they were."

"All right. Let's approach it from another angle. Who sent you to my apartment for them?"

Luana straightened up. "That doesn't make any difference, either."

He bent toward her and said slowly



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and menacingly, "I want to know. Who was it?"

"All right," Luana said, in her melodious voice, "I'll talk about it. I'll tell you just how it happened. I know a girl who lives in that apartment building across that little court from yours. It happens that she knows you."

"Ah," said Jason. "Marion Crookes. So Crookesey is in this, too."

"No, she is not in it. She doesn't know anything about it. We were up on the roof sun-bathing a few days before this happened. You'd taken her to a dinner party a week or so before that, and she was talking about you, and she pointed out your apartment. Then, on the night when I wanted to get into your apartment, I recalled seeing a long plank lying on the roof. So I simply went up the back way, pushed that plank across to your window and got in."

"That isn't what I want to know," Jason said. "I want to know who sent you there."

"Nobody sent me there. I did it entirely of my own accord. I didn't even tell anybody I was going to do it. Lorrin and Channing were talking about those letters. It was the first I'd heard that your brother had been trying to blackmail the Grazzards."

"Just when was this?" Jason interrupted her.

"A little after three that morning. Do you want all the details?"

He nodded grimly. "Every scrap. This is very important."

"All right. I knew your brother had disappeared from Kokala, but I didn't know why. Lorrin was horribly upset because, if there's one thing the Grazzards hate, it's scandal."

"WHERE did this talk take place?" Jason interrupted.

"In the sitting room of Lorrin's suite," Luana said.

"Was the queen there?"

Luana shook her head. "No. Only Lorrin and Channing and I. We'd all been to a late party in San Mateo. Aunt Bertha and Natalie had gone to their rooms, and Lorrin and Channing went into Lorrin's. I heard them talking and I went in. I heard enough to get an inkling of what was going on, and they told me the rest."

"Just what did they tell you?"

"But I've told you, Cousin Jason! That your brother had tried to blackmail the Grazzards and had disappeared!"

"Did they tell you then that he was on Kahuna?"

"No, that was later. They didn't know that your brother had written you any letters, but they hoped he had. They believed that if he had written letters to you, they might contain incriminating statements. It was Channing's idea that if they could secure such letters, they could be held over your brother if he made any more attempts at blackmailing us."

"So that was it," Jason said. "This is very interesting, Luana. Go on. I'm very curious. I've been dying to know just why you walked that plank at four forty-five in the morning." And you haven't explained it yet."

"Very well," Luana said crisply, "I'll explain it. That afternoon Lorrin had tried to find the letters in your office, in Oakland."

Jason's eyebrows went up with surprise. "Did he break into my office?"

"Yes, Jason. There was only that one man there—your foreman. He drove off somewhere on his motorcycle, and Lorrin broke in and went through your desk and your files. But your brother's letters weren't there. Channing and Lorrin agreed it would be practically im-

possible to get into your apartment. But I knew it was possible.

"I said good night to them and went to my room, and I thought about it. I knew I could do it."

Jason was nodding thoughtfully. "So you slipped out of the hotel, and you got the letters. Whom did you give the letters to?"

"Lorrin. I woke him up and gave them to him."

"And explained just how you'd got them?"

"Yes, Jason."

Jason grinned. "How did my favorite aviator take it?"

"He was furious—but he was pleased, too. You see, Jason, Lorrin is proud of me."

"He should be," Jason said firmly. "He certainly should be proud of you." He bent toward her again. "When did you learn that those letters weren't so innocent as they seemed, but contained cleverly coded information?"

"Later."

"It was quite recently, wasn't it?"

"A few days ago."

"Yes," Jason said. "And were you convinced that they were in a sort of code?"

"Of course! Taken with the fact that I knew your brother was a blackmailer—"

Jason checked her with a wave of his hand. "Please don't say that any more. I'm allergic to it."

"But it's true!" Luana said sharply.

"Just as it's true that you sent him there to extort enough money from the Grazzards to finance your airplane engine!"

Jason started out of his chair again, and again settled back. "You mean, Luana, I sent my brother to the Grazzards to demand a hundred and ten thousand dollars?"

"Why," she cried, "are you so brazen? You know very well that that was why you sent your brother to Kokala!"

"I know," Jason said. "I must seem awfully pigheaded and awfully brazen about this. But I'm terribly curious. Please be patient with me. I now want to know when it was you learned that the sum we were demanding from the Grazzards was exactly a hundred and ten thousand."

She looked at him vaguely. "I don't remember."

"All right. Do you recall the day at breakfast when Channing, Lorrin and Queen Bertha were questioning me about financing my engine?"

"Yes."

"Queen Bertha asked me how much I

needed, and I said a hundred and ten thousand."

Luana nodded. "You looked at her very deliberately, when she asked you if it would be hard to raise, and you said, very significantly, 'No, I don't think it will be!' And if that wasn't damning—"

"Things are becoming so much clearer," Jason interrupted her. "Now, can you answer my question? Wasn't it after that conversation that you were told for the first time that the sum my brother and I were trying to extort from her was exactly a hundred and ten thousand?"

"It may have been," Luana said, still with defiance, "but what difference does it make?"

"It's all in the point of view," Jason answered thoughtfully. "I'm still trying to sort this out. There's one very interesting point. The first night at dinner when Queen Bertha asked me all those questions about my engine, and about my father and mother and brother, she knew all the answers beforehand."

"Yes, Jason."

"She's a truly remarkable woman," he said.

"Yes, Jason."

"YOU are a truly remarkable family, Luana. Flack, am I right in assuming that you got in touch with this young lady quite some time before your disappearance; compared notes with her and, on the basis of her testimony, decided to turn against me?"

His valet's spaniel eyes didn't waver. "That's correct, Mr. Amboy. On the day of my disappearance."

"All right," Jason said. "Now! Why did you disappear?"

"There were a number of very sound reasons, sir. I wanted to try to save you from the consequences of your own folly, and I thought you'd be safe if you were locked up in the brig. Knowing how anxious you were to raise money to go on with your engine, I feared you might try to blackmail the Grazzards at any moment. I wanted to frighten you into your senses. Lastly, I was afraid, if you remained at large, you might be badly beaten up by either Mr. Mace or Mr. Grazzard."

"What was the purpose of the smear of blood on that envelope?" Jason Amboy asked.

"That was my blood, sir. I borrowed a pin from Miss Topping, pricked my finger and put the smear there."

"You mean, that was just window dressing—to make me feel a little more horrible?"

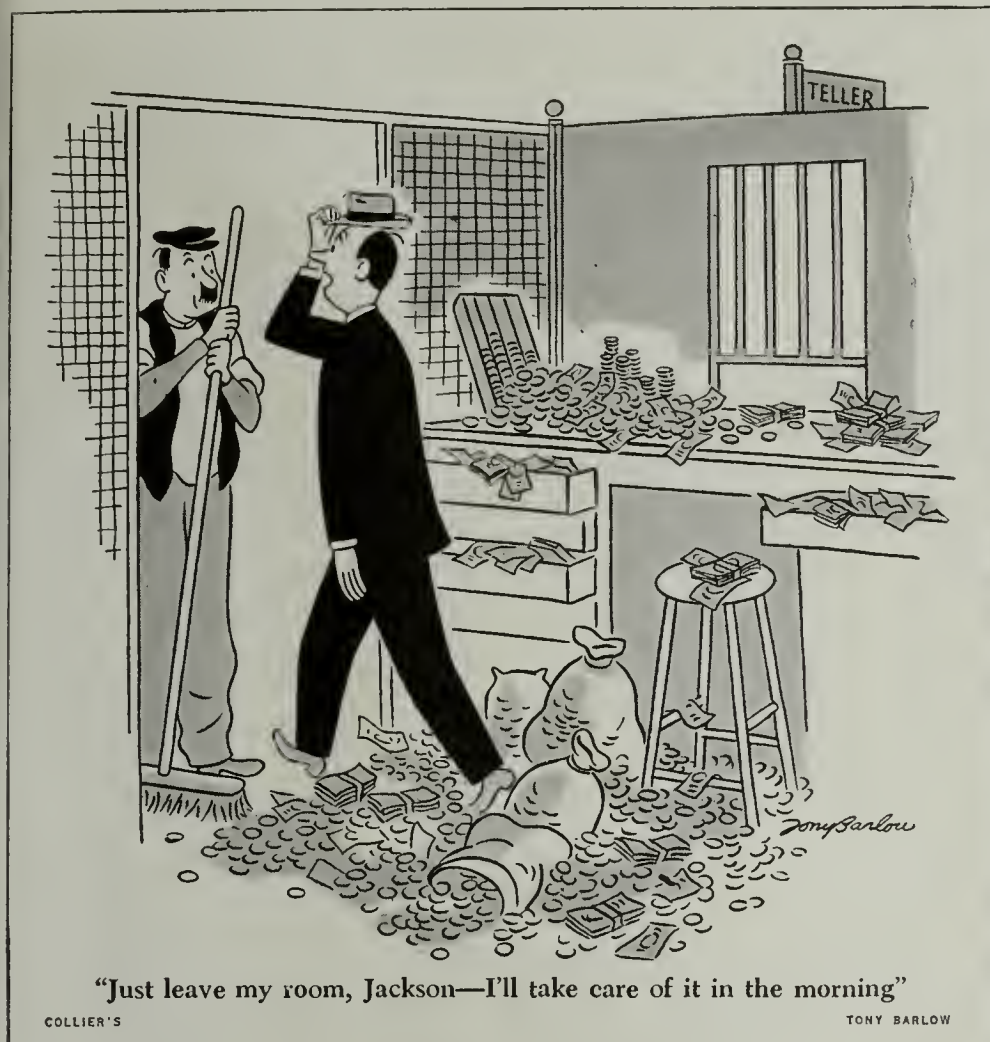


COLLIER'S

"Oh you shouldn't have gone to all this trouble"

MISCHA RICHTER





"No, sir. I did it deliberately to make you believe I'd been murdered. I wanted no doubt in your mind."

"But why, Flack?"

"So you'd be reconciled to your fate. You might have insisted on having the ship searched again and again—and I'd have been found eventually. All it cost was a drop of blood. I learned that trick, of course, from your confederate, the stowaway."

"My confederate?" Jason said. He looked at Flack steadily. "So you spilled that, too."

FLACK seemed surprised. "I withheld nothing from Miss Topping, sir. We agreed to confide in each other without stint."

"You both seem to have done very well," Jason commented in a dry voice. He glanced at Luana. "And you, of course, withheld nothing from Queen Bertha, Prince Lorrin and Prime Minister Channing. And they, in turn, permitted you to drag out of them all these facts about my blackmailing scheme. It all works out beautifully, doesn't it? A self-help club, with all members baying on the trail of the blackmailers. Now, Luana, I want to ask the most important question of the evening. To whom did my brother go with his blackmail demand—Queen Bertha, Lorrin or Channing?"

"I don't know. My understanding is that he conferred with all three of them."

"But you don't know?"

"No."

"This," Jason said, "is a great disappointment. Flack, what did you tell Miss Topping about the stowaway?"

"But it's obvious, Mr. Amboy!"

"With you," Jason said, "when anything is obvious, or when you see it as a very clear design, it is either wrong, fantastic, cockeyed—or all three. But go on."

"Your stowaway," Flack said with dignity, "is, as you know very well, sir, still alive."

"So," Jason murmured, "you think Winfield Grazzard is still alive—and my confederate."

"I do, sir."

"What do you think about this, Luana?"

"I don't know anything about it."

Jason shook his head with a marveling air. "Flack, you're making astounding progress. First, you're a miracle man. You jump overboard in mid-ocean and you magically show up a few days later and you're not even moist behind the ears. And now you're a holy man. You've brought a man back from the dead. I suppose Winfield Grazzard is in this blackmail conspiracy."

"What else?" Flack said stoutly. "He was in India with your brother, digging up Mr. Colton Grazzard's unfortunate past."

"Where is Winfield Grazzard now?"

His valet shrugged. "I'm not a mind reader, Mr. Amboy. But I do know that all it cost him to establish the seeming fact that he had been murdered and thrown overboard was four little drops of blood. And I think I can say, with all modesty, that I proved how easily a man can conceal himself on a ship the size of the Tasmania."

"There are some things I will probably never understand," Jason said. "I can't follow the workings of your mind, Flack. So will you tell me why you sent that red-headed gorilla up to the paddle-tennis court to knock my head off? Was that resentment, Flack? Now, come clean."

"No, Mr. Amboy," Flack answered with vigor. "I did that, as I told you before, to confuse the issue. I wanted to establish a doubt in Captain Horngold's mind, in connection with the suicide story I instructed the room steward to tell."

Jason considered him skeptically a moment, then smiled coldly. "I wonder how much the Grazzards paid you for selling me out."

"Spoken," Flack retorted, "by the caliber mind in its ultimate state of perfection!"

Jason glanced at Luana. "You see, my dear, I have a very forgiving nature. But there's one thing I can't forgive—deliberate and calculated disloyalty. A week ago, I wouldn't have sold this little man for the entire cost of the national defense program. Tonight he is yours for a

YESTERDAY...TODAY...TOMORROW

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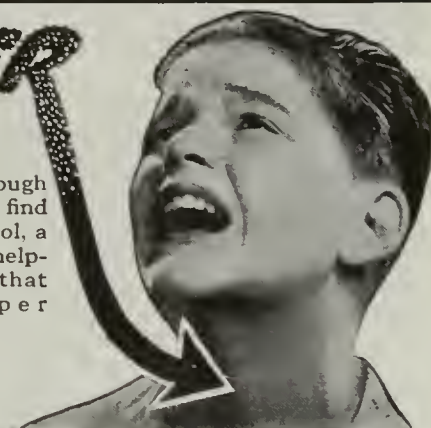


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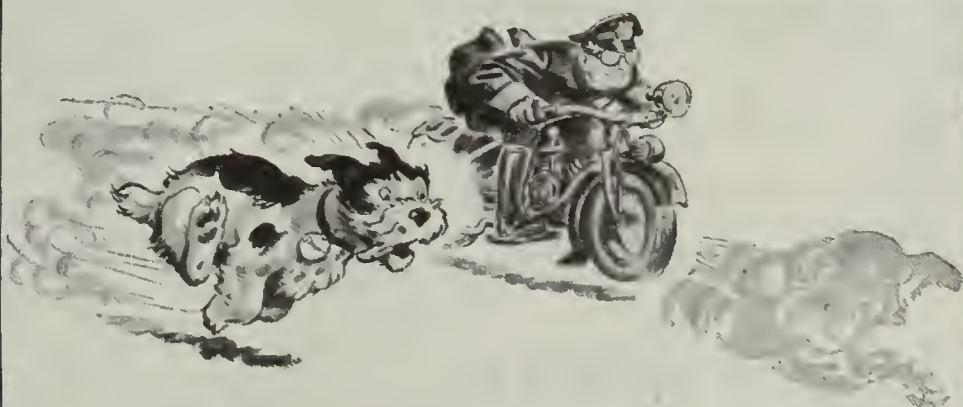
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plugged nickel—and I'll throw in a stout piece of rope about ten feet long."

Flack arose with dignity. "I think enough has been said, Mr. Amboy. The check was paid in advance. I wish to tender my resignation, to take effect immediately. By the way, sir, in case it slipped your mind, my parole was up yesterday. I am no longer under any further legal bonds to you. I am leaving tomorrow noon on a transport with Singapore Sam Shay for Samoa."

"That's hot, dangerous country," Jason said. "You ought to do well down there."

"Thank you, sir. I intend to. As Singapore says, I am wasting my talents in this panty-waist civilization. Goodbye, Mr. Amboy. Goodbye, Miss Topping. I wish you every happiness in your marriage to Mr. Grazzard."

"Thank you, Flack," Luana said in a small voice.

The one-time gentleman's gentleman walked away. Jason turned with a wry smile to Luana.

She had covered her eyes with her handkerchief.

"Luana!" he said with surprise.

She took the handkerchief away. She was struggling to control her tears. She mastered them presently. She powdered her nose.

Jason bent toward her. "Everything seems to be neatly solved, doesn't it?"

Luana sprang up. "I've never been so disappointed in my life!" she cried. "Until the very end, I hoped you'd somehow prove it was all a lot of fantastic lies. I wanted to believe in you! I gave you every chance!"

"Keep trying," Jason said dryly. "The shooting hasn't even begun."

"I thought you were so *akamai*!" she cried. "You aren't *akamai* at all!" Her voice was tremulous, but she was no longer crying. "Aunt Bertha wants to see you. Will you come?"

"A battleship of the Littorio class will now plow me under," Jason said cheerfully. "You bet I'll come!"

THE Grazzards were occupying a suite which, in a less democratic territory, would have been called the royal suite. Its lofty, gracious rooms covered one floor of a wing.

Mrs. Hiram Grazzard was waiting for Jason on the *lanai* off her sitting room. She was, in a white satin dinner gown, with her square, yellowish face, her thick black hair, a formidable woman.

She was seated in a huge koa-wood chair. On her left stood Lorrin, darkly scowling. On her right, cool and grim, stood Channing Mace.

She said, in her regal way, "You may sit down, if you wish, Jason." Her dull amber eyes were not friendly, but they were not unkindly.

"Luana, you told Jason where his brother is, I presume?"

"Yes, Aunt Bertha," the girl said in the awed voice that Jason had heard her use only with this woman.

"Did you tell him that we are familiar with his plan?"

"Yes, Aunt Bertha"—in a lower voice still.

Bertha Grazzard studied Jason's serious dark face, his grave attentive eyes. She was playing with the long thin gold pencil which she always carried on the end of a long, rather heavy gold chain. The sapphire with which it was crowned flickered with a hot blue fire as the pencil moved in her hands that were never still.

"We will be perfectly candid, Jason," she said in her imperious way. "I feel very sad about this. After all, you are virtually my own flesh and blood."

She compressed her lips and bent for-

ward. "Jason, you are to be our guest at Kokala plantation and you are to go with us to Kahuna Island, where your brother is, to discuss this situation, and to decide just what we are to do."

"The whole trouble is, you and your brother are still in a position to blackmail us. I realize that. I have given it a great deal of thought, Jason. I have decided to give in to your demands, although I want you to know that I am doing it, not because I am afraid you would do much harm to us with that old scandal of my brother's, but because you and your brother are my own flesh and blood."

Mrs. Grazzard settled back a little in her chair. With her amber eyes, her complacency and her alertness, she suddenly reminded Jason of a watchful yellow cat.

"I wonder," she said, "if you can appreciate what I am doing."

"Don't bother," Lorrin broke in impatiently, "to explain it. And don't expect gratitude."

His mother lifted her hand to silence him. "I am handling this, Lorrin. I want this young man to know just what my feelings are. Do you think you do, Jason?"

"I think I do, Aunt Bertha," Jason said.

"Very well!" she said briskly. "You need one hundred and ten thousand dollars to start manufacturing your airplane engine. You shall have it, Jason. I shall order that amount placed at your disposal at my Honolulu bank. I will not ask you for your assurance that this will be the end of this. It has got to be. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Aunt Bertha. You are being very kind. Now—may I ask a question? I am very anxious to know to whom my brother made these blackmail demands."

When Mrs. Grazzard stared at him without answering, he glanced at Channing Mace, and when Channing Mace said nothing, he glanced at Lorrin.

Lorrin's face was flushed and his eyes were ugly. "That is absolutely beside the point, Amboy."

"I'd very much like an answer to my question. Whom did he approach? Was it you, Lorrin?"

"You've had the answer to your question," Lorrin said angrily.

Bertha Grazzard got up. She had reminded Jason a moment ago of a watchful yellow cat. The quickness with which

she got up—the smooth, effortless flow of the motion—startled him. She was almost as tall as Jason, and this, each time he noticed it, surprised him. He always thought of her as a rather short, rather dumpy woman, and she was neither. Her large, square face gave that misleading impression.

"We are flying to Kauai on the morning plane," she said. "A seat has been reserved for you. The plane leaves Rodgers airport at nine. . . . Good night, Jason."

"Be on time," Lorrin said.

Jason glanced at Luana. She was standing with her hands folded meekly in the folds of her cerise satin dress, with her eyes downcast. Her meekness and Lorrin's arrogance made him suddenly angry. "Good night," he said curtly and walked out of the room.

In the dimly lit corridor, Natalie Mace overtook Jason.

"Come along," she said breathlessly. She led him to a cross corridor which ended in a little foyer. The foyer was deserted. There were settees, chairs and a few tables.

Natalie sat down. "Well, Sir Galahad?"

"It is, indeed, an enchanting evening," Jason said.

"I was eavesdropping, Jason. I heard it all—and I ran out ahead of you. I feel sick. I feel really sick. And you know, if you go to Kokala with them, you're walking into a death trap."

Jason nodded. "Yes, I know. But I've got to see the inside of it."

"They murdered your brother!" she cried. And he realized that the blond girl was on the verge of hysterics. "Why, Jason? Why did they kill him?" She stared at his eyes in the dim light. "You've known all along!"

JASON shook his head. "No, Natalie. I've groped my way to it gradually, but I'm sure I know now what's back of it all. It's so simple, so obvious—if I'm right. But I still can't talk about it. Remember? I'm the guy who can't work without a blueprint."

"But must you go to Kauai tomorrow?"

"Yes."

She was working her hands together. "But, Jason, they'll kill you! Lorrin would like to kill you with his bare hands! He knows Luana has no use for





any more. He knows she's in love with you. You've handled this whole thing so carelessly!"

He bent over and kissed her lightly on the cheek. "Take it easy. You're having the jitters. Have you those answers to my questions?"

"Oh, your questions!" she said despairingly. "Yes, I have them. Hiram Grazzard died on March 3, 1921. Colton Cizzard went to live on Kahuna on March 17, 1921. He hasn't been off the island since."

Jason was silent a moment. "I think," he said quietly, "you've just given me the two cogwheels of the machine that is going to destroy the Grazzards. I think you're going to have your revenge."

"Jason! Tell me what you're talking about!"

"I'll see you on the plane," Jason said. "Aloha nui loa." He walked away.

"Jason!"

He returned to the lobby. There was a note in his box. It said:

"Very sorry to have missed you. Will see you in the morning without fail."

"Carrington J. Hambledon."

Jason could not recall a Carrington J. Hambledon.

When he entered his room, the telephone was ringing. A frail voice, with a quaver of senility, asked him if he was Jason Amboy.

"Yes," Jason said.

"Are you the son of Clark and Mary Amboy?"

"Yes. Who is this?"

"I am an old friend of your father's," the fragile old voice answered. "You were pointed out to me tonight at dinner. I was instantly struck by your resemblance to your father. I was sitting near your table, and I could not help overhearing some of the conversation. I want to warn you to be on your guard

every instant, my boy—every instant!"

There was a rattle and a click as a receiver was hung up. Jason thoughtfully put down the telephone.

The quavering intensity of that unknown voice made him very uneasy. He went to the door. He had forgotten to lock it. He locked it. He would, he decided, have to stop being so careless.

JASON saw the tall, slender man with the trim black mustache getting out of the taxicab just as the plane was taxiing down the field for its take-off. The man ran to the fence and waved a brief case. Then he ran to the gate and talked to the guard. It was evident that he wanted the Kauai plane to stop and take him aboard. But it did not stop.

It took off on a long shallow climb. It circled to avoid Pearl Harbor. No one, Jason had heard, was permitted to see Pearl Harbor from the air any more. The vast reconstruction projects which had been under way since December 7th were secret.

The misted green mountains of Oahu were rising higher and higher.

Jason settled back in his seat. Lorrin sat with Luana in a double seat well forward. Channing Mace and Natalie had the seat just behind them. Mrs. Grazzard occupied a seat across the aisle and Jason sat behind her.

Since he had left the Grazzards' suite last night, Jason had known that his life was in danger—a danger that increased as time passed. He was certain that an attempt would be made to kill him today or tonight. He might, he realized, have pursued his investigation in Honolulu with possibly surer results and with greater safety to himself. Yet his blueprint was complete, he believed, and what he wanted now was action.

(To be continued next week)



"I hate to bring this up, Lieutenant, but you're out of step"

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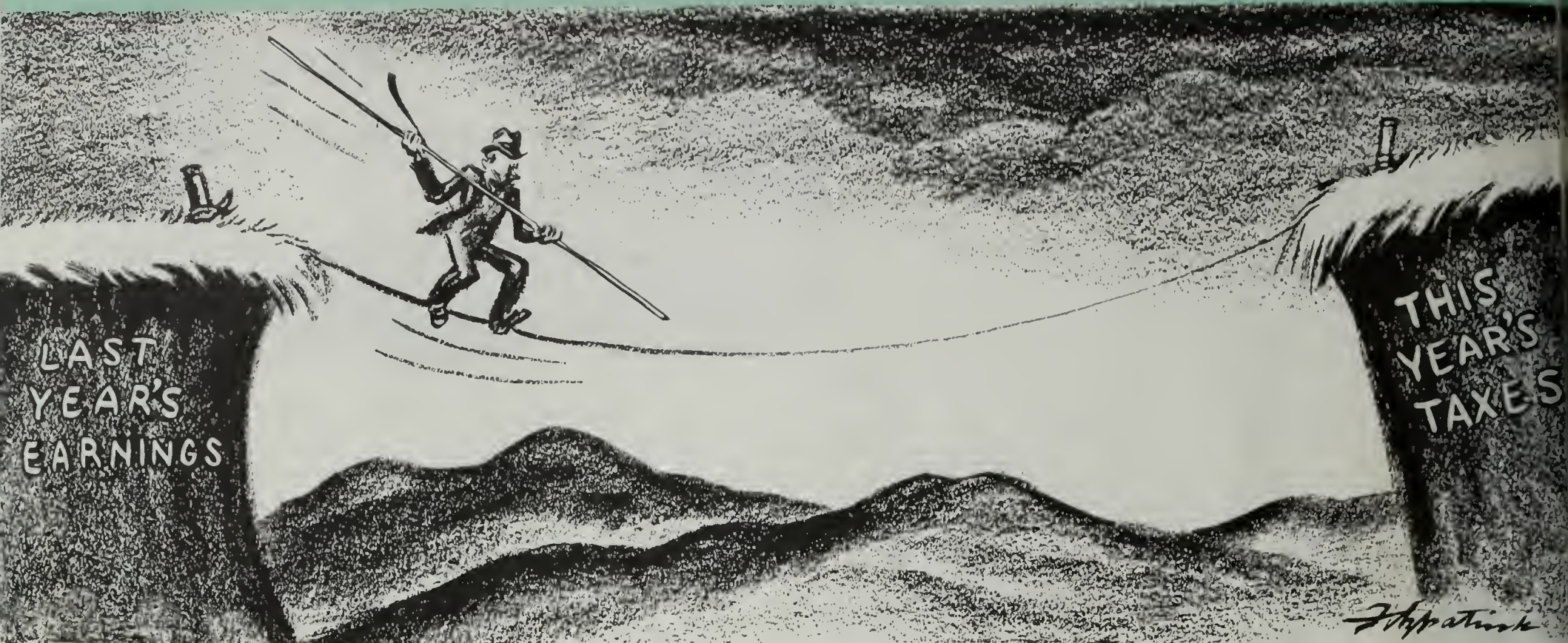
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## PAY-AS-YOU-GO

WHY the hesitation by various Congressional leaders to come out frankly for the Ruml plan, or some variant of same, to put all federal income-tax payers on a pay-as-you-go basis this year? Beardsley Ruml's idea (as most of us probably know by now) is to write off taxes on last year's incomes except in a few so-called windfall cases and let us all begin paying taxes this year on income as it comes in.

It is practical, feasible, and the only way yet suggested for by-passing a wave of tax defaults and bankruptcies along about March 15th. Yet a favorite attitude of lawmakers on the proposal is "Yes, but . . ."

We think this coyness must be traceable to the atmosphere that surrounded the adoption of the original income-tax amendment to the Constitution (Amendment 16) in 1913. Though sound in principle, the income tax had been agitated largely by demagogues, with whatever the version of "Soak the rich" was in those days. The income tax at first applied only to persons with large incomes, and only lightly at that, until the rates were steeply hoisted to help meet the bills for World War I. These people could easily pay taxes this year on last year's incomes, just as they paid any other bill.

The picture is changed now, by circumstances and by World War II. Instead of being a "Soak the rich" proposition, the federal income tax is a "Soak practically everybody" proposition. As at present collected, it is also a "keep all income-tax payers in perpetual hock to the government" proposition—because, instead of taxing our earnings as they are earned, the government waits till next year to come around for the tax, regardless of whether any taxpayer then is able to pay.

It is bad enough now, but it will be several times worse during the expected period of readjustment and seemingly inevitable large-scale unemployment following the war.

Congress had better just abandon the 1913 demagogues' demagoguery now, in 1943, and early in 1943, by shifting income-tax collections to the pay-as-you-go basis on which they should have been handled all along.

## Strikes Against Government

THE War Labor Board is right in coming out flat-footed against strikes by public servants, for whatever reason, against the cities, counties or other government organisms that employ them. Calvin Coolidge stated the case in 1919 when, having smashed the Boston police strike, he explained his refusal to reinstate the striking policemen by telling Samuel Gompers: "The right of the police of Boston to affiliate (with a labor union) has always been questioned, never granted, is now prohibited . . . There is no right to strike against the public safety by anybody, anywhere, at any time."

Not that public servants should not be entitled to air real or fancied grievances where they can get an open-minded hearing. They should. Most jobs in public service are none too well paid, many of them are monotonous or downright disagreeable, many a head clerk in some governmental organization is a nasty little Hitler at heart. Ways of remedying such conditions can and should be worked out.

But when it comes to striking, the inflexible rule laid down by Mr. Coolidge should continue to prevail all over this country. A strike by public servants against the public which pays their salaries and the government agency that employs them is a kind of revolution. As such, it cannot be tolerated; because by tolerating it, the struck government agency would be surrendering some of its essential powers to the strike leaders. Coolidge saw all that and gave it the right and the complete answer in the fewest possible words.

## One Soldier's Suicide

A TWENTY-THREE-YEAR-OLD soldier was found dead in a parked automobile the other day in New York City. He had hooked a hose to the exhaust and killed himself with carbon monoxide. He left a note saying he

had contracted gonorrhea, knew it was incurable, and felt this was the only way out. As a matter of fact, he had no venereal disease at all.

The assistant medical examiner who performed the autopsy commented that here was a victim of "the hell-fire-and-brimstone method of sex education"—the method based on frightening youngsters out from under their hats with tales of horrors of venereal disease and dark hints that it can never really be cured.

The incident renews our conviction that we have not more than well begun, in this country, the only sort of fight against venereal disease that has a hope of winning—frank discussion, wide publicity, calling these afflictions by their right names, educating young people to their dangers but not to the fact that they can be cured if treatment begun soon enough and persisted in.

It is reassuring to note that the U. S. Public Health Service is redoubling its efforts, and the Army and Navy medical authorities are doing their utmost to spread the truth about venereal disease throughout the fighting forces.

## How About that Garden?

IT ISN'T too early to begin to think about your Victory Garden for this spring, summer and fall. If you have any ground at all on which you can raise vegetables, better get set. We're going to need all the food we can produce, for our fighting men, our Lend-Lease clients and ourselves. As your food ration book will eloquently inform you.

You can get information from the Department of Agriculture, probably from your local Civil Defense office, or—perhaps best of all—from the man next door, who has long been a garden hand and will be overjoyed to tell you everything he knows about it.

Gardening is a delightful hobby at any time. At this time, it's a public and patriotic service in boot.



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FEBRUARY 20, 1943

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# How dramatic nation-wide tire test launched America's synthetic rubber program

**Two years before Pearl Harbor**, a lot of far-seeing Americans knew what was going on. For one thing, they knew about synthetic rubber. They felt that America ought to start a real program for making it. So hundreds of them bought B. F. Goodrich Silvertown Tires in which more than half of the rubber was Ameripol, the B. F. Goodrich synthetic. These were the first tires made with synthetic rubber ever sold to American car owners. Hundreds of leading companies and private citizens bought them and tested them on all kinds of roads. And these new tires passed the test! The Borden Company was one of many reporting more than 30,000 miles of wear!



**Today another test is going on.** In service with our armed forces synthetic rubber is meeting tests that peacetime could never provide. Because of the "know how" gained before the war, B. F. Goodrich is producing synthetic rubber goods today that more than overtake the Axis' 20-year head start. Tires now built with less than one pound of natural rubber, tank treads, airplane De-Icers, bullet-sealing fuel tanks, and hose are just a few uses for America's new man-made rubber. But remember this, please: there still isn't enough. So the Army and Navy are saving rubber, just as you are!



**After victory, your new car** may have tires made wholly or partially of synthetic rubber. That's why you'll want to remember this: Before our country went to war, B. F. Goodrich was the *only* company to offer tires made with synthetic rubber to the general public. Naturally we've more experience building tires with it than anyone else. Naturally, too, we've had more experience testing these tires under actual operating conditions. So we can promise you that our after-the-war tires will be tops in mileage and safety. The name B. F. Goodrich, which has always stood for "First in Rubber," has also taken on the important new meaning of "First in Synthetic Rubber."



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PACKARD MOTOR CAR CO.

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PHILLIPS PETROLEUM CO.  
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# Picture OF THE MONTH

## DU BARRY WAS A LADY

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture  
starring

**RED LUCILLE GENE  
SKELTON • BALL • KELLY**

**FEATURED PLAYERS:** Virginia O'Brien  
"Rags" Ragland, Tommy Dorsey and  
his Orchestra

**SCREEN PLAY BY:** Irving Brecher. Ad-  
aptation by: Nancy Hamilton. Addi-  
tional dialogue by: Wilkie Mahoney

**DIRECTED BY:** Roy Del Ruth

**PRODUCED BY:** Arthur Freed

Probably the gayest musical comedy the screen has shown for years is MGM's "Du Barry Was a Lady". Here is one that makes sense and nonsense in congenial proportions. It has taken the best features of the big Broadway show which ran for about a year and added something that only the screen can add.

This story of a mad dream in Technicolor provides every opportunity that clever comic writers and performers could wish for... plus showy proceedings that give a glitter and sparkle not equalled since the memorable "Ziegfeld Girl". Without neglecting comedy for one instant the producers have concentrated feminine beauty and dazzling decor into an entertainment that could be reviewed in the beauty columns of the newspapers as well as on the amusement page.



We are tired of saying that Red Skelton "dood it" but in "Du Barry" he "dood it" again. His able associates Lucille Ball and Gene Kelly deserve top billing and the featured players in the cast provide a problem in selection as to which was the most perfect.

"Du Barry" will appeal to all special tastes and most of the senses. Particularly those of hearing and seeing. The take-off on the Esquire Girl attracted prominent artists to Hollywood to paint their conceptions of the composite American beauty in "Du Barry Was a Lady". If you react to lips and hips and eyes, ankles and profiles, rush to your place in the bald-headed row.

**DITTIES YOU WILL HEAR MORE OF:** Cole Porter's witty and simple tunes give the production musical force: "Do I Love You!", "Katie Went to Haiti!", "Madame, I Like Your Crepes Suzettes", "Friendship", "Du Barry Was a Lady", "I Love a Petty Girl".  
**P.S.** All this and Technicolor too!

**BACKGROUND NOTE:** "Du Barry" is based on the play produced on Broadway by B. G. DeSylva and written by Herbert Fields and B. G. DeSylva.

**NOTE ABOUT FUTURE PICTURE:** From all sides we hear that the William Saroyan story "The Human Comedy" directed by Clarence Brown, produced at the MGM Studios is the most perfect portrayal of American life as yet revealed by the screen. Mickey Rooney stars as the American boy.

WALTER DAVENPORT	Politics
AIMEE LARKIN	Distaff
QUENTIN REYNOLDS	England
KYLE CRICHTON	Screen and Theater
MAX WILKINSON	Fiction
JAMES N. YOUNG	Fiction
WM. O. CHESSMAN	Art
HENRY L. JACKSON	Fine Feathers
GURNEY WILLIAMS	Articles

CLARENCE H. ROY	Articles
DENVER LINDLEY	Fiction
FRANK D. MORRIS	U. S. Navy in Pacific
W. B. COURTNEY	U. S. Army in Far East
FRANK GERVASI	Near East
MARTHA GELLHORN	Articles
JIM MARSHALL	West Coast
ROBERT McCORMICK	Washington
IFOR THOMAS	Photographs

## ANY WEEK

OCTAVUS ROY COHEN, the short and long story writer, has just returned from Washington somewhat more perplexed than any of the characters he has created. When he went down, he was still convinced that Winston Churchill's apostrophe to the R.A.F. was about as fine a bit of rhetoric as he had ever heard: "Never have so many owed so much to so few." But during his sojourn in Washington he got quite as much mixed up as a great number of the people he talked to there. Thinking of Washington, of course, and not of the R.A.F., Mr. Cohen now goes about murmuring to himself: "Never was so little done by so many for so much."

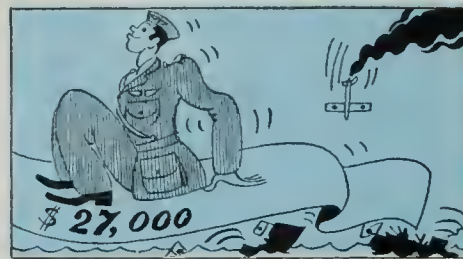
WE'VE just had a letter from a young lady whom we may not identify. With her letter, she sends us a short story. If we had time we'd plunge back into our memory, searching for recollections of a less publishable manuscript. But that wasn't necessary after all. Her letter said: "Of course you can't use this. But before we can pass our English course, we must have either an acceptance or a rejection slip from some magazine. Therefore, I have dashed the enclosed story off and ask you to send me a rejection slip as soon as possible because our term is about to end. Thank you."

THE following was overheard on Michigan Avenue, Chicago, by Mr. George Wissert Cronin of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, and we have the letter to prove it. Two desirable young ladies were walking a few feet in front of Mr. Cronin, and one of them said, "I am getting very tired of camp soldiers. I hope we meet a couple who have been fighting in the Pacific or in Africa." The other girl asked her why. Otherwise, the first girl would not have said,



"Because I want to ask them how they made out." We think it only fair to tell Mr. Cronin that we have received a number of variants of that—all of them true, of course. They all indicate that the girls are getting into the second stage of their side of the war. That is, they are getting somewhat fed up with lads who are about to strike a blow for freedom, and they hunger for those who have already struck a

couple. For example, Miss Emma Lusk of Baltimore, Maryland, says that she asked a soldier whom she met at a USO dance whether he had seen service on any of our countless fronts. He had not. She asked him whether he expected to see any. He said that that depended upon the wisdom—or lack thereof—of his commanding officers. "Where would you like to go and when?" she then asked. "That depends on who needs a good man most, General MacArthur or General Eisenhower," replied the soldier, adding, "Lady, where did you learn to dance? In the morgue?"



FROM the Navy Department and Mr. Robert E. Murto of Washington, D. C., we get word that in his article, Referee's Holiday, Dan Parker twice states that it costs the government \$2,700 to make a Navy flier. This was understatement. To convert a young man into a Navy aviator costs us \$27,000, and considering what these young airmen do to ships which Japan is silly enough to launch, it's cheap enough. Either Mr. Parker or the typesetter dropped a zero. You will be very glad to know that we have resisted the temptation to make a crack to the effect that these \$27,000 young men do that, too. Gosh, that's funny!

NOTICE is hereby given to all official orators and job-holding article writers that Mr. Nat Broadie of Indianapolis, Indiana, will hereafter neither listen nor read: "I have heard four government guys talk for more than an hour each on reasons why we ought to shut up and get to work. It has just dawned upon me to wonder why the audiences didn't rise and ask them the same. I have read a couple of dozen articles by congressmen and war-board bosses telling us how to win the war. I am now writing to them, asking them why they don't read their own stuff and stop making the same old blunders. From now on, I'm with old Cordell Hull, our Secretary of State who don't say nothin', but pretty soon something awful happens to the other side on account of what he's been doing while the little guys are making speeches and writing pieces."

THAT makes two of us. . . . W. D.

# Collier

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CHARLES COLEBAUGH Editor

## THIS WEEK

FEBRUARY 20, 1943

### SHORT STORIES

**R. G. KIRK**

**The Guardian Hound.** A dog's instincts prove superior to man's.

**VICTORIA LINCOLN**

**They Do Feel Wonderful.** The feelings are like that.

**ROARK BRADFORD**

**1-A Johnson Grass.** As it grows, the Old Ship of Zion Church.

**HECTOR CHEVIGNY**

**The Weasel.** One throw of the dice and he lost his chance for love.

**LOUIS KAYE**

**The Brumby Car.** It's a horse of another color.

### THE SHORT SHORT STORY

**Married on Monday,** by Wheeler.

### SERIAL STORIES

**PEARL S. BUCK**

**China Flight.** The third of a new series.

**GEORGE F. WORTS**

**Five Who Vanished.** The final ten parts.

### ARTICLES

**HERBERT HOOVER and**

**HUGH GIBSON**

**Feed the Starving Now.** Saving allies from death is America's responsibility.

**LLOYD SHEARER**

**This is January.** Lois January turns down a star role to be revealed with heart.

**HELENA HUNTINGTON SMITH**

**Port of Navy Wives.** San Diego, city of hope and heartbreak.

**TOSHA BIALER**

**Behind the Wall.** The Nazis in prison Warsaw's Jews in a new ghetto.

**JOHN KOBLER**

**The Shepherd of Moscow, Idaho.** Frank Bruce Robinson "Tall God"—and profitable too.

**FRELING FOSTER**

**Keep Up with the World.**

**WING TALK.**

### EDITORIALS

**Round Holes—Square Pegs.** Industry Looks Beyond the War.

### COVER

RONALD NORMAN MILLER

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that we make in the HOME OF AERONCA.*



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who build the GRASSHOPPERS to keep U. S. free,  
that we make in the HOME OF AERONCA.*



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in the plane made by WORKERS of high pedigree,  
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in the plane made by WORKERS of high pedigree,  
who build the GRASSHOPPERS to keep U. S. free,  
that we make in the HOME OF AERONCA.*

*And this new design of OUR PLANE'S GREAT NAME  
is by GRAND WALT DISNEY of movie fame  
to distinctly identify, if you please,  
the plane PILOTS fly with the greatest of ease,  
that is made by the WORKERS of high pedigree,  
who build the GRASSHOPPERS to keep U. S. free,  
that we make in the HOME OF AERONCA!*

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TSK! TSK! IN HIS DAY  
PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC PAID  
HIM PLENTY!



## KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

In British units of native troops along the Gold Coast of West Africa, the soldiers are permitted to have their wives with them in the barracks, privates being allowed one, sergeants two and sergeant majors four. When the men are transferred to another camp, the transportation costs for the ladies are also borne by the British government.

Owing to the scarcity of merchandise, the 1,800,000 retail stores in this country at the end of 1941 will probably have shrunk to 1,500,000 by the end of 1943. In other words, during this two-year period, about 625,000 shops are expected to close and only 325,000 new ones are expected to open.

Our present need for scientific knowledge is shown by the tremendous increase in the publication and sale of technical books. The number of titles published has grown from 452 in 1939 to 791 in 1942, with the retail demand about five times larger than before the war. Certain of these books have reached a sales volume of 250,000 copies within the past year.

Law schools have been hit harder by the war than any other group of educational institutions. During the 1940 fall term, the ninety-four organizations belonging to the Association of American Law Schools had 19,700 students, while during the 1942 fall term the number was only about 7,100. Today it is probably less than 6,500.—By Edward Klaskow, Jersey City, New Jersey.

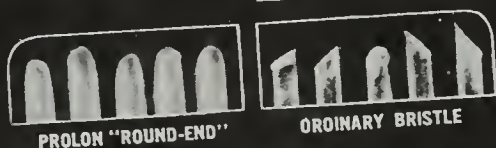
On four occasions, Japanese warplanes have dropped packets of rice impregnated with bubonic plague germs over Chinese cities in attempts to start epidemics of this disease, according to the Chinese Red Cross.

The current edition of *Aerosphere*, an aircraft encyclopedia, is the only book whose purchasers must be reported to the federal government. Although costing only \$12.50 and not very difficult to purchase, its contents are so valuable that the War Department wants to know the identity of everyone buying a copy.

The USO now has more than 600 clubs, 300 units and lounges, 100 information centers and 50 mobile units in 500 cities and towns of the country, for the service and entertainment of our soldiers. The organization also maintains 70 road shows, with 1,000 performers, the scenery, salaries and traveling expenses of which will amount to about \$4,000,000 in 1943.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address: Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher.

For years hog bristle made the  
best tooth brushes... then along  
came round-end **PROLON**



Actual Photo-Micrographs

Next time you buy a tooth brush, keep this in mind: Years of laboratory research have produced amazing new synthetic bristles... better, longer-lasting than natural bristle.

And among the new synthetic tooth brush bristles being marketed under various trade names, far and away the best are those made by du Pont.

### PROLON—no finer bristle made

"Prolon" is our name for the very finest grade of this synthetic bristle that du Pont makes. So, when you read or hear competitive tooth brush claims, ask yourself this: *How can the same du Pont bristle, in another brush under another name, last longer or clean better than under the name "Prolon" in a Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush?* You know

the answer... it can't!

Pro-phy-lac-tic's big plus is that Prolon is the only synthetic bristle that is rounded at the ends.

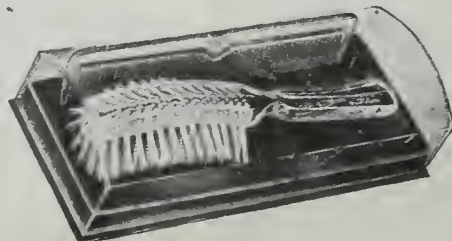
Yes, under a special patented process, exclusive with Pro-phy-lac-tic, we smooth and round the end of each and every Prolon bristle in the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush. See for yourself how much gentler these round ends are on tender gums!

### Only PROLON has "round ends"

Remember, no other tooth brush has this important feature. So, next time you buy a tooth brush get the best you can buy for your money... get the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush—the only tooth brush, by the way, with a written six-month guarantee.

... and don't miss this new line of  
hair brushes in gleaming Jewelite!

Pro-phy-lac-tic's latest triumph! Dresser sets and toilet brushes in crystal-clear plastic. Choice of four gleaming, jewel colors. Transparent Jewelite backs. Moisture-resistant, snow-white Prolon bristles. \$1.50 to \$10.00—at most brush-goods counters. Illustrated: Roll-Wave, a unique "curved-to-the-head" brush... with comb, \$4.50



PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH CO., Florence, Mass.



# *Soldier of Service"*

"The Voice with the Smile" has always been a part of the telephone business and we want to keep it that way.

Even under the stress of war, the men and women of the Bell System are as anxious as ever to see that you get friendly, courteous service. And they are anxious, too, to give the fastest possible service—especially to those who need speed to help win the war.

You can help them by not using Long Distance to war-busy centers unless it is absolutely necessary. For all your patience and understanding so far, many thanks.

**WAR CALLS COME FIRST**

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM





*Gilbert Rohde's*

RADIO OF THE FUTURE



"With the limited wall spaces to be found in most living rooms," predicts designer Gilbert Rohde, "artistic arrangement of furniture may be achieved by grouping several major wall pieces into one single unit . . . such as the radio, bookcase and desk illustrated above."

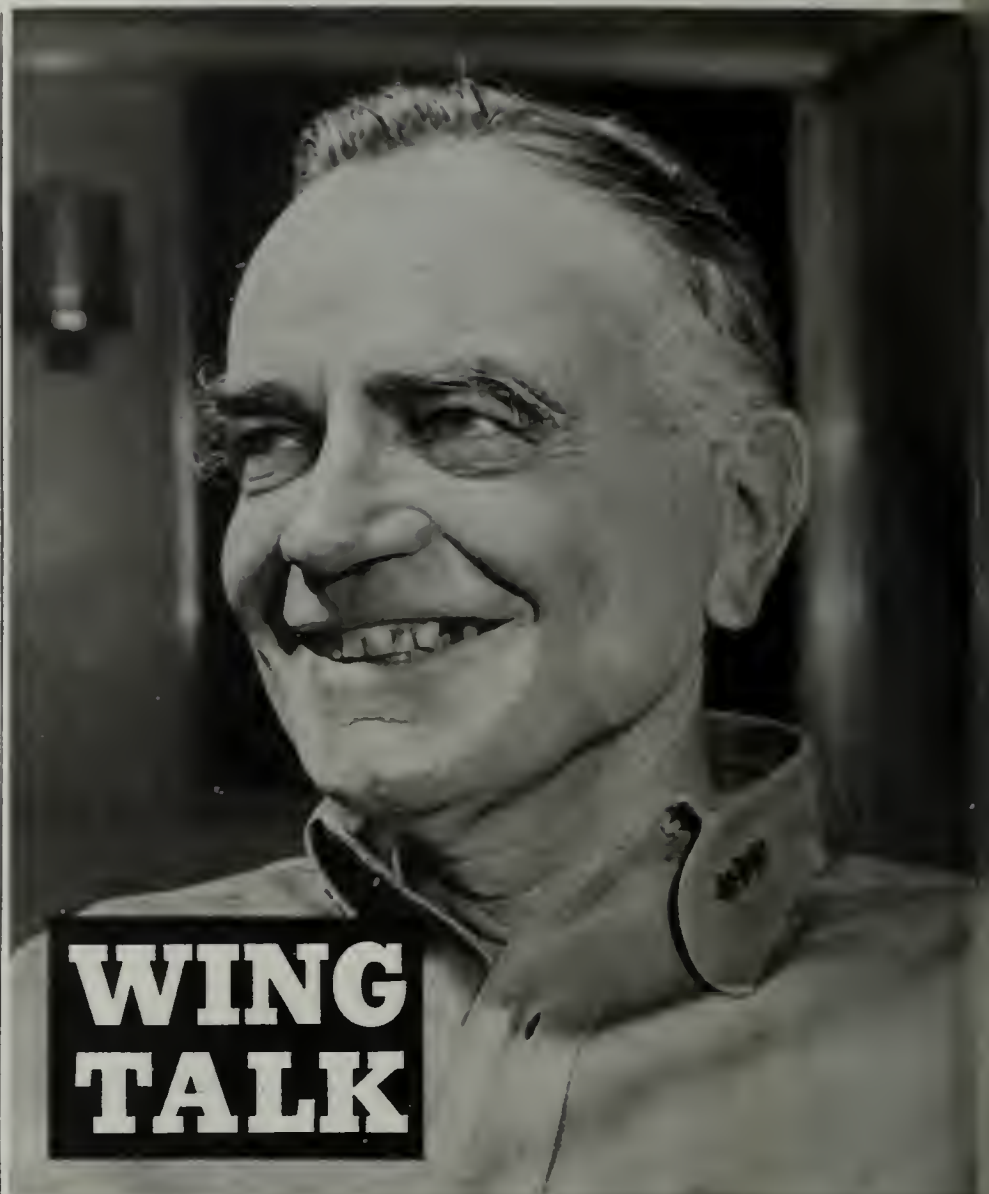


Right now both great Admiral plants are devoted exclusively to the making of communication equipment for our armed forces. Gilbert Rohde's intriguing suggestion for the radio of the future obviously will have to await the war's end. His design, however . . . as well as others to be pictured in these columns . . . are providing Admiral engineers with many stimulating ideas. When victory is won and with it the blessings of peace . . . you may expect many exciting innovations in radio entertainment from Admiral, America's Smart Set. Continental Radio & Television Corporation, Chicago, U.S.A.



AMERICA'S SMART SET

TUNE IN . . . 2:30-2:55 p.m. New York time, Sunday afternoon. Admiral Radio brings you "World News Today" over the Columbia Network . . . with direct short wave reports from the leading news centers of the world.



Asking no favors, Captain (now Admiral) Wm. F. Halsey won his wings the hard way at Pensacola when he was 52

THE victories scored by Admiral William F. Halsey in the Pacific war came as no surprise to his classmates at the Pensacola, Florida, Naval Flying School. They knew all along that he had what it takes.

Halsey, you know, learned to fly when he was fifty-two—which makes the admiration of his class members especially significant. He was one of the "Pensacola Admirals," the group of ranking naval officers who were assigned to flight training in the late '20s and the '30s. They were top-notch surface-ship skippers who were taught to fly and then put in charge of the Navy's Air Forces and aircraft carriers. Some of them took their flying course in stride as a sort of indoctrination class. But not Halsey.

Navy men who were at the Florida air school back in 1934 say that the gray-haired naval officer was the most conscientious student in their class. He was a captain then, but he asked questions of the aviation cadets who had a few weeks' more experience than he. "Pudge" Halsey, in fact, approached aviation in the same manner he had learned seamanship back at Annapolis thirty years earlier, and with the same doggedness with which he had played fullback there in 1904. His four stripes could have carried him through, but he insisted on doing everything the youngsters did. Halsey took the Pensacola course from A to Z, even though he had—at his age—no apparent natural aptitude for flying. He only qualified to fly single-seater fighters after cracking up two of them.

One episode at Pensacola definitely sold Halsey to the men who later were to fly under him in the Pacific battles. There was a custom that the last member of each class to solo at Pensacola would be ducked by his classmates. Captain

Halsey turned out to be the "anchor man" of his class.

When he made his first flight and brought his seaplane back to the base, number of the aviation cadets were loitering around after finishing their own hop. A bit nervously, they wondered what to do. Captain Halsey was a "good guy, but after all, he was a four-striper.

The future South Pacific commander soon solved their difficulty. Getting out of his plane, he approached them, stripped off his helmet, goggles and wrist watch and said, "Well, gentlemen, I am ready.

They dunked him—and have loved him ever since.

HERE'S a problem for either the psychologists or the Gallup Poll: Why do aviators like to fly under bridges? We've observed this phenomenon ever since we started covering aviation years ago. Pilots seem to get no kick out of flying high but they love to fly low. There's something about putting an air plane underneath a bridge that has fascinated all birdmen since the Wrights. Apparently it beats even downing an enemy warship with bombs.

At least, there is the tale told by an airman who has just returned from the war fronts. He relates the story of a young Army flier attached to a fighter squadron at a new American base overseas. The lack of combat action bored the pilot. Daily he flew a Bell P-39 Airacobra, but its 400-mile-an-hour speed did not satisfy him. On the other hand there was a new bridge near the air base under which he longed to fly. Regulations, however, strictly barred this.

Despite this ban, the Army airman announced his intention of taking his plane between the arches of the bridge, but

(Continued on page 52)





## "UNTIL I COME BACK"...

WE'RE over 20,000 feet now (the coffee's frozen in the thermos) and that's the Zuyder Zee below. We must be halfway across Holland.

Funny thing what happens to a fellow . . .

Those are the same old stars and the same old moon that the girl and I were looking at last summer.

And here I am—flying 300 miles an hour in a bubble of glass, with ten tons of T.N.T.

Somehow—this isn't the way I imagined it at all, the day I enlisted. Don't get me wrong—sure I was sore at the Japs and the Nazis—but mostly, it was the thrill of the Great Adventure.

Well, I know now—the *real* reasons—why I'm here paying my first call on Hitler.

It's only when you get away from the U. S. A. that you find out what the shootin's really about and what you're fighting for.

I learned from that Czech chap in London. The refugee, the nice old fellow who reminded me of

Dad except for the maimed hands. I was dumb enough to ask about it. "I got that," he said, "for writing a book the Nazis didn't like . . ."

Then there was the captured German pilot who screamed and spit when Izzy Jacobs offered him a cigarette . . . how do fellows get that way?

And that crazy Polish pilot—the fellow who rammed the Messerschmitt. After the funeral I learned what was eating him. Seems as how he has a sister in Warsaw who had been sent to a German Officers' Club . . .

I hope to hell Hitler's home tonight . . . light and wind are perfect.

Yes, sir, I've met 'em by the dozens over here—guys warped by hate—guys who have had the ambition beaten out of them—guys who look at you as if you were crazy when you tell 'em what America is like.

They say America will be a lot different after this war.

Well, maybe so.

But as for me, I know the score . . . you learn fast over here. I know now there's only one decent way to live in this world—the way my folks lived and the way I want to live.

When you find a thing that works as good as that—brother, be careful with that monkey-wrench.

And there's one little spot—well, if they do as much as change the smell of the corner drug store—I will murder the guy.

I want my girl back, just as she is, and that bungalow on Maple Avenue . . .

I want that old roll-top desk of mine at the electric company, with a chance to move upstairs, or quit if I want to.

I want to see that old school of mine, and our church, just as they are—because I want my kids to go there.

That's *my home town* . . .

Keep it for me the way I remember it, just the way I see it now—until I come back.



NASH-KELVINATOR CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

*Published in the belief that here at Nash-Kelvinator we carry a double responsibility—not only to build the weapons for victory but also to build toward the kind of a future, an American future, our boys will want when they come back.*



# The lure of the Prairies

IN OUR great-grandfathers' day, all manner of men were stirred by the richness and promise of the wild, unsettled West.

RICH MEN, poor men, thrifty householders and ne'er-do-wells: they packed their families and possessions in covered wagons and creaked westward, urged on by stories of gold and incredibly fertile farmlands.

THE JOURNEY they made was a dangerous journey in those days. Any stray clump of weeds or buffalo grass was apt to hide a scout for hostile Indians. The man who traveled alone risked almost certain disaster and death. Not only one-family outfits, but even parties of five or six families were sometimes massacred.

SO OUR great-grandfathers pooled their strength and traveled in large wagon trains. In this way, they could keep a constant watch against a surprise attack, and, if an attack came, there were enough men with rifles to have a good chance of beating it off.

NOW THE DAY of the pioneers and straining oxen is over. But the great-grandchildren of the pioneers still face danger of another kind and it is still necessary for them to pool their strength to protect their lives and families.

THE PROTECTION afforded by firearms has given way to a more peaceful way of protection. That protection is called insurance.

IF YOU should break an arm or a leg, Accident insurance will pay the doctor's, nursing, or hospital bills. Accident insurance will continue to pay you as long as you are laid up.

IF ANYONE gets hurt on your property and brings suit against you, Liability insurance will take the

legal worries off your mind and pay the damages for which you may be held legally liable.

THERE IS insurance to protect you from fire, theft, and windstorm. Through insurance you can pay for your children's education and provide for an income in your old age. Life insurance will also guard your family from want if you should pass away.

IN FACT, no other form of investment, requiring the same small amount of money, can begin to give you the protection and peace and security that insurance does.

IF YOU'D like to find out more about the ways which insurance can help you and your family, the nearest Travelers insurance agent or your own broker will be glad to give you all the information you wish. You will find Travelers representatives very helpful.

MORAL: Insure in The Travelers. All forms of insurance. The Travelers Insurance Company, The Travelers Indemnity Company, The Travelers Fire Insurance Company, Hartford, Connecticut.







The successful voyage of the first mercy ship has led to monthly shipments of food from America to the famine-stricken people of Greece

## FEED THE STARVING NOW

By Herbert Hoover and Hugh Gibson

By sending food to suffering Greece, we have proved that relief is desirable and workable. Mr. Hoover warns that we must give prompt help to our occupied allies who are facing mental and physical degeneration. To wait for the postwar period to help them may be too late

**F**OOD is being sent through the blockade to the starving Greeks. We can rejoice that this heroic people is being saved from annihilation. Occupied by the Axis armies, Greece is being fed through the Allied blockade and under neutral supervision, and the operation is certified by our government not to benefit the Axis. It receives the approval and help of our government. As Americans, we can rejoice in the wisdom that has led to this total reversal of our governmental policy on relief.

It has proved workable in Greece—although on a scale our government describes as “still woefully inadequate”—so we are warranted in hoping for further and early action.

First: It is imperative that there be an immediate increase in the volume of aid to Greece if that gallant people is to be saved.

Second: The time has come to decide (before it is too late) what we are going to do for 50,000,000 starving people (including some 12,000,000 children) in Belgium, Holland, Norway and Poland.

Indeed, the march of events is accelerating at such a rate as to justify the hope of action before this article appears. But if there is no such action, a little straight-from-the-shoulder speaking may be of help in bringing a realization of some moral and political obligations. In any event, this article will serve its purpose: to advocate action if we are still lagging;

to justify and support the government if it is moved to act quickly and decisively.

The slowly increasing trickle of help to Greece began in the summer of 1941. Its beginning is significant. One day in August, the London Times printed a brief paragraph to the effect that the Foreign Office had consented to opening the blockade for certain quantities of food to go to the suffering population of Greece.

The second of the writers of this article was in London at the request of two of the occupied countries, trying to persuade the British to open the blockade so as to allow feeding of the other small democracies. He was at once deluged

(Continued on page 48)



# THE *Guardian Hound*

BY R. G. KIRK

Cumor was no one to trifle with. He was the huge Irish wolfhound who watched over Shannon MacArt and obeyed her—except in a crisis. In a crisis he took orders from her uncle

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

THE mental stewpot where ideas cook—the old subliminal if you've got to have a six-bit word—hadn't sent up a bubble for a month. So I slapped a shroud on the typewriter and walked out. I headed north for San Vicente, where my brother has a little beach house, to get a change of scenery and some storming rides on the Waikikian surf for which the lovely little San Vicente Bay is famous.

Our old family friend Josh Kitigawa lived in San Vicente, too. Josh was an American-born scion of the far-flung Kitigawa clan, which owned most of the coastal ranches back of San Vicente Bay. He had played water polo on the varsity with me at U.C.L.A., and, five years away from college, kept himself in such shape that he would hop to a three- or four-mile swim upon the slightest provocation. I love a distance swim, but not alone.

In San Vicente all I had to do to get a swimming escort who was about fifty per cent seal was to walk into the Ameri-

can Pacific Sunset Nosegay Shop, which was headquarters for the many Kiti enterprises. There Josh would very likely be, all set to leap up from behind his desk and hustle into a pair of swim trunks.

But Josh was not available when I got to San Vicente. He would be away on business for a day or two. So sorry I would be informed I was in town the moment he returned. So very sorry.

So I got none of the incomparable physical and mental cleanups that hard salt-water paddles give. And December day, feeling that a good workout in the sun might start recharging the batteries that had not taken on a single charge from a whole week on a careering surfboard, I started off for a half-day trip up into the coastal hills.

I had to climb for sunshine that day for a low fog lay over all the coast. In an hour I was above it, standing on the bare, bleached shale of a mountain firebreak. Solitary summits lifted about, high islands in a faery sea of fog. And there was perfect, peaceful quiet very pregnant with the stuff that dreams are made of.

But as I stood and listened to that transcending silence it was broken—rudely, though the voice that echoed through it was a great arresting one. There was savage music in it which I longed in mystic mountains high above the fog. And I recognized the sound. I knew that volume, resonance, authority. People who own the tall wolfhound of Ireland have a saying: "He very seldom speaks—but when he does!" That was an Irish wolfhound's voice.

There was no judging how far it had carried through the mountain stillness. Ahead of me the ridges all were clear. The hollows then—they had to be looked into. I faced the next ascent, lifted a foot to start an eager scramble—then he took that first step, and my breath too; for there, looking down at me from the summit of the slope ahead was no dog in the world but George MacArt's magnificent wolfhound Cumor. Though I had never seen him actually, I knew him on the instant, for I have a picture of him on my desk. He is without a doubt the grandest specimen of his breed.

George MacArt? Unless you know wolf dogs you'll scarcely know him. A couple years ago I didn't. Then I got this concise letter:

"My dear Mr. More:

"I have come upon a fiction piece of yours, done with enthusiasm and some evidence of study, about the ancient wolf dog of the Gael. May I inquire what your research reading brought you about the hound prior to 1352 B.C.?"

"Yours sincerely,  
"GEORGE MACART."

That was the start of a delightful correspondence. The man, it proved, was retired contractor who, as he put it, needed and could afford a hobby. And since it could be an expensive one, and he was Irish, he had chosen Irish wolfhounds.

At his fifty-acre place in the wooded country of northeastern Pennsylvania he bred and owned the best; and he had antiquaries searching old libraries everywhere for lore of the romantic breed—in Iceland, Poland, India, Arabia, where centuries ago the great hounds had been sent to jarl and king and grand mogul.

(Continued on page 21)

Fearlessly Shannon pulled back on the snarling dog's collar. "And what's this all about, big hound?" she said





Lois specializes in sunrise serenades for the early-rising Armed Forces, who call her Reveille Sweetheart

WHEN they offered her a lead on Broadway in Cole Porter's new show, *Something For the Boys*—an opportunity she had spent all her adulthood waiting for—Lois January turned it down, and her heart burst a blood vessel.

"Are you nuts?" he screamed, writhing on the floor in financial agony. "You got rocks in your head? I get you one chance in a million, and you wanna spend the rest of your life getting up at four-thirty in the morning."

"I'm happy," Lois insisted.

"I'm disgusted," the agent said, as he walked out.

But not January. You can still tune her in at 5:30 every morning through the facilities of the Columbia Broadcasting System in New York.

I know what you're thinking. You wouldn't get up at that hour to hear Christopher Columbus broadcast from heaven. But did you ever stop to think for a minute that, at 5:30 A.M., more than three million soldiers are waking the sleep out of their heads, preparing to stand reveille, and that the first thing they do is to turn on the radio?

"January's what makes reveille bearable," a soldier at Fort Bragg says. "She sounds like an angel."

"The truth is," she admits, "I sound like myself."

That means a five-foot three-inch, 113-pound, 25-year-old package of brown hair, gray eyes, curves, a high-pitched, pleasant Texas twang, and a good many other physical assets which add up to a sizable inventory.

Her alarm clock goes off at 4:30 A.M. At 5:30, she's in the CBS studio, spinning records like mad, singing tunes, chatting to soldiers who've written in offering to make, if necessary, the supreme sacrifice of marriage.

The script goes something like this: "Hello, fellows! This is your Lois January. How'd you sleep last night? You did? Well, what's the use of kicking? Tomorrow's another day. I've got a letter here from Sergeant Kleitz at Camp Edwards, Massachusetts. 'Do me a favor, chicken,' the sarge writes, 'and let me hear you sing Dearly Beloved.' You bet I will, sarge, honey. Here it is, especially for you . . . etc."

#### Early-Morning Complainers

In addition to countless servicemen and insomnia sufferers, the January audience consists of farmers and war workers. The few early-rising women who tune her in frequently write and complain.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," they say, "stealing other girls' sweethearts."

Lois who hails from McAllen, near the Rio Grande, pays the old girls no mind. She has a husband of her own and is determined to keep the soldiers in good spirits, come what may. To her, all men in uniform are "honey."

Soldiers write in, "Lover, please be tender." Most popular line: "I'm single and I've fallen in love with your voice."

To all these admirers, Lois replies with a portrait of herself drawn by a soldier. Of late, however, a good many farmers have been proposing and sending gifts. A dairy specialist up at Bridgewater, Massachusetts, writes each day. "I have named my prize chicken after you," he reported recently. "I call it Lady Lois of 1943. Enclosed please find a dozen of her eggs."

"I don't mind getting up at four-thirty every morning and playing records," she says. "Really, I don't. I bring a little warmth into the cold morning lives of these people, and I think it's worthy and unusual because they expect January to be freezing."

Not this January. At 5:30 A.M., six days a week, the Armed Forces of the nation insist that her broadcast sizzles. ★★★



# This is January!

By Lloyd Shearer



# They Do Feel Wonderful

By Victoria Lincoln

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HOLMGREN

A lot of men will find themselves in Hank's shoes when this war is won. They would do well to begin their education now



Hank held his son in the crook of his arm as he matched the wet clothes to the dry and folded the clean diaper

THE first time Hank saw Julie was winning a jitterbug contest on the stage of a neighborhood movie house. She danced with her kid brother who had just had his seventeenth birthday, and many people in the audience took her for the younger of the two with her bronze hair flying and the natural color flaring up in her cheeks until they were bright even in the blanching glare of the footlights.

Hank didn't think much of jitterbugging or of girls under twenty, but as he stared at her he felt something funny happening to him inside, as if the elevator had taken a sudden drop. He turned to the man beside him.

"You know everyone around here," he said. "Who is that girl?"

"That's Julie Winslow," was the reply. "Boy's her brother. She's nineteen, nice kid, nice family. Want to meet her?"

"Yeah," said Hank, staring. "Yeah, thanks. Like to."

Julie Winslow, he thought. Nineteen years old. So very young. Julie Winslow. He himself was twenty-six.

"Old enough to be your father," he told her later with a half-rueful grin.

Julie was hurt. "I'm not a child," she said, standing straight and tilting up her small square chin. "I graduated from high. I've been working for a year and half."

"Working? What can you do?"

She laughed defensively and flushed. "I'm a clerk in a toy store," she said. Then, as they both laughed together, "Well, how about you? Why are you in this town?"

"I'm a ceramic engineer."

"Oh." Blankly. "Be here long?"

"Till the dam is finished."

That sounded a nice long time, at first. Time to go to the movies, to go dancing to walk home slowly through the small town streets, holding hands, getting acquainted.

Only Julie was so sweet. After a week or so Hank knew that until the dam was finished was a very short time, that anything less than the rest of his life was a very short time.

But she's such a kid, he thought helplessly. It wouldn't be fair to tie her up before she's old enough to know her mind. Besides, there's a war coming.

There was a war coming.

ON DARK, dull Sundays in December how many, many people just naturally sit in the living room and listen to the radio; Hank and Julie heard about Pearl Harbor as they sat around the radio with her parents, her brother, her Aunt Sue (visiting) and Mr. Wardour from next door whose wife was away visiting her folks. It was a small room for so many, but it was cold out, and raining, and everyone had seen the only good show in town. Someone turned on the radio, aimlessly, not feeling for any particular station, and the tense, excited voice broke in upon them and all their own voices rose, clamoring.

"Come on," said Julie abruptly. "Come out in the kitchen with me, Hank. I want to get some coffee."

In the quiet of the kitchen they sat close together at the alcove table, but they did not embrace or touch each other's hands.

"Well," he said, finally, "here it is. Funny, I sort of feel better."

"Better, Hank?"

"Yes. Having it settled."

"Will it make a lot of difference to you, Hank? I mean, right away?"

"Not much, really. I'll go into the Engineers."

She stood up and went to the stove. She looked small and tired and somehow  
(Continued on page 54)



# Port of Navy Wives

By Helena Huntington Smith

San Diego, one-time vacation town, is now the overcrowded jumping-off spot for the Navy in the Pacific and the new home for Navy wives. The girls drive streetcars, work as housekeepers, sleep in cars and on cots in lobbies and hallways—and wait

**W**ERE you ever in San Diego? It was an ideal vacation spot once, with its southern California boop-a-doop and the climate, and Ti-juaná right across the border. Nothing serious ever happened to San Diego in the old days, except Townsend Plan meetings and the winter tourist trade; and in peaceful little Coronado across the bay, there were the retired admirals and the green lawns and the palm trees against the sunset.

Well, the palm trees and the sunset are still there, but today San Diego is the jumping-off place for the war in the Pacific, and nothing else matters. It is the biggest naval base on the West Coast and the home of Consolidated Aircraft, maker of giant bombers. No other town in the United States is so close to the war.

You'll see more bronze stars on service ribbons in a day in San Diego than in a swing all around the rest of the country. A bronze star on a yellow ribbon may mean service overseas before Pearl Harbor; it usually means that the wearer has been in action. You never know whom you're sitting next to in a restaurant. The quiet-looking lad in the Marine flier's uniform wears the blue-and-white ribbon of the Navy Cross, but you don't notice it till you catch the words "—just got back from the Solomons." You wonder whom he's talking about, and he continues, "They brought a squadron of us back day before yesterday."

On the street, you see sailors with beards. Why? "Oh, they grow 'em out there. Keeps the sun off, or something."

And since the action in the Pacific is largely the Navy's war, just as North Africa is the Army's show, San Diego is also the port of Navy wives. On the East Coast, Norfolk is the same.

They come there to be with Navy husbands who are taking off for Shangri-la, and when the husbands have gone, they stay on, waiting for news, hoping that some bright day the phone will ring and a voice will say, "I just got in. I've got forty-eight hours."

It happens. And so do stranger things. Ten men, listed as missing and mourned as dead, have walked up the front steps of homes in San Diego or Coronado since the war started. With radio silence enforced on ships crossing the Pacific, there has been no warning that they were alive after all. They have simply come home—with the same fine old thunderclap effect their return would have produced in the days of sailing ships and crinolines. And sailors' wives, being tough, never did faint for joy.

"Out there" is so close to San Diego that when the local society editor calls up some commander's wife whom she hasn't seen lately, to ask about a little social item, she lifts the telephone with a feeling of half dread—"because I'm afraid something may have happened since I talked to her last."

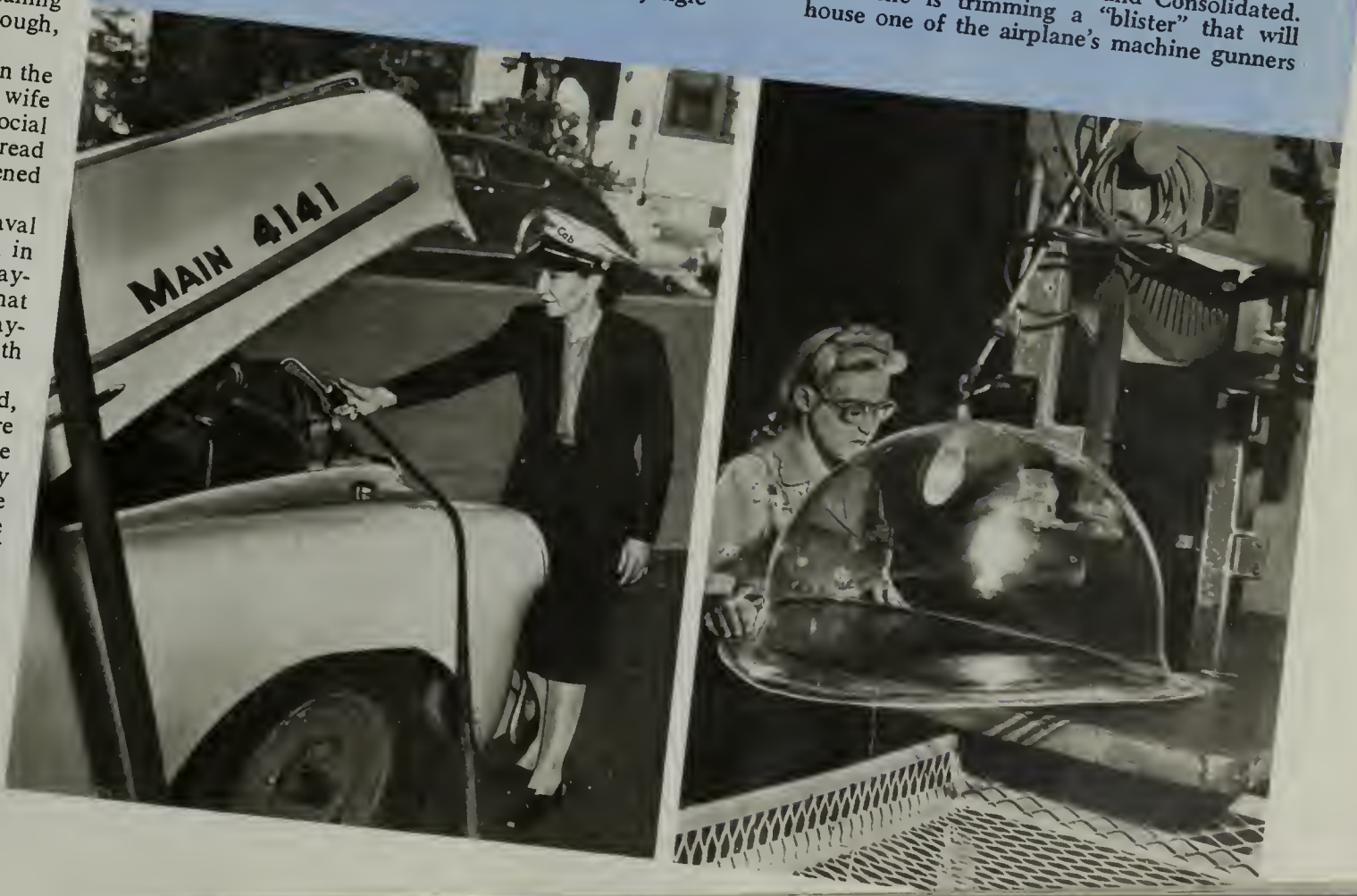
And in Coronado where the concentration of naval families is greatest, mothers have a new problem in child psychology to worry about. For children playing in Coronado dooryards, too young to know what death means, chatter familiarly about this or that playmate's father being killed in action—as though death were part of a game grownups play.

Loss of the aircraft carriers has hit the town hard, each time one of the flat-tops went down, there is no word for the families "on the beach," till the rumormongers first, but no Navy wife ever believes the rumors that her husband's ship is lost. And so there is a chapter after chapter of experiences like that of a girl whose husband was on the Lexington. One morning last summer she had (Continued on page 74)



Ensign Worden shows his wife how to cook vegetables in the Solomon Island manner. Previously reported dead, he turned up at Henderson Field after three months of struggle in the jungle

Below: Hilda Coe works a band saw at one of the most difficult jobs around Consolidated. Here she is trimming a "blister" that will house one of the airplane's machine gunners



Navy wives are driving cabs and busses. Alma's husband is a bosun's mate and she is the mother of three children. Hacking pays well but is more important, Mrs. Collins loves her work





"Was it well for you to leave your husband?" he inquired. "It seemed better if I came home to my own people," Leone said gently

# CHINA FLIGHT

BY PEARL S. BUCK

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTHA SAWYERS

## The Story Thus Far:

ARNOLD HATFORD, a wealthy Englishman, and his fascinating Eurasian wife, Leone, start on a house-boating jaunt not far from Shanghai. They have a guest: Lieutenant Daniel ("Dan") James, of the United States Marines. When Pearl Harbor is attacked, James hurries to Shanghai, where he finds that his ship has sailed! The Hatfords try to make their way to Hong Kong. . . .

James is arrested. With two other prisoners—Jenny Barchet, an American newspaper correspondent, and a Mrs. Shipman, who runs a home (the "Gate of Hope") for unfortunate girls—he is interrogated by a Japanese official: Shigo Kuyoshi. After which, he is imprisoned, and Mrs. Shipman and the girl are interned—Mrs. Shipman at her home, Jenny at her hotel.

Unfortunately, Shigo, attracted by Jenny, makes strong advances; and the girl is terrified. . . . On the way to Hong Kong, Leone

Hatford is far from happy. She is in love with Dan James; she longs to see him again. So, with the aid of Yang, their number one boy, she slips away from her husband. She hopes to make her way to Shanghai in time, and join her grandfather, old P'an Lao-yeh.

Yang's father and mother give her a warm greeting. In their simple little home, she meets a number of Chinese guerrillas, one of them—a tall, powerful young fellow—admires her.

Disguised as a peasant, Leone manages to get into Shanghai, where she goes to the "Gate of Hope" (a friend of Mrs. Shipman, she had once lived there). She finds the front gate guarded by two Japanese sentries. So she steals around to the back gate in an alley. Old Wang, one of Mrs. Shipman's loyal servants, is there. He does not recognize her, and she does not speak to him. Instead, she sits down on the edge of the alley.

No one is in sight in the alley. The place is silent. All the gates around her are closed.

## III

LEONE did not by any sign show who she was. She only sat down as though to ease her burden. Old Wang looked at her, and looked away again. But after a moment he came toward her.

"Is your fuel for sale, old woman?" he asked.

"Perhaps it is," she said. "If I can get what I ask for it."

Then, as he came near, she pushed away the dirty bandage from her eyes and smiled at him and said to him in her own voice, but made very low, "Do you know me, old Wang?"

He jumped a little and covered his mouth with his hand and his eyes grew big. Then he looked left and right. No one could be seen in the alley. He

came nearer to her still and whispered at her:

"It is you! But why are you like this? And where is your lord?"

"I have left him," she said simply. "He is on his way to Hong Kong. He will be safe enough, since he is English."

"But why—" the old man breathed.

"I am Chinese," she said in a low voice. "I am not foreign. The foreigners have despised me and so I am not English. I choose my Chinese blood, and have come back to my home."

"He was very good to you," the old man said.

She nodded. "Yes, he was good to me. But in Hong Kong there would be many English and few Chinese. They would

(Continued on page 35)



# BEHIND THE WALL

Life — and death — in Warsaw's Ghetto)

By Tosha Bialer

The author, her husband and son are the only persons ever known to have escaped from the Black Age revival of the ghetto set up by Germany in Warsaw. In this grimly factual narrative she tells the tragic story of Poland's Jews as they suffer and die behind the Wall that has become a new world symbol of German barbarism

THE first thing we felt when the Polish war came to an end was an overwhelming relief from aerial bombing. Only those who have been through air raids with no shelter to hide in will know what we felt. Gradually our men came home from the fighting—those who had escaped death or capture. Many people who had fled eastward during the campaign flocked back with some assurance that life would go on more or less as before.

There was little anxiety among the Jews in Warsaw. Naturally there would be the privations of war to contend with—hunger and cold and perhaps even disease; and then, for us as well as for our Christian compatriots, there was the deep humiliation at having been defeated and overrun by another people. As Jews, we did not expect more than that. The fate of the Jews in Germany should have warned us.

A few weeks after the end of the war, the Gestapo swarmed in and began their work of destruction.

They very soon made their intentions clear. Toward the end of 1939 all Jews were ordered to wear the yellow arm band, and all Jewish stores to display a

discriminating label. In certain streets with preponderantly Jewish population, posters were put up: "Infested Area!" "Beware! Thoroughfare Only!" This—as it was meant to—was an open invitation to all sorts of violence and plunder. The lawless elements of the city took full advantage of the opportunity to loot shops and private houses, break windows, and beat up persons wearing the stigmatizing arm band, encouraged at every point by officials of the secret police and led by the Storm Troopers who had accompanied the latter into the city. Searching for hidden arms was one of the most common excuses for the Gestapo to break into homes and commit any kind of outrage. On one such occasion my brother-in-law was arrested and dragged away in the middle of the night, and we never saw him again. Besides his wife, he left a little boy of six.

In March, 1940, Jews under forty were called up for compulsory labor. Many fled from the country, many more were able to evade the order with bribes or by hiding. But a great number were seized and sent away. Only one man returned to Warsaw to tell the story of that expedition. The labor conscripts were taken to the Russian front and there put to work leveling ground for airfields and roads, working chest-deep in ice-cold water for days. The food was scant, and the accommodations were so flimsy they gave little or no shelter against the Russian winter. Many died from exposure and exhaustion. None of this group was ever heard of again.

Early in 1940 we were puzzled to see gangs of workmen engaged in constructing what seemed to be parts of a wall in various sections of the city. The strange thing was that these parts did not appear to belong to any recognizable pattern but were scattered all over. Many guesses were made, and the general conclusion was that the wall was a strategic meas-



In the picture above are a few of the 600,000 Jews (the entire Jewish population of Warsaw) that the German conquerors have segregated in one of the most infamous ghettos in history. They have gathered in one of the better ghetto streets to listen to loud-speaker announcements and orders from the Gestapo

A street vender sells the yellow arm bands that all Jews in Poland have been required to wear since 1939, and must wear today even in their sealed and guarded ghetto



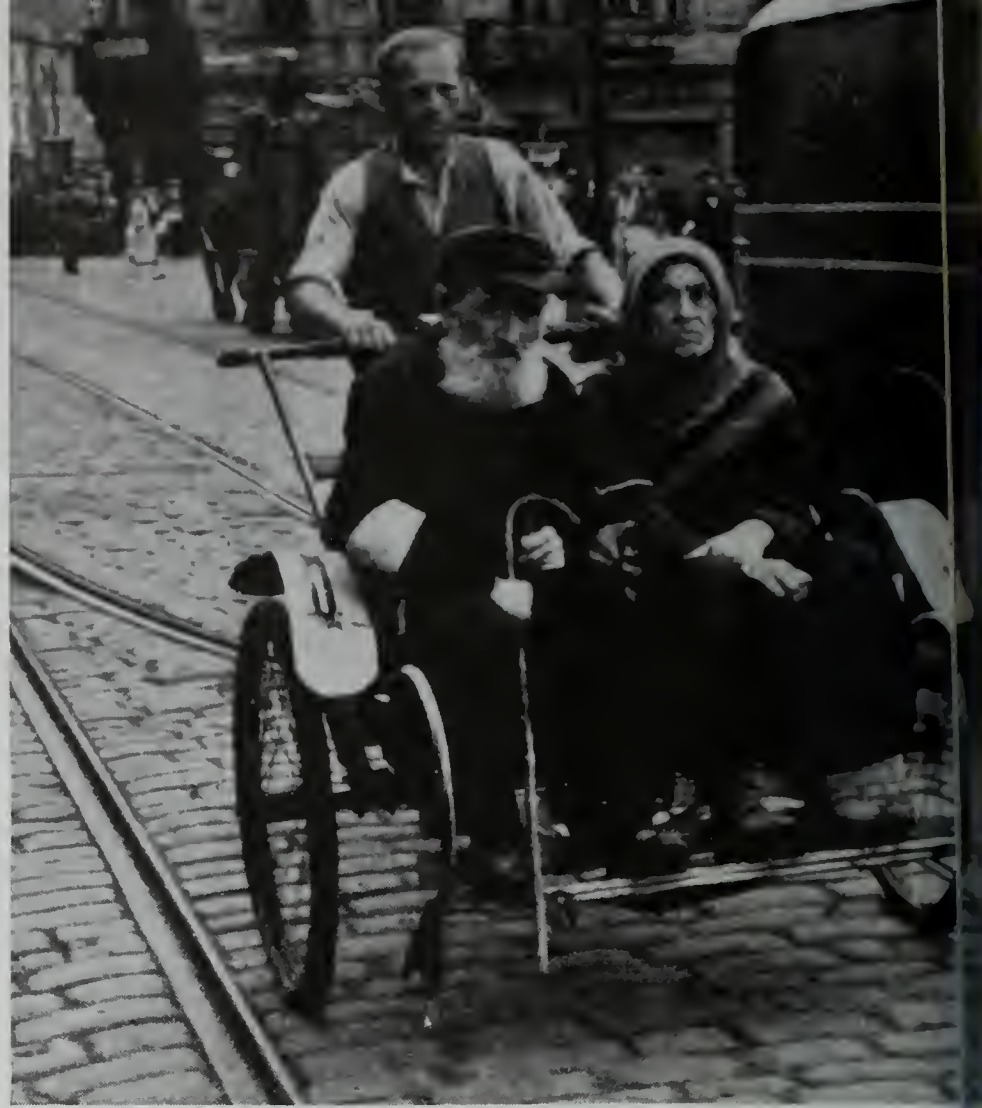
Below: The Germans made it as difficult as possible for the population of the ghetto to move around even within their own section. The street here is inside the walls but is completely closed off, and the bridge may be closed without notice







To prevent snatching, bread is sold from a locked cage. It is made of adulterated flour, and the bread allowance is five pounds per person each month. Note scantiness of woman's dress under coat



Transportation—except for horse-drawn carts—was completely stopped inside the ghetto. For those who could not walk—who could pay a few pennies, bicycle rickshas could be hired

ure, though directed against what or whom no one could imagine.

In the meantime, the Nazi administration was busy. All property, as well as stores, shops and other business enterprises, were placed under German receivership. The receivers, appropriately enough, were Ukrainians or Poles of German stock, both our traditional antagonists. We were helpless against these open acts of robbery. Scorn and derision were added to willful confiscation: Jews were ordered to remove and transport the "requisitioned" objects. Old and ailing men were deliberately picked to carry the heaviest loads. They had to carry their heavy burdens down many flights of stairs, the use of the elevators being forbidden to them.

The Day of Atonement is the holiest day of the year in a Jewish community. In 1940 it fell on October 8th. On that day the Germans published an order declaring that all Jews were to move out of certain specified sections of Warsaw, and that non-Jews had to leave the sections that were not specified. The deadline for this move was October 31st.

#### A Hegira of Horror

The last week of October was a nightmare of congestion and confusion. Try to picture one third of a large city's population, six hundred thousand people, moving through the streets in an endless stream of humanity, pushing, pulling, wheeling, dragging, carrying all their belongings from every part of the city to one small section, crowding one another more and more as they converged. No cars, no horses, no help of any sort was available to us, by order of the occupying authorities. Every kind of obstacle was invented to hinder us in moving our belongings. Pushcarts were about the only method of conveyance we had, and these were piled high with household goods, furnishing much amusement to the German onlookers, who delighted in overturning the carts and seeing us scrambling for our effects. Many of the

goods were confiscated arbitrarily without any explanation. Warsaw was an open highway, with the highwaymen in undisputed control. Everything that could not be transported in time was left behind after the moving and was declared ownerless and divided up among the Germans and their sympathizers.

In the ghetto, as some of us had begun to call it, half ironically and in jest, there was appalling chaos. Thousands of people were rushing around at the last minute trying to find a place to stay. Everything was already filled up but still they kept coming and somehow more room was found. The narrow, crooked streets of the most dilapidated section of Warsaw were crowded with pushcarts, their owners going from house to house asking the inevitable question: "Have you room?" The sidewalks were covered with their belongings. Children wandered, lost and crying; parents ran hither and yon seeking them, their cries drowned in the tremendous hubbub of half a million uprooted people.

The first days were spent in getting a foothold in our new surroundings, clearing up affairs, and trying to establish a design for living.

And then came the fifteenth of November, 1940, the day that none of us will ever forget.

That morning, as on every other, men and women set out on their way to work, storekeepers, employees, executives, most of whom worked in the non-Jewish sections. As they came to the various points where thoroughfares and streets crossed from the Jewish section into the non-Jewish districts, they ran against barbed wire strung across and guarded by German police who were stopping all traffic out of the Jewish section. Hastily they tried other streets, avenues, alleys, only to find in every case barbed wire or a solid brick wall, well guarded. There was no way out any more!

Quickly the news spread through the section. Other people came out of their houses and stared at the barricades, pathetically silent, stunned by the fright-

ful suspicion that was creeping into their minds. Then, suddenly, the realization struck us. What had been, up till now, seemingly unrelated parts—a piece of wall here, a blocked-up house there, another piece of wall somewhere else—had overnight been joined to form an enclosure from which there was no escape. The barbed wire was the missing piece in the puzzle. Like cattle we had been herded into the corral, and the gate had been barred behind us. The Jewish section was sealed!

Despair swept over us like a cloud, blotting out all hope. This, then, was the fate that had been reserved for us—to be locked up here, our houses taken away, our means of support inaccessible, and left to starve or to perish from the diseases that accompany overcrowded conditions. So the ghetto talk had not been an idle rumor, a pretext to squeeze funds out of us. It had been a definite plan, carefully conceived and diligently pursued.

#### The Lost People of Warsaw

In their own country the Germans had been curbed to some extent by the effect of the opinion of the world, which had its eyes and ears on Germany. Here in Poland, far from the democratic states of the West, they were free to do as they pleased with what they considered the backwash of a conquered nation. There was no friendly observer here in Warsaw to extend a helping hand, no one allowed to witness our fate. We had indeed become the lost people.

By making us captives the Germans automatically and conveniently enacted a robbery on a scale without precedent. The exclusion of stores and business enterprises from the moving order was in reality a deliberate trick to deprive every Jew of his means of livelihood. It was quite simple. After November 15th no Jew could leave the ghetto for any reason. Not having been warned of this order in advance, we had done nothing about liquidating businesses and saving

what we could from the wreck; and now it was too late. Therefore, according to the Germans, since a Jew could not get his business any more, it was no longer his.

The ghetto included the oldest, most deteriorated sections of the city, a district that had been an eyesore for years and should have been torn down long ago.

It comprised many blocks completely destroyed by bombing, without a habitable building left standing—rubble and ruins remaining as the Luftwaffe had left them, a danger to health and safety. With intentional foresight, not one park, not one playground or public garden was included in the area. There was no access to the river banks. The Jewish Hospital, modern and well equipped, erected and run on Jewish funds, had been left outside; so had the Liberal Jewish Synagogue and the Old People's Home. The ghetto was cut up into two sectors of unequal size, the main ghetto and the little ghetto, meeting at a narrow bottleneck—a plan calculated to cause us the most inconvenience and hardship possible, I shall explain later.

The Germans were set on our destruction. Herding us together was one step toward that aim, and the most effective one. By segregating us from the rest of the world, cutting us off from any outside interference, they could treat us like guinea pigs in an experimental laboratory, only in this case without an anesthetist. With cold logic they concluded that overcrowding, inadequate housing, insufficient food without nutrition, lack of sanitation, medicine or recreation and reduction to subhuman standards would produce starvation, disease, pestilence, factional strife resulting in death and mass suicide similar to their experience in Vienna, all of which would save them the trouble and ammunition required to massacre half a million people outright.

Against this unprecedented persecution, against the hardships of the present and the unimaginable evils of the future

(Continued on page 66)





**TROUBLE FOR TOJO!** It's the new Curtiss "Hell-diver," the Navy's latest dive-bomber, designed to carry a bigger bomb-load, at higher speed, for greater distances than any naval dive-bomber in existence. And at the controls in this test dive, photographed above, is Barton T. Hulse, who learned his flying in the Navy...smokes the Navy man's favorite—Camel.

**"There's just one cigarette for me—CAMEL—they suit my throat and my taste to a 'T' "**

*says*

**"RED" HULSE**

**VETERAN NAVY FIGHTER PILOT AND CHIEF TEST PILOT OF THE NAVY'S NEW CURTISS DIVE-BOMBER**

**T**HEY can look terrific on paper. They can meet the most exacting laboratory tests on the ground. But the final proving ground of an airplane is in the air...when you *fly* it.

It's the same with cigarettes. The final test of any brand *is in the smoking*.

Test pilot "Red" Hulse (*right*) and countless other smokers could tell you mighty convincing things about Camels and their remarkable freedom from irritating qualities, but your own throat and your own taste...your own "T-Zone"...can tell you even more convincingly why Camels are such a favorite on the front line—and on the home front.



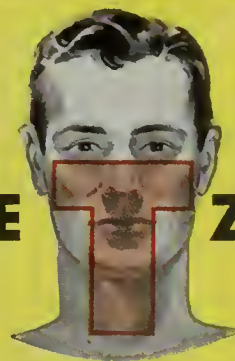
# Camel

**FIRST IN THE SERVICE**

The favorite cigarette with men in the Army, Navy, Marines, and Coast Guard is Camel. (Based on actual sales records in Post Exchanges, Sales Commissaries, Ship's Service Stores, Ship's Stores, and Canteens.)



**THE T ZONE**



**—where cigarettes are judged**

The "T-ZONE"—Taste and Throat—is the proving ground for cigarettes. Only your taste and throat can decide which cigarette tastes best to you...and how it affects your throat. For your taste and throat are individual to you. Based on the experience of millions of smokers, we believe Camels will suit your "T-ZONE" to a "T."  
Prove it for yourself!





TODAY our armed forces are ordering more and more LIFE SAVERS hard candy for shipment out to **CENSORED**, **CENSORED** and **CENSORED**

So...if you have trouble getting some favorite flavor . . . you will know that some soldier, sailor, or marine is enjoying it somewhere, someplace.



Still Only 5¢



# The Guardian Hound

Continued from page 12

and sheik as the most royal of all gifts. In all this time, I had never met George MacArt—or his secretary either, who was his niece, and who, with the name she signed, Shannon O'Day MacArt, simply had to be beautiful. I got a letter from him finally, saying that he had planned a leisurely motor trip across the country, and that when he got to La Jolla he would look me up. Then I did not hear from him for weeks.

And now, scarcely a hundred yards up the hill from me, watching me alertly, stood a splendid hound Cumor. I stood as still as he awhile, taking in his incredible size and beautiful proportions; and as I did so, other proportions still more exquisite topped the rise behind him. A girl.

As I stood there drinking in this vision of loveliness I felt a sudden sharp conviction. Maybe not just a girl. Maybe the girl.

In spite of unrevealing hiking clothes I knew how warm and white she was, and clean, too, right through to the bones. Late morning brilliance shimmered off a head so black that blue glints lay along the heavy waves of hair like bronze-blue glints along a grackle's bony plumage. And I knew her also, although there never had been sent a picture of her for my desk.

THAT girl was the niece of George MacArt—his secretary. For wasn't that MacArt's great Irish hound beside her? And wasn't she, herself, plainly as Irish as the nose of her face?

"Large morning," I called up the slope.

"Enough for everybody," came right back at me.

I knew her voice would be like that—a river's, singing at some gentle shallow. A smile went with it too—a smile that actually enlarged the morning and made the sun more brilliant and the sky bluer than before. And I found myself speculating, as I climbed that slope, how fortunate a man would be to have a wife named Shannon. And then I was beside her, and I knew how fortunate.

"If it's all right with you," I said. "I'd like to tell you first how beautiful you are before I say how beautiful your hound is."

"How very nice," she said. "Most people seem to use up all their adjectives on the hound, and have none left when they get round to me."

"Most people have no adjectives for you to start off with," I told her. "Remember how the ancient chroniclers felt the same loss of words? They just called you The Beautiful, Yseult the Beautiful, and let it go at that."

At this she looked me up and down with care. Then she said with conviction, "Irish?"

"Scottish," I corrected her.

"Are there Blarney stones in Scotland too?"

"What Scotsman with a tongue behind his teeth has any need of Blarney stones, Miss MacArt?"

"None," she said, "if they're all like you, Mr. More."

We both laughed and both said together, "How did you know me?"

She answered first. "You talk just like your letters, which, as you know, I have answered by the dozens."

I said, "I would have known you anywhere. Remember Tennyson? 'The black-blue Irish hair and Irish eyes'? And then that face and figure that left poets tongue-tied. Yseult the Beautiful. That

was the best they could do—which just about covered the ground at that. So who else would you be? Oh, Shannon too, of course. And I shall need both names. Shannon for sunny hours, with friends about, and horses and dogs and three boys and two girls. Yseult for whispering to you in the night."

"I think we'd better go see Uncle George," she said.

A half-dozen steps revealed a trail that went west from the firebreak, and soon the three of us were dropping by a steep path to the bottom of a canyon. Here a small dirt road, with mighty live oaks reaching their thick arms across it, led toward the ocean. We followed this until we heard the dull crash of the sea, still hidden by the fog. Then we came to a cabin perched against the canyon side.

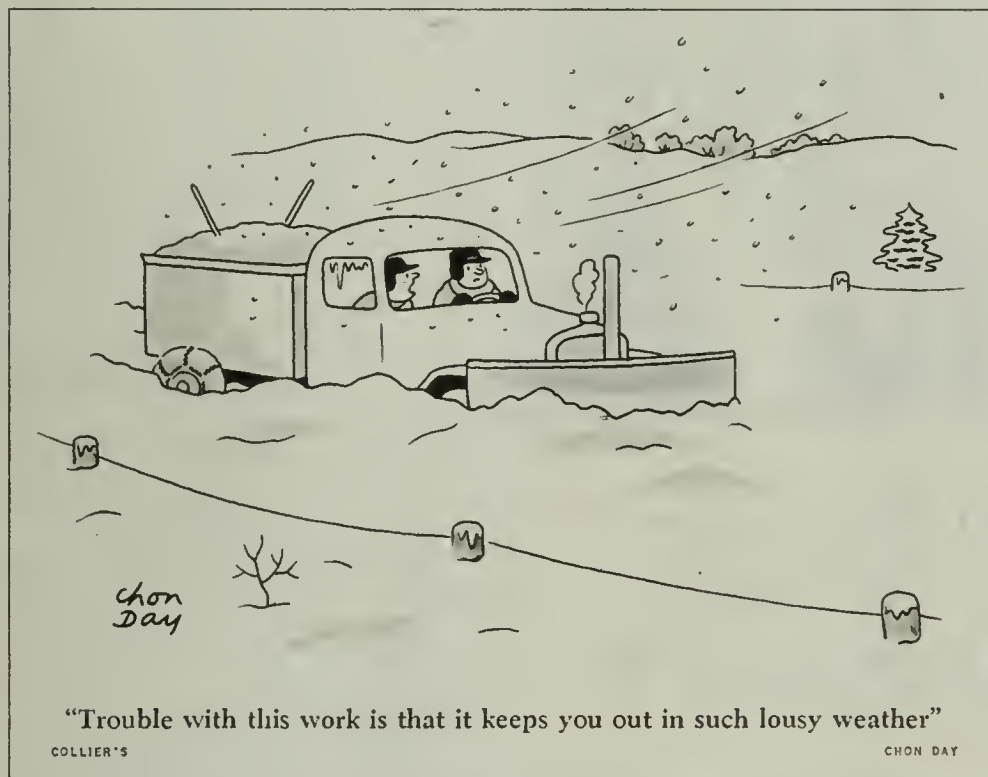
"It will be good to get you two together," said George MacArt's niece.

We climbed steps, crossed a porch and

tinkering with him for months. Next time that native son-of-a-moron wants to pass a truck right at a hilltop I'll bet he finds out first if the MacArt, of Susquehanna Glen, is touring in his state."

WE SAT and talked wolfhound. The tall fire fell and made a glowing golden heap. The fog came rolling up the canyon from the sea, making the heat feel fine. Cumor lay stretched out on the floor close to MacArt, long as the couch on which the man sat propped. A terrible, beautiful creature, the guardian of this little house. And an exquisite, beautiful creature was the mistress of it, tall Shannon MacArt, busying herself, setting a thing in order here, and moving a thing that didn't need moving there. I had never seen anything as charming as that young woman keeping house.

"Here's a reference to the hound which you have never seen, I'll wager," said MacArt. "The one about Gunnar's



entered. The room we stepped into was small, but held a generous fireplace, set into a corner. Two burning eucalyptus logs stood upright in it, perfuming the whole room with pungent fragrance and a very welcome warmth.

GEORGE MACART was all I'd pictured him—stout and gray and ruddy, with upper lip aplenty and no nose to spare. The sparkle in his eye must have come down from every one of his eight great-grandparents, for that much glint could not possibly have been inherited from fewer ancestors.

He said, "So this is Roger More. You're as redheaded as your letters, and as welcome. I suppose your friends all call you by the Irish, Rory."

"He says he's Scotch. Imagine!" This from Shannon.

"More, of Clan Leslic," I announced. "And there should sound a skirl of pipes at that."

"Scotch!" exploded George MacArt. "Man, you're as Irish as Bobby Burns!"

Tell me what Scotsman's heart would not be warmed by such a brazen insult. Here was an Uncle George for me.

I had pictured him pretty accurately, as I say, all but his leg in a cast. He was plaster, hip to ankle.

"But you ought to see the other lad," he boasted. "It will take weeks to get spare parts for him, and surgeons will be

hound, Asthore." And his niece handed me a book from the library table.

It was the story of Burnt Njal, that saga of old heathen, horse-fighting Iceland, where you may meet Gunnar of Lithend, one of the stoutest heroes that ever walked earth or the pages of legend. I opened at a marker.

"Then Gunnar came to Hjardarholt," I read, "and Olaf the Peacock gave him hearty welcome. . . . But at their parting Olaf said, 'I will give thee three things of price, a gold ring, and a cloak the Erse king owned, and a hound that was given me in Ireland. He is big, and no worse follower than a sturdy man. He can see too in any man's face whether that man means thee well or ill, and he will lay down his life to be true to thee.'"

"You think the Irish wolfhound really has that mystic prescience?" I asked.

"He has," declared MacArt. "As surely now as he had it in Iceland a thousand years ago."

And on the very instant of that statement came a growl that slid a sharp icicle down my spine. No loud growl that might forewarn a foe. A wicked, deep, chest rumble. You could almost feel it shake the air of the room. A growl to warn his people to be on their guard. We listened, heard it then—a small sound that the hound's ears had caught. A drip-drip-drip just outside the door.

A knock sounded. I opened the door. "Well, I will be a cockeyed so-and-so!" I exploded. "Josh Kitigawa!" For that's just exactly who it was—and dripping wet, as usual.

"Where did you ever swim from, you old porpoise, and how did you ever find me here, through all this fog?" I asked. Then I turned to my hosts. "This here, now, Nipponese cetacean, friends," I said, "is Mr. Yoshio Kitigawa, American really, and long known to me. Miss MacArt, Josh, and Mr. MacArt her uncle."

Josh bowed, and with his large-toothed, winning smile acknowledged the introduction. It was easy to see that he had been a long time in the water. His finger tips were pale from long immersion.

"Come on, Josh, give," I urged. "Let's have this latest swimming epic. And also why the murderous snickersnee?"

For fastened to the belt of his brief shorts was an unusual scabbard of some sort of woven grass, out of which stood the beautifully inlaid handle of a dirk.

"Abalone," Josh said, which explained it in a word.

SAN VICENTE BAY used to be famous for these sea delicacies, so high in Oriental favor; and had once been a point of export for tremendous quantities of them, dried, to China and Japan. But the bay had been almost cleared of the big mollusks by the Japanese coastal ranchers before the state made laws for their protection.

"If you folks want to feast on abalone," I explained to the MacArts, "you'll have to do it here in California, for they can no longer be shipped out of the state. And if you want to taste the very finest, you have got to be a friend of Josh, an abalone diver in ten thousand, who always has some secret rock ledge spotted where the best ones cling. Am I right, Josh?"

"You swim along some day and see," said Josh. "A nice two-mile stroll out to Pelican Rocks. I went there with my knife and bag this morning, but less than halfway back the fog sneaked up on me. So, of course, no swimming till it cleared. My bag of abalones interfered with floating, so I dumped them. The fog held, and I thought I might be in for hours of drifting, but after a long while I caught the sound of surf, and was I glad to sprint for that! I had no idea I had been carried clear across the bay; but I recognized this canyon, and I knew about this cabin, so I came here, hoping it would be occupied, with the phone in service, so that I could call San Vicente for a taxi."

He was a perfect little Oriental bronze, was Yoshio Kitigawa, standing there nearly naked, his dark skin glistening from the sea. His flat, wide cheekbones and his very heavy epicanthic fold, which made his narrow eyes seem slanted, gave his face that ruthless, sinister, even treacherous aspect, which I thought I saw in every son and daughter of Nippon before I spent eight years in high school and college with the genial Josh and others of his blood.

But in this room was one who did not share my high regard for Josh. The moment he came in, Cumor, the huge wolfhound, hackles rising, arose and left the couch of George MacArt, and went and stood by Shannon. Clearly, he was on guard.

George MacArt saw this, and he glanced at me, his bright eyes flashing



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with excitement. "Remember Gunnar's hound?" he asked me.

And I saw apprehension come into the eyes of Shannon as she felt the hatred of the dog toward Kitigawa.

"What a poor hostess I am," she apologized. "Hot chocolate should be good for Mr. Kitigawa, after his long swim."

"So nice of you," said Josh. "I'll not try to deny how marvelous that would be."

"For three?" she asked.

We nodded, and she left the room. The tall hound did not follow her. He stood across the door she had gone through, and kept his eyes on Josh.

"A very exquisite weapon you have, Mr. Kitigawa," George MacArt said. "Ancient, I would judge. A family treasure."

"Quite right you are," said Josh, and pulled it from its sheath.

THE blade was very beautiful and wicked. Tén inches long, maybe, two-edged and of good width but very thin. It must have been of the very finest steel if it could pry an abalone, clinging with its broad powerful foot muscles, from its rock.

"Work of our ancient smith Tsuruga," Josh informed us. "It is called tanto and is the knife for seppuku—what you know as hara-kiri. One of my ancestors in some way failed his emperor, and the emperor, accompanying his gift with words of high esteem, sent him this beautiful knife. And the ancestor, knowing what was expected of him, with dignity and proper ceremony, used it."

Just then Shannon reappeared, bearing a fragrant tray, which I took from her. Over her arm was draped a heavy bathrobe.

"Wear this," she said to Josh. "And do not call a taxi. I have an errand to San Vicente and will take you with me whenever you are ready."

"You are too kind," said Josh. "Would it be inconvenient if we went at once? It would not? Perfect. I offer you ten thousand thanks." And somewhat hastily he drained the steaming cup.

Shannon took down a coat from a peg beside the door as Kitigawa stepped to it and laid hold of the latch.

"I'm sure that Mr. More will want to stay and have more wolf-dog palaver with my uncle," Shannon said.

"With no apology whatsoever to your uncle," I protested, "I'd much rather go with you."

"Nonsense," she said, and stepped toward the door which Kitigawa now was holding open.

But they did not go through. Square in the doorway stood two hundred pounds of dreadful, threatening "No!"—Cumor; a strange and terrible Cumor, snarling direfully, displaying all the frightfulness of jaws that could lift a wolf, full gallop, and crunch its backbone into splinters with one bite.

Fearlessly Shannon pulled back on the dog's collar. "And what's this all about, big hound?" she said.

"He thinks you shouldn't go with Mr. Kitigawa," said her uncle. "And I would trust his judgment. Remember Gunnar's hound."

There came a moment's silence, tense, somewhat embarrassing, somehow ominous; which was shattered by a sound which had no reason to be startling, but which was—the simple ringing of the telephone.

"Will you take it?"

Though I stood nearest to it, George MacArt's request seemed strange. I knew nothing of the MacArt household affairs or social matters. It was as though he shared the great hound's

prescience of something ill, with which he would not want to frighten Shannon.

"Sepulveda Ranch?" the telephone quired. "The guest house near the beach. This is police. We are contacting Japanese who escaped an F.B.I. raid on a short-wave station discovered in Manzanita Canyon. It has been sending in Japanese. The operator knifed man and outran the others to the plunged through the surf, and swam a cover of heavy fog. He is Yoshio Kitigawa—"

"Who?" I demanded, and only the greatest difficulty kept from whirling about to face my long-time friend. "Who says that?" I added, hoping to mend blundering outburst. "The veterinarian. Let me talk to him."

"What's all the double-talk?" asked the telephone angrily. "This is the earnest. Don't talk. Listen. The name is Yoshio Kitigawa, American born, a long a suspect—"

Here it seemed time to interrupt again. "No," I said. "Tomorrow won't be satisfactory. You will have to come today."

"I think I've got you." The telephone voice was suddenly lowered. "But let me finish. Last seen he wore light brown swimming trunks. And doubt he is still armed with one very mean knife. We'll be out there hell-bent. Right?"

"One moment," I replied, turning to George MacArt, but speaking so that my voice would carry to the instrument. "The veterinarian says they can't come out for the hound this afternoon."

MacArt's blue eyes sparkled. He followed my invention without the slightest hesitation.

"Tell him it's got to be today—this afternoon. Those spikes of foxtail grass are dynamite once they have worked down into a dog's ear. Tell him at once."

So I said, "This is urgent. You'll have to come and get him right away."

"Right now, buddy," said the telephone. "Don't get hurt, but nail him down somehow. And just in case you haven't had your radio on, here's something that will let you know the poisonous sort of snake you're dealing with. News has just come in that the Japanese have bombed Pearl Harbor. Good luck, American. Here we come."

I TRIED to take that last shock with a poker face; but I guess my hatred for that slit-eyed, civilized barbarian who stood so close to Shannon must have blazed in my eyes; for as I hung up, Kitigawa left the girl and with a few swift steps was standing by the couch on which MacArt lay helpless. And noticed, with a chill that struck my bones, the way he held his dirk—now with the blade projecting backward from his fist, so he would have to lift his hand before he struck, but forward, for an instant thrust.

"Do nothing," Kitigawa said.

Nobody moved. His plan was all to clear.

"I think I know your message, More," he said. "Anyhow I can't chance delay—or interference. One wrong move and this man knows just how good a tanto is at disemboweling."

At this ominous threat, George MacArt looked up at him, smiling pleasantly. "It seems your Japanese friend doesn't believe that Cumor has a foxtail in his ear," he said. "Well, More, what was that call?"

"Is it true, Josh?" I asked. "You've been short-waving code in Japanese. From California, America—that made the Kitigawas rich? Pearl Harbor? Is that true?"



Why not?" asked Kitigawa. "This soft, pot-bellied country. I hate it. Tell the girl to get a car for me." "All the girl! The American veneer already gone. Now he was Japanese, the domineering male. Women were for bedding purposes. Why should he let himself by having any other deal with them? Just the same his respect for her showed in his actions. He knew that she would never have taken orders from him without a fight. Supple and tall and strong, she would have watched her chance and turned on him, knife or no knife. But his knife now threatened George MacArt, who could not fight.

"Tell her to leave the door wide open when she leaves the room, then to drive the car to the door, leaving the ignition key in place, and the engine running. The thing more: I must have the word of honor of you all that none will try to stop me. Your word of honor given, you will keep it. Fools, but you will keep it. If you will not give it—"

KITIGAWA moved his hand, and a light, like the cold brilliance on an axe, ran from hilt to point along the floor. What was there to do? What were they told, and not another thing. And there a frightened whisper broke from Shannon's lips.

"No, no, Cumor," she ordered. "Steady." Then to me, "Tell him I'll do just what he says, but that he must say that he wants without threatening lives, or I shall not be able to control the hound."

"Into the next room with him," Kitigawa ordered. "Shut him in. Quickly. Next time I move this wakizashi it will be ill—"

"Stand, Cumor!" said George MacArt.

Shannon tugged at Cumor's collar. She might as well have tried to pull the well-known camel through the needle's eye as she hound through the doorway into the next room.

The bleakness that came into Kitigawa's face at the thought of defiance or delay spread cold all through me. But George MacArt's blue eyes flamed.

"Take it from me," he said to Kitigawa. "You don't look like a death's head. You look like a false face. If you want to see death in a face, look at Cumor's."

He looked. I looked too, and I thanked the powers that that dreadful muzzle wasn't aimed at me.

"Here's where your plans went wrong," MacArt said. "He's my hound, not hers. The reason he left me and went to her when you came in the room is because she is the thing I love most and he knows it. He's guarding her for me. He knew you for an enemy at once."

"You can handle that man and woman there with your dirk at my life. They wouldn't make a move against you if I begged them to. But you can't control my hound. When I tell him to charge you, he'll charge you, and no one, friend or enemy, will be able to stop him. So take your two hands off his collar, Shannon. Three pairs of men's hands couldn't hold him. Ready, Cumor!"

"No, no!" Shannon cried. "It's death!"

"It might be that," said MacArt, "if you hinder his spring. And spring he shall. Unless it could be that our small dark guest is more afraid of my hound than I am of his knife. There's one way to find out. Ready, Cumor! Now put that thing down, Japanese, or sure as I lie here now—and surer yet if I should lie here slashed—that hound will tear the head off your body."

I shuddered. I shuddered because

there was no exaggeration in what MacArt had just said. A minute's ghastly worrying, wrenching, and that giant hound would have it done. Hate, like a dragon fire, blazed in his eyes. I saw Kitigawa's hand go up to his throat.

A few minutes later there came the rush of speeding tires on the narrow canyon road, and the harsh grind of a skidding stop, then swift boots pounding up steps and over the porch. Shannon met the policemen at the open door.

"Thanks, people. Nice work," said the captain, after a quick survey. "When you folks are asked to nail a man down, you certainly do nail him. What a dog!"

He stood a short while looking down at the baleful-eyed wolfhound, where he lay on the floor, facing a chair on which sat Yoshio Kitigawa, nailed indeed. Then he departed, with our amphibious caller linked between two of his men; after which we sat through a long grave silence, thinking bitterly of what the murdering Japanese had forced upon us.

Finally I said, "My guess is, the Marines will get first hand-to-hand crack at those honorable back-stabbers. So I think I'll drive down to the post at San Diego right away, to see if they will be taking on any redheaded men. It was very wonderful, being here today. But for that chance meeting up in the hills, I might never have known you people—you, George MacArt, nor you, Cumor, old hero." And then I looked at Shannon MacArt, and looked at her. After which I guess I must have looked at her. "Nor you," I managed to say to her at last.

The sparkle from his eight great-grandparents lighted her uncle's eyes. "Nice taste I've got in nieces, wouldn't you say?" he asked me.

"What I am wondering about right now," I said, "is your taste in nephews-in-law."

"I like 'em Irish," he informed me.

"As Bobby Burns?" I questioned.

"See!" laughed Shannon. "See how your Erse impertinence bounces back at you, Uncle George?"

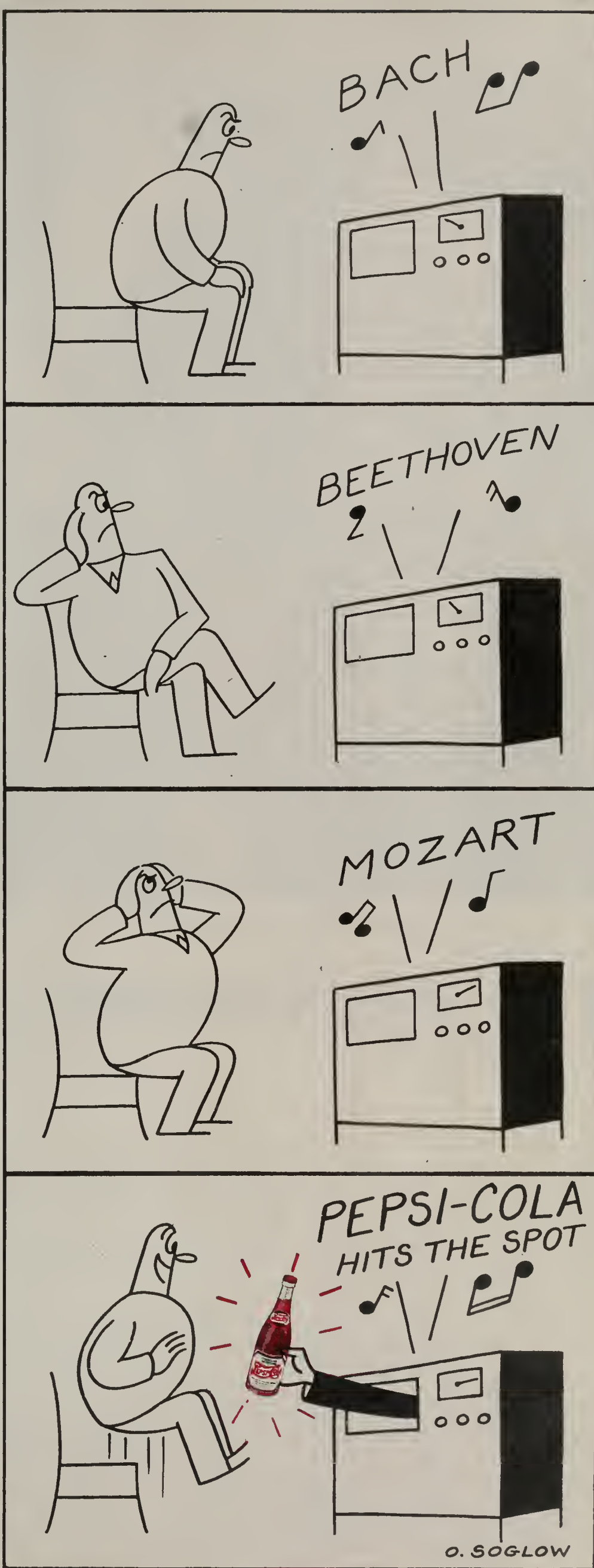
"At any rate I should like to qualify, Uncle George," I announced. "I heard you say just a short while ago that you would trust your hound's judgment of a man, relying on the gift of the breed which lets him always know if a person means his people well or ill. Do you mind if I make a simple test to find if I have Cumor's approval?"

"Help yourself," said MacArt.

But a man doesn't help himself to kisses from a girl like Shannon MacArt without a bit of coercion. Well put together, that tall young woman is, and supple and strong; and she could say "No" with less speech and more fight than an Amazon. So I had to manhandle her somewhat; which I had counted upon, as being what the proof needed.

I STILL consider that day the most wonderful day of my life; for I look back over more than a year of time and some six thousand miles of Pacific Ocean, and that trial of mine still seems a complete success. For with that girl's arms pinned, and her mouth being sought with what you might call violence aforethought, there came no growl out of the hound whatever. In fact he lay stretched out beside George MacArt's couch with his eyes half shut and no movement at all, except a prodigious yawn and one lazy sweep of his great flail of a tail. Which showed, I am nearly convinced, that he sensed toward the end of that somewhat protracted business, wise hound that he is, that Shannon MacArt wasn't fighting as hard as she really could.

THE END







Jason pressed down on the sapphire with his thumb. For days he had been intrigued by Queen Bertha's gold pencil

## Five Who Vanished

By George F. Worts

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

### The Story Thus Far:

EARLY one morning, a girl makes her way into Jason Amboy's apartment in San Francisco, knocks him out, takes a packet of letters (written by his brother, Wayne) and makes her getaway. Jason's valet—an eccentric little fellow named Flack—at once does some brilliant sleuthing; he learns that the girl is Luana Topping and that she lives in Hawaii.

A short time later, Jason is notified that Wayne—who has been working for the powerful Grazzard family in Hawaii—has disappeared. So, suspecting murder, he starts for Honolulu on the first boat he can get: the Tasmania.

To his surprise, he encounters Luana Topping among his fellow passengers; and to his even greater surprise he encounters—*Flack!* . . . Miss Topping is a member of a distinguished party composed of old Mrs. Hiram Grazzard, dictatorial head of the Grazzard clan; her son, Lorrin, who is Luana's fiancé; Channing Mace, manager of one of the Grazzard plantations, and his attractive wife, Natalie; and one or two others. Distantly related to the Grazzards, Jason sits at their table.

His adventures, begun in San Francisco, continue when he permits a stowaway to share his stateroom—and the stowaway disappears. Has the man been murdered? Jason feels sure that

he has been. His suspicions are confirmed by a new friend—Natalie Mace, who, hating the Grazzards, tells him that the stowaway had been Winfield Grazzard, the black sheep of the family, who, with Wayne, had been trying to blackmail the Grazzards!

By this time—warned by Flack and Natalie—Jason is convinced that the Grazzards have combined against him, may even be planning to murder him. Nevertheless, he falls in love with Luana Topping. . . . The Tasmania reaches Honolulu. There Flack and Luana (who have been working together) accuse Jason of co-operating with Wayne in an effort to extort enough money to enable Jason to perfect an airplane engine which he has patented. They say that both Winfield Grazzard and Wayne are alive—with "Uncle Colton," Mrs. Grazzard's brother, on Kahuna Island, not far from Honolulu.

Mrs. Grazzard invites Jason to be her house guest at Kokala plantation. Natalie Mace tells him that, if he accepts the invitation, he will be walking into a "death trap;" and someone else—a man—phones him a similar warning. But, on the following morning, he boards a plane, with the Grazzard party, and starts for Kokala. He knows that he is in peril, deadly peril. But his plans are made—he knows what he wants. *And what he wants is action.*

### IX

THE bungalow Jason was to occupy at the plantation was some distance from the others, and, of them all, it was nearest the beach. From its spacious *lanai*, he saw the large sky-blue sampan that was tied up to the private pier, the inshore end of which was less than a hundred feet from the bungalow.

While the Japanese chauffeur was bringing in his luggage, Jason walked out on the pier and inspected the sampan. A dark-skinned boy was polishing the brightwork. Jason did not go aboard, but he looked the boat over with interest, for this was the sampan in which Mrs. Grazzard made her trips to Kahuna Island with provisions and supplies for Uncle Colton.

Affixed to the broad and seaworthy stern were golden block letters proclaiming the name Bertha. Under it was the date 1917.

Natalie had told him something about this sampan. It was larger than he had expected—fully as large as the tuna sam-

pans he had seen impounded for the duration of the war in Honolulu.

He returned to his bungalow and unpacked. When he went out again, the Japanese chauffeur was waiting. Mrs. Grazzard had said that he was at Jason's disposal, and that probably meant that he had received orders not to let Jason out of his sight.

He was a short, thick man, powerfully built, with close-cropped black hair through which his scalp gleamed bluely. His shoe-button eyes were inscrutable and alert. He told Jason as they drove along that he had been born in Honolulu, that he was a loyal American citizen, and that he despised Japan. He spoke English with no accent.

The short-barreled revolver Jason had brought along was a comforting weight in his right hip pocket. He decided that wherever they went today, he would see to it that the chauffeur never came too close to him, and never got behind him. There were a number of people he

(Continued on page 28)





# Wise Rhymes for These Times



1. Bob Beaver is a demon  
At producing airplane motors;  
He works just *like* a beaver,  
Beating all production quotas!



2. Bess Beaver tends the home front;  
She's a wizard on Nutrition.  
(Of course she saves the kitchen fats  
To help make ammunition!)



3. So Bob and Bess together  
Are a timely illustration  
Of a Happy Blend of virtues—  
Yes, a matchless combination!

The same is true of CALVERT—  
It's a Happy Blending too, sir.  
A blend of noble whiskey traits  
Perfectured just for you, sir.

4. Here flavor, smoothness, lightness merge  
To make a whiskey treasure.  
Be wise and choose the Happy Blend—  
It's tops in drinking pleasure!



Clear Heads  
Choose

# Calvert

The whiskey with the "Happy Blending"



Calvert Distillers Corporation, New York City.  
BLENDED WHISKEY Calvert "Reserve": 86.8 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits. Calvert "Special": 86.8 Proof—60% Grain Neutral Spirits.



# 1-A JOHNSON GRASS

By Roark Bradford

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM MEADE PRINCE



When Cricket went into Uncle Sam's Army, he left a pretty bad situation behind him. It took the combined efforts of Foreman Giles, the Widow Duck, and the Old Ship of Zion Church to clean up the bad mess Cricket left

IT WAS early in July when the draft board called Cricket's name and he left out from Little Bee Bend plantation for Uncle Sam's Army. Other husky young men had been called and Giles, the foreman, had managed to take up the slack. Cricket was the first down-right married man to be called and that complicated matters.

As a field hand Cricket was no great loss to the plantation. May-Lee, the hill-born young woman he had married, was no help at all. They had a crop of cotton but their shiftless work had got them behind in the battle against Johnson grass. Giles had planned to "drap by and straighten out Cricket and May-Lee" for some time. He knew their land was poorly worked, but he had been busy keeping things going in spite of being shorthanded. Anyway, Cricket and May-Lee were the kind of people nobody ever noticed, so Giles had never got around to it.

Then suddenly the draft board spoke and Cricket was gone! Giles knew it would do no good to argue with the draft board and he was too busy to take time out, personally, to drive a crew of workers through the field.

On the other hand, there was the Widow Duck. "Efn I c'd th'ow dat crop off on de Widow Duck," Giles pondered, "I c'd forgit about hit and go on wid my business."

Throwing something off on the Widow Duck wouldn't be easy. Giles had no idea how it might be done, but as he rode to her cabin on the bayou bank, he hoped a way would be found.

The Widow Duck was sitting righteously under a chinaball tree in her yard. Her cotton was clean of grass and her soul free of sin and torment.

"Cricket left out for de Army," Giles announced.

"Cricket?" the Widow Duck repeated. "Oh, yas, Cricket. I 'members him. One er Bathey's chilluns. I didn't figger dat chile was big enough to git in de Army."

"Big enough to git married up and start a crop," Giles said.

"Married?" The Widow Duck searched her mind. "Seem to me like—is he de one which married dat kinder funny-lookin' member f'm de hills? Sho, I minds 'em bofe. Come to church and jest set. So Cricket got to be a soldier in de Army? Well, may de Sperrit march wid him."

"I'd a heap druther dat Johnson grass he got in his field'd march wid him," Giles said. "Efn Johnson grass ever break out in de Army, den maybe Uncle Sam'll learn what I'm up again, tryin' to make a shorthanded crop."

The Widow Duck waved the thought aside. "We makin' out, ain't we?"

"De hard way," Giles said. "I spent all last winter learnin' four boys how to drive a tractor so's I c'd take up de slack. But jest 'bout de time I got dem boys learned rale good, Uncle Sam spoke dey names, and dey ain't hyar no mo'. And you mind old Joe Boody. Good wid a plow and good wid a cotton sack, but not wuth killin' for nothin' else. Well, he laid around all winter, eatin' up his credicks. And quick as he got a man-size debt run up, de draft board call and Joe is long gone! Next was Grant's Texas twins, Dallas and Rio Grande. Dem boys was fixin' to git married up and work dat Cucker-burr cut for me, but de draft board yell, and dat cut 'ain't yit planted!"

"We got us a crop on dis place," the Widow Duck insisted.

"And now dey tuck Cricket, and I'd say hit was good ruddance," Giles concluded, "efn hit wa'n't for dat grass in his field."

The Widow Duck settled more comfortably in her chair. "Giles, you don't like Johnson grass." It was a statement of fact. "And dat's right. Grass sp'iles

"Church dues! Hump!" May-Lee snorted. "I'm gonter git a pair er high heels and do some gittin' about." The Widow Duck reached for a loose singletree. "You'll git yo' sack an' start pickin'—

cotton. But de p'int er what I'm sayin' is dat some folks don't like some thing and some folks don't like de yuther. Yo don't like Johnson grass cause hit sp'ile de cotton, and I don't like folks whic talk agin Uncle Sam's business, cause he sp'iles my pleasure."

Giles said, "How you mean?" "Well, I'm a-settin' and a-studdin' my mind," she explained. "De Lawd i sendin' little breezes dancin' 'long de bayou to fan me cool. I done et me a good dinner, and my ole stomach done settle down for de day. Ev'rythin' i mighty satisfied wid me. Den, hyar you come, like a imp f'm below, growlin' 'bout somethin' dat you know dad-blame well me and you bofe can't do nothin' about. You know good as me when de draft board speak, hit's de law and de prophet. What take place ain't no skir offn nobody's back. Now, you jest go hard and leave me to my pleasure."

Giles determined on a new approach. He sat down, relaxed, and began to talk idly of the plantation gossip. He joked the Widow Duck about B'r Charlie, the

(Continued on page 71)



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Fortress victories with justifiable personal gratification in a job well done. Besides producing large quantities of Wright Cyclone engines for this devastating Boeing bomber, Studebaker is also turning out much other war matériel, including tens of thousands of big, multiple-drive military trucks.

Studebaker feels highly honored by the extent and the consequence of its assignments in the arming of our Nation and its Allies.



**Studebaker** BUILDS WRIGHT CYCLONE ENGINES FOR THE **Flying Fortress**



## Five Who Vanished

Continued from page 24

wanted to question and he must remember, he told himself, not to grow careless.

He wanted first of all to have a talk with Blake, the mill clerk who had shared the company bungalow with his brother, and he wanted to see the store where Wayne had worked. He found Blake in the office at the Kokala sugar mill, a dark-skinned man of forty with unfriendly eyes and a petulant mouth.

"Your brother never talked," Blake said. "He was the closest-mouthed man I ever knew. Has he shown up yet?"

"Not yet."

"My hunch," said Blake, "is that he lit out for Australia. I found an Australia clipper folder when I was cleaning up his room."

"Did he ever do any sailing in an outrigger?"

"Yes. He bought a koa canoe from a Hawaiian named Kcaloha and he went out in it every Sunday."

"Was he ever gone for several days at a time?"

"Yes, Mr. Amboy. He sailed around the island once. The outrigger has disappeared. He used to keep it in the bay. I think the Japs stole it." Blake was gazing at Jason curiously. "You make the Amboy airplane engine, don't you?"

"Yes," said Jason warily.

"I read in the Lihue paper you've sold it to the British government."

"That," Jason said with a wry grimace, "was a typographical error."

He next visited the Kokala company store. And from the store Jason went to the office of Dr. Ellery Hustings, the Kokala company doctor. It was Dr. Hustings who had, twenty years ago, signed the death certificate stating that Hiram Grazzard had died of heart failure.

LATE in the afternoon the limousine stopped at a hilltop overlooking, on one side, the sea and, on the other, the green-and-red vastness of Waimea Canyon. It seemed to Jason he could recall being frightened by its precipitous green depths when he was a small boy.

Through the black branches of a dead tree, he saw the island of Niihau, low and desolate with its gleaming, pewter-colored sand shoals, and, beyond it, north and west, purpled by the setting sun, Kahuna.

For a few minutes, until the light changed, Kahuna Island was sharply etched against the deep blue sea and the pale blue sky. He saw the fire *pali* at the northern end—the sheer cliff on which fire signals had been burned to guide the early Polynesian navigators.

Framed by the black branches, Kahuna looked lonesome and forbidding. And he recalled that the name *kahuna* meant "bewitched."

Jason stopped for dinner at a Chinese inn in Hanapepe. It was blackout time when he returned to Kokala plantation.

He waited for the limousine to go before he started down the path. In the darkness, he suddenly felt tense and jumpy. He walked slowly down the path, to let his eyes grow accustomed to the starlit darkness. According to his blueprint, a deliberate attempt must be made sometime tonight on his life. When and how, he wondered, would it be made?

Under the trees by his bungalow, the darkness was deepest.

As he neared the bungalow, a dark shadow arose from the steps of his *lanai* and a voice whispered, "Jason?"

He could feel his pulse suddenly beating against his windpipe. "Yes," he said. "Luana?"

"Yes."

He stopped a few feet away from her. He tried to see her face, but he could hardly make out its shape in the darkness.

"Jason, I've got to talk to you about this."

He wondered how much of an effort she was making to control the tremor in her voice. "Let's sit down," he said, "and have a smoke."

"No. I can stay only a moment. I've just been given the strictest orders all over again to have nothing to do with you."

"By whom?"

"Lorin. He hates you, Jason. He took me to my bungalow and said good night and I think he went back to the house, but I don't trust him. He's so jealous. He's been in one of his black moods all day. But I had to talk to you."

"YES," said Jason. He could see her face a little more clearly. It was still a dark and formless shape, but he was sure he could see the sparkle of stars in her eyes.

"I promised I'd go straight to bed, because I'm really a wreck. And Natalie is worse. I've spent most of the day with her. She insists that you've been telling the truth all along, and that this whole blackmailing charge against you and your brother is nothing but lies to deceive me and everyone else."

"Darling, go to bed and get some rest," Jason said. "There's nothing you can solve now. Wait until morning. By morning, unless I'm mistaken, everything will be cleared up. I know just how you feel."

"Do you?" she said. "I feel terribly unsure."

"You've felt this way all along," said Jason. "You've wanted to believe in me, but the odds were against me."

"Natalie insists they killed your brother and that now they're planning to kill you," Luana said breathlessly. "I can't believe it! I don't know what to believe! I don't know what to think! I can't believe they're so wrong, yet I sense that something is terribly wrong. From the very beginning of this, I've wanted to have faith in you. All my instincts have told me to."

"I love you," Jason said. "All your instincts have certainly told you that."

"That," said Luana, "has confused everything."

"Then why not take this view of it?" said Jason. "What can you expect me to say? That I'm guilty of all these accusations? By tomorrow, you'll know either that my brother is alive and that I've been lying, or that everything they've said about him and me is a lie. We can't solve it now. I'm going to kiss you good night and you're going to bed."

HE REACHED out and took her into his arms. She didn't try to escape. She was in his arms, soft and warm and unresisting. She clung to him. Jason drew her closer. He kissed her chin, then her cheek, then her mouth.

He whispered in her ear, "Darling, I love you very much."

She kissed him lightly and quickly on the cheek, then she slipped out of his arms.

"Luana!"

"No. It isn't fair."

"But you know I'm in love with you. You've said you're in love with me. And you're not in love with him."

"I didn't come here to talk about love,



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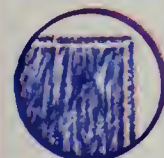
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Jason. I wanted to try to clear this up, and I've a message from Natalie. The truth is, she's so worried about you that she's ill. She wants you to go. She's afraid they'll kill you tonight—she's sure they will—and she wants you to go to Port Allen, spend the night there, and catch the bus for the morning plane. She says you must get out of here."

"Who does she think will try to kill me?"

"Her husband."

"That's curious," Jason murmured. "Why?"

"He's been saying things that have made her terribly suspicious. And she saw him loading his revolver. And I don't trust Lorrin. Both of them are in dangerous moods and both of them have uncontrollable tempers." She hesitated. She suddenly cried, "You've got to go! I'll take you to Port Allen in my car."

"But what would Lorrin say?"

"I don't care what anybody says!" She was trying to keep the panic out of her voice. "I'm afraid! They're going to try to kill you! We're starting this moment!"

"I love you for this," Jason said gently. "But I'm not going to Port Allen. Stop worrying. No one will kill me. I am going to clear this up, then I'm going to take you away from here. Good night."

**S**HE hesitated. He heard her rapid breathing, and he knew that she was making a determined effort to control herself. He saw the flutter of her hands at her throat. Then she said in a voice so prim that he almost laughed, "Good night, Cousin Jason."

He watched until her figure was an indistinguishable part of the darkness under the trees. A few seconds later, he heard the door of her bungalow close. He opened the screen door beside him and went in.

He turned on the lights in the blacked-out bedroom. Smoking a cigarette, he considered the bedroom thoughtfully.

It was a small room and somewhat stuffy. The windows were closed. He tried the one on the north side—the side on which the trade wind blew. It was stuck. He could not raise it.

He turned out the bedroom lights. In the darkness, he made his way out onto the lanai and to the studio bed against the wall, in the corner.

He tested the bedside light, letting it glow for a fraction of a second. The windows of the bedroom, the little sitting room and the bathroom were neatly covered with black pineapple paper, but the lanai, which was screened, was not blacked out.

The bedside lamp was an important piece of equipment that he would soon need. When he turned that light on, and left it on—at the proper time—if things went as he believed they would, it would attract the attention of the military police, and by that time he might be needing them.

He stretched out on his back with the revolver in his hand and tried to think. But he was still too aware of the sensation of Luana in his arms—that brief exalted moment. There was, he told himself, no need for further thinking. The blueprint was now complete. There was nothing to do but wait.

Lying on his back, with a mound of pillows under his head and shoulders, he tried to relax. . . .

The luminous dial of his wrist watch said two-forty when the sound of stealthy footsteps came from the side of the bungalow where the path was. Then, when they paused, the sound of other footsteps came from the opposite side of the house.

Then he heard someone at the screen door. Careful fingers were working it

open. He saw the silhouette of a head against the thickly clustered stars.

Jason forced himself to relax against the pillows. He closed his eyes to the narrowest of openings and watched the door.

It was opening slowly. He had noticed that the hinges and the spring made not the slightest sound, but he was aware of it now. They had been, supposed, carefully oiled.

The door closed. There was the sound of a footstep, hardly discernible against the hissing of wavelets on the beach.

A pin point of blue light pricked the darkness. It remained on for perhaps four seconds and when it went off, the blackness was complete. In the silence, he was sure he heard other footsteps a little farther away.

He reached for the key of the electric light beside the couch. He found it. He waited. He heard nothing but the hard fast pounding of his heart. Then he heard soft, restrained breathing a few feet away. And at that moment he detected the rustle and the smell of garments—a faintly moldy smell.

Jason turned the light key. The room remained in darkness. For a moment, he was too terrified to move. He had been depending on that light.

He leaped up with the revolver in his hand. He saw no one for a moment, then very vaguely he saw the silhouette of a figure against the star glow. He pointed the revolver and said, "I can see you. Put up your hands or I'll shoot."

He heard a sharp gasp and a quick movement. He drew the revolver closer to his chest and reached out swiftly with his other hand. It momentarily touched a firm warm arm. The revolver was snatched out of his hand. A fist or a club struck his left shoulder. He was unprepared for the force of that blow. It sent him staggering back against the wall.

He struck it, rebounded and reached again. He recalled the light switch on the wall near the living-room door. He started to circle toward it. His right hand, reaching out, closed on a dangling metal tube.

Jason leaped aside, snatching away the slender tube. He heard another gasp, then a sharp grunt. This was followed by a ringing thump as something fell to the floor. There were more gasps and grunts. Feet were scuffling in the middle of the lanai. And suddenly there was the sound of a body crashing against the screen. Then there were quick footsteps. The door opened and closed. He heard someone running under the trees, then these sounds faded.

**H**E MOVED on tiptoe across the lanai. His groping hand found a man's unshaved face. It was oily and wet and cold. The man moved away and Jason stepped back. He crossed the room and groped along the wall for the light switch. He found it. He snapped it. But the lanai remained dark.

In that panicky moment, Jason believed he heard a woman scream. It seemed to come from far away, but he was not even sure that he had heard it.

A hoarse voice said, "Mr. Amboy! Where are you?"

Jason found a match. He struck it and held it over his head. Half-crouching against the screen was the man whose face he had touched. He was staring at Jason with bloodshot eyes. His thin black hair was disheveled. His face was red with sunburn. On the floor near his feet lay a short length of iron pipe.

"Flack!" Jason gasped.

"Are you all right, sir?" Flack asked anxiously.

The match went out.



Jason was suddenly furious. "Flack, what the devil does this mean—more double-crossing?"

"I came here to save your life," Flack said hoarsely, "and I'm proud to say I succeeded. I came only because I knew that you, with your carelessness, would do your utmost to invite disaster."

"You idiot!" Jason panted. "You've spoiled the moment I've been building up to for days! If you hadn't come bumping in here, I'd have trapped the woman who killed my brother!"

"I beg your pardon," Flack's hoarse voice disagreed. "If I hadn't come bumping in here, you would at this moment be a corpse—being dragged out to that sampan to be dropped into the sea!"

"If you hadn't come horsing in here," Jason said bitterly, "I'd have caught her in the act of trying to murder me! I'd have trapped her with the weapon in her hand! That's what I wanted! It's all I wanted! Does that piece of pipe belong to you?"

"Yes, Mr. Amboy," Flack said wearily. "All you wanted was to catch a dangerous murderer in the dark! But it was not Mrs. Grazzard. It was Mr. Mace."

"You're crazy!"

"I am perfectly sane, Mr. Amboy. You've been suspecting Mrs. Grazzard all along. Perhaps you've been right. It's very confusing, but the person who was just here was Mr. Mace and not Mrs. Grazzard."

"Are you sure?"

"I am absolutely positive. I saw him in the blue light of the flashlight. I followed him. He left Mrs. Grazzard on the porch of her house a minute ago. He came straight down the path to this bungalow. He had a short club in his hand. He stopped at the back of this bungalow to pull the main light switch in the fuse box. I followed him in here intending to bash in his head with this pipe, but he was too much for me. He is a powerful man, Mr. Amboy."

A match flared in Flack's hand. He gasped. "What's that in your hand, sir?"

Jason lifted his hand. In it was still clutched Bertha Grazzard's gold pencil—the slender tube his hand had encountered in the dark—without its chain.

The little gold loop to which the chain had been attached had been broken off.

The sapphire sparkled in the yellow light. The match went out.

"Strike another match, Flack."

"Yes, sir."

Another match flamed. Jason pressed down on the sapphire with his thumb. For days, since he had first seen it, his machinist's eyes had been intrigued by Queen Bertha's gold pencil.

As he increased the pressure of his thumb, there was a sharp click. A thin, fluted blade like a stiletto shot out of the gold tube and locked. The blade was about five inches long. The point was as fine as a needle's.

Jason pressed the sapphire again. He pushed the point of the slender dagger against the wall. The blade slid back into the golden sheath against the pressure of its hidden spring. It locked in place.

"Flack, do you still say you saw Channing Mace come in here?"

"Yes, sir," Flack said stoutly. "He must have stolen it from her somehow. Isn't it obvious that he intended to leave it here in case his mission failed—to incriminate her?"

"It's possible," Jason answered thoughtfully, "that someone is trying to double-cross someone else."

"I hope," said his valet in a hurt voice, "you aren't referring to me, Mr. Amboy."

"I think," Jason said, "we ought to have a little talk."

"Yes, sir. By all means. I'm very anxious to explain everything. But—did you hear a scream a moment ago?"

"I thought I did," Jason opened the screen door. He started toward Luana's bungalow.

HE RAPPED on the lanai door. When she did not answer, he went in. He called again. He went through the blacked-out living room and into the bedroom. The bedside light was burning. The bed, at first glance, looked unused; then he saw the slight depression in it.

He said sharply, "Have you a gun, Flack?"

"No, sir. But it occurs to me, Mr. Am-

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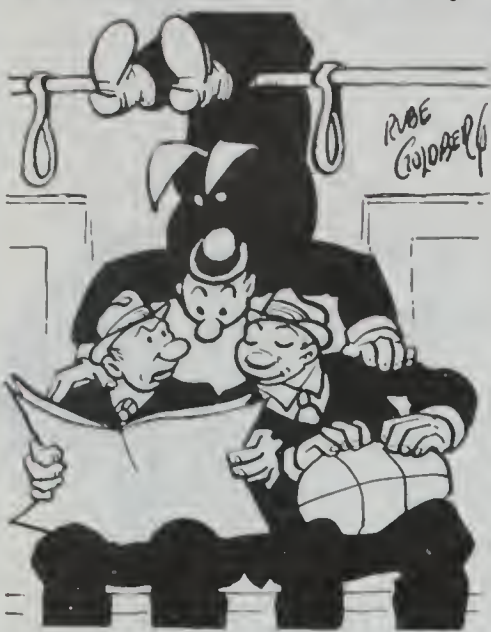


"I just wish't some cop would show his mug around here, that's all!"

COLLIER'S



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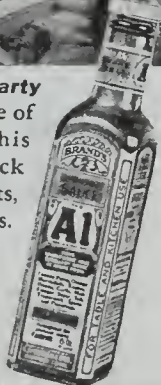


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boy, that she is in no danger. Why should she be? Isn't it likely that she was too upset to sleep and heard the commotion on your lanai and ran to Mrs. Mace for help? She's run somewhere. Shall we wait under the trees for safety's sake? We can talk there with impunity. I am very anxious to explain things to you before there are further developments. Anything may happen tonight and I want you to feel quite safe in trusting me, sir."

They went out under the trees near the water, found a bench and sat down.

"How did you get here?" Jason asked.

"In a sampan."

"From Honolulu?"

"Yes, sir."

"Alone?"

"No, sir. Singapore Sam is along."

"Where?"

"We're anchored just about off this tree—just offshore, sir. I told Sam to be in readiness in case we wanted to get away in a hurry. I sneaked ashore when you were talking to Miss Topping. I've been waiting ever since."

"Now, just a minute, Flack. What you've said you did is impossible. Ever since the war, all small craft have had orders to remain in port. If Mrs. Grazzard takes her big sampan out of here tomorrow, she will have to have special permission from the commanding officer of this district. Stop lying. It would have been utterly impossible for you to sneak out of Honolulu past the Coast Guard and the Naval Patrol."

"Yes, sir," Flack agreed. "But we had special permission. You see, sir, the regular interisland steamer service was suspended when war started. Those ships now run very irregularly and when they do operate they carry troops and military equipment almost exclusively."

"A very up-and-coming young man who lives near the Honolulu Yacht Harbor has permission from the Coast Guard and the Navy to charter small boats for carrying urgent necessities to and from the other islands. He rents these boats, then hires crews to man them. This island, it seems, is very short of yeast. Without yeast, it is impossible to make bread. The Quartermaster Corps needs bread for the troops here. Singapore Sam is an expert navigator. So we signed up to bring over a load of yeast."

"Get on with your story," Jason said. "I am fascinated."

"I think I know just how you feel," Flack said. "You don't know whether to thank me or to sock me. Strangely enough, Mr. Amboy, I have nothing to apologize for. Everything I have done in the past few days, from the moment of my disappearance on the Tasmania until now, has been dictated solely by my loyalty to your interests."

"I'd like to know what started all this business," Jason said.

"I'll tell you, sir. It began with an incident the night the stowaway vanished. You will recall that I slept on a mattress that I placed on the floor against the door in your stateroom."

"Yes."

"DURING that night, while you were asleep, someone pushed the key out of the lock from outside. Someone unlocked that door and tried to open it against the mattress. By the time I could get up and get the mattress out of the way, the corridor was empty. It was then that I hatched the scheme to disappear. During the next day I made and carried out my plan. I wanted you safely in the brig where the killer could not reach you."

"How did you worm your way into Miss Topping's confidence?"

"That was very easy. I merely told her I was convinced she was right in thinking you were a blackmailer. I wanted to kill several birds with one stone. And I did. I knew the Grazzards were suspicious of me. I wanted to disarm them."

"And I wanted to awaken you to a full sense of your danger," Flack went on earnestly. "By seeming to turn so viciously against you, I thought I would accomplish that. But in that respect I failed. Incidentally, it was I who phoned you in the hotel last night and said I was an old friend of your father's. I was making every effort to sharpen your awareness of danger."

"But why," Jason said protestingly, "did you have to go to such lengths? Why didn't you merely tell me about it? God knows I'm a reasonable man and an open-minded man."

"I don't deny that, Mr. Amboy. But you are, except where your engines are concerned, the most careless man in the world. Time after time I warned you to be more careful, and you told me I was flying high, or going off the deep end, or running wild. But as much as anything else, I wanted to bring Mrs. Grazzard's clever blackmail argument into the open. I forced her to play all her cards at once."

"That was clever," Jason complimented him. "But—"

Jason checked himself. Flack's hand had closed warningly on his arm.

Jason heard the voices—very low voices. One was Aunt Bertha's. The other was a man's. He didn't recognize it. They stopped talking as they passed his bungalow. For a moment he thought they had gone in, then he heard the faint scuff of a foot in the path. They were coming toward the bench.

The pressure of Flack's fingers on his arm increased. Jason stopped breathing.

Aunt Bertha and her companion passed within six feet of the bench. They stopped again a few feet away.

The man whispered, "No, you'll never have another chance at that fellow. He's too *akamai*."

There was a long silence, then Aunt Bertha said softly and thoughtfully: "Yes. Come along. There is only one course."

They walked on. A moment later, Jason heard them on the pier. Flack released his arm. "Wait right here, sir," he whispered. "I have a little errand."

Puzzled, Jason waited. He heard Flack's shoes as he crossed the sand toward the pier. He stood up, straining his eyes against the night, and his ears

against the soft hissing of the ghost green waves near his feet.

He could not see the big sampan in the darkness. He presently heard a splash into the water, then the sudden muttering of the Bertha's Diesel.

The exhaust struck a harder, higher note, and a plume of phosphorescent shot out from the screw. The big sampan was under way.

Jason ran out onto the pier. He intended to jump aboard, but the distance was already too great. The sharp drumming of the exhaust receded. The fume of burned fuel drifted past him. He could not see the Bertha. All he saw was the glowing green wake. It described sharp curve as the sampan headed for the mouth of Kokala Bay.

Jason was certain that Bertha Grazzard, with Channing Mace or Lorrin was on her way to Kahuna, and he was certain he knew her purpose. Having failed at killing him, she had no alternative but the exceedingly desperate one of killing Colton Grazzard.

Aunt Bertha was, Jason believed, a very desperate woman making a final attempt at escaping the trap she had built for herself. Uncle Colton was, according to Jason's blueprint, her only living material witness. She must, therefore, eliminate him before Jason could reach him.

And he wondered if her plans included an explanation of the sudden death she was planning to visit on her brother. Doubtless, they did. Colton Grazzard would vanish.

HE CALLED softly, "Flack!" Flack did not answer.

Alarmed, Jason shouted, "Flack! Where are you?"

The big sampan must now be at the mouth of the harbor.

A voice called softly, "Is that you, Mr. Amboy?" It seemed to come from the water near the beach.

Jason peered into the darkness.

"Who is it?" he demanded sharply.

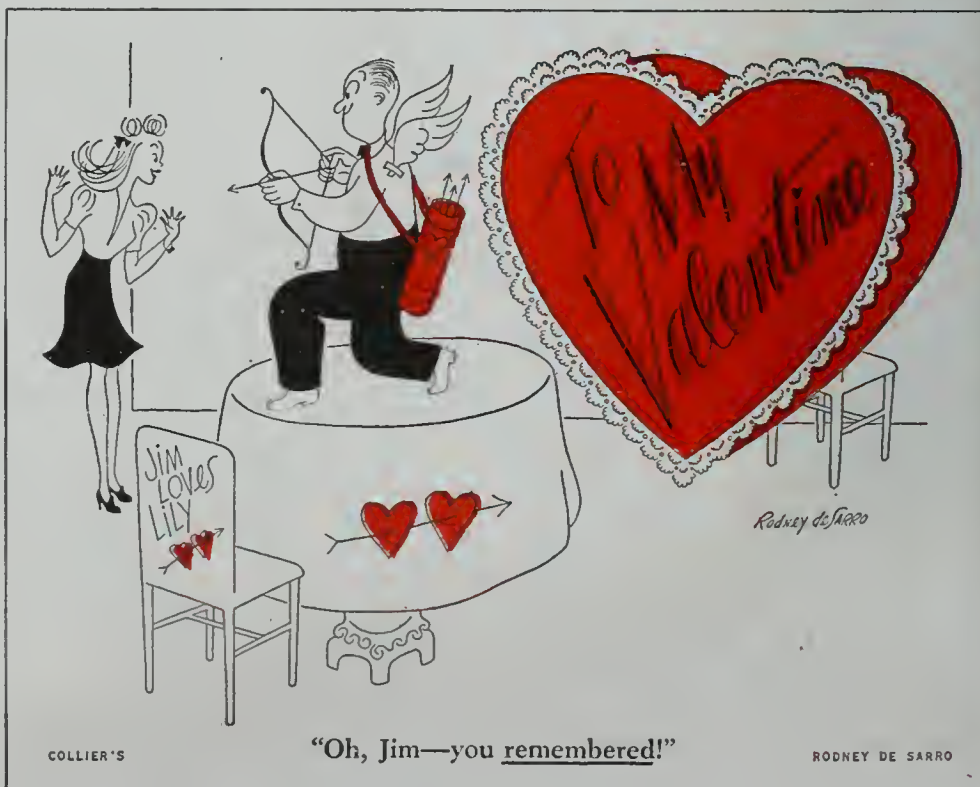
"It's me—Singapore Sam Shay," came the reply.

Jason's pulse went down twenty beats to the minute. "Oh," he said, "so it's you, Sam. Can you come alongside?"

Jason heard the engine start. He presently saw the phosphorescence at its screw, then, vaguely, the silhouette of a small sampan against the reflection of stars in the glassy water.

It came alongside the pier and bumped hard. Jason jumped aboard.

"Flack's on that sampan," Jason said, "and there are a couple of people aboard



COLLIER'S

"Oh, Jim—you remembered!"

RODNEY DE SARRO



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who will kill him if they find him. Have you any firearms aboard?"

"No, Mr. Amboy. What's it all about?" Shay let in the clutch. The sampan began to move.

"We're heading off a murder," Jason answered. "I'll explain it all in a moment. Let's get going!"

Kahuna Island was rising against the stars—a stripe of blackness against the blackness of the Pacific. The sampan was nosing in at throttled speed.

Jason, in the bows, was trying to see the shore. Above the tumult of his heart, he heard the soft, smothered roar of surf, and this puzzled him. The wind was from the north—the trade wind—and the landing at Kahuna was at the south end of the island. It was a sheltered shore—there should be no sound of surf here. Yet there was.

The redhead Shay was at the wheel, repeating the commands Jason called.

The offshore wind brought no sound but that of the unseen surf.

Obscurely, against the stars, Jason saw the fire *pali*—a cliff that rose sheerly from the far end of the beach to a height of six or seven hundred feet.

THE sampan crept closer. He could not see the Bertha, although when Sam Shay had stopped the engine less than a half minute ago, the big sampan's exhaust had sounded dead ahead.

A ragged fringe of palm fronds was moving slowly against the starry northern sky.

With the engine hardly turning, Jason now heard the Bertha's exhaust—still ahead but off to the left and close aboard. It stopped.

Sam Shay promptly stopped the engine. The roar of the surf became louder.

The red-haired man came forward with a boat hook with which he began to take soundings. "Sand!" he whispered.

The sampan was ghosting toward the unseen beach.

"That surf," Sam Shay whispered, "is on the other side! The island is mighty narrow here. Do you see anything?"

"No."

The keel ground into hard sand and the sampan came to a gentle stop. Off to the left, Jason dimly saw the black loom of the Bertha. He heard a faint splashing in the water near the big sampan.

A man on the beach called inquiringly in Hawaiian and the deep voice of Mrs. Grazzard answered. She was, Jason realized, wading ashore. One of the native sentries had hailed her.

Her voice answered. The man on the beach spoke again, respectfully. He laughed. The laugh was brief.

Sam Shay touched Jason's arm. He whispered: "She doesn't know we're anywhere around! She doesn't suspect anything! She told him to go back to sleep. I guess that was sarcasm. But where's that other guy? Where's Flack? She's alone!"

Jason let himself over the side. Grasping in his right hand the stout ohia-wood club he had found in the paint locker, he eased himself into the blood-warm water.

In water chest deep, he waited and listened.

His heart was hammering again. He saw the glimmer of the white sand between the water's edge and the palm trees, but he saw no one.

Suddenly, far away, to the southeast, a deep drumming became audible. He walked slowly toward the beach.

Lights sprang on a hundred yards away through the trees and a house with a low roof appeared out of the darkness, and somewhere behind the house an automatic electric light plant began to hum.

Jason saw Mrs. Grazzard silhouetted

on the *lanai*. She was alone. Puzzled, he waited a moment. He heard Singapore Sam's cautious progress through the water near him.

The exhaust of the motorboat he had heard was now closer and louder.

In the faint illumination from the *lanai*, he saw a tall man standing on the beach just ahead of him. The man called sharply in Hawaiian. Sam Shay answered in the same tongue. The sentinel on the beach spoke more sharply.

Jason heard the rush of Sam Shay's feet in the sand. He heard the impact of a fist. The sentinel went down and rolled over twice.

Singapore Sam Shay kissed the knuckles of his left hand and said: "Where's Flack? Where's that other guy? There's something very funny about this." And then with dismay: "Look! That baby's adrift! She's floating out!"

Jason turned about. In the faint light from the *lanai*, he saw the Bertha clearly. She was evidently caught in a current and was drifting to the south.

"Get aboard her," Jason directed him. "If Flack's aboard, bring him to the house."

"Yes, sir."

The powerboat Jason had heard was closer. It was coming fast. It was, Jason suspected, either a Coast Guard or a Navy Patrol boat.

A searchlight in its bows came on and a long blue-white shaft went stabbing along the beach.

He crossed the beach and started up the path at a run. As he neared the house, he heard a muffled shot, then another. A woman screamed and a man with a shrill voice shouted.

Jason entered a long room lined with bookshelves. From floor to ceiling, the shelves were solid with books. A table lamp with a green glass shade filled the library with a curious cool glow.

Three people were struggling in the middle of the room. One was Bertha Grazzard. Another was a fat, very brown Hawaiian woman in a pink Mother Hubbard. The third was a thin, tall white-haired man in sleeveless white pajamas. He was almost as brown as the native woman.

He was saying, in a shrill, hysterical voice, "You crazy woman! You crazy, crazy woman!"

Blood was running down his skinny brown arm from a wound in his right shoulder, and another thin red stream from the wound was running down the front of his pajama jacket.

JASON snatched the gun out of Mrs. Grazzard's hand. The Hawaiian woman was trying to force Bertha Grazzard into a deep white chair.

Mrs. Grazzard saw Jason and she stopped struggling. Her amber eyes stared at him. They opened wider and wider. He thought she was about to scream, but she didn't. She permitted the brown-skinned woman to force her into the big white chair.

Two brown-skinned men in dungarees came swiftly into the room from different doors and started for Jason. They stopped when they saw the revolver in his hand. The woman in the pink Mother Hubbard was panting. She backed away from the woman in the chair, then she turned to Jason. She said something rapidly to him in Hawaiian. She was panting and she was sweating, but she was, Jason thought, remarkably composed. She saw the two men and yelled at them. One of them answered her with an air of stubbornness and anger. She yelled again. They retreated and went out, the one who had objected still protesting.

(To be concluded next week)



## China Flight

Continued from page 16

not be good to me there. And he too is better off without me. He tries to pretend he does not care when the foreign ladies never came to call on me. But he cares."

She dropped her head as she spoke, so that he could not see her face.

"How did you escape?" he said, after a moment of thinking over what she had said.

"We were at an inn," she said. "It was easy enough. The town where we stayed was on a canal, and while he slept I went away and hired a boat to bring me far out of our path, backward, by ways he would never know."

"So now you go to your grandfather's house again," old Wang said.

"There I go," she agreed. Then she lifted her head. "But what of Mrs. Shipman?"

"A prisoner," he said, "and all in the house prisoners. But she has stood off the guards. Three times those devils that stand at our gate have come in and three times by her own power, which I cannot myself understand, she has turned them around again. Nevertheless I am put here to open the back gate the moment she calls to me, and at her word the girls are to flee along the ways she has shown them on pieces of paper. Each girl has a paper of her own, and at the end of the escape there is a friendly house for each."

"How good she is," Leone said. "How wonderfully good—how better than a mother!"

"I know," he said, "and I often ask why. These girls are made of clay and water. They will never reward her."

"She was good to me, too," Leone said. She pondered a moment whether to ask him of Dan, and then did not. How could any in this house know him? No, she must find him in other ways.

She rose and pulled the kerchief over her face again. Then she unbound the ropes from her shoulders and left the fuel on the street.

"Take it," she said, "without price. It has done its work for me."

"We need it," he said simply, and hoisted it on his own back, and they nodded to each other.

"You know where I am if your mistress is ever in any need," she said.

"I know," he said.

And so they parted, he to enter the

gate with the fuel, and she to go on toward her grandfather's house.

It was less than half a mile away and she would soon come to it, and she circled through a street or two until she came to the back of the house instead of the front. She might have been forbidden to enter the front gate of a house like her grandfather's, a rich house where a gatekeeper stood to keep out the beggars and the vendors. But here at the back gate she gave hard knocks with a stone she picked up out of the street. One or two doors opened at the noise, but seeing only an old woman they closed again.

At last she heard footsteps and the gate opened a little and she saw the round pock-marked face of the man who was the cook in her grandfather's house.

"Fing, it is I," she said.

He knew her voice and without a word he reached out his arm and drew her into the gate and barred it.

"You, young mistress!" he whispered.

"Yes," she said, "I have escaped."

"But your lord?"

"He is safe," she said. "He is safe enough. But I am come home. Where is my grandfather?"

"He is in his book room," the man said. "He is sitting there reading his old books. It is all he does nowadays."

"Tell him I am come," she said. She pulled off the kerchief from her head as she spoke, and her long black hair fell down her back. "Tell him I will come to him as soon as I have made myself fit."

"Yes, yes, young mistress," the man cried and he hastened to do what she had bid him, and she went through a court and into her own old room.

OLD Mr. P'an sat in his study reading. He had not for many years read a new book and it was his determination not to do so as long as he lived. There were too many new events in the world with which he had to cope; there was no use in adding to his difficulties by finding new ideas from books. Of new ideas he had more than enough.

The first new idea had come upon him with force and terror many years ago when his young daughter, Ai-lan, had insisted upon an education. She was his only child, and he had never taken another wife in spite of the importunities of Madame P'an when she discovered



"The boys simply adored that peach melba!"

CPL. S. LANDI

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# Tired Kidneys Often Bring Sleepless Nights

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Rubber, including Ace Hard Rubber, is critical war material. No more hard rubber combs may be made until Victory. Take good care of Ace Combs you now have.

she could bear no more children. Mr. P'an was delicate and ascetic and even his marriage to a delicate gentlewoman was a trial to him. If it had not been his duty to marry, since he had been an only son, he would have become a Buddhist priest. He was the son of a scholar and had lived always with books about him and usually with one in his hand. Among his servants and dependents his nickname was Book Fool. It was affectionately given, and in his house all were zealous in looking after his practical needs which, left to himself, he neglected entirely.

Ai-lan was to him an unknown and inexplicable character. He was proud of her extreme beauty and her brilliant mind. He did not want to teach her to read, for he did not believe in women knowing how to read; but because he liked to have her near him, he taught her to read before she was five. Thereafter he allowed her to read his books in order that she would stay near him. For otherwise how could she have found any attraction in sitting quietly even for ten minutes? Together, his gentle, half-invalid wife and himself had produced a perfectly healthy child, whose strong body and quick brain were at once their joy and dismay. They yielded to her every demand because neither of them had the strength to cope with her temper.

On only one matter had he stood firm—she could not leave the house and go to school. He would not allow her to walk on the streets or go to strange places. The only way to insist upon this was to invite tutors to teach her at home. Thus the Frenchman had come into this house.

Of course not for one moment was his daughter supposed to be left alone with a man. When he found that she had bribed her nurse to leave her alone, the woman's wailing excuse was a valid one: "But how could I dream that she would love a foreigner?"

None could dream, indeed, that Ai-lan who had been reared in the strictest Chinese traditions, could love a white man, and one who could not even speak her own language. But she had so quickly learned French that Mr. P'an had to suppose that almost immediately they had conversed in French, and of course the nurse had not known what they were saying.

THUS under her very eyes they had doubtless planned the errand for the woman, which left them at the beginning of the full lesson hour so long a time for their escape. It was true that the woman had grown uneasy while she had gone to buy the special tea, which, it seemed, the Frenchman wanted to send home immediately to his mother in France, who so loved Chinese tea. She had hurried back, the silver coin her mistress had given her for a bribe still unspent in her pocket, and had found the room empty. It was to her honor that she had come at once to Mr. P'an, tearing down her hair as she came and wailing the cry of those who mourn for the dead.

Mr. P'an never would willingly remember the ten days that followed that dreadful moment. Ai-lan would not come home. Instead she remained with the Frenchman and for two years Mr. P'an heard nothing of her. When a stranger asked him in common greeting how many sons he had, he always replied in his stately fashion that Heaven had granted him no children.

At the end of two years a white woman whom he had never seen before came to his house. She brought him news of Ai-lan. Ai-lan was in her house—a house of refuge. The Frenchman had left her to return to his home. Now, the white

woman insisted, Mr. P'an must allow his daughter to come home because she had a little child—a girl.

"I have no daughter," he had told Mrs. Shipman.

"You have," she said bluntly.

The controversy had lasted many days. In the midst of it Madame P'an, always ill after Ai-lan went away, quietly died. She had never tried to persuade him to take back their daughter, for she was an obedient wife and always listened first to him to find out what she wanted. She hid her scholarship from him, ever knowing that he disliked learning in women. Nevertheless after her death he found a short poem that she had written. It was under her pillow and a servant brought it to him. The few delicately brushed lines conveyed to him the cause of her lack of will to live:

*A plum tree bears a single flower.  
The flower falls—there is no fruit.  
Why then should the tree  
Continue to live?*

He had sat holding the thin sheet in his hand, and at that moment Mrs. Shipman had come to his door, without announcement, having forced her way past the intervening servants. She held by the hand a minute girl, barely able to walk. "This is your granddaughter," she said.

His eyes met the eyes of the child. By some accident there was no resemblance in this child either to Ai-lan or to the foreigner. Her eyes were the eyes of Madame P'an, but young and healthy and gay, as he had never seen his wife. Between the paper in his hand that seemed actually to quiver of its own accord, and the child's gaze, he was not able to speak.

"Go and bow to your grandpa, Leone," Mrs. Shipman said, in her wretched Chinese.

The small girl understood her, how-

ever, and moved forward to obey. P'an crushed the paper in his hand, let it drop, and he put out that hand the child. She came forward and without fear she laid her own hand in his. He looked down at that small hand in his own dried palm.

After a long moment, gazing at scrap of a hand in his, he said in a low voice, "Let her stay."

IT WAS Leone he allowed to come home, he always argued, to himself not his rebellious daughter. When, after a few days, he was already foolishly fond of the child, and it was obvious that he was fretting for her mother, he sent word that only for the child's sake Ai-lan could come home. Nor did he relax. When Ai-lan returned, silent and sad, he tolerated her presence. When in less than two years she died of tuberculosis he was relieved. He lived in the child.

And yet who would believe the trouble he had had with Leone? It was not because she was less than a good granddaughter, but because as she grew older he found that no man whom he would endure as a son-in-law would marry her. His friends made strange excuses for their sons. He was too proud to inquire of them. But he knew the reason was that Leone was only half Chinese. No would he allow for one moment the possibility of a small tradesman or an upper servant as his son-in-law. In desperation when Leone was seventeen he accepted the aid of Mrs. Shipman, with whom he had continued a curious, unwilling friendship because of Leone's devotion to her, and he allowed Leone to be married to the wealthy Englishman. At least it was a proper marriage. But he saw the Englishman only once and that was at the wedding.

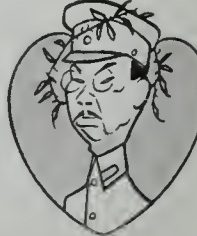
It was obvious to him on that occasion that the Englishman did not like the idea of a Chinese father-in-law any more than he himself liked the idea of a fo-

## Lines for Feb. Fourteen

Here's my Valentine for Hitler . . .  
May his brittle heart grow brittler  
'Til there is no life extant  
In his central heating plant.

As for loathsome Hirohito  
And that nincompoop, Benito,  
I have wreaths of poison oak  
Which I trust will make them croak.

MARGARET FISHBACK



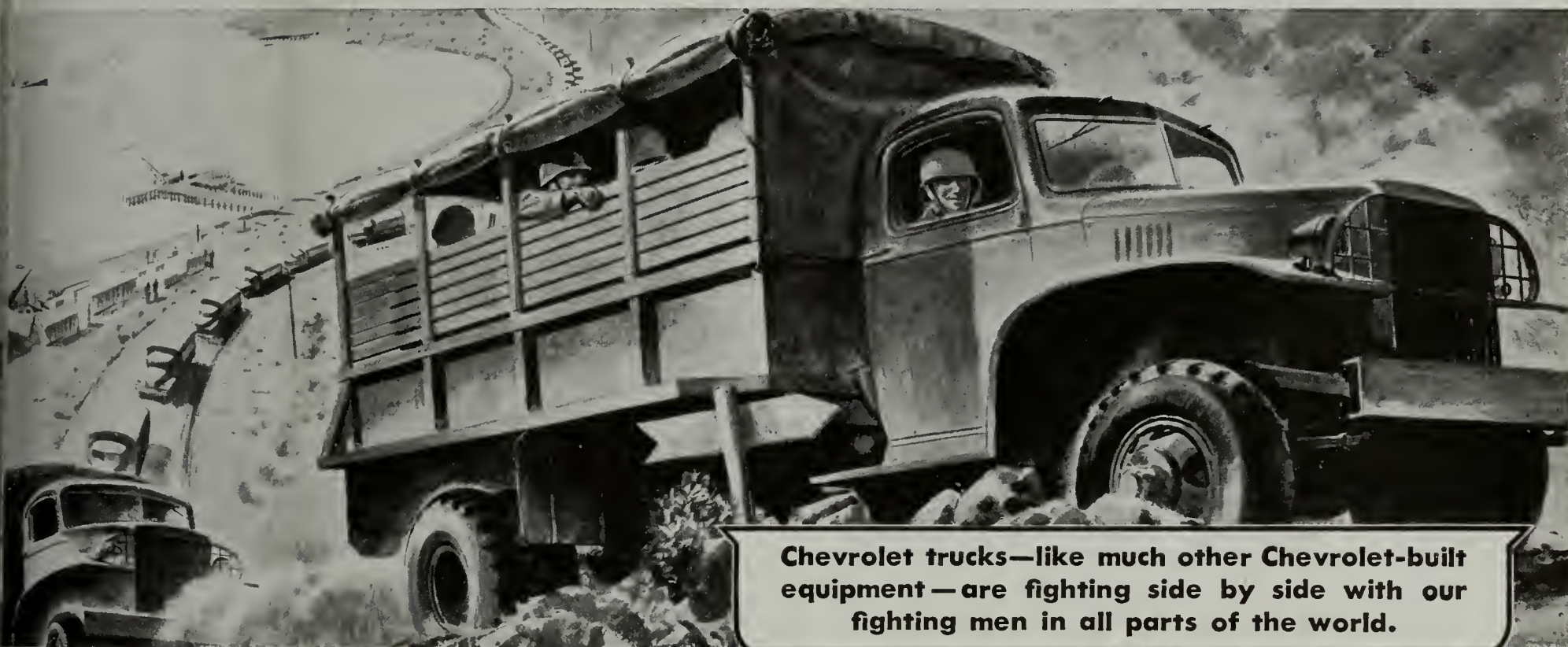
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sign son-in-law, and so Mr. P'an returned to his own lonely life. When Leone came to visit him, as she sometimes did, but not often, they did not speak of her marriage. He saw that she looked well in her always delicate fashion and that she wore expensive garments. He was relieved that she had no children. As a man wholly Chinese he preferred not to think of the further mingling of Chinese blood with French and English.

In the last few days, however, he had been extremely anxious. War had broken out in a new form. It had been bad enough when Shanghai fell to the enemy. But by remaining assiduously obscure he had been able to avoid any more trouble except the now heavy taxes laid on him. And for a while it was perhaps an asset to have an English son-in-law who was a man of some position. It was always possible that if anything should happen—if, for instance, he should be kidnaped as many wealthy men were, on one pretext or another—the Englishman would help him.

All that was changed. In the last few days he knew that it only was disaster that he was allied in any fashion with the English. He had remained in his home, therefore, not going out even to the tea-house, and had hoped that Leone could not communicate with him.

When now his personal manservant came in to announce that his granddaughter had come home, and apparently to stay with him, he was thrown into terror, which he did not try to conceal from the faithful servant.

"Is her husband with her?" he asked in alarm.

"He is not," the manservant replied.

Mr. P'an put down his old book. "If he comes here, he must not be admitted," he said in agitation. "I cannot allow a foreigner in the house at the risk of my own life."

"Calm yourself, old sir," the servant replied. "I have heard that all foreigners are being put in jail."

Mr. P'an did not hide his relief. "Ah," he said, "then that is why she has come home. Tell her I am here."

HE TOOK up his book again where he had left off and tried to compose his mind by murmuring out loud the words of ancient poetry. He was almost entirely composed when some few minutes later Leone came in. She looked, he saw to his relief, almost entirely Chinese. She was in Chinese garments and her hair was coiled on her neck, and a jade pin thrust in to hold it.

"Grandfather, you are here," she said in graceful salutation, as she stood.

He nodded, took off his brass-rimmed spectacles, and motioned to her to sit down. She did so, sitting sideways on the chair in respect to him and his heart softened. A good child, he thought, always a good child! He must not refuse her any shelter he could give her.

"What is your situation?" he asked her.

She answered him then, telling him where she had been when the new war broke and what had happened to her. He grew very grave as she went on.

"Was it well for you to leave your husband?" he inquired.

"In these times it seemed to me better if I came home to my own people," she said gently.

He could find no fault with this repudiation of her foreign blood. "Of course I am glad to have you here," he said. Thus he approved the repudiation.

She wanted above all else at this moment to be alone, and so she returned to her own room and shut the door and pulled the satin curtain across it as a guard against a servant opening the

door. It was midafternoon. The was too far spent to do anything. Besides, she must think what to do. Must plan, plot if she must. Where Dan James? Had he caught his ship? he had not, how would she find prison? Her cheeks burned at thought of him and she put up her hair to cool them. She had forgotten Arnold as though she had never seen him.

ARNOLD HATFORD had not wakened until long after sunrise. Then and again Yang had come to lay his head against the cracked panel of the wooden door of the room and had heard only deep, heavy breathing of the Englishman. By the time Hatford called him he was quite at ease. His mistress would be so far on her way that, whatever master told him to do, it would be late. He hastily poured into a teapot boiling water he had ready and waited in a kettle on a charcoal brazier in main room of the inn, and putting the pot and two tea bowls on a tray he entered the room where Hatford had ceased to shout.

Hatford was sitting up in bed, his grey hair tousled above his half-bald crown.

"Where is Missy?" he demanded.

Yang opened his black eyes wide. "No have see," he said.

"You must go see, chop chop," Hatford retorted. "Here—put down the tea and go out and see where she is. She probably waked—" he muttered to himself as he poured the tea. "She's probably waked and gone out to walk a bit." Yang disappeared and Hatford sipped the hot tea.

Leone was secretly restless, he had begun to think, under that fine surface calm of hers. She often woke early and slipped out of bed, without waking him to walk. But in a strange place like this she ought to have taken Yang or at least left word.

When Yang did not come back he got up and washed himself in cold water and then sat down in great impatience, angry and alarmed. He was a tall thin man, except for a slight incongruous pouch below the belt. His red innocent face betrayed his thoughts. Just now he was trying to make up his mind whether would do him any good to leave the room himself. He decided against it. He could not speak a word of Chinese, and if he wandered about in a strange Chinese town he would be lost in a few minutes and quite helpless.

A bad position for me to be in, he thought severely. Without either Leone or Yang, what would happen to him?

He sat motionless, his large red hands on his knees, until at last Yang came in. At once Arnold saw that he was disturbed.

"My no can find Missy," Yang said excitedly.

"No can find!" Arnold shouted.

"My look every side, my talkee ever body—no have see!" Yang said. He shouted unintelligibly and through the door there came a ragged fisherman holding in his hands a sodden mass. "This man, he take Missy's coat-skirt in his net this morning," Yang said.

Arnold groaned. He got up and adjusted his pince-nez and examined the mass. Yes, these clothes were Leone's. "But what—whatever—" he began to stammer. His face worked and his mouth hung open. Leone! But she had been quite happy!

"Missy no wantchee go Hong Kong side," Yang explained gently. His eyes were sorrowful. "Missy talkee my 'Yang, my no wantchee go Hong Kong side. English lady she b'long velly close to my!'"

"Cross to her!" Arnold echoed. "Why



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Hudson had several advantages in this situation. An enviable record of dependability and low operating cost, for example—as proved year after year in official endurance and economy runs under American Automobile Association supervision. But service needs were bound to increase as cars grew older, and Hudson dealers must be set up to handle them.

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"It's our job to keep Hudsons rolling"

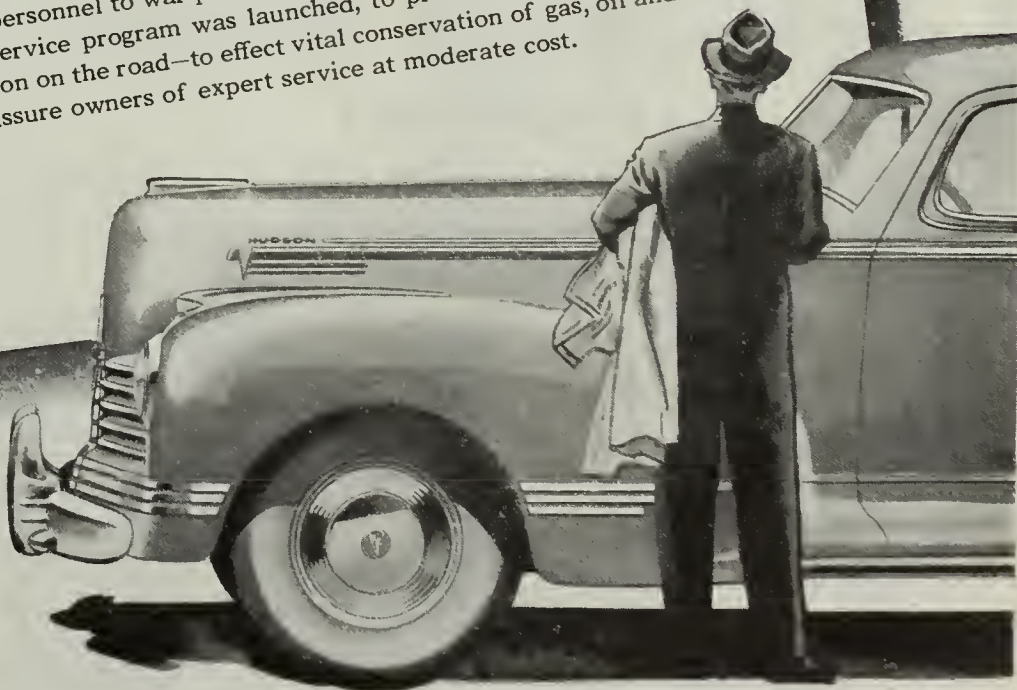
Hudson's first duty, of course, was to the war effort—speedy conversion of plants and personnel to war production. But, hand in hand with this, an expanded service program was launched, to prolong the useful life of every Hudson on the road—to effect vital conservation of gas, oil and tires—and to assure owners of expert service at moderate cost.

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A new high in whiskey smoothness!



Please be patient. If your store or tavern is temporarily out of TEN HIGH there are two reasons: (1) Since all distilleries are now making war alcohol instead of whiskey, the available supply of TEN HIGH is on quota "for the duration." (2) Railways must give war materials and food the right of way, so your dealer's shipment of TEN HIGH may sometimes be delayed.

This Straight Bourbon Whiskey is 4 years old. 86 proof. Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill.

stone. When Daniel spoke to him there was not the slightest flicker of understanding or of intelligence.

By the third day Dan was beginning to talk to himself in a low monotone, muttering through his teeth: "What the hell are they going to do to me? Why don't they go on and do it? It's cold as a grave in here. Maybe it is a grave. If they took me out and shot me it would be better. I could make a break for it—or even if I got shot it would be better."

BY THE end of the fifth day, time was getting mixed in his mind. Night and day were almost alike in this cell. The rafted roof was high and unceiled, and his only window was two panes of glass let into the highest point of the roof. The walls were smooth and he could not climb them. On the second day the guard had put chains on his ankles. The chains were fastened to an iron ring in the wall. He had worked on this ring but it had long roots that seemed to go through the wall itself and be twisted outside. He had only exhausted himself. Besides, he was tired all the time—too tired to try any more—not hungry but half faint.

"I must think," he told himself sternly, "I must plan how to get out of here." But he could not think. He had flashes of clarity when he saw the face of that beautiful girl going away with Mrs. Shipman. He saw her very clearly and he remembered her name—Jenny Barchet. But what could he do for her? Where was she now?

On the morning of the twelfth day, or the thirteenth—he had lost all count—the door suddenly opened and three American sailors were thrust into his cell. He had been sitting on the edge of the bed, his head sunk in his hands, trying to think. They came jostling in, one pushing the other from the pushing guards behind them and then the door clanged and the lock screeched. He looked up.

"Quit pushing," he said irritably.

A sailor laughed with fury. "Here's a nice welcome from a fellow sufferer—'Quit pushin'," he says!"

"And I mean *quit pushing!*" Daniel repeated with great effort and distinctness. Today his eyes did not focus quite clearly. He was not sure whether there were three sailors or four.

"The fellow is sick!" one of them exclaimed. He was white-haired. "Here, you—eat a piece of this!"

The old sailor put into his hand a piece of moldy chocolate. But after the thin insipid rice gruel it tasted good and Daniel chewed it eagerly.

"Haven't got—a drink?" he asked.

"Not a drop," the old sailor replied—"But here—here's my one treasure." He reached into his ragged sock and pulled out a paper. In the paper was a crushed cigarette and a package of matches with two matches left in it.

There was utter silence as he put the cigarette into Daniel's mouth and lit the match. The first one burned.

"There's luck," the old sailor said.

They stood for a moment, taking stock of what they saw.

"Poor diggin's," one of them said suddenly. He was a young boy, his beard blond and uneven on his chin. His blue eyes were haggard.

Daniel James did not answer. The tobacco was clearing his brain. He felt better than he had in days and suddenly he was ravenously hungry.

"You fellows bring in anything to eat?" he asked.

"Ain't you just had something?" the old sailor said in an injured voice.

"He means beefsteak and fried potatoes," the blond boy said. "He means

coffee and hot biscuits and peach ice cream. No, sir, we didn't think of it."

"Quit it," Dan said roughly. "I've been here—days."

"Sure thing," the blond boy said in a low voice.

And then suddenly, before he had time to ask them where they had come from or how they had been found and sent here, they heard the sound of steady marching along the cement floor, the marching of heavy leather-clad feet. The lock screeched again, a raucous voice shouted orders, and Japanese guards crowded into the room and pushed them out. Only Daniel, whose ankles were chained, was left. The Japanese shouted again and the stone-faced prison guard came in and stooped and with a key he unlocked the padlock that held the chains.

Oh, the blessed freedom of having those chains off! Daniel stood up, his ankles rubbed and bleeding, but free. Then the guards prodded him ruthlessly, and in a moment he was outside the prison, marching with the sailors down the corridor. He turned to the one next him.

"Where—" he began. But a sharp prick in his back stopped him. There would be no talking.

They marched in silence along the dark damp corridor. The stones beneath their feet were wet and the close air was bitterly cold with dampness. It lay on their flesh like a wet garment, and its cold stink crept into their nostrils. No one spoke. There was the sound of their shuffling feet and the heavy breathing of the guards. Daniel James glanced at the short stocky guard at his side. Why did they all breathe through their mouths and breathe so hard? He caught the man's eye and saw the dull face contort into a hideous grimace whose meaning he did not comprehend. Was it a smile or only a bad boy's face?

He turned his eyes away from it, whatever it was, and then in a moment they came to the end of the corridor and then into the room where he had first been brought. Here a uniformed officer behind the desk examined them and compared them with photographs he had, wrote down their names and nodded with a harsh grunt. The door opened again and they were pushed into a closed truck and the door was shut and barred.

"Gosh!" the blond boy breathed, "where are we goin' now?"

The words were innocent enough, but the guard at his side turned on him in a gust of fury and seized him by the hair with both hands and shook him.

"Hey!" the blond boy yelled.

But the old sailor said in a low voice out of the corner of his mouth: "Take it, Mike—take it—you can get worse than a hair pullin'."

IT WAS over in a moment. The truck turned and threw the guard half off his feet and he sat down, red and panting. No one spoke then until the truck stopped and the door was unbarred. They filed out, and Daniel saw the house where he had left Jenny Barchet and Mrs. Shipman. In less than five minutes he was back in the room where he had stood with them. It was empty, but the guards forced them together in a line before the desk, and then stood at right angles, their guns on the floor, bayonets fixed, watching them.

In this strange silence they waited. The room was spotlessly clean. The mahogany of the desk shone in the sunlight of the morning. Daniel had not known until now that it was morning, but the silver desk clock said quarter to eleven. Someone had put a blue porcelain dish of blooming Chinese lilies beside the



lock. He could smell the faint sweet fragrance of them as he waited, and reathing in that odor he felt exhausted with hunger and weariness and he gathered his strength together to keep from sinking to the floor where he stood. If he fell, he was sure that he would be helped up with a bayonet.

Then suddenly the door opened smartly, a cheerful voice broke off its conversation, and Shigo Kuyoshi came into the room. He looked extremely handsome. He had put on a new gray suit which a Chinese tailor had just finished, and he wore a new silk shirt of pale gray with a pin stripe in it. The wine red of his tie, made of Chinese satin brocade, threw into clarity the clear pallor of his skin and his fine black eyes and smooth black hair. He looked well fed and as though he had slept well, and as he passed them to take his seat behind the desk the smell of perfume came from him.

"Good morning," he said cheerfully. In their silence he sat down and looked at them, his smooth oval face smiling and quizzical. "You haven't slept well, I fear," he said.

None of them answered. Their eyes, blue, gray, brown—American eyes—were fixed on his face. There was no fear in any of them, only cautious readiness for whatever might happen.

"I have seen you before, Lieutenant," Shigo said gaily to Daniel. "Excuse me for disturbing you again. But the fact is I have a special job for you—one that only you can perform. Please—stand to one side." He threw a command at the guards and two of them stepped forward and jerked Dan by the arms and pulled him a few feet from the others.

"As for you," Shigo said sharply to the sailors, "what were you doing, hiding in a Chinese brothel?"

The sailors did not answer.

"Didn't you know you were supposed to report yourselves?" Shigo demanded. There was still no answer.

"Answer, if you please!" Shigo said imperiously.

"We didn't know it was a brothel when we went in," the blond boy said slowly. "We was wanderin' around the

city like, and a couple of girls told us to hurry up and hide—there was Japs comin' down the street. After that we just kept hidin'."

"A pleasant place to hide," Shigo retorted. "I suppose you planned to stay there for the duration?"

The blond boy stared at him. His fine skin, dirty and unwashed, flushed. "I don't understand Jap talk," he said coldly.

"Leave him alone, Mike," the old sailor growled. "Take what's comin' and keep your mouth shut."

"A wise man," Shigo said pleasantly. "a very wise man. But you see, my friend, I happen to want him to talk. Now, you, Blond Beast, what's your name? No, Blond Beast, that is good enough for you—tell me why you were wandering about the Chinese city. How is it you did not know that it was dangerous for you? Perhaps you were deserters from your ship?"

The blond boy looked at him with flaming blue eyes and pressed his lips together. Shigo flicked his eyelids and a guard stepped forward and with a quick jerk left the boy's arm hanging in a strange contortion.

IT HAPPENED so quickly that none of them could see how it was done. The boy gave a yell of agony, and there it was. His face went white and he rocked back and forth.

Daniel sprang forward. The guards jerked him back and he hit out at them. His anger made him suddenly strong.

"Come on, fellows!" he shouted. At his word the sailors sprang together. They fell upon the guards and two were knocked down. But quicker than they could proceed, Shigo had touched a bell. Instantly through the building an alarm sounded. Every door to the room opened and guards came pouring into the room. They were encircled by the enemy. In a moment it was over. Leather thongs trussed their arms to their sides. The blond boy had fainted and he lay on the floor, his broken arm upthrust.

"How foolish this is," Shigo said gently. "how unnecessary!"

(To be continued next week)

## Recipe for deep, restful sleep-

**WAR-TIME EFFICIENCY DEMANDS IT.** Enjoy sumptuous luxury and supremely healthful comfort too. Sleep on a gorgeous new Serta 4A Tuftless Mattress. Don't delay. Have your Serta dealer show you this remarkable mattress today. Also see Serta 1A, 3A and Tiny 4A mattresses, matching box springs, couches. Here are five outstanding features of the new Serta 4A Tuftless Mattress:

*Velvety, smooth, softness*—no tufts, no bumps, no hollows to disturb you.

*Two luxurious mattresses built in one.* Soothing posturized support—promotes easy, healthful relaxation.

*Longlasting comfort*—reinforced inner roll—never shift, never stretch construction.

*Sertaseptic coverings*—long-wearing, permanently germ and odor repellent.

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PERFECT SLEEPER  
MATTRESS



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CANADA, \$42.50



"My sister Helen said to entertain you. Want a hug?"

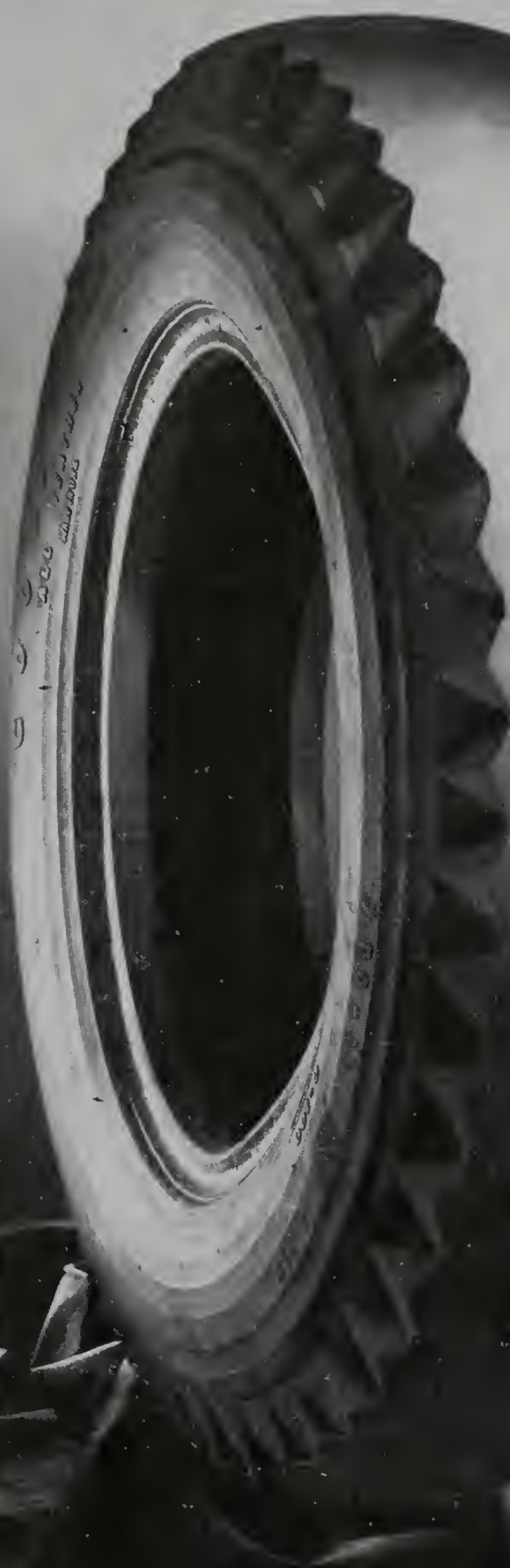
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SERTA ASSOCIATES, INC., EXECUTIVE OFFICES: 666 LAKE SHORE DRIVE, CHICAGO  
30 Leading Mattress Manufacturers from Coast to Coast and in Canada



FROM OUR GALLERY OF GOODYEAR VETERANS



**STILL IN SERVICE—AFTER 43,150 MILES**

This actual photograph of one of Mr. Schroeder's Goodyears shows how all four look today. After 43,150 miles, treads are worn down, but evenly—evidence he has kept wheels aligned and balanced. Freedom from sidewall breaks shows he has maintained proper inflation. No cupping indicates proper brake adjustment.

★If you can't fight you can  
BUY MORE WAR STAMPS AND BONDS





# Takes WARTIME to show how good TIRES are



As a Goodyear dealer I've always talked plenty about the extra value in Goodyear tires.

Maybe in ordinary times some people thought that was just "sales talk," even if it did come from the heart.

But it's different today — now my customers are telling *me* how good Goodyears are!

## New Yorker calls it "Unbelievable"

Just to show how quality proves itself in wartime, take the case of Mr. Walter W. Schroeder, Belcher Road, Hartsdale, New York. Back in 1940 I sold him a set of four Goodyear All-Weathers.

To date these Goodyears have run 43,150 miles — and they're still good for several thousand miles, as the picture shows. "It's unbelievable,"

Mr. Schroeder told me. "I never imagined tires could be safely driven so far."

I told him it wasn't so unusual; that the home office has records of many Goodyears still in service after going fifty, sixty thousand miles and even more. Now that folks have to get everything out of their tires they're discovering how much extra mileage has always been built into Goodyears.

## What about future tires?

That's going to be true, too, when you can buy tires built of Goodyear's own synthetic rubber, Chemigum.

I don't know when they'll be ready — maybe in another year. But I do know this: the tire-building "know how" that has made Goodyears the world's first-choice tires for 27 years will insure the same standout service from them.

So if you've got Goodyears now, you've

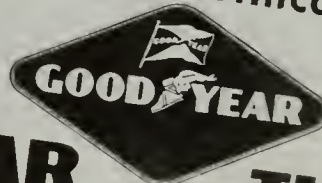
got tires that are worth taking care of. You should see your Goodyear dealer right away and have your tires inspected. You'll get a real reward in extra mileage if you follow wartime driving rules. And when treads wear smooth, a Goodyear factory-method recap job will add thousands of miles' longer wear.

See for yourself, and as the months roll by you'll find yourself saying, like millions of others, "*As soon as I can buy new tires again, you can bet they will be Goodyears!*"

## IMPORTANT—IF YOUR TIRES ARE READY FOR RECAPPING

Quality workmanship and materials are just as essential in recapping as in new tires. The facilities of Goodyear's coast-to-coast system of factory-method recapping plants are available to all Goodyear dealers. Your work is done by tire experts — using "natural shape" molds that prevent tire distortion and insure a longer-wearing rebuilt job.

ON SALE NOW  
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WAR

TIRE

\$13.25\*  
6.00x16

plus Federal Tax  
\*subject to change without notice.

It's not as good a tire as our prewar Goodyears, but it's the best tire that can be made from regenerated rubber. First quality prewar cord carcass — plus the priceless ingredient of Goodyear experience. Delivers long and honest service. Sold only with certificate — get application from any Goodyear dealer.



# GOODYEAR

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER





Dr. Frank Bruce Robinson in a moment of repose, "catching spiritual impulses." Out of his "talks with God" has developed a profitable religion, Psychiana. It has paid the doc off handsomely, including his pride and joy, the 700-pipe organ, on which he makes recordings to sell to his followers

# The Shepherd of Moscow, Idaho

By John Kobler

Psychiana is both a business and a religion. Its founder, Dr. Frank B. Robinson, has put his hometown on the world map and himself in clove. And it all began with a little chat with God.

OF ALL the formulas for quick victory, perhaps the most original—certainly the one involving the least bother—is known as the American Fifth Column. It promises Hitler's collapse in a twinkling, and the only effort required consists of intoning the following rubric three times a day: *The unseen forces of God are bringing about the speedy defeat of the Axis.*

The genius behind this strategy is Doctor Frank Bruce Robinson, who for fourteen years has been selling a spiritual cure-all called Psychiana. Doc, who claims frequently to have chats with God, circulates thousands of pink post cards pleading with people to join his mystical blitzkrieg. The post cards also carry a plug for Psychiana, and replies to them augment Doc's files of prospective customers.

"If ten per cent of the population belonged to the American Fifth Column," he figures, "the war would end overnight. As it is, I have thirty-five hundred signatures and I'm not sure that won't do it. Ever since the movement started, the Axis has taken a beating."

To the high priest of a cult with 2,000,000 followers and a fat annual gross, winning a war overnight is difficult only in degree. Take Doc himself. In his buckeye ads, now appearing in 700 newspapers and 86 magazines, he proclaims

## I TALKED WITH GOD

(Yes, I did—actually and literally, . . . Before I talked with God, I was perhaps the world's No. 1 failure . . . and now?—well, I own control of the largest afternoon daily newspaper in North Idaho. I own the largest office building in my city. I drive two beautiful cars. I own my home, which has a lovely pipe organ in it, and my family are provided for after I'm gone. . . .

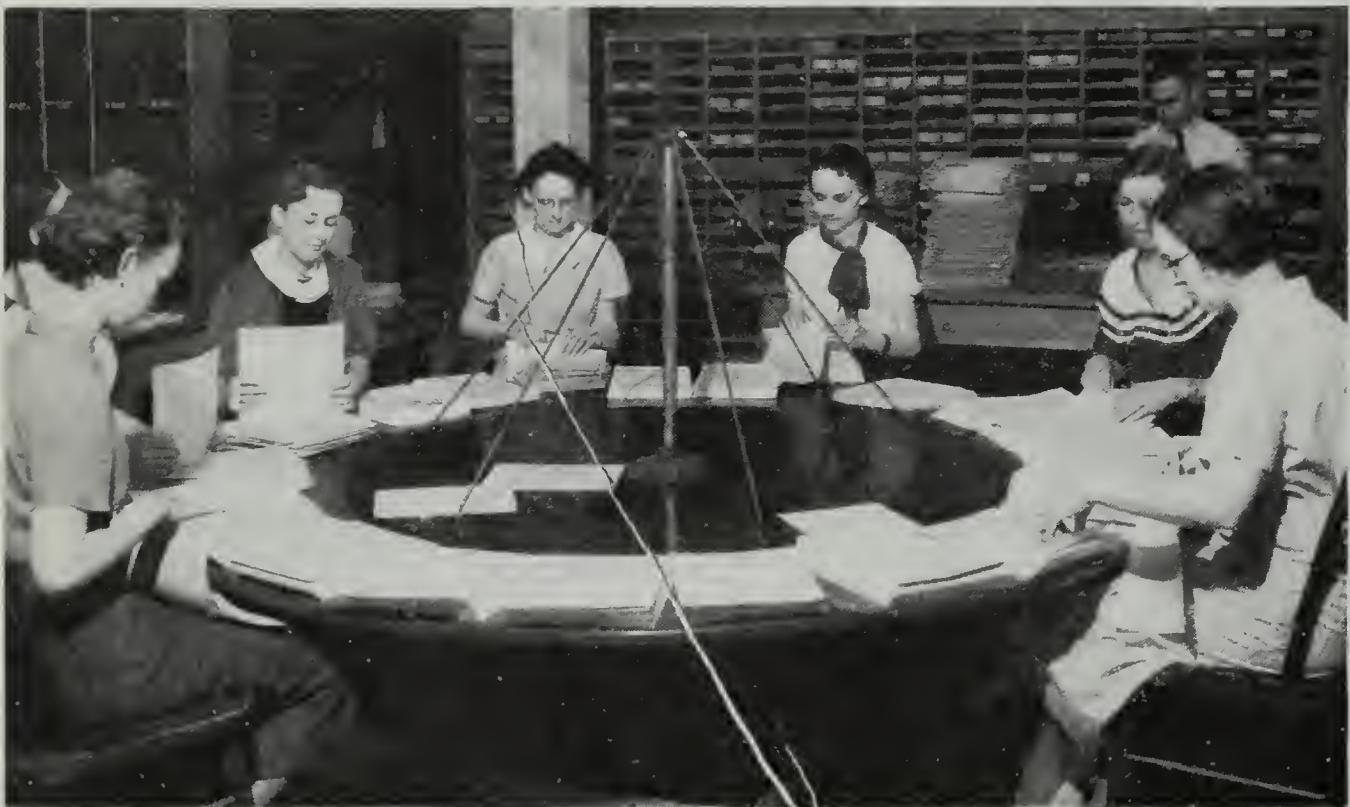
And that isn't all. The unseen forces, manifesting themselves through Doc, so he reports, have enabled him to summon his dog through two locked doors, to cause goldfish to leap in and out of their bowl, and to discuss politics with his mother, who's been dead for forty-eight years.

Among its other distinctions, Psychiana is the only mail-order religion in the world. It guarantees satisfaction within 45 days or your money back. Specifically, it purveys a series of 20 lessons in how to talk with God at \$28 (\$8 off for cash); three advanced courses at \$10, \$40 and \$100; fifteen books at \$1 to \$5; one-dollar Psychiana emblems, and 40-cent phonograph records with Doc talking on one side and playing the organ on the other.

Boiled down to essentials, this multimillion-word gospel preaches the literal existence on earth of a Power, variously called the Great Without, the God-law, the Living God, and sometimes just plain God. Anybody can use it to attain his heart's desire. All he has to do is to believe in it. To set the Power in motion, Doc prescribes a set of simple, Coué-like exercises. For example, you repeat 30 to 100 times, "The Living God is making me whole." Then, *jump suddenly to your feet* and say three times out loud the same statement, clenching your fists at the same time.

"You will have a 'flash' from the skies, one might say, and you will be supremely happy, I assure you," Doc maintains, adding cautiously, "I cannot say to you definitely when this experience will come—maybe months or years."

As proof, he cites testimonials from "students." A St. Louis housewife attributes a whole sequence of little family miracles to the Power: "Before, my (Continued on page 62)



Psychiana requires a staff of twenty-three, and a mechanically rotating table, to assemble the 25,000,000 pieces of literature mailed annually. Doc Robinson, dictating, thinks best in his shirt sleeves. He promises students a "flash from the skies;" carefully refrains from saying how soon





# ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ WARNER BROS. ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ WANT THEM ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ TO BE DANDY!

**Y**es-siree! Spare time's sure at a premium nowadays. So when you've spared an hour for the Movies we want you to be mighty glad you had. That's why Warner Bros. are on an all-out basis on the entertainment front. All day every day, all of us who *are* Warner Bros.—actors, writers, directors, technicians—have one purpose and one only; to give you the kind of entertainment that raises your spirits, lifts your chin,

and helps brighten things for any day ahead.

'Yankee Doodle Dandy', say those who have seen it, is that kind of Warner Picture again.

*[They tell us it's a new landmark on our own private pathway of progress which started 'way back when the Warners introduced the talking picture itself.]* We're glad that

people feel that way about 'Yankee Doodle Dandy'—because if they feel that way they feel good, and that's the feeling we Americans are shooting for.



# ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ YANKEE ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ DOODLE ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ DANDY

NOW AT  
REGULAR  
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## AFTER THE WAR



## WILL YOU BE FISHING FOR FUN —OR FISHING FOR FOOD?

If we should lose this war, it COULD be that you'll be fishing for food instead of fishing for fun. If we should lose this war, it could be that you'll be fishing for food—for somebody else.

Freedom from want, freedom from fear, freedom to follow our chosen pursuits—these are what we are all fighting for. And these are the things that move men, money and management to turn out more and more of better fighting equipment.

Normally we devote our abilities to the manufacture of deluxe outboard motors that double the fun of boating. It is our business normally to help you "fish for fun." We can't help you to do so now because the Johnson plant is given over to war work (one hundred percent). "Sea-Horse precision" is now applied to war products. Johnson management and men are working

harder at this job than any at which they have ever worked before. All to the end that none of us will ever have to "fish for food."



JOHNSON MOTORS, 301 Pershing Road,  
WAUKEGAN, ILLINOIS

JOHNSON SEA-HORSES for **DEPEND**ability

DO YOUR DUTY • BUY WAR BONDS

## Feed the Starving Now

Continued from page 11

with questions from the exiled governments as to the foundation for this report. He was as puzzled as others, but was given an explanation that same afternoon. He received a visit from the Turkish ambassador, an old friend, who came to talk about another problem.

On being asked if the report was true and if he knew how it had come about, the ambassador replied that it was true and that he had brought it about himself. He said that although the Turks and Greeks had been age-old enemies, they had settled their quarrels and were both determined to go on being friends.

When disaster overtook Greece, and wholesale starvation spread throughout the country, the Turkish government considered it had a moral obligation to its neighbor; the ambassador was instructed to approach the British government and urge that relief operations be allowed for the Greeks. In due course, he received the customary reply, enumerating the usual arguments against any help for populations under Nazi occupation.

### Turkey Makes the First Move

This unfavorable reply was forwarded to Ankara, and, a short time later, came a telegram instructing the ambassador to inform the Foreign Office that on such and such a date, such and such ships loaded with food would sail from such and such ports in Turkey for such and such ports in Greece. This did the trick.

Most countries could not have carried it off in this way. But Turkey is a highly important neutral that could not be antagonized. Not only were the ships allowed to go through to their destination, but when experience proved that the operation involved no danger to the Allied armies, that it in no way benefited the Nazis, the volume of relief was increased, and financial facilities were provided by Britain and America. The whole operation was regularized by agreements set up by the Swedish and Swiss authorities and placed under the guardianship of the International Red Cross, exactly as the writers of this article had proposed eighteen months before.

Civilization may well be grateful to the Turks for opening the door to reason and compassion. The whole problem was bogged down in governmental refusal to examine the possibilities of relief. This was all the more baffling because the whole question of relief had been thoroughly tested during the last war by the feeding of ten millions of Belgians and Frenchmen living under the German armies of occupation.

Fortunately, the success of the Greek relief operation has served to confirm the experience of the last war and to demonstrate that it is possible to help our friends and allies without weakening the war effort. In the light of this, our government has come out categorically to defend Greek relief against criticism with the soundest of arguments. We have no hesitation in approving and applauding these arguments which are those we have been advancing for over two years.

With such a clear-cut governmental attitude having been adopted as regards the Greek problem, both compassion and loyalty dictate that we should try to do as much for other allies in desperate straits.

Time will prove how tragic was our failure to institute suitable measures of relief while we could still have saved

millions from tuberculosis, rickets, and physical and mental degeneration.

Recent reports give the following figures of combined meat and fat rations in some of the occupied countries:

Norway—3 pounds per person per month.

Belgium—2 pounds per person per month.

Poland—1½ pounds per person per month.

In the United States we consume an average of 20 pounds per person per month. The full horror of starvation in these Allied countries will not be brought home to us for years.

This situation is not "food shortage." It is *starvation*. Starved people degenerate in their resistance to disease, and such disease is rampant. There is typhus and tuberculosis in Polish cities. In one of the Belgian industrial districts recently surveyed, 30 per cent of the children are now tubercular—and an additional 40 per cent pretubercular. And there is an appalling increase in mortality of the children, the women, the aged and weak.

These are grim clinical figures and they represent more than cold figures. They represent children like yours and mine, with the same right to life and health and happiness, now slipping toward a miserable end for lack of food.

But a great ray of hope has come into their lives with the knowledge that at last food is being sent to the Greeks; that our authorities have recognized relief as desirable and workable. The hope of help, fast waning in the third winter of suffering, has revived in the belief that it will be their turn next. But the decision involves even more than dying children and starving millions.

If we take the right turning, we may save all that remains on the continent of Europe, that stands for what we stand for—the forces on which we must count if liberty and decency are to prevail again—for these nations are the only areas of freedom in Europe.

We make a grievous mistake if we assume that the small democracies are willingly leaving this problem to our decision. This is not the case. They feel strongly and bitterly on the subject.

### Norwegian Sailors Protest

One instance may be given: Since 1940, the Norwegian merchant fleet has been used to carry food and supplies to Britain and to fighting fronts. Only a few months ago, the Norwegian seamen in New York, through their organizations and unions, made strong representations to their government in regard to the food problem in Norway. After consultation with the authorities, they took the stand that they would not "at present" take drastic action and strike. They were, however, emphatic in saying that they did not propose to go home at the end of the war and "have to go to the churchyards and find the crosses of their dead ones who have died of hunger"; that in that case, their present efforts in the common cause would have been in vain.

If we take the wrong turning, we shall come one day to find a strange Europe in which our defeated enemies alone have health and stamina, in which our friends are weakened in health and character—and perhaps embittered. To take the wrong turning is to adopt the course best calculated to thwart our own efforts at building a better world after the war.

We are fundamentally a just people



and we want to have our country take the right course. It might be well to put ourselves in the place of people in occupied territory looking across the table at starving children and try to imagine how they feel.

They know that relief is feasible, for many of them owe their lives to its successful operation in the last war.

They know a great part of their food comes from overseas in peacetime and that they cannot hope to live unless it is allowed to come from overseas again.

They know the Greeks are being fed and that they, too, could be fed; and they have the bitter knowledge that the enemy in Germany always has the option of surrendering if they do not want to starve, but that the allies of Britain and the United States are deprived of even this miserable privilege; that they are helpless and must starve if the blockade continues.

They are not moved by broadcast promises that they will be fed when the war is over or when they have thrown off the Nazi yoke. They know they will be fed when the war is over, but that does not save their children from starvation now.

#### Help Must Not Be Delayed

We must be honest with ourselves to the extent of remembering that these wretched people are our allies and that they have a claim upon our loyalty and help; that it does not suffice to tell them they will be fed when the war is over and leave them to their fate in the meantime. If we proceed logically from the Greek experiment, we shall be following a course worthy of our high tradition in such matters.

There is no doubt in our minds that the American people desire that these people be helped. There are ample facts to support this statement. It is worth while to review some history of the efforts to save these people during the present war. The effort to secure our government's attention to this matter was

supported by 2,000 committees of leading citizens of the United States under the leadership of the Committee on Food for the Small Democracies—itsself a committee of 1,000 leading citizens.

Our Congress has long been on record. A joint resolution was introduced into both houses of Congress requesting the President to take up the problem to see what can be done about relief for the small democracies. This resolution was signed by a clear majority of the House and by a large minority of the Senate, equally Democrats and Republicans.

From the beginning, the major religious organizations have supported the idea of relief—Methodists, Baptists, Lutherans, Catholics, Jews and many others. There were some minor and vociferous church leaders devoid of pity, who opposed it. They must have been surprised to see the non-Christian Turk take an effective stand for compassion.

Finally in December, 1942, the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America added to the record by passing a resolution favoring action to save the peoples of the small democracies.

It may be added that in October, 1942, the Church of England, previously opposed, began to be moved. The High Chamber of the Synod of Canterbury, meeting in London, unanimously voted an order of the day which calls the attention of the British people to the tragic situation of the invaded countries. This resolution was proposed by the Right Reverend George K. A. Bell, Bishop of Chichester, who spoke of the misery of the Belgians and the Greeks. The Archbishop of Canterbury, who presided over the meeting, stressed the fact that competent authorities realize that vitamins or powdered milk, even if allowed through the blockade, would not suffice to save those who should be helped. He concluded by emphasizing the need for an effort to bring about some improvement in this dreadful situation.

For a long time, the refusal to allow relief—even of an experimental charac-



"They'll ask you to swear to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, but that's just a matter of form"

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WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

*Heritage of Hospitality*



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## Miller's

### HIGH LIFE

Today, at a time when men share fine refreshment as well as heart-formed ideals — there is an age-old familiar symbol of welcome, the bright-glow of MILLER HIGH LIFE. Look for this cordial MILLER greeting and enjoy taste-satisfaction with this truly fine beer.

Brewed the slow, gentle way.

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## New under-arm Cream Deodorant safely Stops Perspiration



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Now more than ever before guns are difficult to buy and military rifles are precious. So use Hoppe's No. 9 to keep YOURS clean—accurate—free from primer, powder and metal fouling—and safe from rust.

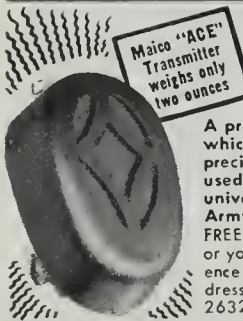
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will do the job right. At your Dealers or Army Exchange, or send 10c for sample. "Gun Cleaning Guide" FREE for the asking. . . . Write

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ter—reposed upon a single statement made in the House of Commons by Mr. Churchill in August, 1940. In answer to a question, he stated in plain, blunt language that there would be no relief—and this was stated as a matter of British policy.

We can recognize that this statement was made at a time when Britain was herself in a desperate situation. Churchill was carrying on under great anxieties and pressures, when it was not easy to concentrate on any problem aside from the immediate problem of survival. However, there have been many developments since that time, and in view of these, particularly the success of the Greek experience, it may well be that Mr. Churchill himself would be ready to reconsider the whole problem from the broader aspect of saving our allies.

But in August, 1940, it did not appear in that light to the small democracies and their officials. They were frankly shocked that a problem involving the lives of millions of their citizens should be disposed of as a matter of British policy. There they were, recognized as Allied governments, contributing their armies, navies and air forces, their merchant marine, the resources of their colonies to the common effort. It seemed to them not unreasonable to look upon this as an inter-Allied problem which should not be settled out of hand without their being heard. But that is how it was settled and how it remains settled.

For a long time, our American government acquiesced—unwilling to say or do anything that might embarrass Britain in her epic ordeal. Even when we began participating in the struggle with Lend-Lease, we continued to treat this as a British problem and to refer the official and unofficial advocates of relief back to the original source of refusal. But with Pearl Harbor, our status definitely changed. We became allies not only of Britain but also of the small democracies.

Since that time, we have had a more direct responsibility. We can no longer shrug it off with the assertion that this is a British problem, although anybody advocating relief is, even today, laying himself open to the charge of being anti-British. Curiously enough, this charge is not leveled against the many British subjects and British organizations professing the same views.

This is not a British problem. We Americans are also blockading these people. It is an Allied problem, and we are an ally. From the form of the recent announcements, it would appear that the relief problem had been transferred from London to Washington.

### "To Save a Heroic People"

As Americans, we can be glad that once the Greek experiment proved itself practical, our government came out with an unreserved statement of the facts. On August 3, 1942, Mr. Sumner Welles, Undersecretary of State, wrote a letter to the president of the Greek War Relief Association, expressing the satisfaction of the American government with what he described as "feasible attempts, with adequate safeguards, to save a heroic people from annihilation." On August 7, 1942, the State Department issued a statement to the press giving further details of this successful operation.

These documents will be worth remembering, for time may show that they mark an important turning point in the history of humane action in this war. The conditions indicated for passage of supplies through the blockade are obviously similar to those tested by experience in the last war. The reservation to

the civil population of native crops and the condition that the work should stop in the event the Nazi authorities violated their agreements are the same we suggested in submitting the plan eighteen months ago. The statements of our government constitute an eloquent appeal for public support of Greek relief.

The declaration from our State Department goes far beyond the Greek problem. It disposes officially of the arguments previously advanced against relief operations in general and would seem to open the door for the other small democracies.

All the arguments in favor of relief having been proved up to the hilt in actual practice in Greece, on what conceivable ground can we refuse to do as much for our other allies? What answer can we make to the Belgians, for instance, when they ask why we left them to starve, after establishing all over again in this war that they could be helped without danger to the war effort?

This whole problem has been so distorted by propaganda that our national thinking needs to be straightened out before we can hope to make sensible decisions. We need a mental and moral housecleaning.

We owe it to ourselves to look at this problem from the humane point of view, to recognize that this is no cold question of figures, but a problem affecting the lives of suffering women and children, depending on us if they are to be saved from lingering death. If there were no other reasons for feeding these people, compassion for their suffering should be enough. In the parable of the Samaritan, the greatest leader of mankind did not inquire into political consequences.

A letter just received gives a striking account of a visit to a Belgian village: "I went on an independent mission to Belgium; I took an ambulance into Belgium, filled with food that had been given to me by Americans leaving Paris.

"Conditions as I found them in the few towns of Belgium I was able to visit were far worse than described. I had not expected to be greeted on my arrival like a savior angel or anything; on the other

hand, I did not expect what I saw. In the first town I entered, Douache, a town of maybe 5,000 people, I think, the inhabitants stood on the market square, completely quiet, completely immobile until the ambulances stopped; then they threw themselves at us, tearing our clothes into shreds, several times almost upsetting the ambulances in their effort to reach the food.

"When, through the window of one of the cars, I screamed for them to be quiet, a woman in a momentary silence answered, 'Quiet? It is easy for you to say quiet; our children are starving—starving, do you hear?' And at that, the whole thing started all over again, only worse.

"Finally the five town elders managed to get them to line up and wait until their turn came. I visited many houses in this town; a woman told me that the death rate until then was something near 560; but I gather that in those, she included the children and old people who had been paralyzed and blinded. I remember her also pointing at a child with a water stomach, saying 'Il est mort,' though the child was not actually dead."

### The Case Against Relief

For more than two years, there has been a systematic campaign carried on to defeat the relief movement. This campaign has been characterized by irresponsible and reckless talk, deliberate misrepresentation of fact, and hysterical denunciation. One of the basic claims of the antirelief people was that they were defending the British blockade against those who sought to break it down.

Another stand-by is the statement that the exiled governments of Belgium, Norway, Holland and Poland are opposed to relief for their people. This is nothing less than a clumsy lie—although by dint of repetition, it has gained considerable credence.

Another assertion is that the people in occupied territory are opposed to relief—that they would deplore the sending of food. Does it sound strange that



"I have something for you, if you gentlemen will share a room"

COLLIER'S

BARBARA SHERMUND



5 WAYS TO GET

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... as shown by actual cases from U. S. F. & G. files



## SLIPS ON ICE, SUES FOR \$10,000

It was only a small patch of ice on the sidewalk, but Mrs. — of New York State valued her injuries at \$10,000 when she slipped. It would have meant financial loss and courtroom headaches for the property owner, but thanks to a public liability policy with U. S. F. & G. the owner was protected and relieved of trouble and expense. You may get a jolt if someone is injured on your premises and sues you for damages.



## PLATE GLASS WINDOW SMASHED BY CAR

The shopkeeper wasn't pleased to have an automobile in his display window . . . because it had skidded in, out of control. But within 24 hours U.S.F.&G. had replaced the broken . . . but insured . . . glass. The life of display windows averages 8 years, and the cost of plate glass has been rising. You may get a jolt if your plate glass windows are smashed . . . and not insured.



## ONE BURGLARY CAUSES 30 CLAIMS

Pity the poor tailor! Not only was his shop burglarized, but he was faced with 30 irate customers demanding full value for their stolen clothes. Fortunately his burglary insurance with U.S.F.&G. paid all of the claims. Today, with crime on the increase, you may get a jolt in the pocketbook unless you are adequately insured against burglary, robbery and similar hazards.



## HOW SHIPPING CLERK EMBEZZLED \$34,500

When a shipping clerk turned salesman, stealing merchandise and selling it, he cleared \$34,500. His employers were only partially covered, having failed to take the amount of fidelity insurance recommended by their U. S. F. & G. agent. So the partly insured employers had to assume a large portion of the loss. If war is making you use new and untried workers, you may get a jolt unless you review your insurance in the light of today's conditions.



## INJURED BY EXPLODING BOTTLE

Just three days after he mailed his U.S.F.&G. agent a check for the premium on a new \$10,000 accident and health policy, a ginger ale bottle exploded, completely blinding the insured in one eye. The U.S.F.&G. paid the claim. You may get a jolt from injury or illness unless you carry adequate accident and health insurance.

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To help you avoid serious financial jolts, your local U. S. F. & G. agent places at your disposal knowledge of insurance and how to use it—plus on-the-spot service in the payment of losses. He will be glad to make a Graphic Audit of your present insurance program—to help you guard against wartime risks which make an insurance audit imperative. Your U. S. F. & G. agent is one of thousands serving communities great and small throughout the United States, its possessions, and Canada. Consult him today.

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starving people should take such a stand? But the zealous campaigners say they have thousands of letters from occupied territory protesting against relief.

Has anybody seen *one* of these letters—to say nothing about thousands of them? The writers of this article have not, although they have expressed their incredulity and their readiness to be convinced. On the other hand, they have seen multitudes of letters, cables and resolutions of all the relief agencies inside those countries—all of them praying for relief in terms the pathos of which would melt stone; *not one* clamoring to be allowed to starve to death or even expressing doubt as to the feasibility of relief.

American thinking has been confused by many leaflets and statements emanating from officials who are sadly uninformed on the subject.

## An Unfortunate Utterance

For instance, at the last Herald Tribune Forum, an official of the British embassy in Washington made the categorical statement that "the conquered allies have never asked for the blockade to be lifted."

It is unfortunate that an important official should be sent out to make speeches without being more adequately informed as to the facts. In this case, the authors of this article could have furnished the speaker with documentary proof that many of the conquered allies have not stopped asking that the blockade be lifted to let food through to their peoples.

Another so-called objection to relief is the statement that such matters should be left entirely to the military. Judging

from the expressions of military leaders, that might be a good way of securing favorable action. Here are two of them:

General Pershing:

"I wish to send my greetings to those who are endeavoring to find a method by which food supplies can be furnished to the democracies in Europe occupied by the German armies. There is no doubt that millions are in jeopardy unless they are given aid from somewhere. From my own war experience and some knowledge of problems involved, I have every confidence that the salvation of these people can be worked out along the lines proposed by Mr. Hoover without military loss or benefit to either side."

Admiral Pratt:

"I have no hesitation in saying that this aid can be given under Mr. Hoover's proposals, without any damage to Great Britain. Taking the long view of the future of constructive forces in the world and America's relation to it, it is of vital importance to America that Mr. Hoover's plans be carried through."

With all these voices, with the actual successful experience in Greece, why wait longer to express the compassion of the American people and their solicitude for the future of civilization in Europe?

Our government has taken an admirable step in appointing ex-Governor Herbert Lehman of New York to organize American aid to reconstruction from the war. It would seem that the first step in this great task is to save the small democracies from future destruction. This would be a glorious inauguration of his mission. It would justify the religious faith for which we are fighting—for that faith lives only through action and compassion.

THE END

## Wing Talk

Continued from page 8

his commanding officer, hearing of it, warned him not to try it under dire penalties. The flier fretted under the prohibition.

Then a few days later, the air command received a combat assignment. An enemy submarine was lying outside, attacking approaching Allied supply ships. American planes made several attacks without sinking the enemy craft. The United States fighter commander then loaded a 500-pound bomb on each of his P-39s and set out after the enemy pigboat.

They got it on the surface and blew it sky-high. Every bomb, it seemed, found its mark. Coming back, the American air commander was feeling very good. He had carried out his mission successfully. Then his wingman asked over the radio, "Hey, Skipper, how about flying under that bridge?"

It might not have been good squadron discipline, but the skipper relented. Down went the pilot. He made a clean sweep through the arch—barely wide enough for his wings—and came in smiling, more tickled about this than sinking the submarine.

Yes. You're right. That's why we're winning the war.

ATTACK, they say, is the best defense. Two Allied pilots found this out in a meeting with some Jerries over the Mediterranean recently. One of them was Captain Reade Tilley, 24-year-old Army Air Forces flier formerly with the Eagle Squadrons of the R.A.F. Tilley is back in this country after two and a half years flying for Britain, part of the time from Malta.

Accompanied by a British pilot, Tilley went on a mission over Sicily and was returning to Malta when he sighted what he first thought were birds up ahead. In a few moments, they were on them. They were birds all right—50 Messerschmitts. The two R.A.F. pilots had about two seconds to decide what to do. If they went up, down, back, or to either side, they were lost.

So they did the only thing that gave them a chance. They flew straight into the Nazi formation. This put the German fighters at a disadvantage. If they fired at the R.A.F. planes, they would hit their own planes. In a flash, it was all over. The Spitfires were clear, heading for their home base, outdistancing the enemy planes, and two of the Messerschmitts burst into flames and crashed into the sea.

AMERICAN pilots of the Umpty-aught Bomber Group moved into their new British base. The new field looked all right, and their quarters seemed quite satisfactory. They were taking over the buildings and grounds of what had been one of England's best women's colleges in prewar days.

The officers took their belongings into the girls' dormitories. The rooms seemed good-sized, and the pilots occupied them by two's and three's. Suddenly, bells began to ring all over the halls. They went unanswered save for an adjutant who rushed over to see what was the matter. He went through the corridors and found why the fliers were ringing.

Behind every door, there was a button, with the sign: "Ring twice for the mistress."—John G. Norris.



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# WHERE WILL YOU GET YOUR Victory "Drive"?



**T**HIS war won't be won by the driving force of fighting men alone.

It's going to take the same "push" and efficient use of energy at home—in factories, mills, mines—in every useful task and occupation.

The way you eat has a lot to do with the way you discharge your part in the war-job. One of the essentials is for you to get adequate energy-foods.

By all means eat plenty of such essential foods as vegetables, fruits and eggs. But be sure, too, you get enough solid, substantial, stay-with-you foods such as milk, meat, potatoes and bread.

Bread, for example, is more than 50% carbohydrate

—a food element the body readily converts into energy. It is therefore one of our best energy-foods.

Especially is this so of enriched white bread because its carbohydrates are balanced with adequate Vitamin B<sub>1</sub>.

You don't have to turn to the dietary charts for proof of the value of bread in times like these. We had hardly gotten into the war when bread consumption began to increase—clear indication of how people instinctively turn to this basic food when energy requirements go up.

Your energy, your drive, is needed now. Plan your diet carefully—eat more bread every day.

## MAKE HARD-TO-GET FOODS GO FURTHER RATION-EASING RECIPE No. 1 BAKED TOMATO, BREAD AND CHEESE

6 slices bread	2 eggs
1 cup cheese cubes	1/2 teaspoon salt
2 cups tomato juice	1/8 teaspoon pepper
1 tablespoon minced onion	

Plenty of good useful vitamin foods here make a main dish that will serve 6 persons.  
Butter bread and cut into cubes; put cubes of bread and cheese in baking dish in alternate layers. Beat eggs slightly, add tomato juice, salt, pepper and onion. Pour over bread and cheese and bake in moderate oven at 375° F. for 50 minutes.

## MOST GOOD BREAD IS MADE WITH FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST

More commercially baked bread is made with Fleischmann's Yeast than with all other kinds combined, for reasons such as these:

1. Fleischmann pioneered the methods of yeast manufacture which make possible the uniformity, potency and dependable quality not only of Fleischmann's Yeast, but virtually all others as well.
2. More than 400 different strains of yeast, selected from thousands gathered all over the world, are kept under constant culture and study in Fleischmann's laboratories. This assures bakers of the yeast best suited to American flours, methods and conditions year after year.
3. Fleischmann research on vitamins brought about the yeast method of enriching bread with Vitamin B<sub>1</sub>.

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# Bread is basic



## They Do Feel Wonderful

Continued from page 14

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excluded. Her muscular little hands shook as she poured the coffee.

She sat down beside him again. "It can't make any difference to us, Hank," she said.

He was startled, as if she were putting into words something that he had left carefully unspoken. He tried to be flip: "Long war with short furloughs, Julie. Ever hear that absence makes the heart grow fonder for somebody else."

"Don't talk like that, Hank."

She pushed her cup away and placed her hands over his. Her hands were icy cold, but at the contact their trembling stopped. "Hank," she said, "about your going into the Army, that's all right. Only I think we ought to get married first. I couldn't ever love anybody else the way I love you."

They were both perfectly still for a minute. Then Hank said, "Let's get out of this hole so I can stand up and look at you."

They stumbled to their feet and stood facing each other in the middle of the kitchen floor.

"I want you to marry me," she said. "I love you."

Her eyes, light tawny brown, a little too wide set, were turned on him with a clear, earnest attention. She was open, she was without defenses, but she was not in the least abject.

If I refused her, he thought, she would still have her dignity. I might break her heart, but I couldn't nick her pride. "Well," he said, "don't say I didn't try to tell you better."

They moved forward and stood close in each other's arms. After a long time he drew back his head and looked down at her. "Funny thing," he whispered, "I feel as if I'd been tired for a long time and now I was rested."

"Yes," she replied, low, "I feel like that, too."

They were married within the fortnight.

THEY went to Washington, which had still, in that December, a few yards of floor space yet unoccupied. They took a two-room apartment in an old remodeled house in Georgetown, and they had four months together before he was sent out of the country.

They were both happy, but she was the happier, for she had been blessed from childhood with a valiant gift for living in the moment.

Their housekeeping was eccentric.

"I ought to keep things nicer," she would say dubiously, when the kitchen was a shambles and the living room was littered with misplaced clothes and tableware.

"Oh, kick it all under the sofa till the cleaning woman comes," he would say. "We haven't got the time."

Hank worked long hours, he could not always have dinner with Julie; but when he could, they often cooked together, experimenting wildly, delighted when the result was edible, laughing and throwing it down the incinerator and running out to the cafeteria, hand-in-hand, when it was not.

Occasionally they went dancing in the evening, but more and more often they stayed at home together, sometimes laughing and sometimes quiet, seldom talking very much, and increasingly in love.

Two months before he was to leave, Julie was quite sure about being pregnant. The idea had no immediate reality for Hank.

"Does it worry you?" he asked. "Do you mind?"

"Mind! Hank, you're just fooling, aren't you?"

He tried to think about it then, to make it real, but he couldn't, not with Julie so unchanged in body and spirits, slender and gay, her bronze hair flying as she pranced around the apartment to the music of her newest record.

Julie, on the other hand, accepted it with a sort of matter-of-fact bliss. Hank, she observed, said very little about it for a person who was always trying to talk about his feelings, but after all, there wasn't much you could say, actually.

"If it's a boy," she remarked one day, apropos of nothing, "I want to name him for you, Hank."

"Henry's a stuffy name," he replied. "I'd rather name him for my father, James Harper Shaw. Jim. He left my mother pretty comfortable for a man who died so young and didn't have much to start with."

She looked at her husband's face, the earnest eyes remembering the dead man. Good fathers make good sons, she thought, and good sons make good fathers. Hank will be a very good father. "Okay," she said. "Jim it is."

That was almost the only time that they ever spoke of the child as anything more than a factor in her health. ("Do you feel up to a hike like that?") "Why, sure, darling. I feel wonderful."

And when the telegram came to him, seven months later, in Alaska, his only feeling was a crashing wave of relief that Julie was well, Julie was all right. When his leave came, when he got back, the baby would be eight weeks old, and Julie would be feeling just like herself again, and they'd be together, and going ahead: with their life just where they left off. . . .

Just where we left off, he thought, watching the platform whirl by as his train pulled in. Just where we left off.

It was not likely that she could have got through to the platform, he told himself, preparing his hungry eyes for disappointment. Though perhaps, if she explained and coaxed, if she just slipped through—and there she was, there she was triumphantly past the gate and waiting, just as he had remembered her, with her face raised and her hair tossing back.

Only somehow it had never occurred

to him that perhaps the baby would be with her. His eyes, straining back as the car he rode in overshot the mark, stared with bewildered incredulity at the bundle on her shoulder.

Then he had his arms around her, his hands on her waist and her shoulders, remembering, his mouth on her mouth and all the forgotten darkness and peace pouring over him again.

Her voice came muffled under his lips: "Darling, look out for Jimmy!"

He drew back at once. The child in her arms was a pink and white bundle, a singularly small and unresponsive, though quite human, face showing at the upper end of it. A sudden misery of self-consciousness weighted Hank's cheeks.

"Hello," he said. "Look, I'm your father, Daddy."

"He'll catch on," said Julie, comfortably. "Had we better get a taxi?"

HANK'S hand went under her arm. She could feel a heightening in his spirits, as he led her, a rising pitch of gaiety. It takes you a few minutes to realize things when you've looked forward to them too long, she thought, sympathetically. The guess was loving but quite incorrect. Hank's gaiety was that of a man granted a reprieve. For he had suddenly remembered that in wartime Washington taxis are shared. It would be much easier, he was sure, if he was in their own house before he really had to take to the mat with the baby.

An elderly gentleman rode with them. They were the first to leave the cab. They were not alone until they stood inside their own home.

But the apartment looked strange, much bigger and very different. Hank set down his bags and looked around him slowly, his face deeply puzzled.

"Why," he said at last, in a tone of amazed discovery, "why, it's all picked up."

Julie, settling the baby in his laundry basket on the table in the sunny window where he spent the day, did not listen. He took a few steps into the room and stood still staring around him. "Why, look, darling," he said, "you didn't have to fix it all up for me. Why, you've worked terribly hard."

"Ahn? Nh?" asked Julie. She removed the safety pin from between her teeth. "What's that?" Then she understood and laughed. "Why, it's like this



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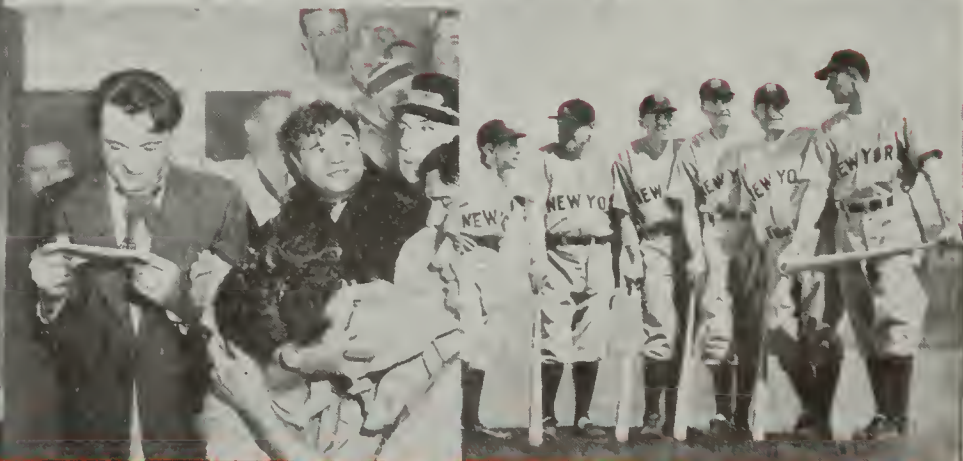


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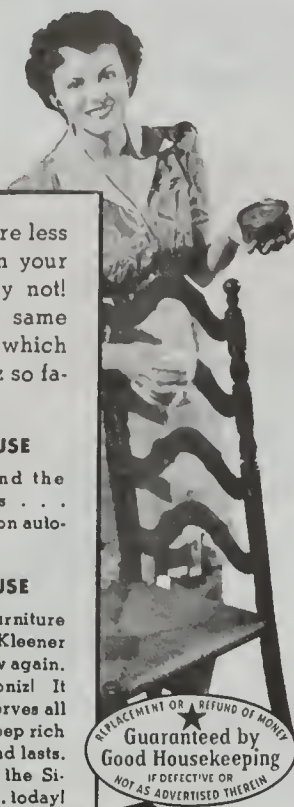
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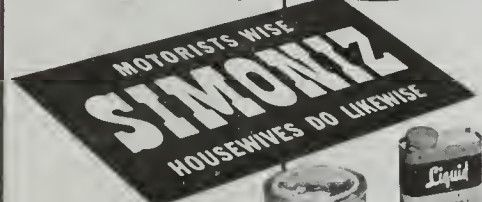
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Get Simoniz and the Simoniz Kleeners . . . same as are used on automobiles.

### HOW TO USE

Always clean furniture first with Simoniz Kleener to make it look new again. Then apply Simoniz! It protects and preserves all finishes. Gives deep rich luster that lasts and lasts. Get Simoniz and the Simoniz Kleeners . . . today!

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## CORNS GO while YOU carry on!

Doctor's 4-Way Relief  
Acts Instantly

- No Other Method Does All These Things For You!
1. Sends pain flying
  2. Quickly removes corns
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NOTE: If corns have formed, use the separate Medications supplied for removing them. For sore toes from tight shoes, the pads alone will give you immediate relief—another advantage of Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads over old-time caustic liquids and plasters. At Drug, Shoe, Dept. Stores. Cost but a trifle.

**Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads**

all the time, dear. I wrote you how I was catching on."

"All the time?" said Hank. He looked around him at the immaculate order, the hospital neatness, with eyes that were both incredulous and reproachful.

"I thought you'd be surprised," said Julie.

She crossed the room to him, putting her arms around him and holding up her face. They stood close against each other, lost in stillness. At last she turned her head aside and spoke. "Do you like spoon bread?" she said.

"What? Oh, I don't know. Why?"

"I was just thinking about getting supper."

"Oh, not tonight! Tonight we step out. Got to spend all the dough Papa dug up thar in the Klondike."

"But Hank, we can't. I've got things all planned and started, and besides it's too late to get a girl to stay with the baby."

"Won't he sleep? I mean, don't they go to bed early at that age?"

"Leave him alone? Hank, you're fooling!"

"Okay," said Hank curtly.

He was exasperated by the shocked voice, the assumption of authority. It was wrong, it was all out of keeping with his lovely girl and their warm, fluent life. It was a stock situation, the newlyweds and the baby, *The First Misunderstanding*.

"Well, maybe you'll be able to arrange it for tomorrow," he said shortly.

They stood still in the middle of the floor, staring at each other. What was it that was changed, he wondered. The sherry-brown eyes, the full mouth that he had remembered so vividly, they were the same, and the beautiful hair, and the rather stubby little hands, with their trick of lifting before her, in a gesture oddly graceful and artless. But her arms were fuller, like her breasts, and her face was a little thinner, the modeling in it more clearly articulated. The formless beauty of extreme youth was passing into an individual distinction, a greater loveliness.

BUT it was not the same, it was not what he had expected. It troubled him and put him off. His eyes returned to her lifted hands. "Didn't you use to put red stuff on your nails?" he asked, vaguely.

"Chips off too much, washing didies. I will again if it's the style when Jimmy's bigger." As she spoke her face kindled and softened, and she turned away, drawn back to the basket on the table. "Oh, look," she said. "Look, he's waking up."

Hank sauntered to her side and looked down. The baby had opened his eyes and was now studying a point in space somewhere above their heads.

"Ghli," said Jimmy. "Rghla. Hlla."

"Oh," said Julie, "oh, him says such smart things. Why him is so smart, I guess they all cry because they don't know as much as Jimmy. Yes, they do."

Hank put his hands in his pockets. "I thought they only talked like that to kids in comic strips and farces," he said. He sounded like someone talking to himself. "I thought it was a gag. Like Blondie and Dagwood." He walked to the pantry. "I'd like a drink before supper," he stated. "Is that still all right, or will I be setting my child a bad example?" His voice had a sharp edge.

Well, for goodness sake, thought Julie. She straightened her back and stood, her hands pressed against her thighs, thinking. "The gin's just what you left, dear," she replied, cheerfully, "and the bitters. But I got more vermouth, and the olives are in the icebox."

Well, she thought again. Of all things. He can't get used to the baby.

She drew her underlip between her teeth. Now what will I do? she thought. If we had time, I could just take time. But in two weeks!

She walked out into the kitchen and took her apron down from the hook. "Make one for me, too," she said. "And just wait till you see what comes after."

She was not at all sure of what to do, but that there was something to be done she never doubted. The sense of helplessness never assailed Julie. Only she hoped it wouldn't take what she called "managing." She didn't like managing people she loved.

Well, there wasn't anything to be done right then and there. Best thing to do now was just to get supper and enjoy having Hank there again.

Immediately she felt happy. "Darling," she said, "sit out here on the step-ladder and watch how wonderful I am about French-fried potatoes."

Hank, Martini in hand, felt suddenly relieved. At least she wasn't disappointed in him, she wasn't angry. Perhaps she hadn't even noticed how he didn't feel much one way or the other about the baby. He finished his drink and sat still in his corner, feeling the relaxing warmth rise slowly under his ribs, watching his wife, and smiling.

"When did you start wearing aprons?" he asked.

"Didn't I always? Well, they save cleaners' bills."

"Don't you want me to help you?" he asked, remembering their tremendous experiments.

She laughed easily. "Heavens, no, I want something fit to eat!"

The dinner was a success.

"Leave 'em, dear," he had said, as she started to clear away the dishes after they had eaten, and heard his mother's very words and forgotten intonations in Julie's brisk "Just as easy to get them done now and not have them staring us in the face at breakfast!"

And it was doubtless silly, he told himself, to feel this curious resentment over a well-cooked meal, a kitchen clean and in order, an apron hung back in its corner, waiting for morning.

"Darn it," he said suddenly, "even when you aren't noticing that child you look motherly. Can't we kick up our heels any more and be irresponsible? Look, Julie, we're just the way we used to be, aren't we?"

For answer she came and sat on his knees, kissing him, her hands on his back.

It was the same. Of course, it was the same. Only the baby had to have his bottle at ten, and then Julie was pulling off her stockings and saying briskly, "You won't mind waking up early? He gets his breakfast at six or he hollers."

"No," he said. "No, of course not."

But there it was again, that tone, that

new quality, coming between them, making love self-conscious, taking the spontaneous gladness away. Lovers can't live by the clock, he thought. And all the time, there was the baby, that embarrassing stranger. He found himself trying not to look in the direction of the basket. He was profoundly relieved to learn that it did not accompany them into the bedroom, but remained in the living room all night. For a little while, at least, they would be alone.

They were alone and they were happy. The forgotten words came back to their lips, the forgotten gestures, doubly sweet for being recaptured after disuse and long waiting.

Hank was smiling as he settled himself to sleep.

JULIE slept too, at first, but after a little time she started broad awake. I can't wait till morning, she thought. I've got to figure it out now.

The thing, is, she thought, I got to be a mother little by little, and if Hank had been here he would have got to be a father the same way, waiting. Real feelings don't come out of the air, they grow out of happenings. Like I wouldn't have got to love Hank if we hadn't walked home from the movies holding hands, and sat close together on the davenport looking at my snapshot book, and things like that.

She turned her head to look at her sleeping husband.

He feels so bad about not loving Jimmy, she thought. He thinks things just happen, the way they do in books, bang! and there you are. He hopes I won't notice. I never saw him scared before.

Pity and tenderness welled up in her.

Dear Hank, she thought, worrying about my apron, because it's all part of the same thing. But it's not as if he was one of these people that want to stay kids themselves. He'll be all right.

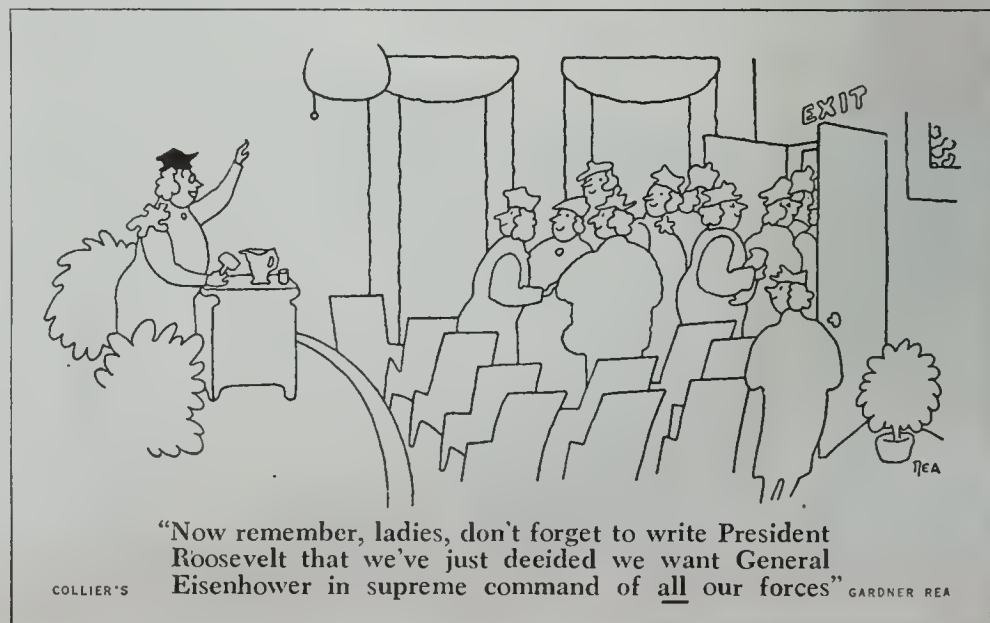
She closed her eyes again, calling up images. What is it about babies? she asked herself. Why do you love them?

Then she almost laughed aloud. Why, I know, she thought. They don't look like much at first, till you get used to them, but they feel so good. They do feel wonderful.

Yes, that was the clue. The rest would be easy. She settled herself to sleep again. But suddenly, once more, she was wide awake.

No. That's not all, she said to herself. The most important thing of all is how they need you. How they can't do anything for themselves, but you can. I could have him do things for Jimmy, but it wouldn't be enough, not if he knew I was right there and knew how better. He has to have Jimmy need him, too.

I could have a sick headache, I could burn my hands. . . . No, I won't. I've



"Now remember, ladies, don't forget to write President Roosevelt that we've just decided we want General Eisenhower in supreme command of all our forces"

COLLIER'S

GARDNER REA

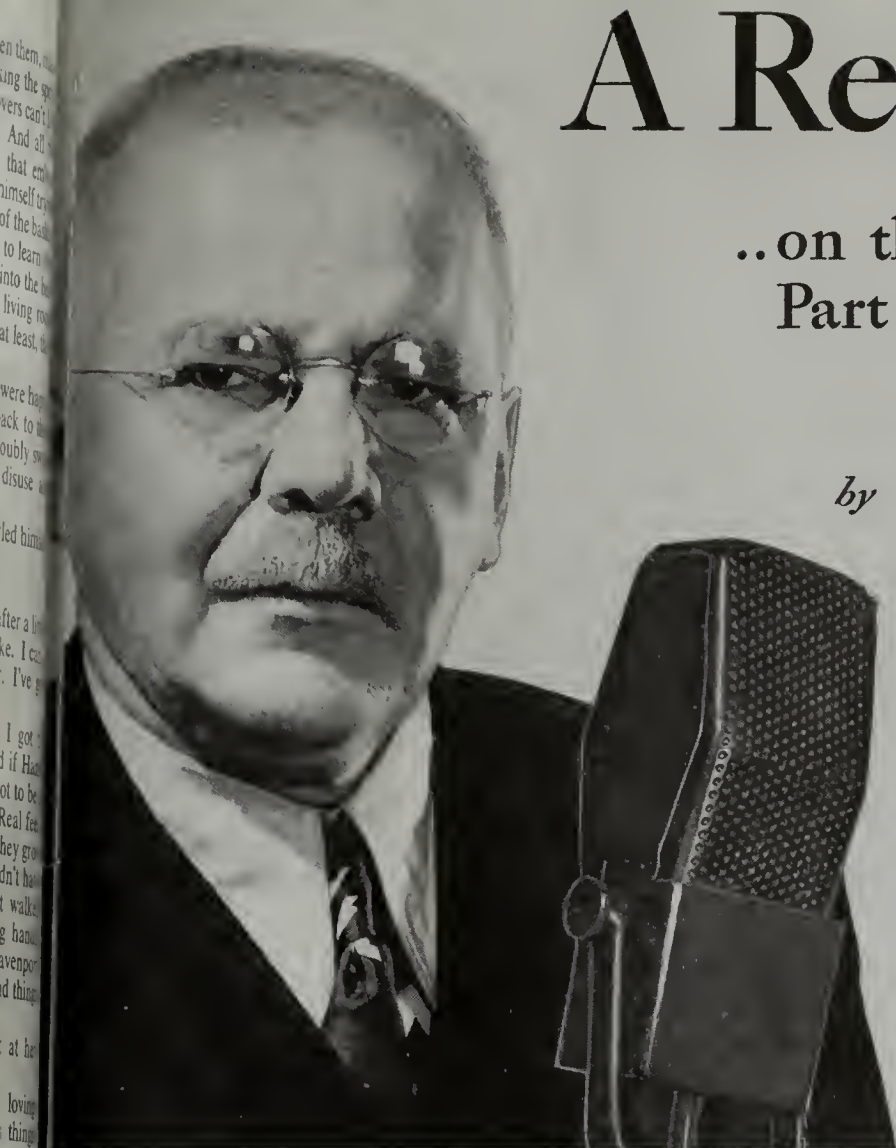


# A Report to the Nation

## ..on the Beverage Distilling Industry's Part in the War Effort...and the current Question of Rationing

by **H.V. Kaltenborn**

NOTED COMMENTATOR AND JOURNALIST



IN RECENT MONTHS I have received a number of letters from my radio and movie audience asking me this question... "Will our distilleries continue to produce alcoholic beverages during the war?"

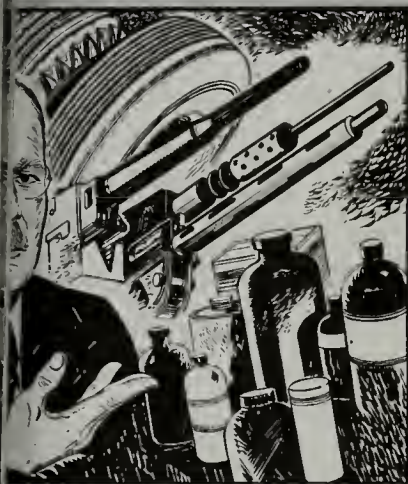
Frankly, I did not know the answer. I investigated and here is what I found out. No distiller is making whiskey today. The beverage distilling industry is engaged 100% in producing war alcohol for the government.

As a matter of fact, I discovered that individually and collectively the beverage dis-

tilling industry offered its facilities to the government one year before Pearl Harbor.

Here's another interesting point. While distillers have substantial stocks on hand, made during peacetime... enough to last three years... they have, in fairness to all, self-imposed a system of rationing. This will assure anyone interested in purchasing these products that a reasonable amount will be available over a period of time.

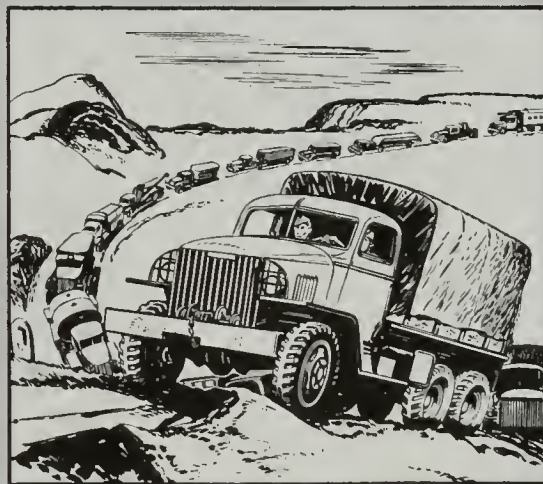
During my investigation I also learned the answers to several other questions. I am telling you about them below.



**1 Why is alcohol so important to production and how is it used?**  
Alcohol is a basic ingredient used in manufacture of smokeless powder, chemical warfare materials, medical supplies, and synthetic rubber. Half the government's 530,000,000-gallon quota is supplied by the beverage distilling industry.



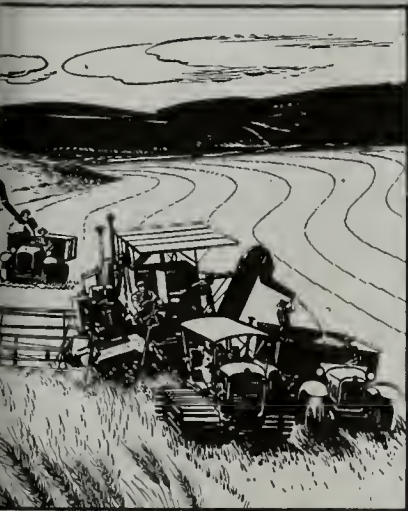
**2 Didn't conversion of distilleries to war alcohol production require much critical steel, copper, and bronze?**  
Practically none. The industry's engineers were able to utilize tile, wood, glass, porcelain and other substitutes. And the industry voluntarily began this conversion long before the government actually requisitioned its facilities.



**3 Just how much synthetic rubber can be produced from the distilling industry's alcohol quota?**  
The industry's facilities for producing grain alcohol make it possible to include 200,000 tons of rubber from grain in the government's 870,000-ton synthetic rubber program.



**4 Is sugar used by the distilling industry in the making of whiskey or war alcohol?**  
Sugar is never used in making whiskey... it is distilled from grain. And the beverage distilling industry is likewise producing its war alcohol quota exclusively from grain.



**5 Will this use of grain deplete the reserves needed for food?**  
There is a tremendous surplus. The distilling industry is able to transform 100,000,000 bushels of it into war material. This enables farmers to contribute even more directly to the war effort and frees much needed granary space.



**6 With the industry 100% converted for war alcohol, won't the federal and state governments lose the tax revenue from alcoholic beverage sales?**  
No. The industry can still supply the public from reserve stocks made during peacetime and continue to account for over a billion dollars in taxes yearly.



**7 The fact that, when war came, we had a full-fledged beverage distilling industry in existence made this contribution to the war effort possible. Otherwise, it is easy to understand how the government would have been forced to spend months of time and millions of dollars in building and renovating distilleries and training personnel.**

**When sometimes you may be unable to obtain your favorite brand... please remember...**

- 1 No distiller is making whiskey today.
- 2 Every distiller is using his plant 100% to produce war alcohol for the government.
- 3 This alcohol is necessary for smokeless powder, chemical warfare materials, medical supplies, and synthetic rubber.
- 4 The supply of alcoholic beverages in storage must be made to last longer than originally planned.
- 5 Therefore—in fairness to all—rationing has been self-imposed to assure a reasonable supply over a period of time.

**Distilled Spirits Institute, Inc.**  
Washington, D.C.

*H.V. Kaltenborn*





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**CARBINE...**  
"a weapon of great merit"



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ROBERT P. PATTERSON, Under Secretary of War.

TO OUR MILLIONS OF VALUED CUSTOMERS: Accounting and adding machines are still available (under WPB regulations) for purchase by plants engaged in war work.

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Spare parts, too—we are providing for all your Underwood, Sundstrand and Elliott Fisher machines—as well as a complete line of carbon paper and ribbons, unsurpassed in quality, for every make of office machine.

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Winchester carbines are now in mass production by

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never played tricks on people I love, and this would be a fine time to start outsmarting him, right at the start of our three lives together. Three people as nice as us don't need tricks and lies. No, I'll just walk out.

And now, perfectly confident, perfectly happy, she moved closer to her husband, and comforted by the warmth of his sleeping body, she too slept.

Hank woke at eight. The apartment was still.

"Julie?" he said. There was no answer. "Julie?"

He swung out of bed, looking in the bathroom, the kitchenette.

"Julie?"

Then he saw the note. It was pinned to the baby's basket.

"Darling," it said. "We have such a short time that I want to get things right as quick as I can. I am sure that this is the way to do it. Please take care of Jimmy today. I will be back in time to get your supper and there's plenty in the icebox for lunch. So are Jimmy's bottles. His next are at ten and two. I love you very much. Your own Julie."

Hank was too scared to be angry. "Good Lord," he said aloud. "She's crazy. I can't."

HE READ the note over three times and at each reading the wave of absolute panic mounted higher.

He looked into the basket. The child was asleep, but his hands were right up level with his face and his fists were clenched. That couldn't be right. What did it mean?

Desperately he reached for the telephone book. There, in the yellow section, would there be something about nurses? The nurses' registry.

"I've got to get a nurse," he said to the bright voice at the other end of the wire. "For my kid. It's an emergency."

"Is the child ill?"

"I don't know. He's asleep with his hands up. His mother has gone away."

"We have no nurses on call. You know, the nursing situation is very bad, the hospitals are all understaffed. The war. And there's a flu epidemic, quite severe."

"But you've got to send me someone!"

"If you will leave your phone number we will do what we can for you."

Well, she had hung up on him. Was Julie crazy? She loved the kid, did she want it to be killed?

No, that didn't make sense. She loved them both. And she was brave, but she had never been foolhardy. If she thought he could do it, perhaps he could.

Only you couldn't do anything in a panic.

"Pull yourself together, Henry," he said. "Eat your breakfast."

Orange juice squeezed and on ice, coffee on the stove, eggs in the right saucepan, bread by the toaster. No, she had not been trying to punish him. In the way she had tried to make everything easy, the table set, the chair in place, he could see her love and foresight. It heartened him more than anything else could have done. It showed so clearly that she hadn't just rushed off in a hurry, that she had thought things out.

He was half through his breakfast the first time Jimmy screamed. He stumbled to his feet and hurried into the living room. Jimmy's face was scarlet, his mouth perfectly square. From time to time he would catch his breath in a long, shuddering gasp, kicking his legs straight out and pulling them up again, and then the screaming would burst out once more like a nightmare freight whistle.

Hank was white to the lips. He bent down over the basket. Of course, there had been something wrong. People don't

sleep with their fists up. He started the telephone again, but the screams paralyzed him.

They couldn't get here in time to do much good, he thought. "Listen, feller," he said aloud. "Listen, I don't know much. Only please shut up. Shut up and I'll try to do something."

And firmly, courageously, he put his arms under the small armpits and lifted his son out of the basket.

A gasp, a gulp, a sigh, silence.

Hank stared, bewildered by the incredible quiet. "Are you all right?" he asked feebly. "What was it, feller?"

The baby looked at him. The small hands waved before his face.

"Ghli," said Jimmy.

"What?" said Hank. And then, soothingly, "That's right. It's all right."

He laid him down again. Jimmy screamed as loud as ever. Hank understood. Hank laughed. "You like me, do you?" he said, picking him up again. "Well, I'll be darned."

The baby was very wet. But he liked his father. He stopped screaming when he was picked up. He was wet, he'd been feeling terrible, but he liked his father so much that he stopped screaming the minute he was picked up. And if he was wet, he could be dried. After all, though Hank, I should think that an engineer who was once a machine-shop apprentice could change pants as well as a toy-store clerk.

Holding his son in the crook of one arm he pulled up the long nightgown (soaking, too) and examined the arrangement beneath. Well, square! In the funny papers they were always triangular. This looked easier. Dry things in that dresser probably. And now to copy the folds of the wet one in the dry one.

He took out pins, untied strings. Jimmy, his son, was stark naked. Very small, quite bare and helpless, but surprisingly human. A small male human, kicking across his father's knees. The skin smooth and warm to the touch, the flesh pleasantly solid, not at all squashy. Mustn't let him get cold. A little thing that size could chill quickly. So much surface in proportion to the volume. He wrapped a blanket around his son and continued to hold him in the crook of his left arm as he matched the wet clothes to the dry, folded the clean diaper.

The vest fastened in the front, the nightgown (wasn't that sort of a sissy thing, or didn't any of them have pajamas till they were bigger?) fastened in the back. Neither Hank nor Jimmy had been told that the baby should lie flat and be turned not more than once during these operations. The dressing was completed to their complete satisfaction.

Bed wet, too. Find a dry pad.

"There now, you shut up till I finish my coffee."

AT TEN Hank remembered the bottle. Jimmy was quiet, but that was no sign he wasn't hungry. How many people you know scream when their meals are due? Few, thank God. Get hungry all the same.

He withdrew a bottle from the icebox. Babies' food, he remembered out of somewhere, is supposed to be sterile. Well then, stand the bottle in water to heat it. And just about body heat, of course. You could spill a little out and see if you got it right. Nipples, right there in that jar.

How do I know all this stuff? Hank demanded of himself at this point. Whole thing is, I suppose, I haven't got anybody here to rattle me, and Jim hasn't caught on. He has confidence in the old man. Well, why not? It only takes common sense.

But when the bottle was ready, he hesi-



He started at the door. Did you sit them up? He closed his eyes, hunting for pictures. He was ten when Dabby Sullivan's mother had a new baby. "First one I didn't nurse myself," she'd said. He'd see it, lying on its back in Mrs. Sullivan's lap. A woman like that, with many, all healthy, he assured himself, being comfortably into the armchair, would have done things right. The man had fallen asleep over the last drop in the telephone rang. He laid the child aside and lifted the child gently on his shoulder as he went to answer it. A large belch, and quiet breathing again. "Sure, I remember, he thought, happily. She used to say, "Now I'll bubble up." Lucky the phone rang.

Hello?" This is the nurses' registry. About infant: we have someone who can care of it for the remainder of the night. "What?" said Hank. He had forgotten the nurses' registry. His large hand supported his son's small back, giving and giving comfort. "I was just going to call you," he lied. "I have found someone who will stay with the child until his mother returns. Thank you." He hung the receiver back on the hook. "You sleep now," he said, unsmiling, holding his son back in the basket, settling a blanket lovingly about his shoulders. "We aren't going to have some darn fool that doesn't know anything about babies in here pushing you around, Hank."

It was almost evening before he first realized that Julie would be pleased when she got back. How pleased he did not know, for in the long day he had forgotten a good deal. She had been impatient because he was a little shy with Jim the start, he thought. She should have known that he'd catch on in another day, so, anyone as good with kids as he was. Nevertheless, he wouldn't have missed it.

He stood by the basket looking down. The round head, the soft hair, straight and brown, so smooth to rub, nicer than spaniel, was turned to one side. Nice ears, they lay right back. Nice hands, too. Very big hands for his size. He'd be tall.

Long-legged pair we'll be. Wonder if I'll be another engineer. Let him make up his own mind, though. Mutual respect, best part of love. He rubbed the small head again, gently.

Julie came through the door. "Hank, darling, how are you? How's Jimmy?" "Hush. Fine. He's fine. We both are." She looked around the room. "I expected an awful mess."

"I figured this was a job that called for system."

"You had someone in to help you?" "I did not."

But she was not quite sure. She hesitated, looking at her husband. He looked so exactly the same, and everything was so quiet and in order. She didn't know just what she had expected, but certainly not this. Hair on end, maybe, and a new light in his eye, and things spilled all around.

"Did you mind?"

"I missed you, and the whole idea was a lot of nonsense, but we had a swell day."

A lot of nonsense?

What did happen? thought Julie. I've got to find out where we are.

"Hank," she said, "I've been thinking things over, and I guess I was foolish last night. I'll go out with you tonight if you want to. We'll just get him settled down first."

Hank stared at her. "You're crazy," he said. "If you want to run out all the time, make your mind up in time and we'll get a responsible woman to stay here for the evening."

We can't tell the truth all the time, she reflected. She drooped her head to hide her eyes. "I know, darling," she said. "I didn't think it was a good idea. I only wanted to please you."

Hank was annoyed. "Why, Julie, I hadn't been home five minutes when I said that. I just hadn't caught on. You didn't take that seriously?"

"Well, I did."

She looked so ashamed of herself that he forgave her at once. He put his arms around her, pushing back her bright hair, kissing her quietly. "Tomorrow," he said. "Tomorrow we'll step out. Tonight we'll just lie around and talk and be glad we're all together, eh, dear?"

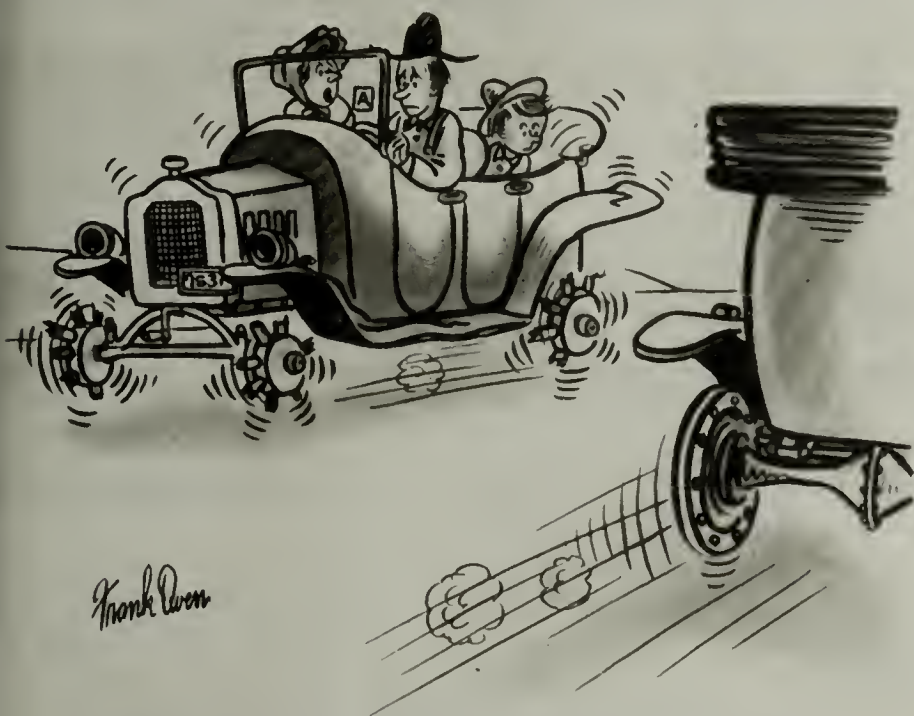
Happiness rose in her, flood-tide happiness welled over her. It's all right, she thought. We aren't going to waste any time. I did the right thing.

She went out into the kitchen and filled the kettle. She took it to the stove. "Time to start supper," she said.

He followed her, his face relaxed and content. He reminded her.

"Put your apron on," he said.

THE END



"There go those lucky Thompsons, still running on the rims"

COLLIER'S

FRANK OWEN

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"a weapon of great merit"



"Little has been said of the new army carbine, but we believe it to be a weapon of great merit. It is a short rifle, 36 inches long, and 5 pounds in weight, half the weight of the ordinary rifle. All the men and the officers in the infantry who have been armed with the pistol will carry the carbine instead. That includes sergeants and all commissioned officers up through majors. It holds 15 cartridges in the magazine and is semiautomatic, like the Garand rifle. It fires a .30 caliber cartridge and is accurate up to any distance that soldiers usually fire at the enemy. We are beginning to get production in volume".

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Hank was too scared to be angry. "Good Lord," he said aloud. "She's crazy. I can't."

HE READ the note over three times and at each reading the wave of absolute panic mounted higher.

He looked into the basket. The child was asleep, but his hands were right up level with his face and his fists were clenched. That couldn't be right. What did it mean?

Desperately he reached for the telephone book. There, in the yellow section, would there be something about nurses? The nurses' registry.

"I've got to get a nurse," he said to the bright voice at the other end of the wire. "For my kid. It's an emergency."

"Is the child ill?"

"I don't know. He's asleep with his hands up. His mother has gone away."

"We have no nurses on call. You know, the nursing situation is very bad, the hospitals are all understaffed. The war. And there's a flu epidemic, quite severe."

"But you've got to send me someone!"

"If you will leave your phone number we will do what we can for you."

Well, she had hung up on him. Was Julie crazy? She loved the kid, did she want it to be killed?

No, that didn't make sense. She loved them both. And she was brave, but she had never been foolhardy. If she thought he could do it, perhaps he could.

Only you couldn't do anything in a panic.

"Pull yourself together, Henry," he said. "Eat your breakfast."

Orange juice squeezed and on ice, coffee on the stove, eggs in the right saucepan, bread by the toaster. No, she had not been trying to punish him. In the way she had tried to make everything easy, the table set, the chair in place, he could see her love and foresight. It heartened him more than anything else could have done. It showed so clearly that she hadn't just rushed off in a hurry, that she had thought things out.

He was half through his breakfast the first time Jimmy screamed. He stumbled to his feet and hurried into the living room. Jimmy's face was scarlet, his mouth perfectly square. From time to time he would catch his breath in a long, shuddering gasp, kicking his legs straight out and pulling them up again, and then the screaming would burst out once more like a nightmare freight whistle.

Hank was white to the lips. He bent down over the basket. Of course, there had been something wrong. People don't

sleep with their fists up. He started the telephone again, but the screams paralyzed him.

They couldn't get here in time to do much good, he thought. "Listen, feller, he said aloud. "Listen, I don't know much. Only please shut up. Shut up and I'll try to do something."

And firmly, courageously, he put his arms under the small armpits and lifted his son out of the basket.

A gasp, a gulp, a sigh, silence.

Hank stared, bewildered by the incredible quiet. "Are you all right?" he asked feebly. "What was it, feller?"

The baby looked at him. The small hands waved before his face.

"Ghli," said Jimmy.

"What?" said Hank. And then, soothingly, "That's right. It's all right."

He laid him down again. Jimmy screamed as loud as ever. Hank understood. Hank laughed. "You like me, do you?" he said, picking him up again. "Well, I'll be darned."

The baby was very wet. But he liked his father. He stopped screaming when he was picked up. He was wet, he'd been feeling terrible, but he liked his father so much that he stopped screaming the minute he was picked up. And if he was wet, he could be dried. After all, thought Hank, I should think that an engineer who was once a machine-shop apprentice could change pants as well as a toy-store clerk.

Holding his son in the crook of one arm he pulled up the long nightgown (soaking, too) and examined the arrangement beneath. Well, square! In the funny papers they were always triangular. This looked easier. Dry things in that dresser, probably. And now to copy the folds of the wet one in the dry one.

He took out pins, untied strings. Jimmy, his son, was stark naked. Very small, quite bare and helpless, but surprisingly human. A small male human, kicking across his father's knees. The skin smooth and warm to the touch, the flesh pleasantly solid, not at all squashy. Mustn't let him get cold. A little thing that size could chill quickly. So much surface in proportion to the volume. He wrapped a blanket around his son and continued to hold him in the crook of his left arm as he matched the wet clothes to the dry, folded the clean diaper.

The vest fastened in the front, the nightgown (wasn't that sort of a sissy thing, or didn't any of them have pajamas till they were bigger?) fastened in the back. Neither Hank nor Jimmy had been told that the baby should lie flat and be turned not more than once during these operations. The dressing was completed to their complete satisfaction.

Bed wet, too. Find a dry pad.

"There now, you shut up till I finish my coffee."

AT TEN Hank remembered the bottle. Jimmy was quiet, but that was no sign he wasn't hungry. How many people you know scream when their meals are due? Few, thank God. Get hungry all the same.

He withdrew a bottle from the icebox. Babies' food, he remembered out of somewhere, is supposed to be sterile. Well then, stand the bottle in water to heat it. And just about body heat, of course. You could spill a little out and see if you got it right. Nipples, right there in that jar.

How do I know all this stuff? Hank demanded of himself at this point. Whole thing is, I suppose, I haven't got anybody here to rattle me; and Jim hasn't caught on. He has confidence in the old man. Well, why not? It only takes common sense.

But when the bottle was ready, he hesi-



...d. Did you sit them up? He closed  
...yes, hunting for pictures.  
...e was ten when Dabby Sullivan's  
...her had a new baby. "First one I  
...ldn't nurse myself," she'd said. He  
...ld see it, lying on its back in Mrs.  
...ivan's lap. A woman like that, with  
...many, all healthy, he assured himself,  
...ling comfortably into the armchair,  
...ld have done things right.  
...im had fallen asleep over the last drop  
...en the telephone rang. He laid the  
...le aside and lifted the child gently  
...is shoulder as he went to answer it.  
...arge belch, and quiet breathing again.  
...y, sure, I remember, he thought, hap-  
...y. She used to say, "Now I'll bubble  
...i." Lucky the phone rang.

Hello?"  
This is the nurses' registry. About  
infant: we have someone who can  
care of it for the remainder of the  
...z."  
"What?" said Hank. He had forgotten  
nurses' registry. His large hand sup-  
ported his son's small back, giving and  
ing comfort. "I was just going to call  
," he lied. "I have found someone  
o will stay with the child until his  
ther returns. Thank you."  
He hung the receiver back on the hook.  
ou sleep now," he said, unsmiling,  
ing his son back in the basket, settling  
blanket lovingly about his shoulders.  
e aren't going to have some darn'  
ol that doesn't know anything about  
bies in here pushing you around,  
n."

...T WAS almost evening before he first  
realized that Julie would be pleased  
en she got back. How pleased he did  
t know, for in the long day he had for-  
tten a good deal. She had been impac-  
nt because he was a little shy with Jim  
the start, he thought. She should have  
en that he'd catch on in another day  
so, anyone as good with kids as he  
as. Nevertheless, he wouldn't have  
issed it.  
He stood by the basket looking down.  
ne round head, the soft hair, straight  
id brown, so smooth to rub, nicer than  
spaniel, was turned to one side. Nice  
rs, they lay right back. Nice hands,  
o. Very big hands for his size. He'd  
e tall.  
Long-legged pair we'll be. Wonder if  
e'll be another engineer. Let him make  
p his own mind, though. Mutual re-  
pect, best part of love. He rubbed the  
nall head again, gently.

Julie came through the door. "Hank,  
darling, how are you? How's Jimmy?"  
"Hush. Fine. He's fine. We both are."  
She looked around the room. "I ex-  
pected an awful mess."  
"I figured this was a job that called  
for system."  
"You had someone in to help you!"  
"I did not."

But she was not quite sure. She hesi-  
tated, looking at her husband. He looked  
so exactly the same, and everything was  
so quiet and in order. She didn't know  
just what she had expected, but certainly  
not this. Hair on end, maybe, and a new  
light in his eye, and things spilled all  
around.

"Did you mind?"  
"I missed you, and the whole idea was  
a lot of nonsense, but we had a swell  
day."

A lot of nonsense?  
What did happen? thought Julie. I've  
got to find out where we are.

"Hank," she said, "I've been thinking  
things over, and I guess I was foolish last  
night. I'll go out with you tonight if you  
want to. We'll just get him settled down  
first."

Hank stared at her. "You're crazy,"  
he said. "If you want to run out all the  
time, make your mind up in time and  
we'll get a responsible woman to stay  
here for the evening."

We can't tell the truth *all* the time, she  
reflected. She drooped her head to hide  
her eyes. "I know, darling," she said. "I  
didn't think it was a good idea. I only  
wanted to please you."

Hank was annoyed. "Why, Julie, I  
hadn't been home five minutes when I  
said that. I just hadn't caught on. You  
didn't take that seriously?"

"Well, I did."  
She looked so ashamed of herself that  
he forgave her at once. He put his arms  
around her, pushing back her bright hair,  
kissing her quietly. "Tomorrow," he  
said. "Tomorrow we'll step out. Tonight  
we'll just lie around and talk and be glad  
we're all together, eh, dear?"

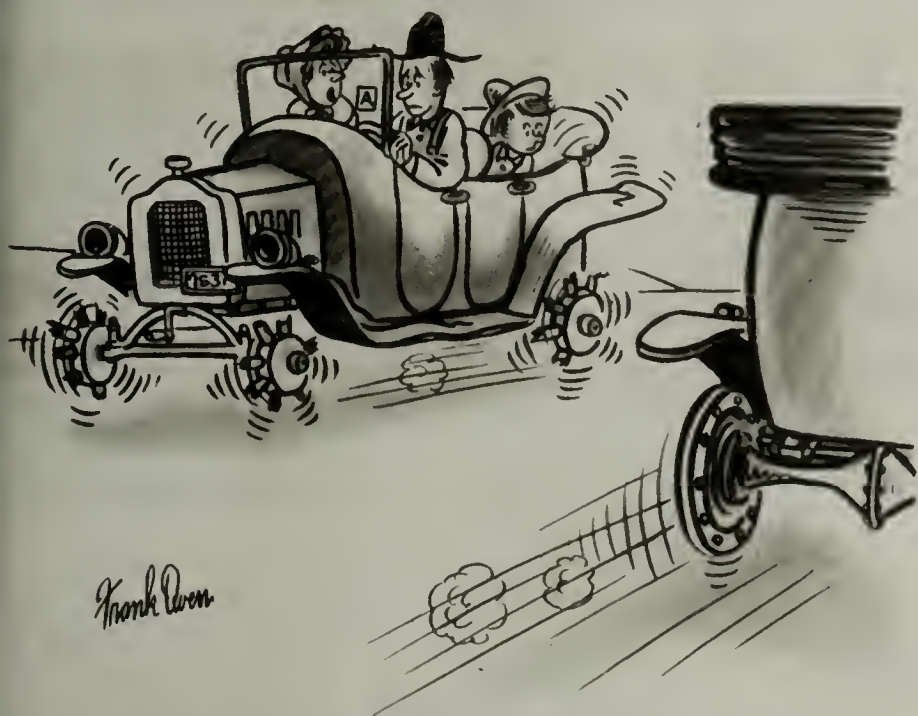
Happiness rose in her, flood-tide hap-  
piness welled over her. It's all right, she  
thought. We aren't going to waste any  
time. I did the right thing.

She went out into the kitchen and  
filled the kettle. She took it to the stove.  
"Time to start supper," she said.

He followed her, his face relaxed and  
content. He reminded her.

"Put your apron on," he said.

THE END



"There go those lucky Thompsons, still running on the rims"

COLLIER'S

FRANK OWEN

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# THE WEASEL

By Hector Chevi

He was a killer at heart. The knife was his favorite. These facts made possible only decent act of h

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE SH

"Don't make no noise. Don't 'stuh at all," Billy breathed. "Oh, Lawdy." . . . "Stand back!" com Frank. Billy heard a peculiar gr hind him, felt a breath brush his

**F**RANK VARGAS lay indolently on his bunk as he raised the knife by its blade and flipped it, but it bit again into the same beam above the opposite bunk, and in the same tiny crevice. It didn't quiver, either; it was thrown too truly.

His cellmate, the huge Negro Billy Pease, again obligingly rose to extract it and hand it back. "Daw-gone," said Billy, "if you ain't the handiest boy with that pig-sticker."

"Thanks," said Frank indifferently, accepting the knife. He closed his eyes. The clean, whitewashed cell in the strong little brick jail was like an oven. It can get hot, summers, in Montana—hot and humid. Billy Pease was stripped to his waist and his big ebony torso ran with sweat. Frank's thin shirt was streaked with it, too. Billy looked at his cellmate and frowned, trying to estimate Frank's age. With his eyes closed, like this, he looked maybe eighteen, a kid who'd read too many crime stories. He looked old enough when he opened his eyes, though, as old as thirty, sometimes. Frank smiled faintly, as if he knew he was being scrutinized. Without seeming to open his eyes, he raised his hand and again threw the knife. It stuck in the same crevice.

A moment passed. "Get it for me, will you, Billy? It's too hot to move."

Billy obligingly again retrieved it and handed it back, but he did not smile. "Le's put it away, huh?" he suggested.

Frank's eyes opened wide and he stared at the huge Negro. "Why?" He suddenly looked all of thirty again.

Billy tried to return the stare but had to drop his eyes. You didn't stop to wonder about Frank's age when he stared at you suddenly, that way. It was like running into somebody's fist, unexpectedly, with your chest. His eyes seemed to have no color. Billy's fingers fumbled with a thread in his dungarees. "Because," he answered, "it might spoil the blade."

Frank laughed. "I'll sharpen it again. Don't you fret."

"Put it away. What if the sheriff comes in and finds you playin' with it?"

"He'll wish he hadn't." Frank twirled the knife rapidly between his hands.

"Might git Zilma into trouble fo' bringin' it to you." Frank frowned and stopped twirling the knife. Billy hastily changed the subject. "Hope Miss Zilma gets up some mo' that chicken-meat fo' suppuh."

"You stick close by me when it comes

time to use this knife, Billy, and I'll buy you all the chicken you can eat in the first town we can light in," said Frank, confidently.

He resumed twirling the sharp weapon. It made Billy restless. He wished Frank would put it away. Billy had a wholesome respect for Sheriff Dodd Macmillan.

"Know something," said Frank, twirling the knife very rapidly, now. "She ain't so dumb at that." He meant Zilma Macmillan, the sheriff's daughter. "Most people got no idea of the kind of knife throws best. This is just what the doctor ordered."

Frank stopped his twirling and regarded the weapon with satisfaction. He seemed to find comfort in the perfect balance of the heavy bone handle and his experienced thumb seemed to thrill at being run along the blade within an ace of drawing blood. "I'll bet she filched it out of her dad's collection of stuff taken away from guys like us."

Raising the knife by the blade as if again to hurl it at the same beam, he altered his aim slightly and sent it singing a quarter-inch past Billy's woolly scalp. It hit the wall, dug out a fleck of white-wash and fell to the mattress on Billy's

bunk. Billy's smile vanished. "You that, now," he said.

"Why should I?" asked Frank, retrieving the knife.

"You stop showin' off. I kin say good."

Frank pretended to take care. "Whaddya mean, showin' off? You ter apologize for that one, Billy." A he raised the knife as if to hurl it

"I apologize," said Billy, and an arm as if to shield himself. I knew his cellmate would not real injuring him. The raised arm was in propitiation.

"Okay, then," said Frank, re again. "But watch out how you around criticizin' people, see?" I back again on the bunk and drew of tobacco from his shirt pocket but the knife dangling from the crook little finger.

Billy Pease considered his cellmate gravely. He was certainly a puzzle fore he'd gotten that knife he'd been of the most worried white boys had ever seen. Billy liked him worried. To look at him now think he was just a two-bit kid pring to be a bad one. But he need

(Continued on page 77)





# This is the way to win a battle in the desert

and North Africa made it clearer than ever:  
IS A WAR OF SUPPLY.  
1918, an American soldier could be equipped  
maintained on 5 tons of supplies each year.  
t today, for every soldier sent abroad, 10½  
of shipping space must be provided for  
ment alone. And it takes an additional 18 tons  
ipping to supply a single soldier for a year!  
pply is a matter of ships.  
d ships need electricity.

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sand vital tasks that must be done to take a con-  
voy safely across the seas . . .

Electricity to steer the vessels and operate the  
radios and signal lights.

Electricity to detect the approach of enemy  
subs and planes, to sound the alarm, to organize  
the defense.

Electricity to power great cargo winches, and  
delicate navigating instruments.

Electricity to make magnetic mines harmless, to  
provide invisible "black light" for reading charts  
at night. Electricity to keep food fresh, to cook it,  
to ventilate the ships, to provide comfort for  
the crews.

*Electricity in every freighter, every tanker, every  
Navy escort vessel—to help win the war of supply!*

We of Westinghouse take tremendous pride in  
building so much of the electrical equipment, so  
many of the great turbines and gears and elec-  
tric drives, for the ships of America's Navy and  
Merchant Marine.

Into every piece of that equipment go all our  
"know-how," all our skill, all our determination  
to *do our share* in this war—and if possible, a  
little more.

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Sunday, 2:30 P. M., Eastern War Time.

# Westinghouse



PLANTS IN 25 CITIES—OFFICES EVERYWHERE



## The Shepherd of Moscow, Idaho

Continued from page 46

### No unpleasant Scrubbing! Cleans Toilets FAST!

For over 30 years, Sani-Flush has been the quick, easy, sanitary way to keep toilet bowls sparkling-clean. Use it at least twice a week. Every application cleans away recurring toilet germs and a cause of toilet odors. Removes unsanitary film.

Don't confuse Sani-Flush with ordinary cleansers. It works chemically. Even cleans the hidden trap. When used according to directions on the can—Sani-Flush cannot injure septic tanks\* or their action and is absolutely safe in toilet connections. Sold everywhere. Two convenient sizes.



#### \*FREE for Septic Tank Owners

Septic tank owners don't have to scrub toilets, either! Tests by eminent research authorities show how easy and safe Sani-Flush is for toilet sanitation with septic tanks. For free copy of their scientific report, write: The Hygienic Products Company, Dept. 27, Canton, Ohio.

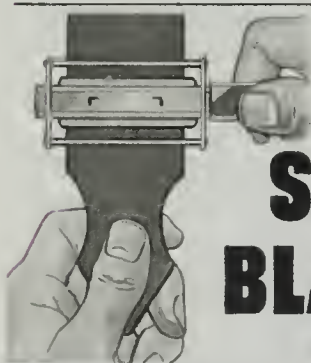
**Sani-Flush** CLEANS TOILET BOWLS WITHOUT SCOURING

### WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE —

#### Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pints of liquid bile onto the food you swallow every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food may not digest. You get constipated. You feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these 2 pints of bile flowing freely to make you feel "up and up." Get a package today. Take as directed. Effective in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills. 10¢ and 25¢.



**SAVE  
BLADES  
WITH**

#### DURHAM RAZOR AND STROP

A Durham hollow-ground blade is twice thicker. Takes almost unlimited stropings. Saves steel for war, saves money for you. Gives you grand shaves every time.

Durham Razor and Strop Kit, \$2.50, at drug stores. For Strop only, order direct, \$1.

SERVICE MEN: Order thru Post Exchange. DURHAM-ENDERS RAZOR CORP., Dept. P, MYSTIC, CONN. Also makers of Enders Speed Shaver

husband wore glasses for his work, now he does not. Tom was fixing the electric socket. Something went wrong. He forgot to turn the electric switch off. All of a sudden, fire sprang up, touching his hand and hair. He was surprised to find the fire was cold."

Other letters tell of blind men restored to sight, the dead raised, businesses saved from bankruptcy. Doc offers \$100,000 to anybody who can prove these testimonials spurious.

Despite frequent investigation by federal agencies, Psychiana flourishes as lustily as Father Divine or Jehovah's Witnesses. It has students in sixty-seven countries, and Doc claims many of them in high places, notably the late Senator Borah of Idaho, a warm personal admirer. During a visit to the White House, Doc reports, President Roosevelt told him, "You and I are trying to do the same thing—make people think."

At fifty-six, Doc Robinson is a beefy, handsome man, standing six feet and weighing 225 pounds. His eyes are lake-blue, his hair iron-gray, and he has the look of a tired matinee idol. His fondness for dramatic, broad-brim hats adds a touch of the Old West medicine man.

Doc's excursion into mysticism started at a remarkably tender age. "At three, I peered beyond the clouds," he recalls. "I knew I had a mission to perform." The years between this precocious discovery and his emergence as a mail-order messiah, however, were earthy ones. He was born in Stratford-on-Avon, Shakespeare's birthplace, the oldest of four boys. His father, Reverend John Henry Robinson, was a hell-fire and brimstone Baptist preacher, whom Doc describes as a hard man, given to jumping up and down on his children for discipline.

Mrs. Robinson died when Frank was eight. Soon after, his father married a fetching young lady of his parish named Haigh, who turned out to have an equally picturesque temperament. One day, in revolt, the future prophet knocked her flat. His father ordered him to join the British navy and he wound up at fourteen on the training ship Caledonia.

#### Just Like an Alger Hero

Disliking nautical life, he jumped overboard, hoping to contract a dischargeable illness. He succeeded with rheumatism. Rather than keep him around the house, the Robinsons shipped him, steerage, to Canada.

Landing with \$2.50 in his pockets, Doc began a Horatio Algerlike economic struggle.

"I was tossed hither and thither like a piece of driftwood on the bosom of the stormy ocean of life," he says.

He turned his hand to pitching hay, logging, beating a Salvation Army drum and collecting dead horses for a glue factory. In Toronto he worked as a drug clerk. His most useful asset, salesmanship, showed itself when he persuaded a customer who wanted an ounce of mineral oil to buy five gallons.

Dropping in of an evening on local Baptist gatherings, Doc occasionally delivered impromptu sermons, Billy Sunday style.

"I can hold an audience spellbound as long as I care to," he says.

One listener was so spellbound that he offered to pay Doc's tuition through the Bible Training School in Toronto. He was duly ordained to the Baptist minis-

try, but in the process, he concluded that Baptist theology was false. He has since extended this opinion to all other religions except Psychiana, flaying them in purple language.

Disillusioned, Doc quit before completing his Bible training and launched himself on an extended beer jag. In a lucid interval, he joined the Royal Northwest Mounted Police, but he was ousted for chronic alcoholism. The U. S. Navy, in which he served as Hospital Apprentice, First Class, discharged him for the same reason. He next tried the Army, serving briefly in the Philippines. He was court-martialed for "willful disobedience of orders."

In 1928, Doc was drug-clerking again, this time in Portland, Oregon. He had meanwhile married Pearl Leavitt, the daughter of a circuit judge. They have a son, Alfred, now a Naval flying cadet, and a daughter, Florence. It was in Portland that the gates of salvation suddenly swung wide to Doc.

"Singing to myself," he relates, "I lay down on the bed and closed my eyes. I was always 'talking with God,' as my advertisement states. . . . I saw everything in a flash."

Regenerated, he went on the wagon for keeps.

To find leisure to preserve this revela-

## BOOKS FOR OUR FIGHTING MEN

The "readingest army in the world" (to quote a high-ranking officer) is sorely in need of books. That's why the 1943 Victory Book Campaign has been organized—to see that our fighting men get the books they will enjoy. Not all a soldier's or sailor's time is spent drilling or fighting; he has plenty of leisure time on his hands when an amusing or instructive book can be a godsend.

What kind of books do soldiers, sailors, Marines, coastguardmen and merchant seamen read? The same kind of books you read. They want adventure yarns, novels, topical books by war correspondents, Westerns, mysteries, biographies; books by Sinclair Lewis, Pearl Buck, John Steinbeck, Ernest Haycox, Agatha Christie.

You can't expect a man headed for combat duty to take a feverish interest in the State Papers of Grover Cleveland or the Ladies' Guide to Home Needlework. Don't make this Victory Book Campaign an excuse to clean your attic of those tired-looking, dusty books no one has looked at since the turn of the century. If you've enjoyed a book, that's the book to give.

You will find boxes in libraries, stores, theaters. Fill them with books and fill them wisely. You never can tell what will happen when your book joins the fighting forces.

tion for posterity and earn a living the same time, he cast about for a drugstore which closed early in the P.M. was closing time for the Drugstore in Moscow, a tidy little community of 6,000 people, amid the pine groves and wheat fields of the Wasatch foothills. The Rol arrived by the next train, and cinched the job at \$15 a week.

It was a year of great psychic fads in America. Father Divine's Headquarters, Sayville, Long Island, was over with angels. In Los Angeles, named Dingle was selling son called Mentalphysics as transcribed the Tibetan sage, Ding Le Ming. a Moscow boardinghouse, Doc's son composed the first ten instalments of his correspondence course in fiction.

#### A Prolific Author

Borrowing a typewriter, he poured them out, 150,000 words all told, in days and rushed them to the printer. The result was a lively brew of Buck F science, historical fallacies and v attacks on existing religions.

Fellow citizens of Moscow refer to Doc as "that druggist who's crazy." Undaunted, he formed a corporation and sold stock around town with promise of quick profits. His own capital at this time was \$40. Five investors advanced \$2,500. A clear manifestation of the Power, Doc feels. With \$40 it, he placed his first ad in Psychiana, a pulp magazine. It fetched \$24,000 of customers, the first orders arriving on April Fools' Day. Doc opened a room office of his own.

He still lacked a name for the movement. Confident that the Power would reveal it in the night, he retired, pencil at his bedside. Sure enough, testifies, a man appeared in his dream making mystic passes over a corpse, murmuring, "This is Psychiana, the Power which will bring new life spiritually dead world."

Not long after, Doc, whose practice it was to swap photographs with subscribers, recognized, in the morning mail, the man of his dream. The man was Geoffrey Birley, a British cotton porter of Alexandria, Egypt, and wrote: "I received Lesson 4 yesterday. . . . No words of mine can adequately express the glorious thrill it gave me."

Doc promptly replied: "You are to be associated with me in business. Please send \$40,000."

Two weeks later, the Spokane Eastern Trust Company informed him that that sum had been deposited to his credit. The balance followed in smaller amounts. Doc doesn't know where Birley is now.

Within a year of the Birley apparition Psychiana was booming. Doc bought back the stock, paying the investors 12 per cent on their original stake. He then obtained from the state of Idaho a charter certifying Psychiana as a non-profit religious corporation. Under this happy concession, it remains tax-exempt. Its surplus reverts to the corporate treasury while Doc's personal withdrawals are limited to a salary, as president, and expenses—in what amount a board of directors fixes at its discretion. This board consists of Doc himself, Mrs. Robinson and Bill Marineau, an old family friend. In 1942, it approved a salary of \$9,000, \$3,000 expenses and a \$4,000 car.

Today, Psychiana, Inc., is a major Moscow industry. The corporation is





"Thanks very much. I don't know how I can ever repay you!"

LEO GAREL

own international headquarters, a red brick, factory-size building staffed by 23 employees, its own printing plant, the highest private pay roll in the county, and an annual advertising bill of \$150,000. Donations from the faithful have swollen the gross take by some \$200,000. "Remember the Movement in your own name," Doc urges hopefully.

In new customers last year, he counted about \$197,000 worth. Of these, half went up for one or more of the three advanced courses," another \$129,000. Sales of Doc's books, Psychiana emblems and phonograph records brought the grand total to around \$400,000, and Doc expects to double that in 1943.

Psychiana aside, Doc's personal holdings aggregate half a million. His bank credit is high and by shrewd borrowing he has acquired a forty per cent interest in Moscow's only newspaper, the Daily Bohonion, a prescription pharmacy, an office building renting to doctors and dentists, and numerous minor properties. A sizable portion of his income he devotes to local good works.

### The Enemies of Psychiana

Such heights are not scaled without reverses, and Doc's have been extensive. He blames most of them on a sinister cabal of church leaders and envious businessmen, who, he feels, are chiefly responsible for the numerous investigations of Psychiana by the Treasury Department, the Post Office Department, the F.B.I. and the American Medical Association, to name a few.

"But they can't get anything on me," he says confidently. "My ads never claim anything for Psychiana—only for the living God."

Less easily dismissed was a federal indictment in 1936, charging him with passport falsification. A few years earlier, preparatory to a European junket, he had given America instead of England as his birthplace. In a nine-day trial, Moscow's biggest sensation since the last Indian massacre, Doc testified that his parents once lived in New York and gave him to understand he'd been born there. Why they so misled him puzzled the jury, but it acquitted him.

No sooner was he free, however, than the Immigration Department opened deportation proceedings. Doc was saved by his most distinguished student, Senator Borah, at whose intervention a review board worked out a compromise. Doc agreed to reside outside the country temporarily, to re-enter on a visa and apply for naturalization. Only last year did the

prophet finally become a full-fledged American citizen.

In the face of Doc's bounty, Moscow has taken a mellower view of him. It regards his teachings with amused tolerance (Psychiana's files contain only nine Moscow students), but on Doc as a citizen, opinion is evenly divided. Many are inclined to endorse his boast: "Moscow was unknown. It is known all over the civilized world today."

The prophet's day begins at 5:30 A. M., when he bounds out of bed to breakfast with Mrs. Robinson, a comely, silvery-haired woman who considers her husband a "soul from beyond." He reaches his office by seven. It is a snug, lushly carpeted room, plastered with morale boosters like: WHEN YOU GET INTO A TIGHT PLACE AND EVERYTHING GOES AGAINST YOU TILL IT SEEMS AS IF YOU CAN'T HOLD ON A MINUTE LONGER, NEVER GIVE UP THEN, FOR THAT IS JUST THE PLACE WHERE THE TIDE WILL TURN.

Doc, who has been in plenty of tight places, keeps a sound-recording system behind the paneling. "I have many interesting conversations in my private files," he confides.

At least two hours a day Doc spends behind his locked office door, thinking. "I am a natural-born thinker," he says. As an aid to meditation, he burns incense and plays organ recordings on the phonograph.

Across the hall, stands the accounting room, where two girls total the day's receipts and dump them into a cannonball safe. In the mailing room, another team sits at a mechanically rotating table, assembling packets of literature. Anybody who answers a Psychiana ad, customer or not, gets 67 separate pieces over a period of 22 weeks. They total 25,000,000 mailings a year, an opulence which has lifted Moscow's post office from second to first class. Not until the 67th mailing fails to take does Doc abandon his prospect as spiritually irredeemable.

It is in these promotional follow-ups that the prophet, a master of upper-case, gee-whizz prose, really spreads himself.

"Have you seemed as a piece of flotsam or jetsam in life's troubled sea?" he asks in blood-red letters half an inch high. "The most significant discovery of the age is WHAT? . . . It's POWER. DYNAMIC—PULSING—SURGING—THROBBING. POWER to achieve anything you want . . . poverty to abundance . . . sickness into health . . . miserable defeat into marvelous success. I have CHANGED THE LIVES of thousands."

One of the world's most prolific writers, Doc personally types, hunt-and-peck

system, every syllable of these rousers, not to mention the lessons, the books and the advertising copy. Averaging 5,000 words a day, he has worn his index fingers to the nub and now tapes them when working. He never revises anything and consults neither lawyers nor ghost writers.

He also used to answer personally the telegrams requesting help which pour in regularly from ailing students. This duty now occupies his assistant, an excommunicated minister of doleful countenance named De Bolt, who receives \$50 a week for his efforts. Formerly, De Bolt would consult a collection of sixty form replies suitable to every emergency, lest he involve the corporation in an indiscretion. But now Doc trusts him to compose his own replies.

DOWN WITH BACK. PLEASE HELP, reads an appeal from Nevada. To this De Bolt wired back: EXPECT SPIRIT OF GOD TO HELP. WILL REMEMBER SPIRITUALLY.

When not meditating or writing, Doc concentrates on the corporation's business problems. With Lesson No. 3, the flow of spirituality is interrupted by a practical note: "Do not let a single remittance lapse, as you cannot expect the God-law to work unless everything you do is honest and straight. Don't break the LAW."

Doc bombards laggards with a series of thirteen dun letters, each one rising in emotionalism. No. 13 kisses dead beats goodbye in these words: "Now in parting I wish you the very best of everything. I question if many good things will come to you. For, you will remember, the Law of God never forgets. I wish you peace. I wish you joy. I wish you happiness. I do not believe these things CAN EVER come to you for the reasons stated before. If you ever feel that you want to square this account . . ."

In extreme cases he has used collection agencies.

### A Prophet in Shirt Sleeves

Doc usually gets home for supper around six and immediately strips to his shirt sleeves. The Robinson house, a Moscow landmark, is a glossy, nine-room structure, verging on modernism. It is crammed with gifts from students. One of the costliest features is a burglar-alarm system which he installed after somebody heaved a brick at him through the window.

"Crackpots have often threatened my life," he says. To protect himself, he keeps a deputy sheriff's badge, a Colt police special and a tear-gas pen.

Every evening at nine, he sits down to a 700-pipe organ, his pride and joy, and plays by ear. His favorite selection is Tales From the Vienna Woods.

"Do you catch the spiritual impulses?" he asks students. "Try listening for them."

As befits a "soul from beyond," he avoids social life, going out only Monday nights for the weekly Rotary Club get-togethers. His only intimate friend is Bill Marineau, who manages the Idaho Bohonion. He hasn't seen a movie in two years, takes no exercise whatever, and confines his recreational reading pretty much to pulp detective fiction.

After listening to a ten o'clock news broadcast, he prepares for bed by drinking coffee, always out of the saucer. Should the few visitors, whom Mrs. Robinson occasionally invites, overstay this limit, Doc is likely to start undressing in the living room.

"Some people think I'm a roughneck," he says.

The prophet no longer observes the Psychiana ritual before retiring.

"I have passed beyond that stage," he explains. "I just think."

THE END

A GOOD TIP  
ON A GOOD  
OLD FASHIONED!

Just give your bartender the password... "Fine Arts"... and get the "multi-blended" whiskey! Gold-blended whiskies tenderly blended with other deep-flavored whiskies... then "multi-blended" to perfection for rare flavor and aroma. And all whiskey—all 5-years old!



FINE  
ARTS

THE BLEND OF  
5-YEAR OLD STRAIGHT  
WHISKIES — 90 PROOF  
Distributed solely by  
Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc., New York, N. Y.





Their long stock whips were out, the plaited leather curling and cracking sharp as gunshots, biting into horseflesh

## THE BRUMBY CAR

BY LOUIS KAYE

**J**OE KENNEY was eighteen when he tried to enlist, though to be on the safe side he said he was twenty-one. That was all right. From a military point of view everything was all right except his occupation, which was all wrong.

He was a stockman. He had been born and brought up on a cattle station on the border of Queensland, and the working part of his life so far had been spent driving cattle over and down the thousand-mile-long stock routes out of Queensland, and the Northern Territory into South and West Australia. It had not occurred to him to lie about this, and it is doubtful if he could have done so successfully, for his trade was stamped upon him with the impress of sun and desert dust. It had shaped his sapling body and burned and hardened the skin of palm and foot and flank.

"No go for the army then, son," the officer informed him. "That's a reserved occupation. For the present, it's more important to the country to keep you on the stock routes than to have you in service. Food's as big a part of this war as fighting."

When he had absorbed this information, Joe managed to deliver what he thought would be a devastating answer to it.

"It's not just me I want to enlist," he said. "It's some horses too. I got a mob of 'em over in the Territory, four or five

There are places a tank cannot go, nor a jeep nor a peep, for that matter. There was a job for Joe Kenney's tough little rock-bred horses

ILLUSTRATED BY PERCY LEASON

hundred. I was thinking we'd all join up in the Light Horse."

It was as if he had led with his chin. For the moment, however, the officer did not swing at it.

"What's a kid like you doing with four or five hundred horses?"

Joe blushed. "I suppose it's what they call a hobby."

It was slightly more than that, but he could not speak freely about things so deep in his heart. Horses to him were a faith, a way of life, a reason for living.

He kept these four or five hundred in a southwestern tract of the Northern Territory. Only one had cost anything in money, the stallion Red Devil. The rest had cost only the work of rounding up wild horseflesh and slapping a brand on it. Joe had taken the trouble to muster the mob because he believed that out of it would come horses to carry men farther between dawn and dusk than they had ever ridden before.

It was a horseflesh laboratory, a great,

beautiful experiment. The basic element in the experiment was the brumby, the wild horse of the Australian plains. The brumby does not rank high, but it does have staying qualities and an ability to thrive on desert herbage, to go long periods without water. Give it spirit and intelligence and you'd have something. That was what Joe was aiming for, that was why he had bought the great stallion, Red Devil. Thick-barreled, heavy-boned Red Devil was, but he had a world of spirit and fierce pride. He was unbroken. Joe had not bought him for riding; he had bought him for the saddle horses he would bring out of brumby mares.

The officer sat for a while in silence, no doubt casting around for some way to soften the blow he must deliver.

"Son," he said at last, getting up to put a hand on one of the boy's slim shoulders, "war's mechanized these days, and I'm afraid we simply don't need horses. You go back and try to remem-

ber that you're fighting the war just sure as if you were wearing an e feather in your hat."

This interview took place in a coast town, where the solace of a few pints of beer was available; but Joe had no taste for it. He sought to drown his sorrows in a rarer brew. There was a theater in the town and he spent the rest of the day in it. He had strong preferences in films and, as it happened, the program this day was exactly suited to his taste, since it involved a great deal of riding and shooting. He saw the picture three times, but when he left, misery still gripped him by the throat; if anything, the picture had made it worse.

It was as if Australia had turned in a foreign country before his eyes, as the men who led Australia's fighting men were strangers.

He could not understand it. And if he could not, how could he hope to make Saltbush understand?

Saltbush was his friend, his working companion, a dour youth of Joe's own years. If he had ever had another name he did not know it; and it was not clear if he had been set adrift by the death of his parents, as Joe had, or if he had set himself adrift by running away from whatever home he might have had. He was slow and moody, he spoke seldom, he had no enthusiasms except in the

(Continued on page 80)



# STORY OF A 9-YEAR BATH

- It started in 1934—when a ligno-cellulose hardboard was submerged in water. It ended the other day.

- What had happened in that 9-year bath?

- This remarkable material, known as Masonite\* Presdwood,\* had retained 80% of its original strength.

- The board, when dried, was within 1/10,000 of an inch of its former dimensions.

- Its appearance was practically the same as when submerged.

## MASONITE PRESDWOODS



THE LIGNO-CELLULOSE HARDBOARDS

**T**HE secret of Presdwood lies in the two basic elements of natural wood: the tiny *cellulose fibres* of which wood is composed, and the *lignin* which holds them together.

The Masonite process starts with *exploding* wood, neither removing the lignin nor damaging the cellulose fibres. The result is a mass of fibres of varying degrees of plasticity.

The next step is to interlace the fibres to provide equal strength in all directions. And

then they are welded together again under varying heats and pressures, using lignin's own great bonding power.

*Masonite Presdwoods—made in this way from ligno-cellulose fibres of varying degrees of plasticity in different weights and densities—are suitable for many special purposes and uses.*

Today in America's War Program, Presdwoods have more than 500 different uses—saving

steel, aluminum, rubber, asbestos, and many other critical materials.

Although Presdwoods are not readily available for civilian use, if your company is engaged in essential production, and you need a superior material to replace other scarce materials, write: Masonite Corporation, 111 West Washington St., Chicago, Illinois.

\*Trade-mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. "Masonite" identifies all products marketed by Masonite Corporation. Copyright 1943, Masonite Corp.



## Behind the Wall

Continued from page 18

FOR GOOD TASTE

Blatz

MILWAUKEE'S  
MOST EXQUISITE  
BEER

GEORGIA CARROLL  
now appearing in  
M. G. M.'s  
current picture  
"DU BARRY  
WAS A LADY"

Sealed in  
GOOD TASTE

That's why it is winning such  
ever-increasing enthusiastic  
approval



BLATZ BREWING CO., MILWAUKEE, WIS. • IN OUR NINETY-SECOND YEAR

we held grimly to one determination: the will to survive.

It was first of all necessary to be practical and set up some kind of daily life. No matter what the circumstances, children had to be attended to, the family fed, the old and sick taken care of. Each of these natural functions of a normal daily routine presented enormous difficulties which had to be overcome. The Jewish Council came to the fore as leader of the community. This had originally been a religious institution with little personnel and no experience in communal administration. Overnight the members found themselves faced with the responsibility for 600,000 people, their relations among themselves and with the outside world. They bravely shouldered that burden and went to work with energy and determination. The president was a Mr. Czerniakow, a fine man with a strong sense of duty. I say "was" advisedly, because a few weeks ago we learned here that he committed suicide last summer when the Germans asked him to draw up a list of 100,000 people for deportation.

## The Overlord of the Ghetto

The administration, sketchy at the start, had to be set up in a hurry or we could not have lived even through the first weeks. The council was to conduct all dealings with the outer world, which for us had shrunk into one figure, was incorporated in one man: Auerswaldt. This was our overlord, the Commissar for Jews in the German government. I never saw him and know few who did. He was a remote personality, but his shadow fell darkly across our lives. His office had complete charge of any question connected with Jews, and his assistants went in and out of the Jewish Council's office, issuing orders, shouting at our officials, pounding on the table with the riding whips they always carried, abusing the men who worked there so hard and under such duress. The place was like a madhouse, with the madmen in control.

All banks and exchange offices were outside the ghetto. Any financial business had to be conducted through the office of the commissar. All our legal affairs had to be handled by a non-Jewish attorney. The court building is marked on the map, showing its two entrances, one from the ghetto and another from the narrowing indentation of the Jewish town. This courthouse was the only place where the two worlds still met. Here Jew and Christian were allowed to see each other for the last time, and many a grim and tragic scene of farewell took place within that setting. Here the Jewish and non-Jewish worlds were to be severed under the law. Here men terminated old partnerships started by fathers or grandfathers. Here women took final leave of lifetime friends. Here, hardest of all, husbands and wives met, to see each other no more. The Nuremberg law had been applied in occupied Poland, and marriages between Jews and non-Jews had to be dissolved.

All the makeshift arrangements, which we had considered temporary when forced to move in so hastily, became permanent. One room only could be allotted to a family. In this room everyone slept, ate and lived. Cooking and washing also had to be done there, and it was beyond human effort to maintain order and decency under such conditions.

We had no electricity any more aside lamps and candles had to serve for lighting purposes, while electric appliances such as irons, heaters, cleaning machines the like became obsolete and so scrap. We had no gas for cooking except from 1 A. M. to 6 A. M. The wife at work all day could not possibly stay up so late or get up so early. Therefore we cooked over wood fires in iron stoves. As the rooms naturally had no flues, the stove would fill them with choking smoke and cover everything with soot.

All radios were confiscated and phones removed. Musical instruments, pianos in particular, were requisitioned. Streetcars no longer operated in the ghetto. They were replaced by a horse-drawn wagon which ran through the main streets, stopping occasionally to lower a pair of steps for a passenger.

Whoever could afford to pay hired a ricksha pushed by a man treading pedals.

The streets were always jammed with pedestrians, so that one had to fight one's way through the mass. The Germans had laid out the ghetto with the idea of making it as difficult as possible for us to get anywhere. The worst congestion of all was at the point I mentioned before, where the two entrances of the ghetto meet at a sharp angle at the corner of Zelazna and Chlonska. This was a point all of us had to pass many times a week because the Jewish Council was situated in the little ghetto. The Germans showed great skill in systematically blocking traffic at this crossroad.

A Jewish post office was organized with two branches, one in each section of the ghetto. These would handle nothing but post cards. No letters, parcels, or anything else could be sent out of or into the ghetto. Every card was examined by the German censor.

## Persecuting the Sick

One of the worst hardships we had to bear was the fact that all pharmacies had been moved out of the ghetto and that every prescription had to be submitted to the commissar through the Jewish Council. The needs of the sick were thus deliberately delayed by red tape. Furthermore, we were obliged to pay for this red tape; every prescription granted—and they were by no means granted—carried a special handling charge in addition to its cost. To make up for the loss of our hospital, we adapted several small houses to take in sick people. It was a poor arrangement, for the buildings were unfit for their purpose and were far apart, while we had no equipment beyond what we could smuggle. At the end of 1941, when spotted fever raged through the ghetto, we still had to struggle with the same insufficient conditions.

The most vital problem for us was food. During those long months the word on every person's lips, the thought in every mind, was food—where to get it, how to get it, how much was there. For food a man would take the most fearful risks, would incur the most frightful punishments.

Because nothing could be grown in the ghetto, every bit of food had to be brought in from the outside. An Office of Provision was set up within the Jewish Council to receive what the Germans allotted to us and distribute it to the



## Which is your type... Jolson, Hildegarde, Goodman?

**JOLSON?** Famous Al, whose Tuesday night radio show is the joy of millions, is the discerning type. "Regent is better tasting", he remarks. That's because Regents are made from choice Domestic and Turkish tobaccos, specially selected for finer flavor!



**HILDEGARDE?** This international singing star gets a kick out of collecting water colors. She's the economical type. "I like Regent's King Size", she observes. "In times like these, value's important. Regents are over 20% longer...naturally mean more value!"

**GOODMAN?** One of Benny's eight clarinets is reserved for the classics. The practical type, he says: "That Regent crushproof box is right in the groove! It's practically a personal cigarette case!" That's one reason why Regents are always in perfect smoking condition.



**ALL THREE AGREE...** that Regent, with its streamlined oval shape, is a mild smoke. Regent, you see—and only Regent—is Multiple Blended, an exclusive process that makes it extra mild! Try Regent yourself. Costs no more than other leading brands.

Quality tobaccos... *Multiple Blended*  
make **REGENT**  
*The milder, better tasting cigarette!*

Common ghetto street scene: a shoeless pauper, his feet bound in rags, carries a tattered coat he hopes to barter for food

Our official bread ration was pounds a month per person. Enough for this was delivered to the council which then apportioned it to the members. The flour was dark and sticky, while the bread made from it tasted like chips and was indigestible. The diet forced upon us was calculated to starve us. It contained no fats, no eggs, no meat or fish, no fruits or vegetables, and was, therefore, almost completely lacking in calories and vitamins. Naturally, in these circumstances we took matters into our own hands. A flourishing black market sprang up, supported by highly organized smuggling, and this enabled us to keep from starving to death.

The smugglers were tough characters, ruthless and unafraid. The penalty if caught was death, but there were always placements to be found for their dedicated ranks. Well organized and disciplined, they worked on a large scale. Moreover, the smugglers were fortunate in two respects: food was plentiful in the country around the capital, and they could generally count on the corruption and greed of the Germans.

The black market sold white flour out of which bakers secretly baked rolls and bread at night. The wheat grains for this were smuggled in and ground privately on hidden hand mills. There was a mill in the house where I lived, and so well guarded was the secret that I never learned where it stood. There were even a few privately run dairies in the ghetto, each with a few cows. I don't know whether the cows had been there before or whether they were driven in just before the closing of the wall. Their fodder also had to come in through the black market, the salt from breweries. Once a live cow was smuggled in, it was the talk of the ghetto for days, as was also the extravagant bribe that had to be paid to the guard who let it through.

A single day's food for a medium-sized family came to the equivalent of twenty dollars on the black market. Since our prime interest in life was get-

ting food, any money we earned, any funds we possessed, any valuables we were able to sell, were all dedicated to that supreme purpose.

The majority of the ghetto population lived on a monstrous and unprecedented sell-out. We consumed whatever substance was left. Those who still had money spent it. By far the greater part had nothing but the valuables they had been able to carry away with them. These we sold one by one so that we could eat. There were always Germans and German sympathizers who jumped at the chance to buy *objets d'art*, precious stones and the like, for a pittance. The agents who brought about these deals lived entirely on their commissions, which they used to buy food. They had to have helpers to smuggle the valuables out of the ghetto, for the wall was a barrier both ways.

### Exploits of Young Smugglers

Small children were trained for this trade. They would creep through holes in the brickwork or climb over and jump down. Once on the outside they would run away on their errands. They made marvelous smugglers, for they could be taught easily and it was the sort of game their imaginations would seize upon with delight. They loved to outwit the sluggish Germans and were thoroughly familiar with every winding street and back alley through which they sped with their burdens. They were seldom caught, because children under fourteen did not have to wear the Jewish arm band.

Those who had no valuables left sold their last miserable belongings out on the sidewalks before their lodgings or hawked them through the streets. When these were gone, they sold their miserable bodies, their last strength, to menial services for a meal, for a piece of food. And those who had no more strength, died.

The second part of this article will appear next week.



# Married on Monday

By Roy Wheeler

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER KLETT

SKIP walked to the outskirts of Blandinsville and took up position where the Lincoln Highway curves across North Main Street.

He didn't have long to wait. A roadster with a middle-aged man in it pulled up in a few minutes. "Don't mind giving a soldier a lift," the man said as he swung open the door.

"Thanks," Skip said and got in.

The man started the car. "Going to the Rapids?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," Skip said and then added, "that is, if you are, sir."

The man nodded. "On leave?" he asked presently.

"Yes, sir," Skip said, "fourteen days."

The man glanced at his wrist watch. "At thirty-five we'll make the Rapids in about an hour," he said. Skip stretched out his legs.

It would be swell seeing Mom again, too. She'd probably have supper waiting. Anyway, *she'd* be waiting. As she had been every day since he marched away.

His throat grew a little tight and he let his thoughts shift to the other side of town. Gwen would probably be waiting, too. Or would she? It had been weeks since she'd written him. Weeks.

The roadster hummed on monotonously. Skip stopped looking at the landscape and let the picture of Gwen fill his eyes: tallish, sleek and at first appearance cold, a coldness that Mom used to think was avarice or something, but which . . .

Skip frowned and his thoughts went back to his last night with Gwen. A night under the winter stars in a deserted corner of the park. "I'll be true to you," he'd told her. "Every day, every hour. I'll never forget how lucky I am—to be engaged to you. I love you, Gwen, with my whole heart."

And then she'd taken a step closer to him and put her arms around his neck and said, "I'll wait for you, Skip—always."

Just that and a quick, hard kiss. But knowing Gwen as he did he couldn't have asked for more.

The thrill of that cold winter night was still sharp in his memory. He wondered about Gwen. A lot of things had happened since he went away. A lot. Had she waited as she'd promised she'd do?

Skip shook his head unhappily. If she were still waiting she'd have written. Of course she wasn't married or anything. Mom or someone else would have written. But, suddenly, an appalling fear took hold of him. Suppose she were ill. Or had met with an accident. Suppose . . . He shrugged the fear away. None of these things could happen to Gwen.

THEY came to the edge of the city. "It won't be long now," the man said. "Where would you like to get out?"

"I live on Delaware," Skip told him. "If you're going that far, sir."

The man inclined his head. Ten minutes later he pulled over to the curb. "This is Delaware," he said.

As he remembered it later, it seemed to Skip that he was still a block away when the door of the little frame house flew open and Mom was silhouetted against the lamplight inside. But Skip didn't know. He'd covered the distance to Mom's arms in almost a single bound.

Mom cried a little, of course, and Skip knew that both joy and fear were in her tears. Joy for his homecoming and fear for the day when he'd have to go away again.

Supper was ready and it was a supper to dream about. All the things Skip liked. "I knew you'd be coming tonight," Mom said. "A little bird told me."

After it was over, Skip pushed back from the ta-

ble. "I . . ." he began and hesitated, "I," he began, "don't suppose you've seen or heard of Gwen?"

Mom stopped midway to the kitchen, her hands full of dishes. "No," she said shortly, "I haven't."

"I guess I'll go over there for a while," Skip said.

"I expected you would," Mom said and went out to the kitchen.

An hour later, bathed, shaved and in a fresh shirt, Skip caught a streetcar across town. It took him within five blocks of Gwen's home.

There was a young man in a camel's-hair coat on the sidewalk ahead of him, but for a block or so Skip paid no attention to him. His concern for Gwen was too absorbing. But then he began to notice the young man's walk and something about that was strangely familiar. Was it Don Bradley? Ed Gowen? Or Fred Huston? Yes! Fred Huston! It must be Fred, Fred still claiming deferment on account of the mill.

Skip's heart missed a beat. What was Fred doing in this neighborhood? He'd always been crazy about Gwen, but . . . Skip dropped back and at the corner crossed the street. Then he speeded up again.

THE young man in the camel's-hair coat was walking rapidly. *Maybe I could get there first if I hurry.* Skip thought and kept on down the opposite side of the street. It probably wasn't Fred anyway. Even so, he wouldn't be going to see Gwen. No.

But outside the big brick house where Gwen lived the young man turned in.

"Geel!" Skip gasped. "He's—he's going to see Gwen!" Breathlessly he tried to shrink into the shadow of a tree. Into a spot where he could see and not be seen.

It seemed an age the time the young man took his walk to the house and up the steps.

And then it happened!

From his point of observation Skip saw the front door being opened. By a girl. He saw the young man take off his hat and put his arms around her. For a moment they stood there and then they moved away. The door closed behind them.

"Gwen," Skip cried. "It—it must have been Gwen." He was clenching and unclenching his fists without knowing what he was doing. "But I've got to be sure," he cried. "I've got to *know*." He began to steal stealthily to cross the street.

As he came onto the lawn that surrounded the brick house his face was grim. There were curtains at the windows but by coming close he could see. They might jail him for this, but at least he'd find out.

A girl was coming across the room. Yes, it was Gwen. She paused at a little table and picked up a cigarette. And then the young man came forward to light it for her. Yes, it was Fred!

Gwen laughed and blew a little cloud of smoke toward the young man. And then he put his arms around her and their lips met.

When they came apart, Skip never knew. He was racing down the five blocks to the big drugstore at the car line.

As he burst in the door he hurled three paper dollars at a clerk and demanded change. Then with the change in his hand he ran through the entire customer file and ducked into a telephone booth at the back of the store.

Three minutes later a heavily laden spinster lady paused near the side door. Her packages were bulging and her feet hurt. She had forgotten to bring an empty tube and they wouldn't give her any toilet paste. But from inside the telephone booth was coming a thrill to make her forget her troubles.

"Betty . . . darling!" Skip was saying. "I got it the discharge. . . . When? Five minutes ago. . . . Honorable? You bet, honey! I love you, too, darling. . . . You'll come up tomorrow? . . . Gee, that's swell! . . . We'll be married Monday. . . . Gee! . . . Mom's going to love you, honey. . . . Gee . . . I'll do. . . . It's a great war, honey. Gee. . . ."

"I'll be true to you," he'd told her. "I love you, Gwen." "I'll wait for you, Skip—always," she'd said

A SHORT STORY  
COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE







# "How I clipped the barber... with the Raleigh bet."

1



"Here's one time my barber wished he *hadn't* talked! I was telling the manicurist that all cigarettes *aren't* alike, and that I could pick my Raleighs from any other popular-priced brand just by looking at the color of the tobacco.

2



"'Bet you a shave you can't!' he pipes up. So he took my Raleighs and several other brands, covered the labels, and showed me just the open ends of the packs. He folded up like a wet towel when I picked right at first glance.

3



"But he's a temperamental cuss, so I thought it best to tell him the secret. The tobacco in Raleighs is more *golden* in color. That color difference stands out like grandpa's sideburns. Try this Raleigh bet on your friends, and win!"

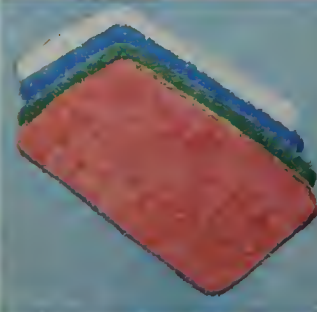
Raleighs are more golden

4

Golden color is proof of *quality*. At the great tobacco sales, the ripe and mellow golden leaf always brings top prices. It's the *expert* way to pick a milder smoke.

*Tinfoil is out for the duration of the war. Our exclusive new laminated moisture-proof paper keeps your cigarettes fresher than any other package on sale today.*

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UNION MADE  
PLAIN END  
OR TIPPED



## 1-A Johnson Grass

Continued from page 26

ne-legged preacher-blacksmith. Neither the foreman nor the Senior Usher liked B'r Charlie; but Giles tolerated him because he could make a shovel plow sharper than any other blacksmith in the Red River bottoms and the Widow Duck defended him because he was her pastor. Presently, the talk got around to the church itself.

Giles and the Widow Duck were constantly feuding about the church. Giles was a sinner and, officially, the Widow Duck had small patience with sinners. On the other hand, Giles was interested only in the sort of work people did in the field, not at all in their church activities.

"Ain't too much down-right sin takin' place, I reckon," the Widow Duck replied to a question. "De young mens gittin' called in de Army kinder cuts hit down." She laughed. "Still, as long as ole Newman Dyke keeps ramblin', I reckon hit'll be enough sin goin' on to keep B'r Charlie preachin' agin hit."

"Young mens goin' off cuts in on de collection, too, don't hit?" Giles asked slyly.

The Widow Duck shrugged casually. Collections were getting to be a sore point, though there was no need to tell Giles so. "We s'pend de dues er de members which git caught in de draft," she explained. "We'll git hit back quick as dey come home and hit a lick wid a good crop and high prices."

"What about de mens which go off and leave dey wife behind—like Cricket and May-Lee?"

THE Widow Duck chuckled. "You sho got around to Cricket's grassy crop again, didn't you?"

Giles feigned self-reproach. "I reckon I ain't got nobody but myse'f to blame," he confessed. "I knowed better den let Cricket bring a hill woman on de place. But he begged so hard and he loved her so good—"

The mention of young love set the Widow Duck's big old heart to bubbling over. It had been many a year since she had taken Big Jim Haley away from a frail brown on Duke's Bend, but romance ever lurked in her soul. "Ah, Lawd, Giles," she said. "Hit ain't no denyin' sweet love."

Giles continued as if he hadn't heard: "Den when May-Lee put on like she was ailin' 'bout de time hoein' got tight and Cricket started gittin' behind in his crop, I didn't had no business lettin' you talk me outn runnin' 'em bofe off."

The Widow Duck dived into the foreman's trap. She didn't know May-Lee had "ailed" during the working season and she had never discussed the question of evicting the young couple. Nevertheless, she could not allow Giles to blame her without defending her position even though it had never been her position.

"Sho you can't run 'em off," she snapped. "Cricket was bawn on dis place and, good or bad, he got a right."

"His woman ain't got no right to ail, jest cause hit's mo' easier to stay in de house and groan den hit is to git out and fight Johnson grass. I couldn't 'a' runned her off, less'n I run Cricket off, too."

"Trouble wid you, Giles," the Widow Duck said, "you don't understand a woman wid love."

"Man, woman, or mule," Giles declared, "when you lays in de shade and grunts jest cause de sun is hot and de grass is high, dat's laziness. Pyore-D laziness."

"Pyore-D love," the Widow Duck in-

sisted. "Hit's like dis: de mo' May-Lee didn't work in de field wid her hoe, de harder Cricket had to work wid his plow. Ain't dat right?"

Giles admitted it was true.

"And de mo' harder Cricket got to plow, de mo' he show May-Lee he love her good. On account er no man ain't gonter work dat hard for his woman efn he don't love her too good."

"Hunh!" Giles snorted.

"Don't you 'hunh' at love," the Widow Duck warned. "Love is holy, right outn de Bible. I don't keer efn you is a on-redeemed sinner and a low-down church-don't-goer, you can't do dat. De Book say, 'Feed me tharfo' on pyore love for verily de lamb shall lay down on de line and eat de apple er Eden's Tree.' Be not disencouraged, son. God will change conditions."

Giles grinned. "Love and Cricket and May-Lee all mixed up wid de church, hunh?"

"Sho. Dey's all good members at my church. De way dem chilluns love is a

est. The result was a field full of tall grass with deep, tough roots.

The Widow Duck put the pressure on, hard. Mamie T, the best cotton chopper on Little Bee Bend, was soon to come before the church board as a candidate for Chief Usher. The Widow Duck let it be known that "committee" work in May-Lee's field would definitely influence the board's decision. This brought Mamie T's hoe out.

WORD was spread that a reorganization of the choir was contemplated; and unless a number of the singers showed more enthusiasm about committee work they would wind up as mere Water Sisters in the Left Hand Pew instead of Mocking Birds over the Altar. There would also be added to the list of church officers a few Acting Junior Deacons, provided some interest was displayed by boys big enough to learn the deaconing business and strong enough to hold a cultivator in a grassy furrow.

After the first day's work, it was ap-

as the Widow Duck went on: "Me and Giles got strung out in a argyment 'bout c'd I git Cricket's and May-Lee's crop worked and hit look like Giles got me down."

"De Creek it I know, yas," Modom Aw-bear sighed heavily. "For him I make one love toby. De May-Lee? No."

"Don't nobody else know her, neither," the Widow Duck said. She wrinkled her brow and thought hard. "Dat set my mind thinkin', Cissie. Maybe you done put yo' big mouf on de trouble. I bet dat's de p'int. Efn ev'ybody knowed May-Lee good, dey'd pitch in and work hard. But dey don't know her. Dey been workin' for her, cause dey knows me. She's gittin' de work secondhand and secondhand work ain't no good."

"Dees May-Lee, do she have *le je ne sais quoi*?" Modom Aw-bear made a suggestive wiggle.

The Widow Duck laughed. "She might do in a rush efn a man couldn't do no better," she said. "But I'm got womens and mens bofe workin' for her."

"Mmm," groaned Modom Aw-bear. "You got de troubles, yas."

"You's mighty tootin' I'm got troubles," the Widow Duck admitted. "But I'm got me a idea, too. Good night all and thank you for de company."

FROM the hoodoo woman, the Widow Duck made straight for May-Lee's house. "Git dressed in yo' fancy Sunday clothes and come wid me," the Widow Duck ordered.

When May-Lee was dressed, the Widow Duck inspected her critically. "Twon't do," she said firmly. "Whar yo' high heels?"

"Ain't got none," said May-Lee crossly.

"Whar at yo' weddin' shoes?"

"Dese dey," May-Lee explained. "I didn't never had me no high heels. Cricket promised me some but he never got around to gittin' 'em."

"Come on home wid me, anyhow," the Widow Duck told her. "I'll do some borrowin' in de mawnin'."

The next day the Widow Duck introduced a new and somewhat bewildered May-Lee to the handful of committee members who were struggling with the grass. May-Lee wore high-heeled shoes, open-work stockings and a black slinky dress. Draped from her head like a bridal veil was one of the Widow Duck's lace curtains held in place by the old woman's long silver hatpin which also secured a spray of red zinnias from her flower bed. "May-Lee a widow-bride," the Widow Duck announced. "And she got love dat's so holy dat whosoever do's good unto her shall be cast on de waters of life seven times seven and shall abide tharin'!"

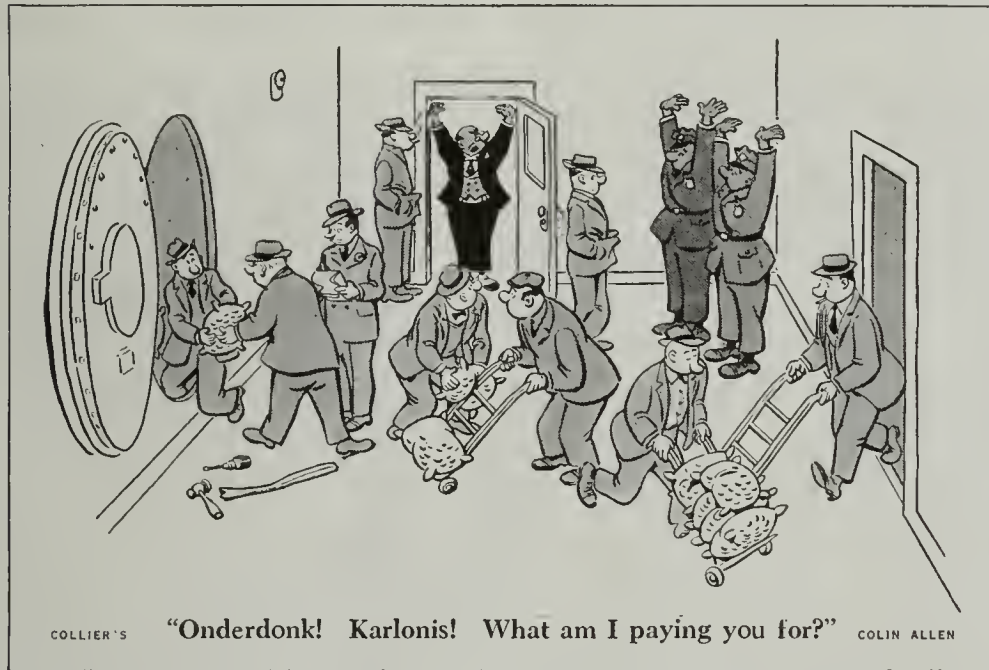
It was apparent almost at once that May-Lee did not have the *je ne sais quoi*. She stood stupid and wall-eyed as the women stared through narrowed lids and the young aspirants for Acting Junior Deaconships searched in vain for glamor.

The Widow Duck knew. "Git home and take dat stuff off," she told May-Lee. "And den git yo' hoe and start choppin' grass like you ain't never done. Onderstand?"

"Yas'm," said May-Lee.

"And you, Mamie T, you keep dese young'ns choppin' and y'all boys do de best you kin wid de cultivator to I gits back. Ain't nothin' gonter git dis grass but work. Pitch in hard and heavy whilst I goes for mo' he'p."

The Widow Duck went off to find



COLLIER'S

"Onderdonk! Karlonis! What am I paying you for?"

COLIN ALLEN

blestin' in sheep's clothes and few abide tharin'." Then as if to drive home the point, the Widow Duck added, "And I'm fixin' to move we s'pends May-Lee's dues outwell her man git home f'm de draft."

"And dat will jest 'bout fix ev'ything," Giles said sarcastically. "Y'all git over at de church and tawk about bein' holy and s'pendin' dues! Who gonter s'pend de grass outn dat crop, so's hit'll pay off for what Cricket and May-Lee done et and so's May-Lee kin eat dis winter? Church got somethin' to do 'bout dat?"

The Widow Duck bristled. It was a challenge thrown to the Old Ship of Zion by as rank a sinner as ever sprouted. "Ain't no member er my church skeered of a little bitty Johnson grass," the Widow Duck snorted. "Us members'll whup dat grass outn dat good sister's crop in a committee. I'm gonter ush up a meetin' of ev'y woman big enough to swing a hoe, and ev'y man stout enough to hold a plow, and us'll whup dat grass jest like us whups ole Satan!"

GETTING May-Lee's cotton cleaned of grass took a week of the hardest work the Widow Duck had ever done plus every bit of influence and imagination she possessed. Cricket's crop was, she soon discovered, a complete mess. Only a fair plowhand at best and with Giles too busy to keep watch, Cricket had plowed sloppily and May-Lee's hoeing had shown an appalling lack of inter-

parent to the Widow Duck that the people did not have their hearts in it. She stopped by the blacksmith shop to discuss the matter with B'r Charlie.

"What dem members needs," she told the preacher, "is a soul-splittin' sermon and prayer, right out in de field. Whyn't you drap by along 'bout sun-up and pitch a meetin'?"

B'r Charlie fidgeted uncomfortably. "Hit's a fur piece for me to crutch down de turnrow," he objected.

"You crutched a heap mo' fur den dat," she reminded him. "And not on church business, neither." But she didn't press the matter.

After supper, she went to Modom Aw-bear's cabin. The Widow Duck had no belief in and scant patience for the hoodoo woman's strange practices. She had known Modom Aw-bear when the Modom had been plain Cissie Ringgold—long before she talked in the French dialect of Cane River or pretended to have magic powers. But the Widow Duck knew that many people on Little Bee Bend believed in Modom Aw-bear's power and the Widow Duck was desperate.

"Set, Cissie, and quit suckin' yo' teef at me," the Widow Duck commanded as she entered the gloomy cabin. "You ain't got as much sense as me but you knows what's takin' place cause de people runs to you wid dey troubles."

Modom Aw-bear moaned and hissed

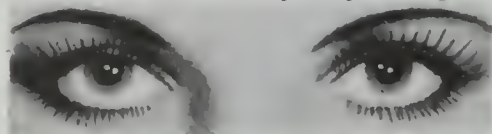


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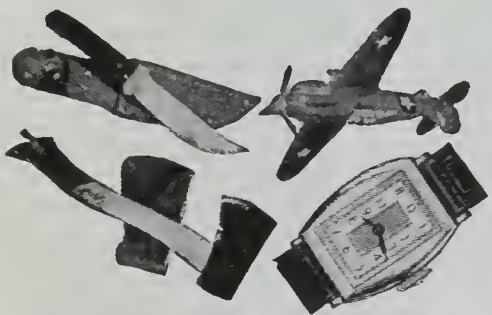
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Newman Dyke, her favorite sinner. "Go catch Eagle and Lightnin'," she commanded. "Hook 'em to de newest cultivator in de lot."

Newman backed off, grinning. "Look, Mis' Duck," he said. "I knows 'bout you tryin' to git dat grassy field cleant up. I went down and peeped around. I never seed such tough-lookin' grass and I know I ain't never seed as hard a lookin' lady as dat gaggle-laigged May-Lee. Ain't nothin' in dat field dat appeals to my favors."

The Widow Duck was stern. "Yas, de grass is tough and May-Lee sho ain't nothin' to look at. You and yo' mules is de onliest team which kin whup dat grass and y'all gonter do jest dat." She glared at him. "Or else," she threatened. "bad luck sho gonter overtake you all de days er yo' life."

Newman capitulated, the Widow Duck got her own hoe into action, and two days later she invited Giles to inspect May-Lee's field.

"De cotton done got stunted some," she said, "but hit ain't no grass dar."

Giles nodded approvingly. "Come a shower and I'll wage-plow hit th'ough one mo' time and hit'll make fair. I reckon," the foreman said. "But you better keep in behind May-Lee—"

"Not me," the Widow Duck snapped. "I said I'd git de field clean and I done hit. From hyar on out May-Lee is yo' business. Satisfied?"

"Satisfied," Giles agreed.

THE Widow Duck promptly forgot May-Lee and when a man from the guvmer came to question her about May-Lee, she was no more than mildly curious. "Yassuh," she replied, "I knows Harding Daingerfield dat got caught in de draft. His call name is Cricket and his wife is name May-Lee. Dey got married up wid a pair er cou'thouse licenses on New Year's Day. Him and May-Lee was makin' a crop up to de time de draft call his name and he lef' out for Uncle Sam's Army. You kin find Cricket's name on de book at de commissary for three-and-a-half for dem cou'thouse licenses and you kin find May-Lee in her field. Follow de turnrow to de last house on de lef', den go down de grudge ditch to you sees a dark lady choppin' in de field by herself. Dat'll be Cricket's wife."

Slow hot weeks passed. The cotton grew tall and the stalks spread across the middies. There was no room for Johnson grass to grow and no more work to be done in the field. The cotton crop was "made." The blooms dropped off, squares formed and out of them grew the hard, dark green bolls. The people sat around and waited for the bolls to pop open so the cotton could be picked.

Around the middle of August, when a few open bolls were reported, Newman Dyke came to see the Widow Duck. "I been peepin' about some," he told her, "and f'm whar I'm settin' hit look like dat May-Lee gonter make a fair crop."

"And so?" challenged the Widow Duck.

"I put in two of de hardest days' plowin' I ever done, in dat field," Newman said. "Seem like she gonter make enough to pay out at de commissary and den have some to pay wages, maybe."

"You aimin' to charge a widow woman wages?"

"May-Lee got a husband."

"You knows he off in de draft."

Newman was insistent: "I'm got me a rule I don't never do nothin' for no lady less'n de lady do somethin' for me. Yutherwise de ladies will forgit who I'm is."

"You done dat plowin' for me," the Widow Duck reminded him. "And I ain't gonter pay you no wages. But

de next time some lady's husband shoots you, I'll pick out de buckshots."

"Go 'haid, Mis' Duck," Newman laughed. "I wa'n't meanin' to charge you. Only I jest don't want de news to git about dat I worked May-Lee's crop for free. Dat be's bad, any way you looks at hit."

Once started, the cotton opened rapidly. People mended their old cotton sacks or sewed new ones from the long bolts of lowells. Rumors sprang up about the date picking would begin. A feeling of festive excitement was abroad in the land—cotton-picking time!

Then Giles rode through the fields and looked. That was on a Monday. "Pickin' fixin' to start Wednesday mawnin' quick as de dew dry off," he announced. "Ev'y picker git a dollar fo'-bits a hund'ed. Satisfied?"

No objection being offered, the people settled down for one more day of rest before the cotton would start rolling to the gin.

Wednesday morning found everybody busy in the field.

At noon, while the pickers were eating their lunches, May-Lee became the cen-



"Of course I shouldn't like to be too warm, either"

COLLIER'S

GARDNER REA

ter of attention. The R. F. D. postman, who drove down the black-top each day, stopped and called out to know if anybody named Mrs. W. Harding Daingerfield was around.

"Cricket's book name is Daingerfield," Giles told the postman. "Whar dat gal—what's her name—you!" He pointed to May-Lee. "De R. F. D. callin' you. Git out to de black-top."

May-Lee dragged herself to the highway and stood talking a long time to the postman. By the time she returned, everybody was ready to resume work. May-Lee was not dragging her feet, now. Instead, she was stepping high and held a long white envelope in one hand and a blue piece of paper in the other.

"Good news?" asked the Widow Duck.

"Good news," said May-Lee.

"Well, git yo' sack stropped on and you kin tell me about hit whilst us picks cotton."

MAY-LEE stopped and glared contemptuously. "My sack?" she demanded. "Humph! Lemme tell you somethin', big ole fat lady. I'm got mysef a big guvmer check and I picks no mo' cotton!"

"Well, knock me down wid a sludge hammer!" exclaimed the Widow Duck.

"Cricket been gittin' paid wages whilst he in de draft," May-Lee continued haughtily. "So he sont me twenty-two dollars outn his wages."

"Twenty-two dollars!" the Widow

Duck was astonished. "You got twenty two dollars, gal?"

"Nawm," May-Lee said. "I'm got fifty dollars. De guvmer likes de wa Cricket work so good dat Uncle Sam sont me twenty-eight dollars, too. And dat makes fifty, quick as I writes my name on dis blue paper and gi' hit to de man at de bank."

The Widow Duck breathed deeply and thought rapidly. "Dat's a right smart pile er cash money for a gal to have before she sell her cotton. Efn you works hard and git dat sorry crop er yo'n picker clean, you might have enough money to pay out at de commissary and git kitched up wid de church dues, wid what you gits for yo' crop on top er dat fifty."

"Church dues! Humph!" May-Lee snorted. "I'm gonter leave out for Shreveport and git mysef a pair er high heels and git on my Sunday clothes and do some gittin' about."

The Widow Duck reached for a loose singletree. "You'll git yo' sack an' start pickin'—"

"Hold ev'ything!" Giles ordered. "She got a right, Mis' Duck. Hit's her money and she kin do like she want."

"Hit ain't wrote in de Book dat a gal got a right to set flat of her chair and git money in de mails," the Widow Duck said.

"Maybe you ain't been readin' in de right book," Giles pointed out. "She got de money. You can't argy wid dat."

"WHAT about her crop?" the Widow Duck asked Giles.

Giles turned to May-Lee. "What about hit?" he asked.

"I ain't studdin' my crop," May-Lee said.

"Well, I'm is," Giles declared. "You and Cricket et and wored clothes on dat crop ontwell a mont' ago, and you been eatin' on hit ev'y since. Dat crop ain't too good, but hit'll pay out wid some lef' over."

"Den keep de change," May-Lee said magnanimously, "cause I'm a windin' ball and Shreveport bound."

"Dat's okay wid me," Giles told her, "but when you leave out f'm hyar, you's lef' f'm now on. Understand?"

"She owe me some money," Newman Dyke put in. "I plowed two days—"

"She don't owe you nothin'," Giles said. "Her crop owe you two days' wages and de crop kin pay."

"She owe church dues," the Widow Duck added. "Her and Cricket bofe."

"Nawp," Giles ruled. "Dat crop don't owe nobody's church no dues. Not even efn hit's a hund'ed dollars lef' over. You knows me too good to think I'm fixin' to pay somebody's church dues outn somebody's crop."

The Widow Duck eyed the foreman scornfully. "Onredeemed church-don't-goin' sinner!" She threw the epithet at him.

Giles laughed. "But on de yuther hand, hit ain't nothin' in my book which say anybody which work ain't intitled to dey wages. And efn I don't dis-remember, hit seem to me like a church committee worked might' nigh a week hoein' an' plowin' in dat field. And efn hit's any money to pay wages wid, I'll pay 'em to Old Ship's Senior Usher for her committee's wages. Hit ought to be enough to make up dem dues you s'pended for all de draft members!"

"I'm on to you, Giles," the Widow Duck chuckled happily. "And I bet de Lawd is, too. You hyppercritted de church into workin' dat field and now you's hyppercrittin' a way of payin' off widout makin' like you's hepin' de church. For a hyppercrittin' sinner-man, may you abide tharin!"

THE END



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**1** We know how you feel with so many of the boys going away these days. And there are so few places that you can go yourself without gas for the car. But cheer up. There are lots of things to do that will help bring the boys back sooner, things that will make you forget you're *all alone*. Here's one of them.



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# Port of Navy Wives

Continued from page 15

a phone call from an officer she knew, who was stationed on North Island at the naval air station.

"Nancy, I want you to be prepared," he said. "The Lex was lost in the Coral Sea. The transport is coming in now with the survivors, and we won't know till she docks whether Jim's on her or not."

Well, he was. But she didn't find it out till an hour and a half later, when he stepped out of a Navy station wagon at the door.

That is the romantic side of San Diego. But you can look at it another way and see in this seething, throbbing city, with its streets colored Navy blue, the biggest problem town in the United States.

Washington, D. C., regards itself as a madhouse. But Washington hasn't seen anything at all. Compared to the madhouse of the Pacific, our national capital is just Sunday afternoon on the farm.

Yet two years ago, San Diego was just a pleasant, middle-sized city with two hundred thousand people and not a problem in sight—or not much of any. It was famous for the old folks who had sought out its southern California climate, and who rooted for the Townsend Plan and were known as the Geranium Growers because that was all they did; just raised geraniums on the window sill.

## A Town of Countless Problems

Today it has more headaches than a porcupine has quills. Its population has easily doubled, but the figures are obscured because no statement can be made as to its numbers of military personnel.

Besides Consolidated Aircraft and a huge, expanding naval base, it has a Marine base and an air station and a couple of Army camps. It is bursting at the seams with transients. It is struggling with transportation problems and housing problems and trailer-camp problems and recreation-for-sailors problems and every other known variety of problem which springs from violation of a fundamental law. In the words of Edgar N. Gott, Consolidated vice-president, the error of San Diego is simply this: "You can't put two gallons in a one-gallon jug."

On top of everything else, there are the Navy wives. Wives of officers, newly ordered to duty in San Diego, come with their husbands, and they come after their husbands. They come alone, or with babies whose formulas have to be mixed (and you can't do that in the ladies' washroom), and with older children who need the comforts of housekeeping. A few of the men are assigned to shore stations, but for the great majority, San Diego is merely a breathing space of a few days or a few weeks, the last stop in the land of peace and freedom before shoving off for trouble in the Pacific.

Families of enlisted men arrive in swarms, to catch one more glimpse of their darlings before the take-off, but since most of the boys of the Navy are in their early twenties, the female contingent in their case runs rather more heavily to mothers than to wives. The boys are none too good at letter writing; half the time a bevy of eager relatives will land in town knowing only that he's "somewhere in San Diego" (if he hasn't been shipped out); and it's up to the

USO, the Army and Navy, the Y, the Red Cross and other agencies to explain all over again why needle-hunting in haystacks is a difficult game. Meanwhile, they repeatedly broadcast the plea to relatives to "Stay home till you know where he is!"

Mothers move on, but wives remain, using up housing space which is needed desperately for war workers. The term Geranium Grower was shortened some time since to Geranium—meaning any resident of wartime San Diego who isn't doing some work toward winning the war.

There is a feeling that Navy wives, at least those whose husbands have pulled out, are Geraniums. San Diego wishes heartily that they'd all go back where they came from—or if they won't do

thing else. Her ad was answered by an ensign's wife, who pleaded to be allowed to do the housework for the sake of a place to stay.

On Saturday nights, the town is so crowded that people are sleeping in their cars, in the park and in the all-night theaters. Not bums, you understand, nice people. The hotels put out cots in the halls or let them sleep sprawled uncomfortably in the chairs in the lobby. One hotel not only lets them sleep in the lobby but provides the women with pillows, and when the first guests check out in the morning, the stranded ladies are invited up to the vacated rooms, to freshen up and have a bath free of charge.

From the point of view of a Navy wife, there are strong incentives for staying

home some day; and meanwhile at great naval crossroads of San Diego may see a man who was in his square or on his ship and who will fill in the dreadful void with news.

But all too often, when the report comes, it is only to say that he was seen waving from his about-to-be merged plane or bailing out over empty sea or that he was on the hangar deck when the bomb hit it. Those pictures reach home often enough there is not much comfort in them. A dive-bomber pilot off the Lexington radioed that he was out of gas and down at sea two hundred miles from the nearest hope of rescue; that he was badly wounded and his radio operator dead.

"But don't forget I got two hits on Jap carrier," were the last words heard from him.

Even then his wife wouldn't give up and months later the distant rumor of a flier being found sent her telephoning frantically all over the place. He is missing.

Yet the miracle does happen. It happened in the case of Ensign and Mrs. Worden.

Early last September, Mrs. Worden, who is young and red-haired, received one of those telegrams. "The Navy Department deeply regrets to inform you . . ." and so on. Her husband was missing.

## The Faith that Never Failed

At first she was stunned. Then she acted like the rest of them. She wouldn't believe it. Three weeks later, came a letter signed by Admiral Tower in Washington, offering in the Navy's sincere phrases his condolences on the "death" of her husband. This would shake anybody. It shook Nola Worden considerably.

Next, a squadron mate of her husband's came home, bringing a fragment of news. Her husband's fighter plane had been shot down in the Pacific the first day of the Solomons battle, after downing a Zero; and those in the air had seen him getting out his frail hope of a rubber boat. That was all.

Mrs. Worden tended her baby and tried not to think. In the meanwhile, Mrs. Worden, having floated two days on a rubber raft, had landed on an uninhabited island where, in spite of severe injuries, he had managed to save his raft and rations. A few days later he had pushed off again and made Guadalcanal, landing on an isolated beach thirty miles (as it turned out later) from the American positions.

With his injuries, it took him almost three months of alternate rest and struggle, with the help of the natives, to make his way through those thirty miles of jungle. But on October 3d he turned up at Henderson Field.

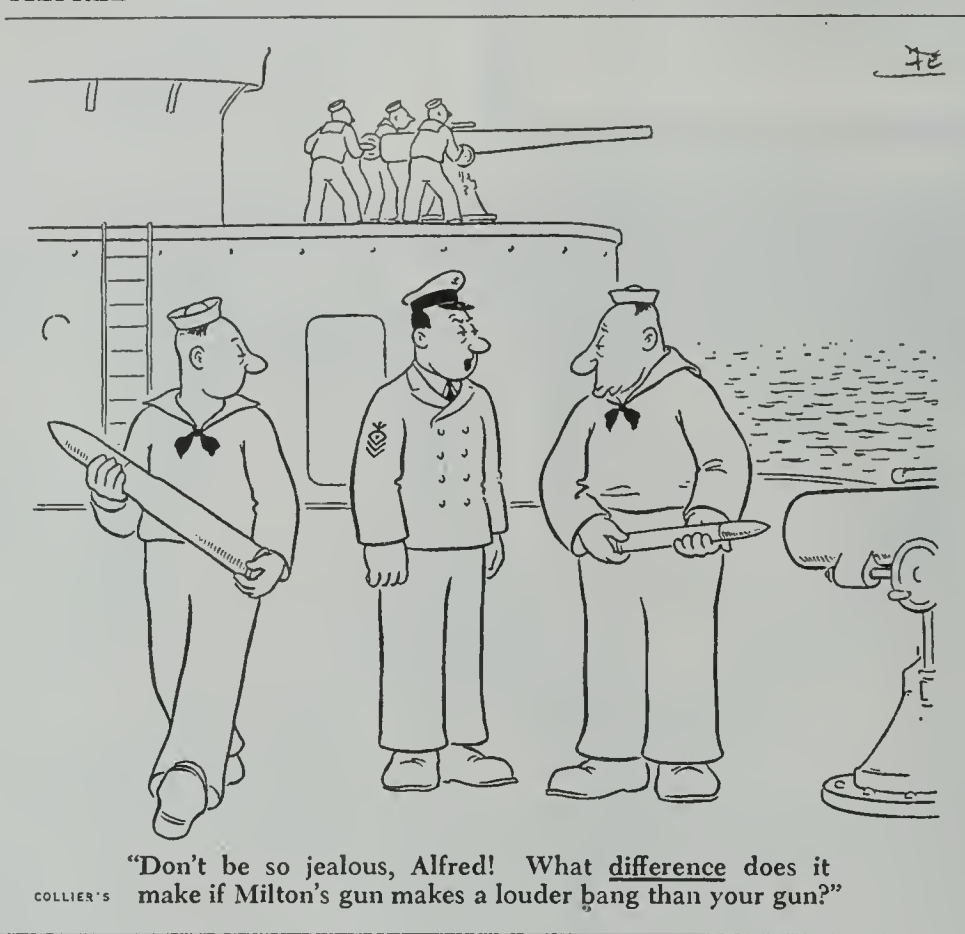
Mrs. Worden was painting kitchen chairs the afternoon he landed at North Island, four weeks later. When he called the house, she had stepped out to the grocery, and another Navy wife who lived with her answered the phone. He wouldn't give his name at first. He called again, but on his second try, the foolish woman was still down the street buying groceries.

"Tell her it's her old man," he said "and I'm at North Island, and to come get me."

The friend ran screaming out of the

ALFRED

by FOSTER HUMFREVILLE



"Don't be so jealous, Alfred! What difference does it make if Milton's gun makes a louder bang than your gun?"

that, then for heaven's sake, learn to run a streetcar or drive a cab.

But the girls can't see it. At least they can't see moving away.

"Leave San Diego? I should say not!" said one whose husband is hunting Japs in a submarine. "A friend of mine went home to visit her family and she'd no sooner left than her husband got in with forty-eight hours leave, and she missed him. And after she'd been back here a few months, her family talked her into going East again, this time for Christmas, and she missed him again. I'm staying right here!"

## They Sleep Everywhere

There is no place to put them. A Naval Reserve ensign and his wife who arrived from Boston slept nine nights in a station wagon; they finally got a place to stay only because Navy Relief found a woman who was fixing up the basement of her house for a playroom. She was persuaded to put cots down there instead.

A captain's wife advertised in the paper for a maid—San Diego having a shortage of domestic help as of every-

in San Diego. For one thing, there is the misery-loves-company feeling. Girls whose husbands are busy fighting the Japs would rather be with other girls who know how it feels. And there are other reasons.

I met the wife of a certain lieutenant commander who was somewhere in the South Pacific. ("He's had one ship shot out from under him and he's waiting for another.") She said, "You stay in San Diego because maybe you'll meet a man on the street who saw your husband last month. Or maybe he'll turn up himself some day with forty-eight hours leave. Old Navy wives or new brides, it's all the same—it doesn't take 'em two weeks to learn that."

There was another lieutenant commander's wife whose husband was supposed to be in the Solomons. She left home one morning planning to spend the week end with friends in San Francisco. As she was about to board the Coronado ferry, she met him coming off a Navy launch.

If a man is listed as missing, his wife clings to San Diego harder than ever. She won't give up; she clings to the hope that he's alive somewhere and will come



# DID WOMAN FLIER STRIKE FIRST U.S. BLOW AT JAPS?

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Rosalind  
**RUSSELL • MacMURRAY**

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WITH

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AN RKO RADIO PICTURE



In a land of dark intrigue, an even deeper plot... To the world, girl and navigator are strangers; to each other, they mean everything.





# New Life for Old Stockings!



*Blackie:* "What do you mean by new life, Whitey?"

*Whitey:* "Well, Blackie, every old stocking collected by the Government starts life over again—as vital war material!"

● The War Production Board wants your old stockings. Now! Immediately! The silks and nylons will be reclaimed and used in the war effort. Have your old stockings laundered, then send them to your local salvage collector. Sock the Axis with your stockings!



## "BLACK & WHITE"

*The Scotch with Character*

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86.8 PROOF

house for Nola—who went and got him.

A missing Marine flier walked in on his sister in Coronado to find her reading letters of condolence from their friends. Like Ensign Worden, he had made his way to a Guadalcanal beach, had lived for weeks in enemy-infested jungles and finally, with the aid of natives, had made his way back to the American lines. His home-coming had a curious effect on his sister. Up to that time she'd been doing voluntary war work—AWVS, Red Cross, and so forth. Whether it was the joyous shock of his return that did it, or what he told of life and death in the Solomons, no one seemed to know. But she went out and got a job at Consolidated next week, and she's now working eight hours a day welding B-24s.

Widows are very apt to go to work at Consolidated—or so an admiral's wife told me—and it's not always a case of financial need. It's simply that when you've lost a husband through enemy action, knitting, canteen work and other voluntary activities, useful as these things are, don't seem to fill the bill. Widows want to make bombers.

If that idea spreads, the problem of Navy wives will be solved and so will the problem of San Diego. With the town in crying and desperate need for every sort of labor and service, the woman power represented by Navy wives would make a big difference.

Many have stepped in already. They are working at Consolidated, they are doing office work for the Navy, they are running busses and driving taxis. I talked to one cab driver named Alma Collins. Her husband was a bosun's mate; she had three children in school and she hired a woman to come afternoons and look after them.

"I don't want you to think I'm doing this for the money," she said. "My husband's been in the Navy twenty-four years and he makes good pay. But San Diego's hard up for transportation and I figured I could drive a cab as well as anyone. It's nice work and I love it."

### Proud of His Lady Drivers

The manager of the company, C. A. Pratt, is one of the best-working feminists I've ever met. He has fifty or sixty women drivers—half of those on the day shift are women. He is proud of the fact that his was the first cab company in the United States to introduce women on a large scale; proud of their low accident record and the way the public likes them; proud because the success of his experiment helped persuade the streetcar company to put women on its bus and car lines.

There are over one hundred women driving streetcars and busses in San Diego right now, and the company is training more as fast as they can be

found. But it's tough work in the hours, and they have to be husky—least five feet four inches tall and weighing 135 pounds. About a third of women now in service have Navy connections.

It's wrong to give the impression all Navy wives with husbands in the Pacific try to stay on the Coast. They don't. In Coronado, there is a huge, old hotel whose turrets and gables of the same vintage as Lillian Russell's pompadour. A famous winter resort peacetime, it has now become a sea headquarters for the Navy (particularly for the flying Navy), and its immense rambling porches above the blue-sea have been taken over by Navy Marine fliers and their young wives. These wives are transients, most of them. When their men leave, they're home.

### They Took Chances—and How

One day I sat at a table with five men and three girls. The men were all members of a patrol-bomber squadron that had just come home from the Solomons; they had been in the battle of Midway before the one next to me had an Air Medal for rescue work at Midway; a sixth one stopped by the table briefly was Catalina pilot who had found the fleet. The three girls had been married to three of them for periods ranging from two weeks up to nine months. The second pair were named Larsen, their story was typical of the rest. May, he had landed in San Diego and had called her up—she lived in Iowa. "Would she like to take a chance and come out?"

She dashed for Omaha, not knowing until ten minutes before the plane whether she could get on it or not. She landed in Los Angeles with the realization that he might be gone.

But he wasn't gone, and they were married, and they had five days.

Other Navyites were of the opinion that "they were very lucky."

It's getting harder and harder to reach your husband by means of one of the breakneck dashes across the country. Plane travel is very tight, and the chance of a flying hero gets no priority. Another girl in the group, Betsy Nichols, had similar luck. They were married in March when he came back from Pearl Harbor. (He'd expected two months in this country, and had three days.) May, he too had had leave, and she had flown out to join him.

"I told the girl at the airline why I was going, and she worked awfully hard to get me on that plane. I think she must have had some experience," said grateful Betsy.

Who knows? Perhaps she had.

THE END





## The Weasel

Continued from page 60

practice, as Billy knew, having seen him in the action that brought them here. Billy was born for trouble, thought Billy. Frank finished rolling his cigarette, tucked it in his trousers for a match. "You know, it ain't so bad at that, bein' in a place where they don't have many customers. Clean, anyway." The knife still gleamed from the little finger. Billy knew he kept the knife there to show him. That was another thing, this streak since he got the knife. "It ain't no jail seems nice to me," said Billy. He walked to the small window looking out on the jail yard. "Whyn't I go in Texas?" he asked, miserably. Frank blew out a cloud of smoke. "You know what I told you." "I ain't in this town a week but I gits in trouble," lamented Billy. He omitted to say it had been altogether Frank Vargas' fault. He dropped his voice and nodded plaintively a moment. The naming formed into words:

*"Pickin' peaches in the summuh,  
Pickin' apples in the fall.  
Califo'nia to Montana—"*

"You know what I told you," repeated Frank. "Stick by me when the times comes and you'll be home again."

BILLY abruptly closed his mouth on his singing. A stubborn look came over his broad, black face.

"I need a friend," said Frank, conversationally. "Two of us can do it easy. There won't be a sound—that's the nice thing about a knife. Ain't like a gun. A gun brings 'em all on the run. Nobody'll know what happened to Macmillan 'till long after we're on that fast freight out of Missoula." Billy turned from the window. Frank suddenly gave him that wide-eyed, colorless stare. "Or maybe you're too yellow?"

Billy didn't even try sustaining the size, this time. Nor did he answer. "Knew you'd be," said Frank, turning the stare off. "Then just don't get in my way when the time comes."

"I won't git in nobody's way," said Billy, sullenly.

"That's good," said Frank, and smiled to himself. In his mind he was already on that fast freight out of Missoula.

"If you hadda ask that gal fo' anythin', whyn't you ask maybe fo' her dad's keys? No—you hadda ask fo' a knife, to put th'ough his th'roat when he come a heah one day."

"Damned right," said Frank. "If that rakeman back there dies, I got a murder rap hangin' over me—and so do you, maybe. You know how far anybody'd get from here with that Macmillan on his rail."

Billy looked hard at him. He wished Frank would turn on that colorless-eyed stare again. He felt sure he could push it back, this time. "Just nevuh thought of nobody but yo'self in all yo' life," he said.

He got the stare. "I suppose you're a prize specimen? I seen you corned up, once."

Billy shook his head. "Some black folks got no sense, come they git likered up. Make too much money, pickin' them apples."

"That's your trouble, all right," said Frank. "That and bein' yellow when you're sober."

"Does I git home," said Billy, "I gits in the Ahmy."

"You would," said Frank.

"Keep out of trouble, in the Ahmy."

Wish I was in it now. With Texas boys," he added, wistfully. "Wish I'd nevuh come pickin' them apples."

"Army's goin' to have to come get this boy when it wants him," said Frank, confidently. He looked almost with affection on his knife. "Could show 'em a thing or two about gettin' Japs on the quiet, though." He enjoyed this thought a moment, then he reverted to the subject in hand. "Well, you comin' with me or stayin' here and goin' to the pen, like a sheep?"

"Ain't gittin' into mo' trouble," said Billy, stubbornly.

"Then forget it," said Frank. As if to close the subject for good Frank turned over on his stomach and opened a tattered copy of *Actual Detective Tales*.

Billy was at the window, staring at the world outdoors. The window had heavy iron bars about four inches apart, set deep in the brick and mortar of the wall. They were almost hot as a stove to the touch, but Billy clasped them in his enormous black hands as he stared. Despite the heat shimmering and dancing over the landscape it was a delectable world he saw—or at least what he could see of it above the high board fence enclosing the jail yard.

Green, pine-clad hills rose, tier on tier, until they melted into the distant Bitter-root mountains. And all around them in the surrounding valley, Billy knew, were orchards heavy with fruit where he might still be working if he hadn't gotten corned up and into trouble with Frank Vargas.

*"Pickin' peaches in the summuh,  
Pickin' apples in the fall..."*

Yeah, you got into trouble just as easy up here in Montana as you did at home. Easier, maybe. Picking fruit. High wages. Everywhere they were yelling for help. You could just keep going and make money all the time. Pick grapefruit around home a while, then wander to the San Joaquin or Imperial valleys in California for seasonal stuff there, then on up into Washington or Oregon for the apples.

Sometimes you hopped a freight for smaller districts, such as this, for less competition and even higher pay. So much a box—if you were fast and strong, you made high as twelve, fifteen bucks a day. The fruit bums, followers of the crops, came on freights, in ramshackle cars, by the whole family in trailers. Tent cities rose, bars were crowded; every fruit town became a boom town in picking season.

BILLY'S eyes left the distant hills and fell on the several pelts stretched on drying frames and hung on the high board fence enclosing the jail yard—proofs of Sheriff Macmillan's marksmanship. Four coyote pelts, a dozen rabbits, four muskrats, a cougar, a row of little weasels—brown weasels, for this was summer. Billy knew weasels, he'd been a farm boy. Texas weasels were a little bigger than these, though from the look of those teeth they were about as vicious.

Billy frowned in thought. The word "weasel" had some connotation with a thought uppermost in his slow mind. What was it?

One corner of the jail yard was devoted to a wire-enclosed runway for a dozen Plymouth Rock hens. Most of the rest of the ground was planted to some radishes, lettuce and a few onions. Beyond, out of sight of the cell window,

First in America



1843 — 1943

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These were untested innovations in 1843. A century of performance through wars, depressions and other catastrophes has proved their soundness. In its lifetime The Mutual Life has paid more than \$4½ billions in benefits to policyholders and beneficiaries. Today it is a national institution, with offices in 47 States and the District of Columbia.

We had planned a nation-wide 100th Birthday Celebration, but to conserve materials and transportation for war, our plans have been deferred. Later, perhaps, we may observe our Centennial in conjunction with America's Victory Celebration.

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But E&K fine wines are limited in supply—due to the smallness of the district. So buy now! Enjoy the "top place" excellence of E&K Souternes, Choblis, Burgundy, Port, Dry Sherry...delight your guests with perfect cocktails made with E&K American Vermouths.

# E&K OHIO WINES



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was the house where the sheriff lived with his daughter and her child. That child, which was about eighteen months old, most of the time was left alone in a play pen set over by the chicken run, in the slight shade afforded by a lone poplar. She was a silent baby, named Wanda, and was usually preoccupied with the dirt in her play pen and did not seem to mind the heat.

Watching her had furnished Billy with most of his diversion the five days they had been waiting in this jail—as watching Wanda's mother had been Frank's diversion.

Billy heard the screen door to the sheriff's frame house slam, now, and Zilma came into view carrying a small bucket. She crossed to the chicken run, opened the gate and began pouring feed into the trough. The chickens scrambled and squawked for the feed. She did not so much as glance toward the window; Billy surmised instantly her father must be home.

Another person born for trouble, indubitably, that girl. Had been in some already, as witness Wanda in the play pen. Married for a time, then deserted by a husband who probably figured life was too short to put up with her. Pretty, deep-bosomed, discontented mouth, maybe eighteen years old. No mother. A handful. Wore high heels all the time. Crazy over movies. Kept house for her father, who made her stay home. Frank Vargas hadn't been in jail a day when they were deeply aware of each other's presence. Frank could attract them. But maybe she couldn't have really understood what a knife could mean to Frank when she got one for him.

BILLY found it strange that a man with the savvy of Dodd Macmillan wouldn't know that Frank's kind attracted them instantly and made them do what he wanted. Maybe Macmillan had faith in his strong little jail. Or maybe that wasn't the kind of trouble Macmillan had savvy about.

Dodd Macmillan, a big, quiet man about fifty who always wore boots, a business suit and a ten-gallon hat. Not mean, just no nerves, no neck, no imagination. He always took first prize at all the shooting matches; he was the kind they kept in as sheriff all their lives. Billy had been paid off at the co-operative sheds for a week's picking; he'd had some drinks, then hopped a freight with other pickers for another town. The train crew tried to throw them off. Billy found himself fighting alongside this Frank. Frank unexpectedly let a knife fly and a brakeman crumpled to the ground.

Billy put his back up against a building, then; there seemed no way out when the crowd began gathering. They don't like knives in Montana. They already had Frank by the arms and Billy was going down when Macmillan shouldered his way in. He had his guns out and kept them steady as a rock against his hips when he told that crowd he was taking charge. "They're stayin' in my jail 'till Judge Haney comes through," he said. "You can all have your say then." And he got them both through that crowd to the jail, too.

Yes, Frank was right in one way; if anybody expected to bust this jail and get any distance at all away from it he would have to dispose of Dodd Macmillan first.

Zilma finished feeding the chickens, closed the gate behind her and returned to the house without more than a glance at Wanda. Her father was home, all right, Billy decided; she was mad clear through about something. He heard the screen slam shut.

He spoke without looking around: "You don't want me along anyway, if Zilma goin' too."

Frank was reading; he hadn't heard. Billy half turned. "That gal, she goin' be in plenty trouble when you scam outen heah, fo' givin' you that knife."

"So what?" asked Frank absently. "Maybe you aimin' to take her?" Frank put a finger on a sentence to keep his place, looked up with a frown. "What're you talkin' about?"

"You kill Zilma's dad and you can't leave her heah."

"All right, so maybe I'll take her. I haven't decided. I'm readin'." He returned to the magazine.

The heat in the little whitewashed cell seemed unbearably oppressive. It was as if the sun overhead were pumping it down, in waves. Frank absent-mindedly unbuttoned his shirt to his belt. Expos-

tightly, as if he had to keep his off this white boy by an immense of will. Only his tightly closed eye the perspiration suddenly gushing his forehead revealed what he felt.

Frank stopped suddenly. He breathing hard. "I guess that'll you," he said, somewhat incon-

BILLY let his arms fall but kept eyes closed. "Not one single bone in yo' whole body," he almost. "Nevuh thought of nobod yo'self in all yo' life."

"Aw, shut up," snapped Frank threw himself back on his bunk, t-



ing his white, thin torso made him seem absurdly young.

"Then you got to take that theah kid, too."

This definitely attracted Frank's attention. He looked up, sharply. "Who says so?"

"Some day she staht cryin' fo' the kid. But she won't evuh be able to come back fo' it."

"So what? Is that your funeral?" Billy stared, hard, at his cellmate. "Not one good bone in yo' body," he said, almost to himself. "Not a single, bitty one."

Frank flushed with anger. His trigger temper was suddenly tripped. The magazine fell to the floor with a slap. "What d'yuh mean?"

"I mean theah ain't one, tiny speck of good in you nowheahs," said Billy, firmly.

FRANK sprang from the bunk, slapped Billy's flat black cheek with his palm, hit him again. Billy lifted his arms to ward off the blows and Frank began punching him in the abdomen with both fists—quick, hard, staccato blows, as if the glistening black abdomen had been a punching bag. "I'll learn you to preach to me," he said, thickly, hitting again and again.

Billy backed against the wall, taking the beating without making an effort to stop it. Indeed, he stretched his arms out against the wall, holding them there

rolling another cigarette. His fit of temper was spent. "If she wants to come with me, that's her business, not you. She'll come, all right—if I say so. I'll be without the kid if she does."

Billy turned resolutely to the window. His great hands gripped hard the iron bars. He felt himself trembling queerly inside. Not from the beating but from the effort of keeping his hands against that wall and off the throat of this lit white-eyed weasel. This sly animal with the vicious temper, who struck silent with knives and who would callously kill the very man who had saved their lives.

"Sure she'll start missin' the kid after a while," came Frank's voice behind him. "And yellin'. But they all start yellin' sooner or later. By that time Frank's strictly never there to hear any more. He's always gone. Life's too short."

Billy did not answer. The connotation between two thoughts his slow mind had looked for a while back came to Weasels came into chicken houses at night and in the morning you found the whole roost wantonly dead, their throats slit with those long teeth, and all of it done silently. You killed weasels without mercy or compunction.

Frank licked his cigarette. His hands were perfectly steady. "Sooner or later she'll bust out of this town with a bar, anyway. She's that kind. Might as well be with me. She wouldn't be a bad disl either."



Billy kept his hands stubbornly on the bars, his eyes on the distant mountains. He had never been so desirous of a man, at least not when sober. For the plain desire to kill was mixed with the idea it would be a good deed. It would save Sheriff Macmillan's life. He could do it, too, with very little pressure from those great hands of his. He had plenty trouble already. He shut his eyes, tried to put the thought from him, but he prayed that that there judge would come to town quick. If he had to stay much longer in this hot cell with Vargas it would surely happen. It would.

He became aware that Frank had been looking steadily. "Hell," he was concluding, "nobody with any sense ever does anything for anybody but himself. If anybody says he is, he's lyin'—he's really lying for himself all along. It's the guy who doesn't mind his own business who gets into trouble."

Billy forced his attention on the scene and sounds before him. From the house, out of sight, came the angry clatter of an iron pot on the stove and a voice suddenly raised in retort to some low-voiced reproof. Yes, her father was home.

Wanda's tirade audibly conveyed the information that she was going to that anyway. Macmillan's reply to his daughter, if any, could not be heard. He wondered which would be the fastest when the time came, Macmillan with his gun or Frank with his knife. Both plenty fast.

Suddenly Billy's eye was caught by a slight movement along the roof of the chicken house at the end of the run, above the high board fence. Because whatever it was was outlined against the brilliant sky, he had to squint to see it out.

Behind him there came a thump. Frank was again practicing throwing his knife.

The object was some small animal. It moved quickly a few feet, stopped to look around. Billy now saw it had a tail maybe four inches long and a tail that made it seem much longer. It stopped and ran along the fence.

Wanda, in her play pen, saw the little animal and sat up with a pleased gurgle. Inside the sheriff's house a stove lid was slammed down. "Just because you see him sittin' in a picture show's nothin'!" sounded Zilma's voice. Wanda huddled herself erect by hanging onto the sides of her play pen. The little animal, she saw, reared its back and showed sharp teeth in a snarling squeak. Macmillan's voice suddenly cut in on Wanda's tirade; he was evidently getting angry. "You're stayin' home and likin' it. With this town filled with fruit bats—"

Billy turned slowly and looked speculatively at Frank Vargas as he lay sprawled on his bunk reading his magazine. After a moment he said, in a low voice, "Hey, come look outdoors." A certain urgency in the Negro's voice made Frank get up at once to look. His wondering gaze followed Billy's finger. "What is it?" he asked, squinting. Billy's black face seemed empty of emotion. "That there," he said, "is a lil' weasel."

"Oh," said Frank, frowning. Wanda was reaching out a small hand to the little animal, which continued to regard the child with exposed, vicious-looking teeth. "Why, what'll it do to the kid?"

"She touch it and she gits a two-inch line in the th'roat, that's all," said Billy. Then he added, "Guess it came after them chickens. It'll kill all them chickens like nothin', then suck their blood."

Frank suddenly grasped the bars and opened his mouth to yell a warning but Billy's big hand closed swiftly over his lips. "Shut up! He liable to do most anythin', you startle him."

"Whyn't they quit arguin' in there and watch that kid?" said Frank, low and angrily. In the house Zilma's complaints had reached their highest note and now she was pouring forth her opinion of her father, this house, this town, this country and everything in it in a steady stream of high-pitched invective.

"Don't make no noise. Don't 'sturb him at all," Billy breathed. "Oh, Lawdy, Lawdy, don't let that chil' touch that animal! I seen 'em in Texas, kill babies at night. Cut they th'roats . . . like a knife!"

"Stand back!" commanded Frank. Billy heard a peculiar grunt behind him, felt a breath brush his cheek. With a little loud squeak the animal was suddenly impaled on the wood of the fence. The knife that held it did not quiver at all.

Billy grabbed the bars as if to tear them from their brick and mortar. "Somebody come git that kid!" he belatedly. "Somebody come quick!"

Frank pulled him roughly back. "All right, quit bellerin'!"

But Billy went on yelling. "Git that kid!"

The screen door opened and closed violently. Sheriff Macmillan, his coat off but his revolvers in their holsters at his hip, came striding into view. "What's all the shoutin' about in there?"

"Get back and keep your mouth shut," snarled Frank.

They backed into the cell and watched. Macmillan stared at the window a moment, then looked around the yard. He saw Wanda standing in her pen and looking intently at something. He strode over and lifted the little animal dying on the knife. Its tiny, slaver jaws opened and closed convulsively in its agony. Macmillan picked up a stick and put an end to its pain with one expert blow. He removed the knife, looked at it curiously. He straightened, then, and looked hard at the window. His hand went instinctively to his hip. "I'm comin' in, boys, to see what else you got like this and you better be against the wall when I do."

ZILMA ran belatedly into the yard, the screen slamming behind her. "What's the matter?"

"This," said her father, handing her the blood-stained knife.

She took it thoughtlessly, stared at it a moment, was about to return it wondering when she remembered, looked at it again then dropped it with a convulsive jerk.

It told Macmillan everything. "Get in the house," he told her grimly. "I'll talk to you later."

"I never saw it before, honest, I didn't—"

"Get in the house," he said, harshly, and turned to run quickly around the jail, pulling a gun from its holster as he did so.

"You half-wit—" Frank stormed. "Shut yo' mouf," said Billy sternly. "Face that wall and be reachin' fo' that ceilin' when he comes in. Make a move and we'll both git shot. Go on—do it."

He saw Frank pale and obey. Billy faced the opposite wall, raised his own arms. An agonized moment of waiting and they heard Macmillan's boots on the cement flooring outside the cell door. The key turned in the lock, the door opened an inch. "Be standin' with faces to the walls and hands up," he ordered. "I'm comin' in with my thumb on the hammer. Don't make it slip."

Billy pressed, hard, against the wall. He heard Frank say. "Come on. We're

ready." Macmillan kicked the door open and entered.

"We got no more knives," said Frank, in an oddly strained voice.

"Thanks," said Macmillan dryly. "I'll look for myself."

Billy felt himself expertly probed along the dungarees. A moment later he heard the thin mattress dragged off each bunk and dumped into the entrance-way. Then, "All right, turn."

Billy turned, slowly, his hands still up. Frank did the same thing. Billy saw that his eyes, curiously, were no longer colorless. Now they seemed almost blue. The sheriff had his thumb on that trigger, all right.

"Guess I'm pretty dumb," Macmillan said to Frank. "Wondered what was eatin' Zilma more'n usual lately. Should've guessed, when she suddenly got interested in cookin' and got up fried chicken." He paused, but only to look Frank up and down. "Looks like I misjudged you, too. Anyway I think the jail at Missoula'll be safer for you. At least I'm phonin' them tonight to come get you." He continued, looking only at Frank. "What I can't figure out is why you'd go huntin' with it in my back yard. Seems like a waste."

"You darned fool!" Frank spat out. "Another minute and it would've cut the baby's throat."

Macmillan stared at Frank. "What would?"

"That weasel on the fence—what do you think?"

THE gun in Macmillan's hand jerked ever so slightly with surprise. "Wouldn't kid me, would you, Vargas?"

"Aw, whyn't somebody keep an eye on that kid?" asked Frank, sullenly.

Macmillan seemed to be trying to make up his mind about something. He glanced for the first time at Billy. "You were worried about the weasel attackin' the baby, too?"

"Yes, suh!" answered Billy, positively.

Macmillan's mouth twitched slightly. His glance went back to Vargas. "Thanks," he said, dryly. "But I still think the jail at Missoula'd be better able to hold you. No women around there to bring you playthings. Judge Haney's there, too, now."

Frank tried to shrug. It's hard to do with your hands up. "Have it your way," he said.

"Just keep your hands up 'till I'm out," Macmillan ordered. "You'll get your bedding back when I've had a chance to frisk it."

He backed out, pulled the door shut and locked it. Presently his boots were heard receding down the cement entrance.

Billy lowered his arms and rubbed his muscles, slowly. Frank threw himself down on the iron frame of his bunk. His shoulders heaved as he broke into nervous, racking sobs.

Billy tried to swallow it down but couldn't. The laugh starting down in his black abdomen was too big to hold and rumbled slowly to his throat. He slapped his knees. "Hot dawg! Nevuh do nothin' fo' nobody and you gits into no trouble!"

Frank took his arms from his face. Tears wet his cheeks. "All right, so maybe I'm goin' to the pen after all. What's so funny about that?" His voice, shrill with rage and disappointment, sounded even younger than eighteen.

Billy, his great body heaving with mirth, turned to the window and grasped the iron bars to control himself. *Wait'll he finds out that wasn't no weasel out there,* he told himself, strangling. *Let somebody else tell him the difference from a lil' ol' brown squirrel!*

THE END

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## The Brumby Car

Continued from page 64

matter of horses, and there he was as Joe was—which was why Joe had made him his partner.

Saltbush received the news without evident emotion, but Joe made up for that. "They don't want horses," he said passionately. "How d' they think they're going to win this bloody war?"

Saltbush adjusted his broad-brimmed hat and spat into the dust.

"You're right!" he said. "We'll forget their damned war. Let 'em get along without us."

But it was difficult to forget the war, even in the great emptiness that is the body of Australia. News comes slowly to it, as if it were not the heart of a continent on earth but a planet itself, swung out in space, measuring its days as moments, its months as hours. Still the news sifts through, carried down the stock trails by their lonely riders, handed to other riders as they pass, as clipper ships once spoke to other ships in midocean. At Boulia in Queensland one day, Joe and Saltbush heard Japan was in the war. A couple of months later, in Marree, South Australia, they heard that this new foe had roared down from the north and stood gathering planes and ships and men to reach across into Australia itself. And on top of this came news that turned them in their tracks.

**T**HE Americans were landing in Australia.

Joe Kenney had his own picture of an American. It was the picture of a man he recognized and loved. It was the picture of a man in a sombrero.

He understood that there were other Americans, but the bulk of America, the backbone, the men who had made it and kept it going, the real Americans, were the men who rode horses and shot six-guns, like as not.

"Listen!" he said, grinning, to Saltbush when this great news came through. "If the Yanks are landing here, you know what that means?"

Saltbush signified his willingness to hear what it meant.

"It means they'll be needing horses. A horse comes natural to them. I've seen things in the pictures—cowboys, they call 'em—you wouldn't hardly believe it. They'll be doing their fighting on horses."

Saltbush meditated. "They'll be bringing their own," he said.

"All that way? When they can get 'em here?"

Clearly ridiculous, Saltbush agreed. Even if he had not, there would have been no standing against the torrent of Joe's enthusiasm. They would hit it back for home and the mob of horses, and turn them over to the Americans for whatever they wanted to pay, and if they didn't want to pay, that was all right too.

When out of the long trail, they came to home they heard that Darwin had been bombed, and Broome and the West Australian coast. The Yanks were somewhere, certainly, but just where, no one could say; it was military information, not being handed out. In Queensland? Only home troops there, according to rumor. Then, Joe said, it must be in the West, where bombs were falling. Rumors seemed to confirm this deduction. And the West was horse country, if any country was.

That was good; but to get the mob of five hundred and some horses to the West was something else.

It meant a trip of half a continent and more, none of it easy country, some of

it savagely difficult, all of it virtually unknown. Joe and Saltbush knew these considerations, but in Joe's mind there was only the driving force of proving his horses, getting them into use, getting them into the war; and if Saltbush had any doubts about the trip, he did not voice them.

So they headed out on the Tanami trail, skirting the desert until they learned from abos that a rainstorm had passed to the southwest. There is nothing more precarious than following desert storm water because it turns so rapidly from the shine of reality to the shine of mirage, but it is a risk that is sometimes taken if it cuts distance from a long trail. Joe and Saltbush took the risk now.

Shorthanded, only the two of them in the dust of five hundred horses, they pushed over the desert, tracking the course of the storm water, the fresh green herbage and the shallow surface holes. Nights, they took turns in the saddle, watching the horses, watching for

to strive against him, matching their force, their authority against his, changing their sweat-soaked saddles three and four times a day to fresh mounts.

They could not keep up that pace. "If we've got to lick the desert and Red Devil too," Joe said grimly, "we might as well chuck it. I'll have to ride him."

Saltbush cautiously dipped out a few words: "He's never been broken. He won't take it. He'll kill you."

"He'll kill us anyway if this keeps up. Anyway, we're delivering the mob to the Yanks, ain't we? I'd feel good, wouldn't I, if I brought 'em in and then had to tell some Yank he'd have to break Red Devil for himself?"

**SO** THEY roped Red Devil and got Joe's saddle and bridle on, while the stallion regarded them with a nasty eye. It was an ordinary stock saddle, single-rigged, without crupper, and far from new. Joe wasn't sure of the girth, so he put a surcingle on as well, but this was so old he wasn't sure of it either. Still, he

red sand ridges. Red Devil shook off weariness and humiliation, and lifted head and neighed. A bay mare tumbled on the ridge and looked back with a tail blown by the wind, a cameo of wild beauty against the pale sky. Joe remounted and gave stallion his head, and they went after mares.

Time flowed over them, covered—a time of unchanging days and nights so changeless that it seemed today would be tomorrow, and yesterday, and all the past and future, and they were little ures riding and sweating and pushing without avail at a static horizon. Time passed, dragging the sand back with it, and they were there when they were out of the sand.

They went on. Five hundred horses and the good spirits were swelling in the chest as he watched them. He saw them not as they were; he saw each one of them with a man astride, khaki-clad horse-fighting man.

It would not be too long now. With Red Devil giving his strength to him, not hold back, they made good speed. They kept the mob in a compact mass and their course was straight. The country was better, though still hard. Not many horizons away were the settlements of the west coast.

They came out of the back country the primitive, toward today's world. Here, the twentieth century could find them.

**JOE** had been shaping a course to bring them around a stretch of broad, rocky hills when he first heard it. It was unreal, but not for long. Its unreality grew lightning fast into hideous fact. It came out of the sun like a javelin.

"Planes!" he said.

Little dots of seed, as if flung down a swinging arc by some heaven-striding sower. These would be fighting planes, Joe thought; it would be good to see them, if only the horses did not take so much fright. Single-winged, flat-bellied down they came. There was a nervous shudder through the mob; they began to run, fast, faster, a full gallop. The pack horses alone dropped back.

Then over the drumming horse he saw there was a new sound, and even as Joe knew it for what it was, he saw the machines on the planes, the red circle that seemed to smolder in the sun and machine-gun smoke.

"Japs!" he said. Then to Saltbush shouting: "We're in the bloody war!"

Three of them. He should have foreseen it. The Japs would be doing a lot of scouting by air, of this coastal country. Hadn't he heard they'd dropped bombs there? His tough luck to run in them. He had no more time to regret. With horror he saw horses—gelding mares, foals—tumbling in the dust and screaming with pain.

He and Saltbush reacted simultaneously and identically to a situation neither had dreamed he would have to face. While the planes bellowed out their dive and swung and climbed for another swoop of gunning, the two of them were stretching it along the flank of the mob of crazy horses. Their long stock whips were out, the plaited leather curling and cracking sharp as gunshot biting into horseflesh—cruel, but not so cruel as bullets, and the only thing to wheel the mob, to swing it off to the right.

Off to the right was that patch of tumbled rocky land. Not good for horse



myall tribesmen, for this was territory where men still rode armed. They took it easily enough. Here in the wilderness they were no longer the shy, awkward youths who entered any town with misgivings; here they were self-reliant and efficient, masters of themselves and their horses and, with luck, of the desert.

**S**TUNTED scrub gave place to gibber plains, and these to sand-ridge country. The desert oak vanished, and the mulgas and the bulwaddy thickets. Between the sand ridges were shy spreads of saltbush (that desert growth that had bestowed upon Saltbush his name) and cottonbush and bluebush and even, here and there, a little thirst-quenching parakilya, the most precious of desert herbage. They saw it with relief, for over this stage of the trek, water holes were few.

Some of the horses were already showing uneasiness, and the stallion Red Devil, though he had never crossed this desert before, seemed to sense that his mares and foals were in for hardship and perhaps death in the country ahead. Not trusting it, he tried therefore to cut the mob off the trail, to swing it back toward water and safety. He ran on the wing of the mob, ears flattened and teeth bare, chopping in to edge them back. This grew into a curse worse than the country. All day, Joe and Saltbush had

had nothing better. He tightened the leather belt about his own waist, threw away his cigarette stub for fear he'd swallow it, and got astride.

The stallion screamed and snapped teeth at the ducking Saltbush and went into the air. The battle that followed was worse for Joe because he knew and loved the stallion. It was a humiliation for Red Devil, for his mares were watching; his pride was outraged. He came down like several demolition bombs and was crafty enough to pack in another buck before he had finished the last, so that he caught Joe coming down and jarred him to the roots of his teeth. But Joe kept on board. He clung to a picture in his mind, of an American cowboy, grinning at the one-horse hurricane he rode and most nonchalantly waving his hat in the air.

The stallion stood still at last, lathered, shaking, licked. Joe fell off, and the ground came up and hit him. He turned his head in the sand and spat out blood and a white object that seemed to be a tooth. Then he looked up and grinned at Saltbush.

Saltbush was forced to speak. "Some ridin'," he said.

"When we get to the coast," Joe said, "I'll take you to the pictures, and you'll see some riding."

The mares were streaming across the





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galloping; many would fall. But they could no longer hold together there; they would be forced by the hills to break up into twos and threes. The compact target would be gone.

There was one more terrible swoop of the planes, and horses falling, the bullets reaching down as tongues of wind reach into a wheat field. Then the blessed rocks rose, and the mob parted of necessity, spreading into a wide fan covering two miles or more.

Joe reined in Red Devil, flung himself to the ground and emptied his rifle at the planes. They were mounting now. Five or six minutes the whole thing had taken. Obviously the Japs had no time, no gas, no ammunition to spare to shoot down horses one by one. They were impersonal again, spots against the sky, a distant hum—gone.

Joe lay staring after them. He looked around after a while. Then he put his head down and wept.

His tears were a compound of rage and pain; not physical pain, though he realized now that his forearm wore a scarf of liquid red. Rage that he could not strike back; pain because of what lay behind. Thirty, forty horses, some of them crooked and still, some pitching and screaming in the dust. He had to stop that.

He got up wearily and mounted and looked for Saltbush. Saltbush was on foot, carrying his saddle and bridle and rifle. His face was streaked in sweat and dust and, it might be, tears too. He spoke with even more than ordinary curttness:

"Shot my mount."

Joe nodded.

Saltbush looked at him. "You're bleedin'."

"Come on," Joe said.

They went back grimly to their hateful task. Shots marked their passage as they put the dying and helpless out of misery. It took two hours. They paused then; they did not speak, they avoided each other's eyes; each knew what the other would say, had he heart to speak; each knew what he would see in the other's eyes. Soundless, they set to the long dreary business of gathering the survivors.

When it was over, Saltbush asked the question that he had been wrestling with privately all that time and, unable to answer it, since to a horse lover there was no rational answer, he was forced to put it into words:

"What's the idea, Joe, of their shootin' horses?"

Joe sat up straight. He looked a good deal older than he had a few hours ago. He had bound a strip of cloth over his arm; his face was gray, caked in dust; much older than his years. He stared off at the paling quarter of sky from which the planes had come.

"That must be the kind they are," he said. "The kind to shoot horses, if there's nothing else to shoot. . . . But no," he added, and now there was some pleasure in his face as he thought of it. "Maybe it's not that. They came in from the coast. That means they saw the camps of the Yanks there. They see the Yanks and then they see our horses, so they know they're horses for the Yank army. Saltbush," he said, "that's bad news for them."

TWO days later, they came to the camp of a prospector, the first white man they had seen since setting forth, years ago, it seemed. He was a little wizened man in moleskins and sun-faded blue shirt, and he had, they discovered, a good supply of tea. They did not pause for talk until they had stowed away a quart-pot pannikin each. It was a lovely

change from desert water. It was not the tea of the cities, it was a far more wicked brew. Black as ink, without milk but plenty of sugar, it might have made a camel pause. They drank it in great greedy gulps and ate cornstarch and damper, and they needed the ironbound digestions they had.

"Where you takin' the yarraman?" said the little man, using a word for horses that had drifted from blacks' camps clear across the desert. "You got a fair mob of 'em."

RELAXED and refreshed, enjoying a cigarette, Joe explained.

"Any place there's Yanks. You seen any?"

"Yanks?" The prospector grinned. "Too right I have. I ain't seen this MacArthur, but I hear he's round about somewhere too, come down from the Philippines. Sure I seen the Yanks," he continued with enthusiasm. "There's a whole boilin' mob of 'em three days' ride or so from here. But what are you takin' horses to 'em for?"

"Why, they'll be needing horses," Joe said. "First, Saltbush and me thought we'd turn the mob over to our own people and join up in the Light Horse along with 'em, but they didn't want us. Didn't want horses, they said. So when I heard the Yanks had come, well, I know the way they are—"

The little man thought this over and saw the way it was. He coughed and cleared his throat and scratched around in his whiskers for a while, then made up his mind to it.

"Sonny," he said, "you might as well know, you got a nasty surprise waitin'. You never seen any army like this Yank army. Horses—they don't know what a horse is. They got something better. Peeps and jeeps," he said, and paused and spat. "Peeps and jeeps!"

The cigarette was hanging from Joe's lip. Saltbush had finished another half quart of tea and now, physically incapable of containing another drop, he came over heavily and sat down and stared at the prospector too.

"Peeps and jeeps?" Joe said.

"Peeps and bloody jeeps!"

"What's that?"

"Bloody little motorcars!" the prospector said. "Rootin' through ditches and leapin' over anthills like a swarm of bloody kangaroos! Gave me a ride in one, they seen me starin' at 'em so hard. Damn' near took me whiskers off.

'Climb aboard, Pop,' they says, 'ai yourself a seat. Better than Cooland,' they says, whatever that is. ways game for a lark, so I got in. away, we're roarin' at a bloody bi. Me beard's in me teeth. 'Let me yell at 'em, but the young n laughed at me. 'Hold on, Pop says, and down we go into this head over breakfast, and wallop the other side, and spin around in the air like the bloody little got twenty different wheels goin' different ways all at once, you stand. I got out of there. 'Think live, Pop?' they says, and I shift carcass away, for fear they'd get again. Kangaroos!" he said. "what that Yank army's like, a bloody swarm of kangaroos!"

He was grinning, until the lo Joe's face caused him to remember hell, sonny," he said, "you got t it. There never was an army that r horses less than the Yanks."

Joe got up. "Thanks," he said, t it was difficult, through the lump throat. "Precious fools we wo looked. I guess—well," he said, st to grin, "I guess we're just behir times."

He turned with the melancholy bush and remounted. He knew bush's unuttered question. "We e back the way we came," he said, ar ing it, "or we can push on to the se drive the mob in. Might as well."

This stirred Saltbush to the where he fingered his hat, though from his present emotion he did remove it. He wrestled with sp "Joe," he said.

"Well?"

"If it's all the same with you, I'd to head over to that Yank camp."

"What for?" Joe said.

"I'd sort of like to see them jeeps Maybe," he said apologetically. they're feelin' good, maybe they'll us a ride in one."

ON THE morning of the third da lowing, the camp came up on the horizon, long lines of huts and on a sun-splashed slope, with sound shots beyond, where doubtless men training, and dust, and little crawlin' sectlike things, which even from this tance Joe recognized as the creatur which the prospector had spoken- jeep itself, or the peep, or whatever was called. He gazed at them with



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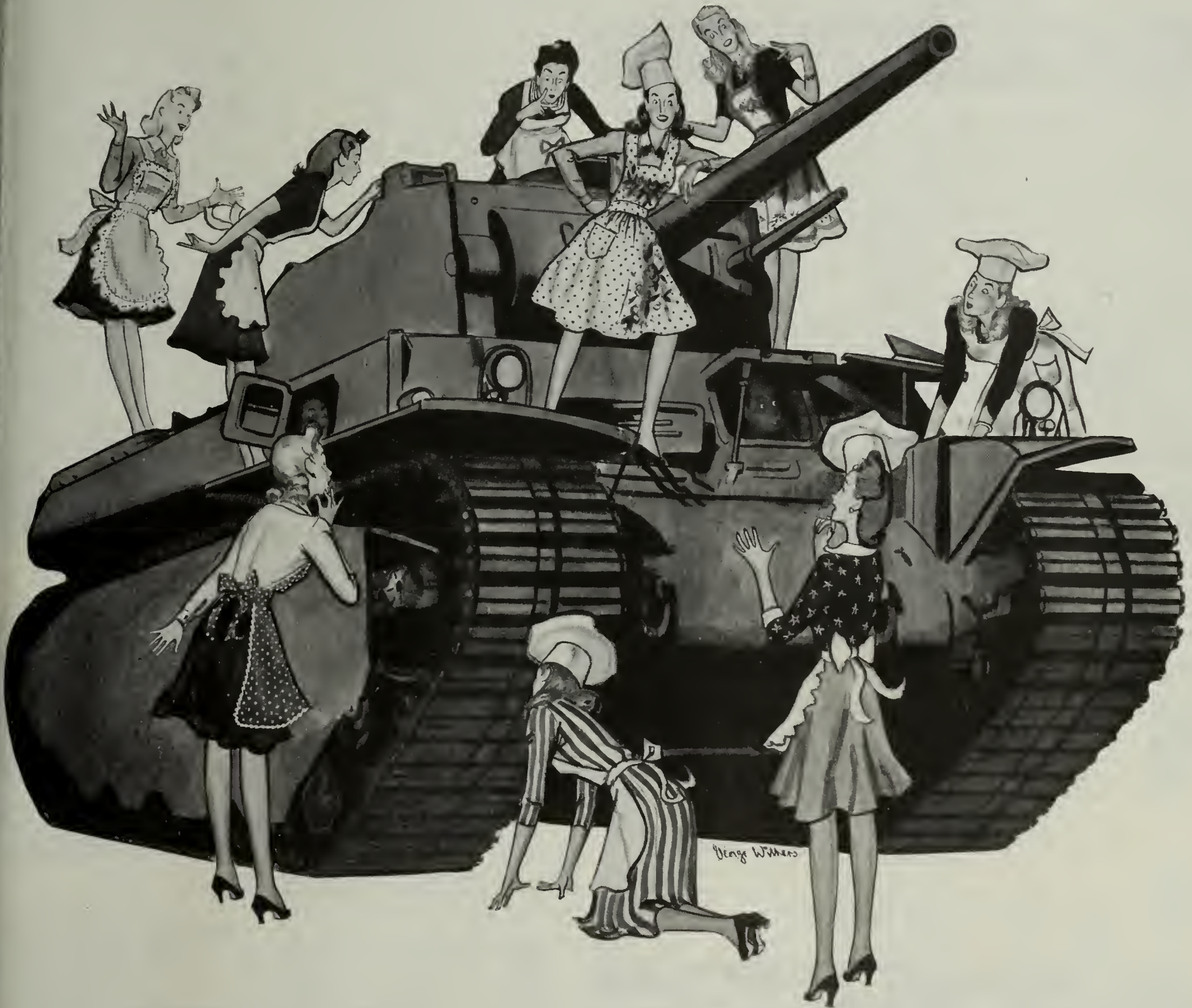
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taste, over the fine strong backs of his herd of horses.

"You go over," he said. "I'll stay with the mob."

Saltbush looked at him openmouthed. "What's the sense in my going?" Joe asked. "I don't want to see the crazy things. Go ahead."

With several dubious glances, Saltbush at last rode off. Joe sat slumped in his saddle, and when he looked up at the horses, there was a hot stinging behind his eyes, and the mob would not come clear; he saw them through a blur. He wiped the back of his hand over his eyes. It was not that he had brought the mob a thousand miles over country which few men in their senses would have essayed, surviving its natural perils, surviving even the wanton death from the air; it wasn't that time of hardship and suffering, only to find at the end that it was for nothing: it was the shattering of the picture in his mind, the picture of the man with the sombrero. That was gone. He could never replace it. He could not put that man in a jeep, or in a peep, and look at him again with admiration.

"Lies," he said. "All of them, lies!"

He meant the pictures. He meant more than that, but he could not quite bring it out. He was a kid who believed fairy stories, who believed all he saw. The worst tragedy is to find yourself at eighteen or nineteen not the man you had thought; not grown up, believing all you saw.

He bent over the saddle and rested his head on the big stallion's neck and closed his eyes against the stinging liquid.

INTO his misery an unholy sound penetrated. He came up with a jerk. But it was not a Jap plane, as he had thought.

It came squalling over the sunny slope, the dust spinning in sheets from its wheels, and this unholy noise issuing from its belly. It dipped its snout into a gully and dug its back wheels into the dirt and hurtled over the crest. A figure sat clutching its steering wheel and, beside this surprisingly calm figure was another, also calm, and behind these two, was a third. But this one, this third, did not sit and was not calm. Rather, by some miracle, it stood erect, with one hand gripping the shuddering framework of the vehicle, and the other—the other incredibly waving something in the air. And as the dust cloud came below nearer, Joe's eyes beheld that this third rakehell figure was that of the previously impassive Saltbush, the thing he waved madly in the air, his previously immovable hat.

Red Devil moved uneasily, and for the next few minutes Joe was busy calming the stallion. By then the roar had subsided, and the little monster, a jeep, certainly, a jeep of jeeps, was rolling forward very quietly and smoothly, to draw up a few feet away and, with a last cough, hold its silence.

Saltbush leaped out. "Hy-ya-a-ay!" he yelled, insanely tossing his hat from him. "Joe, did you see me? Hey, Joe, get in here! Joe, you never known anything, till you take a ride in a jeep!"

The driver could not have been much older than Joe himself, a bronzed grinning young man. The other was older and considerably bigger, a giant of a man, apparently some sort of officer. He climbed from the car and, smiling, nodded to Joe.

"Your buddy told me you had these horses out here," he said, "so we came out to look 'em over."

"Joe!" the exhilarated Saltbush yelled. "Joe, they want horses! Joe, they're buyin' 'em!"

"That's right," the big man said, but

the smile was gone now. He was looking at the mob. "We n bunch for patrol work. There's around here where it's tough even a jeep, and tougher to haul gas. don't know about this gang." He up apologetically at Joe. "They sort of scrubby-looking. Where's get 'em, anyway?"

Joe wet his lips. For a moment he could not speak, and then his cracked absurdly.

"From the Territory," he said.

"The Territory? Where's that?"

"'Bout a thousand miles," Joe said.

"You mean to say this outfit tra a thousand miles, through countr this?"

"Well," Joe said, "this country here's pretty good. The way we it's a little tougher."

"These horses?"

"You see," Joe said, "they were for it. They're not like the han stock you get around the coast. horses, they've got what you call of brumby in 'em. They can live feed out in the sand and rocks. fig



"This one is eight bucks more. The eyes close and it goes to sleep when you lay it down"

COLLIER'S

ELMER ATKINS

—I—I hoped," he said, "the Ya might have a use for 'em."

The big officer came over closer to him, and his smile was good to see. "You brought them a thousand miles," he said softly. "It looks a lot like you the answer to a prayer."

"You mean—you do want 'em?"

"You come on down to camp and see if we can prove it to you." The officer turned back to the car, but another thought seemed to strike him. "Like a ride with us?" he invited. "I guess your pal will take the bunch down, won't he?"

Joe looked at the squat little thing, a jeep, the essence of this new mechanized war. He, a horseman, ride in it?

"Well," he said. "Well—"

Then he thought of what he had seen that jeep do.

He grinned. It was his first grin in a long time. "Why, sure," he said. His grin got wider as he climbed down from Red Devil and walked over to the jeep. Tentatively he slapped its metal flank. He looked at his horses and back at the jeep and then he jumped in. "I was thinking he said. "I guess it's what you might call a sort of brumby of a car!"

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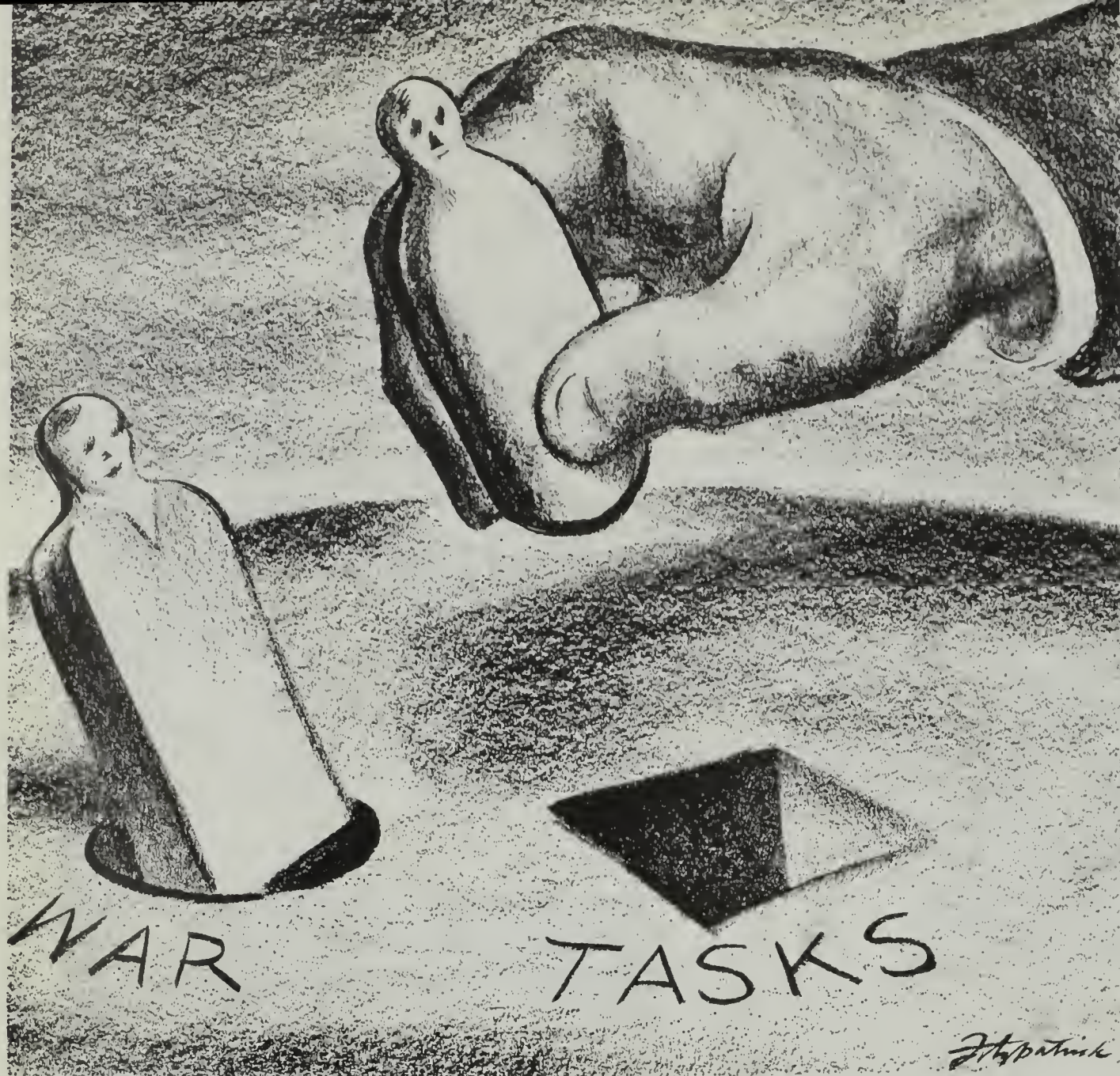


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## Collier's

WILLIAM L. CHENERY  
Publisher  
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Editor

## Industry Looks Beyond the War

**B**EFORE this war is over, it is estimated that we shall have 10,000,000 men in the service, 20,000,000 in war industries—at least. It is estimated that within a year or two after the ends, this total of 30,000,000 men will shrink to 15,000,000, if not less.

The \$100,000,000,000 a year that we are spending on arms is expected to shrink to 100,000,000 or less in that same year or two after the war.

Where are the peacetime jobs for these men to be found? Or will they be content to beg once to molder away on some sort of dole or war WPA? We think the answer to the question is No; and that the answer to the question plainly is that only private enterprise operating freely in big and little units, can find the jobs these men will have to have.

In which connection, it is a great pleasure to record the formation of the Committee for Economic Development, under the chairmanship of President Paul G. Hoffman of the Student Corporation.

The CED embodies a move by numerous American businessmen, social scientists and economists to get set to win the peace after the war is won. The objective is to win the peace in terms of heavy output of the goods which most Americans will be wanting avidly by that time, and in terms of jobs for everybody who is willing to work.

Executive secretary of the CED is Carroll Wilson, on leave from the Commerce Department's Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce. The board of trustees includes Vice President William B. Benton of the University of Chicago, Chester C. Davis of the St. Louis Federal Reserve Bank, Marion B. Folsom of Eastman Kodak, Clarence Francis of General Foods, President Charles R. Hook of the American Ring Mill Co., President Eric A. Johnston of the U. S. Chamber of Commerce, Harrison Jones of Coca-Cola, Charles F. Kettering of General Motors, John Stuart of Quaker Oats.

On the research committee are William Batt, S. B. Colgate, Dean Donald David of Harvard Graduate School of Business, Beards Rumf, some of the social scientists to help in research work are Professor Sumner Slichter of Harvard, Dean Robert Calkins of Columbia business school, Professor Neil H. Jacoby of University of Chicago, and Professor Ralph Young of the University of Pennsylvania.

To us, this looks like a crowd that is willing to experiment and adventure with new ideas, new hopes, new processes. By the same token, it looks like an organization that can find the courage and the brains to blast the pretensions and misconceptions of our die-hard conservatives, die-hard radicals, pink dreamers and totalitarian planners into the middle of next week—to the benefit of the rest of us.

The CED deserves the interested encouragement, we believe, of every American.

## Round Holes—Square Pegs

**K**YLE CRICHTON had a striking article in a recent Collier's, under the title Hollywood Gets Its Teeth Kicked In. Mr. Crichton, as you probably remember, pointed out that the war is stripping Hollywood of its best male movie actors and a lot of its ace technicians.

In consequence, Hollywood within six months may be turning out amateurish films which will sicken United States audiences and, worse, fall down on Hollywood's hitherto superb job of popularizing American ideas and customs all over the world.

Movie people realize this danger, as does everyone else who knows what a force our movies have been in making the American people admired in most other countries. Yet the movie people's hands are tied. They can't agitate for exemption of male stars, for fear of being accused of fostering slackerism. Male stars in droves have gone into active service, most of them because they are brave men, some of them because they feared a misguided public opinion.

We second Mr. Crichton's motion that this trend be stopped, and promptly, by the appropriate public officials in charge of the war effort. It should be stopped not only in the case of the movies but in all other lines as well.

We refer to the indiscriminate drafting of farmers who can produce substantial amounts of food but will make only fair soldiers; to the drafting of technicians in the airplane, automotive, steel, mining, and other industries, to the detriment of our war production and to no improvement of our fighting forces.

That these things are still happening, we all know, though there has been some effort of late to arrange matters more sensibly.

The effort should be stepped up and broadened out, until we come to a point where we are fitting men into the war machine where each man will fit best—and furloughing or honorably discharging men whom earlier drafts have misfitted, or who have volunteered for service branches where their special skills or talents are going to waste.

That is the duty implied in the very term Selective Service. Our Selective Service mechanism should fit round pegs into round holes and remove square pegs from round holes—and without consulting the pegs themselves as to their preferences.

Leave the choice to the man himself, and courage or shame will in most cases impel him to put in his bid for service in Guadalcanal or North Africa or on some other flaming front, though he might contribute 10 or 1,000 times as much to the winning of the war by using his talents on the Detroit front, the Seattle front, or the Hollywood front. Draft men indiscriminately and assign them blindly, and the results will be equally harmful to an efficient, effective and speedy prosecution of the war.

We're not urging any wholesale deferments, furloughs or honorable discharges for flimsy or farfetched reasons. We are urging more and more common sense in assigning men to the war jobs they can do best, whether the job in any case be piloting a tank, chambermaiding a Flying Fortress, or acting heroic roles before a movie camera.



# Collier's

FEBRUARY 27, 1943

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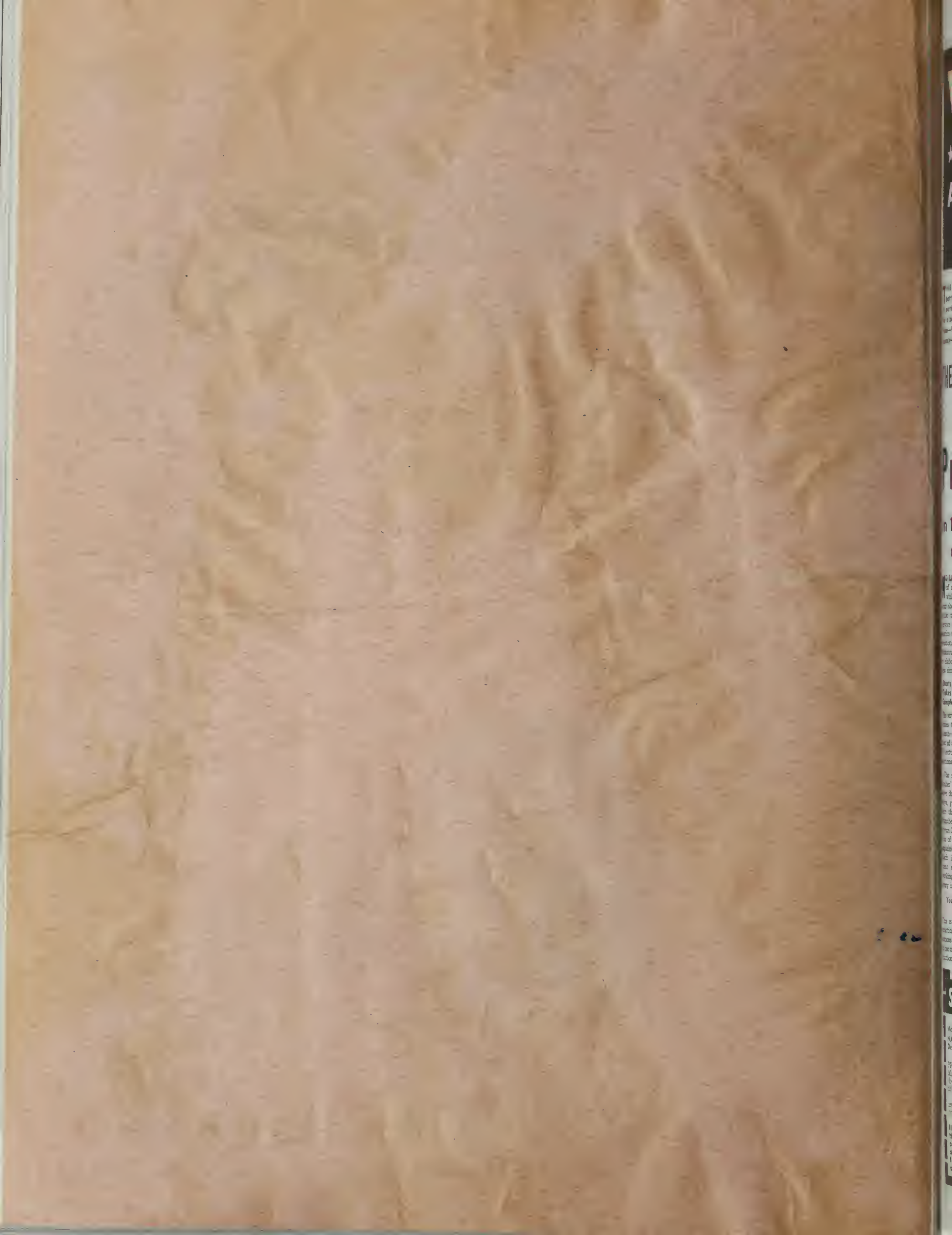


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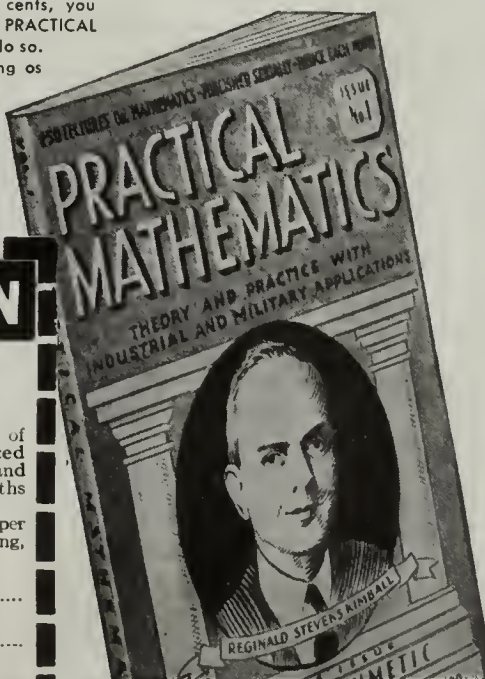
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## ANY WEEK

AMONG this war's several novelties is the absence of the complaint that it's a rich man's war. Nevertheless, the rich are horning in and, in their predatory way, making off with a lot of the glory. For example, you'll remember that some weeks ago we told you what became of the rich young man who appealed to Colonel Walter "Cappy" Wells for a major's commission. Coming straight out of a playboy's role in life, the young man was scarcely fitted for a majority, and the colonel talked him down to a second lieutenantcy. Finding the going easy, the colonel finally told the rich young man that between them they ought to be able to swing enough influence to get the latter into the Army as a private. The young man (whose name we may not use) thanked the colonel and went to work. When he left for Africa, he was a sergeant. He landed at Casablanca with such vigor and kept going eastward with such life-scouring derring-do that he has just been cited and decorated. The colonel told us that he wouldn't be surprised if his gold-coast protégé, now getting away with a most commendable type of murder, would be a major before it's over, or maybe a colonel if he lives. The colonel showed us a letter he has just got from the rich young man. We can publish this much: "I like this. Thanks again for getting me in on the ground floor."



THE Marines have landed again—this time on us. This landing is in the form of a V-mail letter. The sender, signing it "We Marines," is Corporal Warren H. McCallum. "I'm writing," writes he, "in behalf of us Marines on Guadalcanal. While reading one of the magazines, I saw a piece about Major Hart's task force which has been touring the States for the benefit of civilian morale. One of the major's actors, Private Joe Henderson of Tuscaloosa, Alabama, made this statement: 'That guy Sherman was all wrong about war. It's the life of Riley. I never thought, when I joined up, that I'd be an actor as well as a soldier. It's great training and a thrilling experience and we're ready to fight it out on this line if it takes all winter.' Please tell Private Henderson," continues Corporal Mc-

Callum, "that he can have our job here on Guadalcanal any day. He can't make a liar out of Sherman like that. We Marines do not find that war is the life of Riley. We're waiting for Henderson and his troupe to come down and take over. We'll give him the addresses of all the hot spots, too, and welcome."



ON AUGUST 22d, Mr. Ben M. Cohn wrote us a letter from his office in Bree Street, Johannesburg, South Africa. With it he sent his check for ten dollars for a subscription to Collier's. The letter and check have just arrived. He explains that heretofore he has just been a newsstand buyer of magazines, subscribing to none. But on the night before he wrote to us, a member of this staff arrived in Johannesburg—Frank Gervasi. Also, Mr. Gervasi spoke at a meeting of Johannesburg businessmen. "I wish," writes Mr. Cohn, "that I could describe the electric effect of his talk upon us listeners. Give Gervasi the regards of the American colony here. And give us Collier's. And if you have any more orators like that lad, send them too."

HOWEVER, in spite of the camphored New Deal and all the other political and social changes which have come to pass since the First War to Delouse the World, the rumors concerning what one soldier said to another soldier haven't changed. Mr. James Street of Laurel, Mississippi, has just sent us one which was wafting around in 1918, but it's still serviceable. A Negro infantryman had eighty-one sharpshooter medals. Another Negro infantryman looked them over with awe. "Boy," said he, "you must be a good shot." Said the bemedaled one, "Fair to middlin'." A pause. "Tell me, boy, when you shoots at them targets, do you always hit the bull's-eye?" Another pause. "Noooo. But if I does, it causes talk."

AND another writer of short stories for Collier's, Mr. Richard English, reports from Hollywood that he asked one of the movie directors what had become of a certain fellow who used to be one of the highest paid gag men in

(Continued on page 57)

# Collier

WILLIAM L. CHENERY Public  
CHARLES COLEBAUGH Editor

## THIS WEEK

FEBRUARY 27

### SHORT STORIES

#### BEN HECHT

*The Doughboy's Dream.* son goes on a secret mission. Hedy Lamarr.

#### NORMA BICKNELL MAIR

*Will You Wait for Me?* loved her, but none the less.

#### PAUL ERNST

*So Small a World.* There's time for misunderstanding.

#### WILLIAM O'FARRELL

*Under Control.* A successful marriage needs some roots for itself.

### THE SHORT SHORT STORIES

*The Marine Who Hated to Fight.* by Frank X. Tolbert.

### SERIAL STORIES

#### GEORGE F. WORTS

*Five Who Vanished.* Continued.

#### PEARL S. BUCK

*China Flight.* The fourth of a series.

### ARTICLES

#### THE PRESIDENT AND COUNTRY

A photograph.

#### MRS. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

*They Talk Our Language.* Essential on which nations co-operation must be based.

#### TOSHA BIALER

*Behind the Wall.* Famine, death and death was the order in the ghetto.

#### COREY FORD and ALASTAIR MacBAIN

*One Foot on the Ground.* Testimonies—anonymous heroes of the Air Forces.

#### STANLEY FRANK

*Fine Feather.* Willie Pep's fine lightweight too, some say.

#### JUDITH CHASE

*The Average Woman.* Her low-down on the ladies.

#### FRELING FOSTER

*Keep Up with the World.*

#### WING TALK.

### EDITORIALS

*Cash for Postwar Trade.*  
*Score One for Freedom.*  
*Those 4 A. M. Blues.*

#### COVER

#### ARTHUR

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# Man power plus!

**Q**UIETLY, modestly, over the past years medical science has been producing virtual miracles—miracles which are paying our country increasingly handsome dividends as time goes on...

## *DIVIDENDS IN MAN POWER.*

Today, literally millions of people who are lending their services to Uncle Sam would not be alive but for these discoveries of medical science.

In the 75 years since March 24, 1868, when the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company was founded, the average length of life of Americans has increased from about 40 years to more than 60 years. Figures indicate that about 2½ million men of military age owe their existence today to improvement in mortality since the turn of the century.

Throughout its 75 years of life, Metropolitan has been glad of the opportunity to take an increasingly active part in this drama of conserving human lives.

As far back as 1871, the Company issued "Health Hints," the first of more than a billion booklets on health subjects which are distributed at the rate of one every fifteen seconds.

In 1892 it began its co-operative work with the public health forces of the country by joining government officials in a campaign against cholera. This was the forerunner of numerous campaigns against such diseases as tuberculosis, typhoid fever, diphtheria, pneumonia and others.

In 1909, the Company set up a special department to place its rapidly expanding pub-

lic health work on an organized basis. Among its many activities, for example, is a Nursing Service, started in 1909, which has since expanded to cover the United States and Canada. Last year nearly three million visits were made to eligible Metropolitan policyholders.

Today Metropolitan works closely with health agencies, both private and public, and carries out or assists important health research. Through its health booklets, its far-flung nursing service, its health advertising, and similar activities, Metropolitan consistently pursues its policy of passing life-saving knowledge of medical science on to the people in words they can understand.

On this, our 75th Anniversary, our eyes are on the future, rather than the past. For there is so much more to be done. As new triumphs of medical science are unfolded, Metropolitan will play its part in carrying life-giving knowledge to the people.

75th ANNIVERSARY 1868-1943

## **Metropolitan Life Insurance Company** (A MUTUAL COMPANY)

Frederick H. Ecker,  
CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD  
Leroy A. Lincoln,  
PRESIDENT

1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.





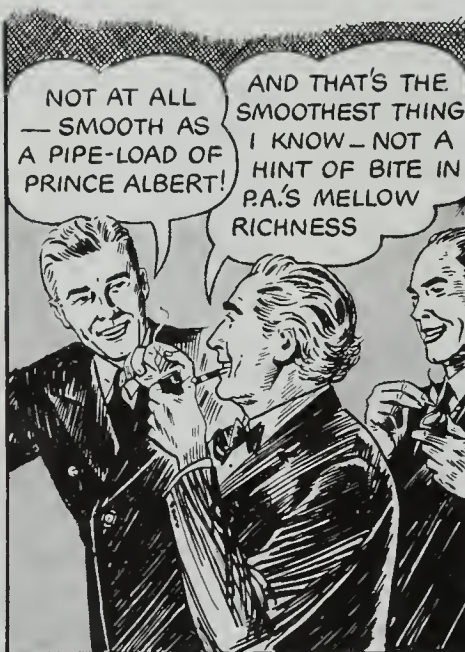


**DIRIGIBLE CARRIERS  
PROPOSED TO  
LAUNCH WARPLANES**



IN THE SKY-CARRIER,  
PLANES CAN BE LOWERED  
THROUGH TRAP DOORS, FORE  
AND AFT

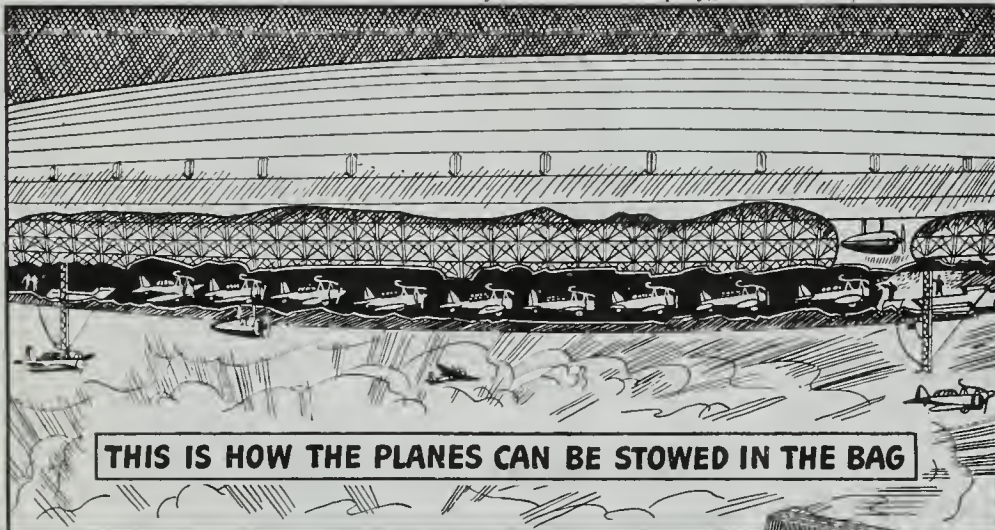
I SUPPOSE THE  
TAKE-OFFS  
WILL BE  
ROUGH?



NOT AT ALL  
— SMOOTH AS  
A PIPE-LOAD OF  
PRINCE ALBERT!

AND THAT'S THE  
SMOOTHEST THING  
I KNOW—NOT A  
HINT OF BITE IN  
P.A.'S MELLOW  
RICHNESS

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina



**THIS IS HOW THE PLANES CAN BE STOWED IN THE BAG**



THERE'S NO OTHER  
PIPE TOBACCO THAT  
GIVES PRINCE ALBERT'S  
MILDNESS WITH  
RIPE TASTE

... OR P.A.'S  
ROLL-YOUR-OWN  
JOY, EITHER! THAT  
GRAND TASTE IS SO  
EASY ON THE  
TONGUE

**50**  
PIPEFULS  
OF FRAGRANT  
TOBACCO  
IN EVERY  
HANDY POCKET  
PACKAGE OF  
PRINCE ALBERT



**PRINCE  
ALBERT**

**THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE**



## KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

While about 40,000,000 Americans drink alcoholic beverages, the majority only on special occasions, not more than 600,000 or only fifteen in a thousand, are considered to be heavy drinkers.—By George Stacy, Chicago, Illinois.

In England, the owner of a dog that has been condemned to death pays a daily fine of one pound or about \$4 as long as he refuses to have the animal destroyed. In one recent case, a family has so far paid \$2,300 to keep their dog Rowley alive, while in another, a man has paid \$500 to keep Bobbie, most of this money having been raised by a Bobbie Club, consisting of neighborhood children who organized themselves specifically for this purpose.

The SOS, or Service of Supply of the United States Army, is generally looked upon only as a purchaser of military equipment and material. Yet it is also the largest retail organization in the world today, now selling more than \$500,000,000 worth of merchandise a year to our soldiers through its thousands of post exchanges here and abroad.

Many American war plants are now so large that their employees cannot take the time to go to an outside restaurant or even to the company cafeteria. Consequently, they purchase hot lunches from rolling lunchrooms belonging to catering companies, one of the largest of these firms being Boston's Crotty Brothers, who daily serve more than 500,000 workers in sixty-eight plants in twenty states.

Supplementing dehydration, a new process for food compresses, wraps and seals it into blocks and briquettes, thus not only squeezing out space-taking air, but also protecting the contents from germs, grease and dust. The additional space saved by this compression, for example, amounts to as much as thirty per cent for dried milk and fifty per cent for dried eggs.

The recent strike in the tin mines of Bolivia, which caused a national state of siege there and even involved our State Department, resulted chiefly from the company's refusal to double the workers' wages by paying them four cents instead of two cents an hour, although the mines have returned at least \$500,000,000 to their owner.

When an Army transport or cargo vessel is about to leave the United States, no more than six men in the port know the hour it is scheduled to sail, and no more than three on board know the spot where it is to join the convoy.

Since entering the war, Britain's aircraft, surface vessels and submarines have laid about 150,000 mines along the enemy's coast line extending from northern Norway to western France. This is twice the number of mines that were necessary to bottle up the German fleet in the North Sea during World War I.

Of the 17,000,000 school children between the ages of five and thirteen years in the United States, about 1,000,000 receive a pint of milk daily at a cost to them of one penny. In addition, 4,000,000 others who are undernourished receive free lunches, the majority of which are hot and often constitute the child's only real meal of the day.—By Mrs. Lee L. Scott, Vinita, Oklahoma.

The Japanese military authorities usually announce that a soldier or sailor is dead when he is only reported as missing and his fate is unknown, because his family would "lose face" if he had allowed himself to be captured. Often the authorities also send a sealed urn of ashes to the family to "confirm" his death.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher.



ily Pons came to dinner tonight



## General Electric Television will enable you to see and hear your favorite entertainers in your own home

Just as now by radio you *hear* the world's great artists and entertainers, tomorrow by General Electric television you will *see* them, too!

In some form or other, whether a table model, or cabinet set, or a projected image on a wall-screen, *everyone* will be able to enjoy the excitement of this wonderful new science.

By television, you will see the big baseball and football games, the Mardi Gras, the launching of giant ships. You will invite friends in for the latest television movies, or the new Broadway musical show. By television, you will keep up with new fashions, new recipes, and new dance steps.

If you are a business man, you will introduce new automobiles, radio receivers, refrigerators, electrical appliances, and airplanes by television. Not only will you *tell* the public about your product, as you do now by radio; you will *show* the public the actual product, package and all.

All of General Electric's experience in radio and television is at work today producing electronic weapons that are helping to win the war. When Victory comes, new knowledge gained in war years will be applied to the purposes of peace, and General Electric will build fine radio and television receivers for your pleasure and enjoyment.

**FREE:** A fascinating new booklet, 32 pages, full color, tells the story of television and other electronic equipment. Write for your free copy of "Electronics — a New Science for a New World" to Section 3-A, Radio, Television, and Electronics Dept., General Electric, Schenectady, N. Y. And when you come to Schenectady, visit General Electric Station WRGB, one of the largest television stations in the world.

Tune in on Frazier Hunt and the News every Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday evenings over C. B. S. On Sunday night listen to the "Hour of Charm," over N. B. C. See newspapers for time, station.

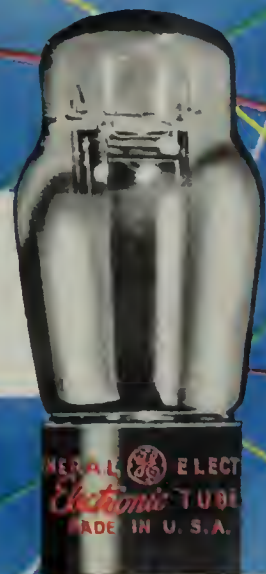
# GENERAL ELECTRIC

Leader in radio, television, and electronic research

170-83

### Every General Electric Radio is an electronic instrument

Radio, like television, is a product of *electronic* research. This electronic tube, used in the General Electric FM radio—a new kind of radio with amazingly lifelike reproduction, is essentially the same as the electronic tubes that make television possible.







# CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS

which fire at high altitudes and under extremely high pressures in our "hottest" bombers and pursuit ships have exceptional quality of materials, design and workmanship which accounts for their extreme dependability. These very same qualities are inherent in all Champion Spark Plugs, including those for your car.

The high-output engines which power the "hottest" bomber and combat planes of our air forces are true marvels of precision and compactness. With them our heroic air forces are writing history. These engines must instantly respond to the throttle while maneuvering in the battle ground of the sub-stratosphere. Spark plugs must function perfectly. Champions are equipment on these as well as

many other aircraft engines in the service. The Champions in these engines are not unlike the spark plugs for your car, identical, in fact, in quality and materials, engineering and manufacturing precision and in their characteristic dependability. Your spark plugs are the key to engine economy and performance. Give them the periodic attention our war-time economy requires. Have them tested and cleaned every 4,000 miles—and when you need new ones insist on Champions.



## WING TALK



HARRY PENNINGTON

TIME was when most girls looked upon the airline hostess as having the job of all jobs, with nothing to do but wear a snappy uniform and fly in comfortable airliners all over the country. Of course, those admirers never served a meal to twenty persons at 10,000 feet in the air and don't know what it takes to do that kind of work.

Today it's a different picture. The hostesses are carrying on, but they have plenty of sister workers. Women who have taken jobs since the war started are literally "keeping 'em flying." They are handling wrenches in the shops, working in stockrooms, in radio and weather offices, and to top it all, teaching copilots how to fly on instruments through the use of Link trainers.

Miss Margaret Bell Singleton of New York made such progress as an instructor at La Guardia Field for TWA that she is now teaching other young women how to train copilots. Although Miss Singleton never leaves the ground in her "dodo" craft, which simulates the maneuvers of a plane in flight, she expects to reach the heights in her career.

THE latest project handed to women was the assignment of the Women's National Aeronautical Association to act as recruiting agency for the Army Air Forces Technical Training command; to enroll from 3,000 to 10,000 women to qualify as instructors in airplane mechanics schools. The qualifications for these jobs are tough. The applicants are required to have a year of college or university or teacher-training institution, must be between the ages of 21 and 45 years, and have no children under 12 years of age. There are many other stringent requirements, but the women of WNAA feel sure they'll get the necessary recruits.

MANY leaders in the aviation industry are top-ranking sportsmen, who find their best relaxation in hunting and fishing, far from their plants.

This story shows that just as they overcome the problems of their own industry, so can they hurdle any obstacle which might confront them in their favorite sport. In this case, it was a man

Typical of young women workers who "keep 'em flying" is Eleanor Michael "Mickey" McLernon here shown gassing up a B-2. She is rated as a general mechanic's helper with the Flight Training Personnel at Duncan Field, Tex.

whose pet sport was big-game hunting. He was "somewhere in Alaska" in connection with new air bases. It necessitated a trip by dog sled, and the growl was in an area where there was plenty of big game. The trouble was the guide was the only one who had a gun, and the guide could not be used except to kill game for emergency rations. The sportsman spotted a beautiful mountain goat. He couldn't resist reaching for the rifle.

"We no need food," came the words of the guide.

The aviation man offered a \$5 bill, but got the same reply. Even a ten-spot failed to change the attitude of the guide.

About to give up, the sportsman asked, "What do you want, a twenty-dollar bill?"

"Want five cans condensed milk, two bars chocolate."

The goat's head now adorns an aviation office.

THE Japs evidently have an old belief that anything which works right the first time is the perfect way and should not be changed.

Some big heavy American bombers were making a raid, minus escort fighters, on a Jap-held island. From high above, came an attack by a mess of Zero fighters. The outcome was bad for the Americans. Later, on another attempted bombing of the island, the Japs did the same thing, waiting high up for the approach of the bombers. Again the enemy was most successful. But the next time our bombers were sent on the same mission, far, far above them was a group of Lockheed Lightnings. The Japs started for the bombers in the same old way, and the Lightnings started for the Zeros. Not a Zero escaped, nor was there a Jap who could figure what had happened. . .

JUSTIN D. BOWERSOCK



**WE DO BUSINESS  
WITH HITLER!**



**PATTERNS FOR DOING BUSINESS WITH THE AXIS**



C-54 "Skymaster"



C-47 "Skytrain"  
C-53 "Skytrooper"



A-20 "Boston"  
A-20 "Havoc"



SBD "Dauntless"

Who says "You Can't Do Business With Hitler"? Douglas A-20 Havoc and Boston attack bombers, Douglas Skymaster, Skytrain and Skytrooper transports *are doing business* with Hitler around the clock. It's a grim business that will increase in volume until our final victory is won. Douglas Aircraft Co. Inc., Santa Monica, Calif.

*World's largest builder of cargo and transport airplanes.*

**DOUGLAS**

MEMBER, AIRCRAFT WAR PRODUCTION COUNCIL, INC.



# Picture of a "DEBUTANTE"... 1943 Style.



*She never thought her world would change so much... but there she is, like millions of her sisters, fighting on the home-front... and what a job she's doing!*

## EVERYTHING'S CHANGED NOW



Remember the Top-Quality, long mileage and extra safety you came to take for granted in a General Tire? The rubber and skill that gave you these are now going into numerous rubber products our armed forces must have to win as well as to save their lives.

*Meanwhile...* our job at home is to *conserve to the utmost* the tires we have or buy. *Not a mile* of

precious rubber can be wasted. Yet, as we work and sacrifice, we know that one great day we will see still more change... *for the better*. New materials, new compounds, new methods being developed now... plus General's ability to get *the most* out of rubber... and its 25-year strict adherence to *Top-Quality*... are your promise of the finest General Tire ever built.

THE GENERAL TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY • AKRON, OHIO

## WHAT WOULD YOU GIVE TO LOOK UNDER THE WRAPPER?

A tire that may last as long as your car? That won't blowout? That is far stronger, yet lighter? That is not affected by heat? That rides on less air? Synthetics, rayon, nylon? Coming from General? *Just wait and see!* Because, as General's technicians discover new ways to make rubber fight better... they are discovering, also, how to bring you a Top-Quality General even farther ahead of ordinary tires than the famed Generals of the past.



*The*  
**GENERAL  
TIRE**





BURLINGAME  
PUBLIC LIBRARY  
Burlingame, Calif.

## The Doughboy's Dream

by Ben Hecht

When Hitler releases Hedy Lamarr, she strokes his cheek affectionately.

COOKIE (turning around): Say—what's going on back there?

PHOTOGRAPHIC ILLUSTRATIONS BY VALENTINO SARRA

**T**HIS drama was written for soldiers to perform in the training camps for the entertainment of other soldiers. It is part of a military plan to make soldiers happy. At least that's what the colonel in charge told the War Writers' Board. He said that the soldiers were crazy about doing little plays that were specially written for them. He said it made them happy.

I saw through the colonel at once.

The plan isn't for soldiers at all. It's for writers.

Obviously somebody high up has figured out that the nation owes a great deal to its writers and that something should be done about making them happy—during the war, at least.

A secret committee was appointed (I am guessing at most of this) and it was decided that the finest thing that could be done for us writers was to fix it up so we could have our plays performed without any dramatic critics around. Whatever else the Army does, it has ushered in the literary millennium.

As a member of the War Writers' Board I gratefully submit the following drama for the soldiers to play backward or forward, *in toto* or in part, with or without scenery. And if any of our brave combatants think they can improve it by putting in better jokes or finer characterizations they are hereby welcome to do so.

The drama itself takes place in the bedroom where the soldiers sleep.

The locale is any old training camp. And it is night, as you can tell by the fact that three of the soldiers are already in their beds.

IN MAKING the illustrations for *The Doughboy's Dream*, Collier's set up the barracks, complete with cots and other furnishings, and built a plywood plane for the historic flight to find Hitler. The prize ring scene was photographed in a New York gymnasium. Actually, there are only four persons in the ring—Cookie, Hitler, Hedy and the referee. The other Hitlers are photographic trickery. The part of Hedy Lamarr was posed by Miss Mary Brennan, a young actress who has appeared in the movies with Eddie Cantor and other stars. M-G-M once planned to play up her resemblance to Miss Lamarr, but nothing came of the idea. Cookie is John Parker Hughes, a Texan, and Rod Maybee, who has a 20-year-old son in the Armed Forces, posed for both Hitler and the sergeant. Collier's has reprinted *The Doughboy's Dream* in a booklet which the army will distribute to camps.

One of them is reading some important philosopher. The two others are studying something else in order to improve their minds and fit themselves for the new world in which they will have to take a leading part after the peace.

If this is "out of character" in some particular camp, the "business" should be changed to suit.

The names of the three soldiers are Robert E. Lee, David G. Farragut and John Pershing. They are no relations, however. It is just a coincidence.

When the curtain goes up these three sleepyheads drop whatever they are doing and start talking:

LEE: What time is it, do you think?

PERSHING: Eight bells, I'd say.

LEE: Eight bells, eh? What do you think is happening to Cookie? (*He eyes the empty bed*)

FARRAGUT: Maybe they're executing him.

LEE: Go on—they don't execute you for letting the stove go out—only if you drop something.

FARRAGUT (*firmly*): Listen, Sergeant White Fang don't go by any rules. You know what I said to him this morning? I said, "Listen, you big lug, any gorilla is able to lick any seven human beings. But who is it always ends up in the cage? The gorilla! Consider that before you let any more fat grow on your head."

LEE (*judiciously*): Personally, I feel Cookie's got it coming to him. Nobody is entitled to be that dumb unless they already are an officer.

(Cookie Johnson enters the bedroom. He is very tired. During the talk he sits down and gets undressed.)





**SERGEANT:** Here's your phone, you dumb cluck! Now take the mush out of your mouth and speak up.

**COOKIE** (*whispering*): President Roosevelt? . . . Hey, Sarge, you talk to him. I got something in my throat

**COOKIE** (*very tired*): Hello, fellas.

**LEE:** Hello, Cookie.

**FARRAGUT:** How did you make out with Sergeant White Fang?

**COOKIE** (*very tired*): Oh—all right.

**PERSHING:** Come on, let's have it. We're your friends, ain't we?

**COOKIE** (*he is very tired*): I ain't got any friends.

**PERSHING:** That's no way to talk. I was saying to Private Lee only a minute ago we all ought to get up a petition requesting Sergeant White Fang to quit picking on you. Wasn't I, fellas?

**LEE:** I go further than that. I say we ought to take it up with Congress. They could pass a bill forbidding cruelty to Cookie Johnson.

**PERSHING:** I don't see why not. They pass every other kind of a bill.

**COOKIE** (*he is now getting into the four poster*): Cut it out, will you? I'm tired. (*He turns on his side and falls asleep*)

**PERSHING** (*hurt*): That's a fine pal, holding out on us!

(The light in the bedroom starts growing dim. The light over Cookie's bed, however, brightens.)

**LEE:** Don't expect anything out of that guy. He's too dumb to know his elbow from a barrel of flour.

**FARRAGUT:** Yeah, let him sleep. Poor guy, he's probably dreaming he's back home wiping windshields again.

(By this time the three beds are in darkness and a spotlight shines on Private Cookie Johnson's couch. We can see him sound asleep in this light for a moment during which somebody offstage plays a mouth organ for dream effects.)

After a pause a very tough-looking character appears. This is Sergeant White Fang. He is in uniform. He stands in the light beside Cookie's bed.)

**SERGEANT** (*in a hoarse, unpleasant*

*voice*): Private Johnson! (*Cookie tosses in his bed but doesn't wake*) Hey, you! I'm talking to you!

(Now Cookie opens one eye and sees the Sergeant. He groans a little.)

**COOKIE** (*muttering*): Go way. I got a right to sleep. This is a free country.

**SERGEANT** (*you can't pull his leg*): I said, get UP! On your feet, you apple knocker!

(Private Johnson yields his inalienable rights and answers meekly.)

**COOKIE:** Yes, sir. (*He sits up in bed*)

**SERGEANT:** There's somebody wants you on the phone. It's a person-to-person call.

**COOKIE** (*blinking*): Wants me! There must be some mistake. Who would want to talk to me?

**SERGEANT:** It's Franklin Roosevelt.

**COOKIE** (*staring*): The President wants to talk to me!

**SERGEANT** (*grimly*): He's been holding the wire for a half-hour.

**COOKIE** (*scratching his head*): President Roosevelt wants to talk to me! I must be dreaming.

**SERGEANT:** You'll start dreaming in minute—after I clout you one. (*moves toward Cookie menacingly*).

**COOKIE** (*meekly*): I don't see any phone you going to answer the phone or not.

**SERGEANT** (*removing a French phone from his pocket*): Here's your phone you dumb cluck! Now take the mush out of your mouth and speak up.

**COOKIE** (*whispering*): President Roosevelt? (*He looks appealingly at the sergeant*): Hey, Sarge, you talk to him. I can't. I got something in my throat. (But there is no sergeant. He has stepped into the shadows. Cookie is very nervous. He manages finally to speak in the mouthpiece in a very formal and constrained voice.)

Hello. Who is this, please . . .

Oh, you don't say! Well. How are you Mr. Roosevelt? Everything—all right . . . I'm—I'm glad to hear it . . .

Yeah. Yes, sir. This is Private Johnson. I was asleep or I would've answered sooner. . . .

Gee, President, I—I don't think I can get away. You see, I let the stove go out from the mess and I got some extra work to do, accordingly. It wasn't my fault about the stove though. . . .

What? . . . O. K., if you say so . . .

Yes, sir, I'll be right over. Thank you, sir. Wait a minute—who do I ask for? . . .

Oh—just President Roosevelt, huh? . . .

I see. I see. I knock three times, O. K. Goodby, sir. It's a great pleasure.

(The sergeant reappears. Cookie hands him the phone and the sergeant puts it back in his pocket. Cookie talks in a awed voice.)

**COOKIE:** What d'ya know! He wants to see me right away—at the White House . . .

**SERGEANT:** Well, pick up your feet, lame brain!

**COOKIE** (*standing up in his underwear*): He must have heard about the stove going out.

(The light over Cookie grows dark for a moment and the off-stage mouth organ plays dream effects again.)

Then the light goes up and we have a change of locale. The beds can remain on the stage unless some device can be perfected for whisking them off. But it isn't necessary. It will be just as good if a large desk has been whisked onto the stage during the moment of darkness.

The desk is in a half shadow and a man sits at it with his back to the audience. Cookie sits on the other side of the desk in full view and with the spotlight on him. He wears an Army overcoat over his underwear. The man, more or less invisible at the desk, is President Roosevelt. He is talking in his measured, soothing way.)

**PRESIDENT:** I have sent for you, Cookie, because of the great and abiding faith I have in you.

**COOKIE** (*awed, but an American*): The desk is not in regard to the matter of the stove going out that I been called to this place?

**PRESIDENT:** My friend, we have all let our stoves go out once or twice.

**COOKIE:** Ain't we, though . . .

**PRESIDENT:** Obviously you do not realize who you are, my friend.

**COOKIE:** Who, me? I'm Cookie Johnson, from Nyack, New York.

**PRESIDENT** (*softly*): You're a little more than that. You're Cookie Johnson, from Valley Forge, and Belleau Wood. In fact, my friend, I consider you the most wonderful man in the world.





COOKIE (modestly): That's putting it a little bit strong, don't you think, President?

PRESIDENT (firmly): Not a bit. And please call me Franklin, will you? As a favor?

COOKIE: O. K., Frank.

PRESIDENT (sighing happily): Thank you. And now I have another favor to ask of you.

COOKIE: The shirt off my back, Frank.

PRESIDENT: I want you to go on a little mission for me.

COOKIE: Anywheres you say, Frank.

PRESIDENT: To Germany.

COOKIE: Now, that's a coincidence. It happens I am planning to go there at the present time.

PRESIDENT: I know that, Cookie, but I would like you to jump the gun a little and go there tonight.

COOKIE: It's a deal!

PRESIDENT: I knew you wouldn't fail me.

COOKIE: What do I got to do when I get there, if it ain't a secret?

PRESIDENT (archly): Two guesses.

COOKIE (after a pause, exclaims): I capture Adolf Hitler.

PRESIDENT: Right the first time! I want you to bring Adolf back to me, as fast as you can.

COOKIE: You're cookin' with gas, Frank! What a President! I kept wondering all the time why somebody didn't ask me to do that. You got any ideas on how I should capture him?

PRESIDENT: No, I am relying entirely on you, Cookie. I picked you for the task because of your great reasoning powers and also because you have the heart of a lion.

COOKIE: Gee, you know, Frank, you almost make me wish I had voted for you.

PRESIDENT: This is no time to discuss politics. Action is what I want.

COOKIE (rising eagerly): And you're going to get it.

PRESIDENT: Wait a minute. I have a companion for you.

COOKIE: I don't want any lugs along.

PRESIDENT: This companion is no lug, my friend. I am sending Hedy Lamarr

with you. Two heads are better than one, you know.

COOKIE: Holy Ike! Hedy Lamarr is coming with me! All I can say is—that's organizing! That's real organization!

PRESIDENT (modestly): If I do say so myself, I'm sort of good at that. (He becomes crisp) You will bring Adolf back?

COOKIE: With an apple in his mouth.

PRESIDENT: Miss Lamarr will meet you on the plane. Be nice to her. Remember she is doing this for her country. And remember at all times that you are the President's own personal Commando.

(The light goes out again and the mouth organ music plays Over There and other dream effects.

This time there is a major change of locale. An airplane is put on the stage during the blackout. It is, of course, a dream airplane, and can consist of a cardboard cut-out such as Coney Island photographers use.

In any case, when the lights go up again

Four Hitlers come slowly at Cookie.

MISS LAMARR: Look out—they're trying to fool you. Be sure to hit the right Hitler—or it won't count.

COOKIE (sparring): Don't worry. I got my sense of smell

we see Cookie at the controls and beside him sits the beautiful Hedy Lamarr. I don't see any reason why Hedy couldn't be induced to play this part herself because I happen to know she is very keen to do everything she can to help win the war.

The airplane is in flight and we hear the roar of the propellers. Then this noise grows subdued and the mouth organ music fades and it is quiet enough to be able to hear the principals speaking.)

COOKIE (leaning out of the airplane window): Do you know Germany when you see it, Miss Lamarr?

MISS LAMARR: Yes. I have an uncle there.

(Continued on page 37)



# Will You Wait For Me?

By Norma Bicknell Mansfield

ILLUSTRATED BY WENDELL KLING

It was through no fault of hers that other men had loved her. But Woodley was a long time in realizing this

AS WOODLEY drew closer to his destination he admitted at last he was on a fool's errand, the kind of thing a man of his age and former attainments should have had the wisdom to reject. But Penster had asked this service of him, and he had liked young Penster from that first day when they had been inducted together.

Troubled and uneasy, Woodley began to question his liking for Penster. He decided it was an irrational affection. Penster honestly believed the world was good, a theory Woodley had cast aside years before as impractical. Penster exalted love. Woodley was safely past that gulf. Penster trusted his emotions. It was Penster's emotion, Woodley saw abruptly, that had brought him out here today into the residential north end of a city he had never seen before. He had ridden forty miles in a crowded bus from camp, taken another bus to the end of the line and was walking now, resentfully, on the strength of Penster's emotion.

Woodley had thought he was immune to fervor, but one day Penster had said, "I won't have a chance to see her again before I go. It's the sort of thing you can't say over a telephone, not to her. She's more your kind than mine, Lance, honestly, but I want you to go to her home and ask her to wait for me. You'll do a better job of it than I would. Just ask her to wait, see?" Woodley had thought, even then, the boy should be told about women, but Penster's eagerness, his confidence, had deterred the older man.

Woodley trudged on, fog soft and dank on his face and hands. It had been quixotic of him not to take a taxi. The houses out here had become estates, set back from the road, half hidden by shrubs. Woodley, recalling his instructions from Penster, turned down a narrow, paved lane, and the smell of the Sound came up to him, salty and pungent.

Penster had said she would be at home today. On Saturdays she entertained soldiers. On other days, Woodley assumed, she entertained herself, having done her bit of war work for the week. Still, you had to hand her something for giving up one day a week. Lallie wouldn't have done it.

Lallie had been his wife, and they had lived in a place something like this, remote and socially unassailable, and it had been almost more than Lallie could bear to have him discuss bills with her once a month. She had begrudged even that much time from her own diversions. In the third year of their marriage, their last, she had begun to hark back to his beginnings when the bills came in. No one but Lallie could have devised so sure a devil's fork to spear him.

"You'll never get over pinching pen-

nies, Lance. Of course I'm expensive, but you can afford me." He could remember even now the sharpness of the pain awakened by his fear that she would leave him. And after she had got her divorce he could remember, too, the slow growth of relief in his heart, unadmitted at first, but welcome at last. Welcome because it brought knowledge, cynical but reliable. No one but Penster could have induced him to talk to a woman again about love.

He found the grilled gates Penster had mentioned and pushed through one and latched it behind him. Inside the grounds the hedge, taller than he, more than six feet high, shut him into a spacious privacy of clipped lawn and tended shrubs. The house was ivy-covered and remote; it reminded him of places he had seen in England. The bricks were old and, doubtless, dated.

AN OLD woman, gaunt and leather-skinned, let him into a wide hall.

"The others," she said, "are in the drawing room." By the others she meant Saturday's soldiers.

"I'm not staying," Woodley said. "I want to see Mrs. Blaine. I have a message for her."

The old servant moved toward a doorway down the hall and Woodley followed her into a small room lined with filled bookshelves. There was an old, carved desk with letters and papers neatly stacked on top of it. There was a gardening glove, soiled and worn, flung down on the gleaming surface. The woman, with a quick glance around the room, picked up the glove and withdrew.

Woodley had no idea how long he would have to wait. A fire laid in the hearth was unlit and the fog outside the windows was gray and depressing, but the room was somehow warm in its aura and comforting. He could hear a piano going somewhere in the house and men's voices, taking courage as the music possessed them, singing heartily.

When the door opened and Blossom Blaine entered, he turned without anticipation. She was tall. Penster had told him she was tall, and he had prepared Woodley, too, for her beauty, the warm olive of her skin, the soft dark hair simply arranged, the dark eyes lustrous and appealing. All of these things Woodley had known she would have, but he had not been prepared for her vitality. Penster had conveyed the impression of languor, of ethereal charm.

"Hello," she said, and offered her hand with a quick, firm clasp. She stood, faintly smiling, waiting for him to speak, but with the moment upon him he realized he had not thought out what he would say. "Tilda said you had a message for me?" Her glance was candid, appraising him.

"Yes," Woodley said. "Bruce Penster asked me to stop by to see you."

"Bruce?" There was surprise and  
(Continued on page 60)

Lance put his arm around her and turned her to face him. "I'm eligible for a goodbye kiss," he said







The long arm of the U. S. Government reaches out to crush the handful of chiselers and profiteers who would victimize their own country

# WAR FRAUDS MUST BE PUNISHED, NOW

BY FRANCIS BIDDLE

ATTORNEY GENERAL OF THE UNITED STATES

home-front traitors who see the nation's peril in terms of profits rather than lives aren't going to get away with this time. Enough of them have already found it out to make our record, so far, the best in any war we've ever fought

one here at home could send them defective equipment for the sake of larger profits to himself.

Yet looking at the isolated instances of fraud, within the broader picture of our vast war program as a whole, we need not be alarmed. We are not losing this war to our enemies within. Against the volume of our war production, the amount of real damage has been trifling. And we are going after those who are responsible, and hitting hard—not after the war is over, but now.

Anyone who thinks that war fraud is a modern innovation need only consult the record. Fraudulent transactions have, unhappily, entered every war we've fought. Charges were flying thick and fast during the Revolution—one, for example, brought by the Committee of Safety against a man who had purchased cloth on commission for the Continental Congress and had charged fifty per cent more than it cost. There were serious abuses connected with shipping. In 1776, Congress agreed to reimburse shippers if the cargoes they sent out should fall into the hands of the enemy. The claims for losses became so heavy that the guarantee had to be dropped. George Washington wrote to the New York legislature that he had "almost incontestable proof . . . that a ship went from hence, sailed with no other view and joined the enemy at the Hook."

In the Civil War, "remarkable combinations" were reported by a Congressional committee investigating government contracts in 1861. "The profits from the sale of arms to the government have been enormous, and realized, too, in many

instances, even by our own citizens, through a system of brokerage as unprincipled and dishonest, as unfriendly to the success and welfare of the nation as the plottings of actual treason."

The report goes on to cite a \$49,000 profit on a sale of carbines "at the very best not exceeding \$60,000 in value;" a 40 per cent profit on blankets for the Army; and "great irregularities in the purchase of horses and wagons." The same kind of transactions appear in records of the Spanish-American War, especially in the furnishing of food of poor quality at exorbitant prices.

## Shipbuilders Come Under Fire

In 1934, scanning the record of the first World War, a Senate committee studying the munitions industry found the wartime performance of certain shipbuilders "close to being disgraceful. . . . They secured cost-plus contracts and added questionable charges to the costs. . . . They secured changes in contract dates to avoid war taxes. . . . They bought from the government, very cheaply, yards which had been built expensively at government costs. In one case, this was prearranged before the yard was built. . . . Profits were concealed as rentals. . . . If there were no conversations about bidding among them, there was telepathy."

Four years after the fighting ended in 1918, the Department of Justice set up a "War Transactions Section" to comb through some 30,000 ordnance contracts, in the hope of recovering overpayments. All those contracts were marked

closed." For the investigators, the going at that late date was not easy. Witnesses and evidence were missing; the cases were "cold," and so was the public, which had had enough of war and everything connected with it. Yet the War Transactions Section managed to recover more than \$11,000,000. Although a few criminal cases were developed, convictions were even more difficult than money recoveries. The section finished with only one verdict of guilty.

Such lag in the administration of our laws is totally unnecessary and has serious consequences on public morale. We have executed spies and saboteurs; traitors have been convicted; fraud must be punished severely, and the time for prosecution is now. With a tremendous purchase program, we should not be surprised to find a certain amount of cheating; but in a war with the Axis, any cheating is too much; and any delay in the discovery, prosecution and punishment of those guilty of it is too long. Treachery is not a matter for library research ten or twenty years hence.

As a result of a suggestion from Congressman Hatton W. Sumners of Texas, chairman of the House Judiciary Committee, who was very much concerned with our experiences in the last war (he became a member of Congress in 1913), I set up a War Frauds Unit in the Department of Justice in February, 1942.

The nucleus of the new unit was formed with personnel from the Anti-trust and Criminal divisions of the Department of Justice, a staff well seasoned in the handling of kindred problems in peacetime industry. To head it, I picked Tom C. Clark, a 42-year-old Texan with a good prosecutive sense.

(Continued on page 78)

WHEN Americans are called upon to show how they can bear up under the strain of a crisis, their best is always a shock to their enemies; their worst, a shock to themselves. Along with our fighting men and the great body of grimly determined citizens ready to do their full part, we have a wretched little handful of chiselers and cheats, who would victimize their own country—the shoddy scattering of profiteers, black marketeers, ration-card phobers, and perpetrators of war frauds. Unmindful that their own skins are being saved from Axis terrorism, they go on twisting and devising and leeching, trying to fatten on the patriotism of their neighbors and the war emergency.

The picture they make in the midst of war is not a pretty one. Part of it has come before the public in the war-fraud disclosures made to date by the Department of Justice. Many of us have been shocked, some alarmed. It is hard for us to believe that while our men are dying death on distant battlefields any-

ILLUSTRATED BY D. R. FITZPATRICK





This is the first successful full-color picture ever made of the President addressing both houses of Congress. It was taken on January 6, 1943, by Bob Leavitt, with a Speed Graphic camera and Kodachrome film. Because of poor lighting conditions, Leavitt made about thirty exposures at various speeds. Only this one was good



# THE MARINE WHO HATED TO SIT DOWN

By Frank X. Tolbert  
ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

PEE WEE put a nickel in the juke box. He didn't understand juke boxes like this one. There was a life microphone on the front. From inside the box a girl's voice said, "Hello, darling. What shall we play?"

The girl had a lovely voice. Her voice made Pee Wee feel good inside. For a moment he was tongue-tied. Then he said, "I Had the Craziest Dream."

"Don't you want to sit down, Marine?" said the bartender. "There'll be no cover for a couple of hours and the beer's on me. I was lonesome."

No, sir," replied Pee Wee. "I don't want to sit down." He took a deep drink of beer and it felt good going down his throat. It was the first beer he'd had since he'd left Guadalcanal.

"Go on and sit down, kid," said the bartender, "take the weight off your feet. You look a little peaked."

"I sure thank you," said Pee Wee, "but I'd rather stand here, if you don't mind."

Pee Wee didn't tell the bartender that he hadn't been doing any sitting down lately—not for the last two months—not since the .25-caliber bullets hit him on his hip pockets.

The platoon was creeping through a coconut grove down the coast from Henderson Field. A sniper opened up on them. Gunny Sergeant Spear was hit in the neck. The Gunny yelled, while blood poured from his mouth, "Get behind a tree, Pee Wee."

But every time Pee Wee tried to get behind a tree there was an officer already behind it. So he hit the deck. Pee Wee was a big boy (his nickname was just a joke) and not all of him was hidden when he flopped in the grass. And three slugs raked across the seat of his pants. Pee Wee hardly knew he was hit, at first. He threw his '03 to his shoulder and squeezed two off and a Jap came tumbling out of a tree fifty yards away.

Pee Wee started to get up. His pants were soaked with blood. Gunny Sergeant Spear (he was wrapping his throat with a dungaree strip) laughed, spraying blood specks, and said, "Ain't you house-proud, kid?" Pee Wee laughed, too. But he wasn't laughing ten days later when Colonel Edson had him sent back to the States.

THE Naval Hospital at Bethesda, Md., the big Marine lay on his stomach for weeks and recovered slowly. His back side was still stinging when he was released and given a ten-day furlough. He didn't have any folks. So he decided to spend his furlough in New York.

He stood up all the way on the train. He got a room at the Sloan House. Then he wandered gloomily around town. The gay crowds seemed remote to Pee Wee, somehow.

He stopped and, in the dim-out, made out a sign which said that he was on 51 Street. Pee Wee went into a place called Jimmy Dooley's. And he put the nickel in the juke box and the bartender gave him the big glass of beer.

Pee Wee drank three beers and he made the bartender take money for the next two. Then he left the bar and went down the street. He was standing in front of a place called 21 Club. A big, gray-haired man and two girls got out of a taxi.

"Come on in with us, Marine, and have a drink," said the gray-haired man. He was a little drunk, but he looked all right, and the girls looked better than right. So Pee Wee went into 21 Club with them.

Inside, softened lights reflected on dark walls, and there were some good murals. And Pee Wee saw that one of the girls had red hair and one was a blonde. He liked the place, but he was

sorry there was no place to dance. They headed for a table in the corner. "Couldn't we just stand at the bar, sir?" asked Pee Wee.

The gray-haired man laughed and said, "There's no sense in standing, kid. We've got a reservation. You look as if you could use a steak."

Pee Wee stood behind the red-haired girl's chair while she sat down. Then he moved over to his chair and slowly lowered himself.

PEE WEE'S hips came in contact with the wood and he felt as if someone had rammed him with a bayonet. The red-haired girl was talking to him: "You didn't say what you wanted to drink, honey. So I ordered you a bourbon-and-soda."

"Thank you," said Pee Wee. The big man was talking with the blond girl. The red-haired girl leaned close to Pee Wee and she said in a low voice, "Let's leave after this drink. Sonny Boy here," and she nodded at the gray-haired man, "is getting pretty tight."

Pee Wee's seat was hurting him so, he didn't hear a word she said.

"Excuse me, please," said Pee Wee. He hoisted himself from the chair. He moved toward the checkroom and he felt as if his trousers were on fire and all the people in the room could see the blaze.

He was still stinging, fearfully, when he reached the sidewalk. He stood very straight and looked at the night sky. Then the red-haired girl came out of the club, alone, and she stood there, too, looking at him and laughing.

"I didn't mean for us to leave in such a hurry. But it's all right," she said. "You certainly take a hint. Let's go around the corner to the Stork Club."

"Is there a bar at the Stork Club where we can stand up?" Pee Wee asked.

"We don't need to stand up," she said. "I've some money. Don't worry."

"I wasn't thinking of money," said Pee Wee, "I haven't spent hardly any money in six months."

"Have you been on guard duty?" said the red-haired girl. And she put her arm lightly around his waist.

"There was some guard duty," said Pee Wee. He walked a little faster so that her arm was no longer touching him.

"Really, I'm not trying to grab you," said the girl. She seemed a little angry.

"Well, I would like to go to the Stork Club," said Pee Wee, "if we can just dance and dance. I don't want to sit down a minute."

"We'll have to have a table before we can dance. And I don't feel like dancing. I dance for a living. I'm tired—very tired, really. And I think you are, too." She was silent for a minute. Then she said, "I don't believe you like me."

"Yes, I do," said Pee Wee. And he thought what a beautiful fi-fi she was. And he tried to think of something good to say. But he was aching around the hip pockets so much that he could not say any more.

The red-haired girl had a hurt look on her face when she got into a cab.

So Pee Wee turned around and he walked back up 52d Street until he came to the place called Jimmy Dooley's. He ordered a beer and stood at the bar for a long time. Then he put a nickel in the juke box. And the girl's voice from inside the box said, "Hello, darling. . . ."

"Excuse me, please," said Pee Wee. He hoisted himself from the chair. He moved toward the checkroom; he felt as if his trousers were on fire



A SHORT STORY  
COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE





Mrs. Roosevelt enjoys a visit to the Women's Land Army in a tractor-driven haycart, during her recent tour of Great Britain

## They Talk Our Language Differently

By Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt

Only through understanding the likenesses and differences among peoples shall we begin to build foundations for a lasting peace. Until then "United Nations" will be only an empty term

YOU can hardly look at a newspaper today without reading somewhere the phrase, "the United Nations." Sometimes I wonder what that phrase really means. It seems to mean that the government representatives of the four big nations, fighting against the Axis powers today, and the governments in exile of certain conquered countries have agreed that they will co-operate to win the war and try to find a basis of co-operation, at least, for the policing period which must follow the war.

There is something far more comprehensive than this which must happen before we can really use the phrase United Nations and feel that it means what it says.

Anyone who reads the newspapers at home or is familiar with the people of the United States must know that while we have a few people whose traditions tie them closely to Great Britain, we have a considerable number who are critical of the British people. They find their mannerisms and the way they talk and act not only arrogant but sometimes almost unintelligible.

The British are usually looked upon as rather self-satisfied snobs who have a class system which gives great power to small groups and therefore is not deserving of consideration by people who believe in democracy. The British government is looked upon as imperialistic. British statesmen are paid the tribute of being wily and of seeking primarily the good of "The Empire," and the fear is

present that they will fool any American statesman even if he be a good Yankee trader!

The British have conquered many countries, and while it is acknowledged that they colonize fairly well, it is also accepted that their rule has meant exploitation of the conquered areas rather than development for the sake of the conquered people.

This gives us an opportunity to point with pride but not always with justice to the different objectives and achievements of the United States in their colonial possessions.

Nearly all American students get as far in American history as the American Revolution. Some of them never go beyond that point, and the books which they study are usually elementary books which give very little explanation of the reasons why certain things happened. The result is that the average boy and girl has developed a dislike for Great Britain. Most of them have never known

a Britisher, but they have seen him captured in the movies and in the comic and they think of him as a rather la-di-d gentleman with a title. The average boy and girl here admires the red-blooded man without any frills, who has made his own way in the world. He represents their own hope for the future.

This may seem like an exaggerated picture, but nonetheless it represents the feeling of many citizens in the United States of America.

Now we are in the war and suddenly we belong to something called the United Nations, and our soldiers are sent to Great Britain and Australia. The Australians are rather like Americans, so that does not create much difficulty, but our troops approach the shores of Great Britain with prejudices redolent of the "little red schoolhouse," now become the consolidated school, changed in physical aspects but very little in the type of teaching which goes on within its walls.

The soldiers who went to Great Britain



# Bigger than Paul Bunyan's Blue Ox

Three hundred and sixty pounds of meat per year for man for our armed forces! Billions of pounds for our fighting Allies! All in addition to the enormous needs on our home front. America's livestock industry is a giant of fabulous proportions. It accounts for \$3,300,000,000 of farm revenue in 1941. This year's production will be very much greater.

Trucks transport two thirds of all livestock to market. . . make it practical to produce meat animals on farms far from packing centers where no other transportation exists . . . handle meat on the hoof and on the hook with minimum loss and delay.

For it's meat you're worried about, depend on America's millions of motor trucks to do their part.



Joseph B. Eastman, director of the Office of Defense Transportation, recently stated: "Automotive Transportation is absolutely essential to the winning of the War. Goods must reach their destinations and workers must get to their jobs . . . on time." On the U. S. Truck Conservation Corps and keep your trucks in best possible condition. Your GMC dealer is pledged to help you.



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## INGRAM'S

shaving cream

made their first contact in Northern Ireland at Londonderry. Some of the boys in our American Army who like a fight are of Irish extraction, and curiously enough we find good fighting men straight out of Ireland in the British army. The greater part of Ireland—that part known as Eire—is, however, neutral in this war. They are exercising a right granted them by the British, who on the whole are pretty considerate of the rights of human beings. Ireland or Eire may be connected today with what is called "The Empire," or what would be described more accurately as a confederation of commonwealths, but Eire is free to stay out of the war.

This means that one of the first things to confront our boys is the fact that they may not cross the border line from Northern Ireland into Eire, and at some points this line is only two miles from our naval establishment. A man in uniform who crosses the line is open to internment for the duration of the war. The girls are just as pretty on either side, and there must be considerable temptation, because the boys in our Army are young, and youngsters love to break rules.

All this probably seems very stupid to them, but little by little, it probably has dawned upon them that here is something that goes very deep in the British character. The British may resent the attitude which the government in Dublin has taken, but they accept enlistments of individual Irishmen. They may let Irish girls come over to work in their factories, but they will not question the right of the Eire government to do whatever its constituted authorities decide they wish to do.

Immediately upon landing in Northern Ireland, or Scotland, or anywhere in Great Britain, the education of our men and the education of the British people begin. They have to work side by side. They have to explain themselves to one another. They discover the differences, even to the varied meaning of certain words.

A story was told me in one of our Red Cross clubs in Scotland about some of our American boys who saw a plateful of what they thought were biscuits on a counter. They asked one of the Scotchwomen who were volunteering to wait on them, for biscuits, and the Scotchwoman kept regretting that she did not have any, until finally an American worker walked in and explained that those plates held scones and not biscuits. A movie is a cinema, a druggist is a chemist, an elevator is a lift, an apartment is a flat, and it hasn't anything to do with a tire, and so on.

### Rationing Versus Hospitality

After about two weeks, however, I think it would be safe to say that there would not be a soldier in our Army who would not answer "Yes," if you asked him whether he had made friends and whether the people were hospitable. The ring of his voice would attest to his sincerity. Our paratroops had been five months in their training camp where I had a chance to talk to a number of them as they showed me their rather complicated equipment. There was not one who did not say he had made a lot of friends around the camp.

Hospitality for the British isn't so easy, because they are under a strict rationing system. Every person gets enough food for himself, and there is very little extra to hand out to anyone else. So if a Britisher asks someone in for a cup of tea or a meal, he and his family go short just that much in the way of food.

Of course, if he lives in a big house in

the country, even though he has very little domestic service, there may be certain things he can offer, like a chance to shoot over his land. One of our generals told me he spent a couple of pleasant afternoons shooting on a place which belongs to a British gentleman, high up in the British government. But few of the privates or younger officers get this opportunity.

The latter, if they are stationed near some big country house, may be asked in for a drink in the late afternoon because the rich man's cellars may still be well stocked, even though the butler has gone. On these occasions, amusing things sometimes happen.

The officers and men in our camps eat their evening meal between five and six o'clock. It is still the habit in Great Britain (even though you have to wait on yourself) to dine at eight-thirty in these big houses. In order to be hospitable, one family we met invited in a small group of officers, from a neighboring camp at six-thirty for a glass of wine, expecting them, of course, to go back to camp for an eight-thirty dinner. Instead of which, the men had already eaten. They were having a good time and conversation flowed on easily and time passed. The British hosts could not ask their American guests to stay for dinner; they simply did not have enough food for six extra persons, so the family ate their dinner at eleven P.M.! The story was told me with a great deal of understanding and amusement, with the remark that the men of the family had done a good deal of "grousing" because they had come down from their war jobs in London and disliked going without their dinner. That, I believe, is a characteristic of menfolk the world over.

### A Clothes-Buying Dilemma

On the whole, our boys are not very conscious of the restrictions imposed by the war on the British people, at least not at first, because the British say very little about it and are not given to much complaining. Gradually, our men make the discovery that the people are restricted in many ways. They get to know the girls and to know what it means to buy clothes on coupons. They find out that the girls in many of the auxiliary military services wear their uniforms all the time, for the very simple reason that their coupons will not reach over a civilian wardrobe as well as a military one.

If a girl has enough clothes left over

from before the war, then when she is off duty, she will scramble into civilian clothes if she is at home in the country or into something soft and feminine if she is at home in a city house or apartment, but by and large, she will have used up her coupons for what she needs for actual work.

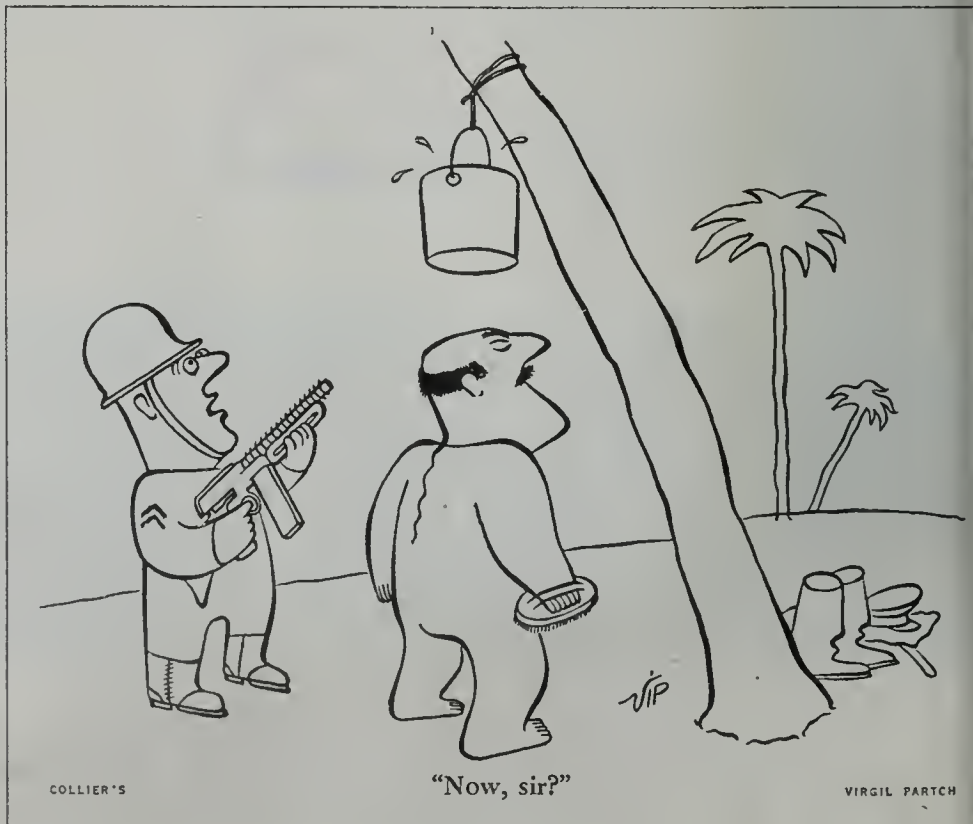
When our Army passed the rule in Great Britain that our boys, if they were invited to someone's home, could dine on part of their ration and take it with them, it increased the acceptance of invitations by our men, because they were unwilling once they understood, to accept hospitality under existing conditions without making a contribution in return. Now they can take something from their own Army ration, and it has made for greater neighborliness between the British and the Americans.

### Where the Oranges Came From

I was given some orange juice in Liverpool when I spent the night with WRENS, and I discovered that when our Navy boys came in, they brought their own oranges (who do so much work for their own Navy and for ours as well) so oranges, which are practically impossible to buy anywhere in Great Britain. You may get an apple or a pear if you are on a farm or in a country house where there is an orchard, but there is little question of being able to buy fresh fruit, and what there is is very expensive.

The boys in our Armed Forces have found the R.A.F. boys willing to help them. In talking to some of our American boys whom I knew to have prejudices before they reached Great Britain, I have been greatly entertained to find what a little knowledge and experience with the British people will do. One boy I know has always been very prejudiced and still says that he does not like the British government and its officials, but he sings the praises of British workmen and ground crews in routine maintenance and repair work which they do on American planes. I am not sure that he doesn't think that they show greater skill and a greater sense of responsibility than some of our own workmen.

It is a slow process—this learning to evaluate other people who are like you and yet different in so many ways. Perhaps it is one of the great lessons we will have to learn if we ever hope to build a better foundation for peace—this lesson that human beings the world over have



COLLIER'S

"Now, sir?"

VIRGIL PARTCH



# The Gun that sprang from nowhere

SOMEWHERE this minute, as you read this, an enemy of America is looking into the barrel of a gun from nowhere.

A miracle gun, if you please, that would still be a useless hunk of unshaped steel waiting to be machined—except for a discovery of scientists in a United States Steel laboratory.

What was the discovery? The secret of making two gun barrels in the same time it takes to make one.

Imagine what this means. Arms are flowing to our soldiers in constantly increasing quantities. One factory, for example, reports that it will make two years' output of gun barrels in *one year!*

And as if that weren't dramatic enough, these same men of steel have accomplished a similar miracle in the art of bomb making. Shaping bombs while still white hot metal. Finishing the bomb casting in minutes instead of hours.

Steel landing fields have been invented to cut the time of making an airport to mere hours! Helmets for America's soldiers that stop a .45 automatic bullet . . . Tanks of tougher steels . . . Ways to make machine gun bullets faster than ever before.

## What you can expect after the war

The world we live in will be years ahead of itself because of new war-born steel inventions. No other material rivals steel's useful qualities.

U·S·S steels have gone to war in tanks, in planes, in ships, in bullets. They'll be back better than ever. You'll find these U·S·S trade-marked steels building a new and greater America in the peace years to come.

AMERICAN BRIDGE COMPANY · AMERICAN STEEL & WIRE COMPANY · BOYLE MANUFACTURING COMPANY · CARNEGIE-ILLINOIS STEEL CORPORATION · COLUMBIA STEEL COMPANY · CYCLONE FENCE DIVISION · FEDERAL SHIPBUILDING & DRY DOCK COMPANY · NATIONAL TUBE COMPANY · OIL WELL SUPPLY COMPANY · TENNESSEE COAL, IRON & RAILROAD COMPANY · TUBULAR ALLOY STEEL CORPORATION · UNITED STATES STEEL EXPORT COMPANY · UNITED STATES STEEL SUPPLY COMPANY · UNIVERSAL ATLAS CEMENT COMPANY · VIRGINIA BRIDGE COMPANY

## NEW STEELS FOR AMERICA



**\*BUY WAR BONDS EVERY PAYDAY**

The money you loan builds America's war strength. Yours again to spend in years to come . . . for new comforts, products of steel, things for better living.

## UNITED STATES STEEL

*Painted with the cooperation  
of the U. S. Marine Corps.*







**1. Does she give** a moo about butter and beef scarcity? Or taxes? Not Bossie. She just chews her cud and relaxes. How different from us hectic, fretful humans!



**2. Take Bossie's boss.** He does a heap of worrying about help, taxes, and prices. To make matters worse, he's one of those people whose nerves are affected by the caffeine in coffee.



**3. Even in small doses,** caffeine can jangle some people's nerves enough to rob them of that miraculous refresher, sleep. Bossie's boss loves coffee, loses sleep, acts ornery.



**4. Well, he needn't** give up that delightful beverage—and neither need you. You can enjoy a steaming good cup of coffee without upsetting your nerves. Here's how—



**5. Switch to Sanka Coffee**—it's 97% caffeine-free! It can't get on your nerves, can't rob you of sleep. Only the caffeine is removed. The delicious flavor and aroma stay in!



**6. It's real coffee,** all coffee, swell coffee! It lets your tired nerves relax and can't keep you awake nights. Next time you get your coffee ration, get Sanka Coffee.

# SANKA COFFEE



BUY U. S. WAR  
SAVINGS BONDS  
AND STAMPS!

**SLEEP ISN'T A LUXURY; IT'S A NECESSITY. DRINK SANKA AND SLEEP!**

TUNE IN . . . 5:45 P.M., New York Time, Sunday afternoon. Sanka Coffee brings you **William L. Shirer**, famous author of "Berlin Diary," in 15 minutes of news over the Columbia Network.

to be approached as human beings and not as members of a race or as adherents of a certain religion, but just as people whom you may like or dislike according to their individual characteristics.

I may be a Chinese, an Arab, a Jew, an Indian, a Negro, a German, a Frenchman, or a Britisher, still I must be evaluated, if I am to be fairly judged, on the basis of being just a human being. We have never done this in the world before and we have never had peace in the world thus far.

One of our four freedoms states that we shall have freedom from fear. Freedom from fear, of course, means that, the world over, people will be protected from aggression, people will be protected from persecution because of their race or their religion. People will be safeguarded from hunger and want by an economy which takes into consideration the basic needs of all the people, the world over.

## A Basis for Co-operation

If that is going to become a reality, then the first thing we have to do is to learn to meet our fellow human beings as human beings, recognizing the fact that we will not love all of them or be loved by all of them, but we will love some and we must get on with all, regardless of differences of race or creed. Those who are evil will have to be restrained. We do that in our own countries everywhere.

The Chinese philosopher, Lin Yutang, says, in substance, in a recent article, that our moral attitudes the world over are the important factors, not what we know or what we have, but our ability to choose between right and wrong. This may be the basis on which we shall have to develop some of our future co-operation.

Our boys in Africa and in the Solomon Islands deal with natives who haven't yet had a chance to develop a very high type of civilization. These boys are going a step beyond their first contacts in Great Britain and Australia, and wide differences will develop; but the beginning of the development is in Great Britain. If we can build on the good will which Great Britain has toward us at the moment (largely brought about because, in the trials through which the British have gone, the generosity of the American

people has made them grateful) we are beginning a new era in the world.

Over here, it is hard to understand just what certain things have meant to Great Britain, because, while we have given money which has sent mobile canteens, ambulances, medical supplies, clothing, food, etc., in great quantities to Great Britain, we were only being generous, not sacrificial.

We have sent our old clothes, but they were things we could do without. However, the people who received them could not do without them. A woman in a crowd, for instance, one day, plucked at my sleeve and said, "I little girl would have been cold if it had not been for the warm clothes the children of America sent us."

The British people show their gratitude by wanting to do things for our American soldiers. They realize that coming into the war is a great help to their own boys who have fought in parts of the world for the past three years. But their gratitude goes deeper than that; it touches the lives of even one on that group of islands. It calls for a traditional feeling which I think is ingrained in the people of the United States and in the people of Great Britain: If we have received something, we want to make a return, at least in good will.

This is a basis on which we can rebuild, and I miss my guess if the boys who stay any length of time in Great Britain do not come back to fight down the old-time prejudices over here.

I think of the young Marines serving at the American Embassy, some of whom have been in Great Britain over a year. They responded warmly in the affirmative when I asked if they had made friends among the British people since they came over.

Really to be effective, the United Nations will have to build among the people of all the nations an understanding such as is now growing between the people of Great Britain and the people of the United States. It will be slow, but the building of a peaceful world is not something to be accomplished by the writing of a treaty. It takes time to work out the relationships of men and women, but we hope for peace, it must be done, and I think a good beginning has been made since we entered the war and began our association on the British Isles.

THE END



"Try to get a couple of bridge dates this week, dear. Our fuel oil is running kind of low"

COLLIER'S

WILLIAM VON RIEGEN



'All they wanted was the best cigarette in the world!'



"SO THEY COMBED THE COUNTRY FOR THE BEST TOBACCO . . . millions worth of fine Turkish and Domestic leaf selected by Theodore Kirk, the man who's bought more quality tobacco than any other living person!"



THEY HAD IT BLENDED BY A CHAMPION . . . Curtis who's blended more major brands than any tobacconist. He kept at it until a professional tasters agreed on a blend as both milder and tastier than any of the 6 largest-selling brands!



"NEXT THEY WENT TO DOCTORS AND CHEMISTS . . . asked them how to make Fleetwoods cleaner and safer. Result: a modern moisture retaining agent is used in Fleetwood that does not produce acrolein, an irritating gas, usually present in cigarette smoke!"



"THEN CAME ADDED SAFETY through extra smoke filtration! Fleetwood's Imperial size means less throat irritants, less nicotine, less tars that stain fingers and teeth . . . provided you smoke Fleetwood no further than you would a short cigarette."

FINISHING TOUCH came when Leland Stanriggs, leading designer, developed a sense of artistic merit . . . even the material more durable to keep Fleetwoods from wrinkling! Yes, sir, all they wanted was the best cigarette in the world!"

# FLEETWOOD

A CLEANER, FINER SMOKE

OF TESTS of the smoke of Fleetwood and four of the large brands which were also in the famous Reader's Digest summer. As tested here all cigarettes were machine-smoked to a distance of 40 millimeters to simulate natural smoking.

Brand	Milligrams of Tar in the smoke	Milligrams of Nicotine in the smoke
Fleetwood	7.7	1.2
A	8.2	1.8
B	8.3	1.8
C	9.0	2.1
D	10.4	2.4



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SUPERIOR CIGARETTE AT THE STANDARD PRICE • THE AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO COMPANY, INC. • "HOUSE OF TRADITION" • LOUISVILLE, KY.



# So Small a World

By Paul Ernst

ILLUSTRATED BY  
JAY HYDE BARNUM

It was later than they knew, and unhappiness was a luxury in which neither one could afford to indulge

Vin said evenly, "Why, hello, Linda." . . . "Hello," she said, as evenly, as brightly impersonal. She was with a man whose appearance proclaimed him someone pretty eligible



THIS cocktail lounge was new within the year, which was why Naval Lieutenant Vincent Maller headed for it. No memories, no associations with the past. The doorman, all aglitter with braid, gave him a grin like white keys on an ebony piano. "Hi, Admiral," said Vin.

The lounge was crowded and at the bar only a few stools were vacant. Vin saw Tazey Williams at the bar as stolid as a slab of beef, and started toward him; and then Vin saw Linda at a table dead ahead and he stopped again, wheels sliding, brakes grinding, and with a nasty piercing stab making itself felt in the region of the left shoulder blade.

There she was, full red lips impatient, impulsive and imperious: brown hair sleek and with mahogany tints; gray eyes wide and self-possessed—but not right now. The held confusion in them now, for just a second, and Vin was glad to see this. He wanted Linda to be jolted when she looked at him, just as he was jolted when he looked at her. He said evenly, "Why, hello, Linda."

"Hello," she said, as evenly, as brightly impersonal.

She was with a youngish man whose appearance proclaimed him someone pretty eligible.

"Down early this year, aren't you?" Vin asked politely.

"A little," Linda replied. "We opened the house yesterday. Stop in, if you have a minute."

"Oh, sure," said Vin. "Oh, certainly."

He went on to the bar and saw that Tazey Williams had watched the little encounter with Linda and each step he took after it. The Navy world was small, even in Washington with Annapolis regulars scattered like drops in a bucket. Again and again you ran into people. You couldn't miss it seemed.

"Martini?" asked Taze. Vin nodded, Taze knew him pretty well. They were both s.g.'s, same class, same ships until a year ago.

Vin climbed onto the next stool, not needing to bend his legs much for he was tall. He was almost too lean, with a triangular look to his dark face, and with a harshness of line under his officer's uniform which made you feel that if you hit his body anywhere the sole result would be bruised knuckles.

"You might have tipped me a wink," he said to Taze. "You saw me come in, and you knew she was here."

"You two darn' fools!" said Taze.

Vin didn't bother to reply to that. He took the glass the bartender put before him.

"You going to spend the rest of your life running out back doors to get away from her, Vin?"

Vin didn't answer that one either.

"It isn't as if you were getting over it. You're not."

"All right," said Vin. "Set another course, will you?"

Tazey shrugged and did so. A hundred and ninety pounds of pseudo innocence, he rambled along about the Yard, work on his boat, the Byrd, and the destroyer Holmes, of which Vin was second in command; about the no-doubt unintended benevolence that had berthed the Holmes and the Byrd at mild (Continued on page 47)





I'M FLAVOR — once try me,  
you'll never pass by me!



I'M SMOOTHNESS — with Light-  
ness, I give "5" politeness!

## TOUGHNESS GETS THE "FREEZE" —SAY THE 5 CROWNS

Here's the way to treat TOUGHNESS, we think —  
Keep away from the pest—Let him sink!  
That's why we have grown,  
And our FINER "5's" known  
As a smoother, much mellower drink!

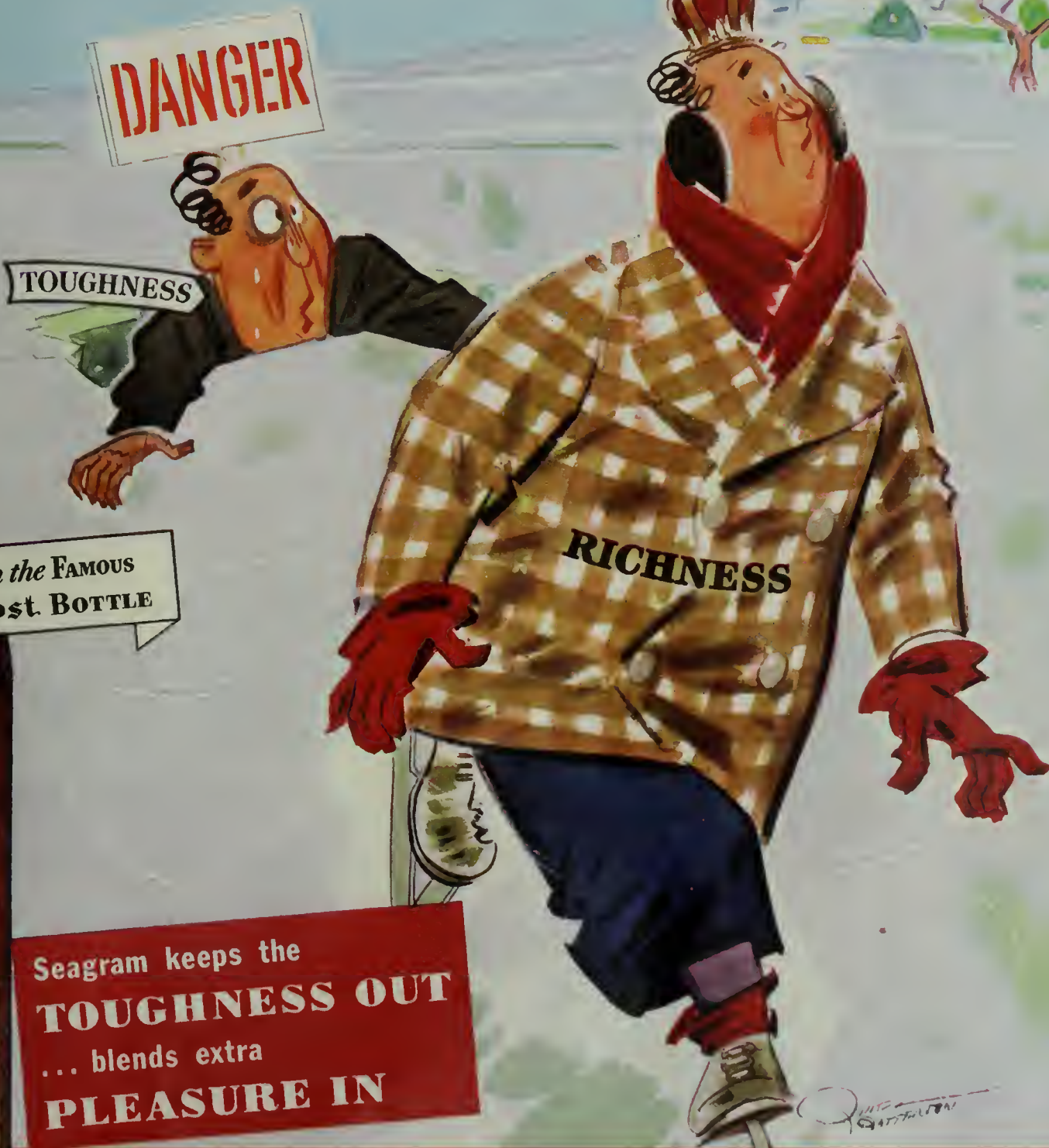
And the bottle called HOST (see below)  
Is designed to make quality show! . . .  
When your callers are faced  
With this blend of good taste,  
You'll be classed as a man "in the know"!



I'M BODY — I tether  
fine whiskies together!

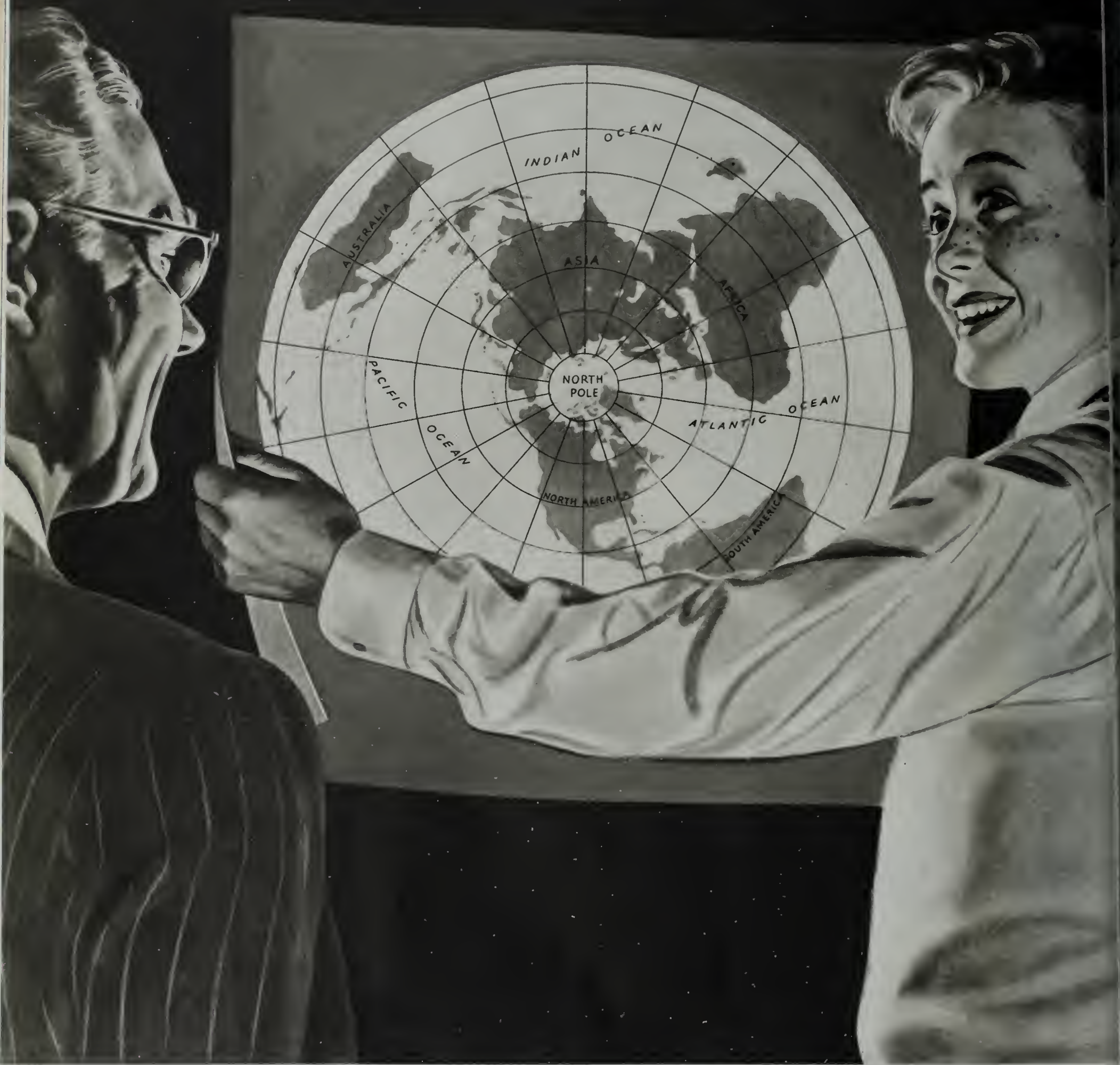


I'M LIGHTNESS — vivacious,  
well-mannered and gracious!



# THE FINER Seagram's 5 Crown



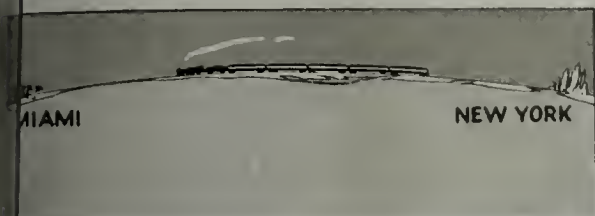


**CONSOLIDATED**



# YOUR CHILD CAN SHOW YOU A NEW WORLD

MANY a time, when the going got tough, you've probably given your child a helping hand with his homework in geography. But now the picture is reversed. Today your child can help *you* with *your* geography.



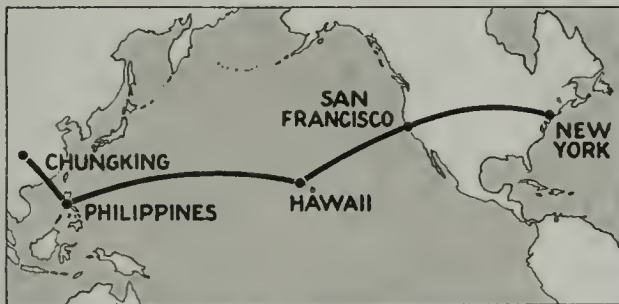
Today it takes less time to travel from New York to Moscow by plane than from New York to Miami by train.

His modern geography book is unfolding him a world that didn't exist when you went to school. A world, for example, in which planes are spanning the Atlantic in a matter of 400 minutes—and a man can travel from New York to Moscow by plane in less time than he can go from New York to Miami by train—and the route from New York to Bombay is not a 3-week voyage past Gibraltar and Suez, but a 40-hour flight where the way stations are Iceland, Oslo, and Moscow.

In this new world, the "rowboat" geography you studied as a child has been supplemented by today's "aviation" geography. The earth, and all the people on it, have become a global

community. And rather a small one, at that.

Barriers have been leveled off. Oceans are small bodies of water separating nations which



From New York to Chungking, China, by train and ship, is about 11,300 miles—at least a month-long voyage.



By swift long-range plane — via Fairbanks, Alaska—Chungking lies only 7500 miles, or 38 hours, from New York.

must now become either friendly neighbors or close enemies. No spot on the globe is more than 60 hours distant from your local airport!

This is the world your child is being taught at school. And it is *our* world, as it really is.

We must quickly learn to understand it. For only then can we look beyond the horizons of the present toward the future and its promise.

One thing is already as clear as though written in mile-high letters in the sky. Our growing air power is today becoming a mighty weapon in our hands for Victory. Tomorrow it will be one of the implements with which freedom-loving nations can help build and enforce an enduring peace.



A German bomber squadron based in Norway could, by flying approximately the same distance, bomb Washington, D. C., Chicago, or Seattle.

It is this vision which today inspires the tens of thousands of American men and women whose life and job it is to build the finest aircraft in the world, faster than they have ever been built before.

## Consolidated Aircraft Corporation

San Diego, California • Fort Worth, Texas  
Tucson, Arizona • New Orleans, Louisiana  
Member, Aircraft War Production Council

### QUICK FACTS FOR AIR-MINDED READERS

There are 2 American four-engine bombers flying on today's world battle fronts. One is the Flying Fortress (B-17), designed by Boeing. The other is the Liberator (B-24), designed by Consolidated.

Consolidated has been a big-plane builder for more than 15 years. The company is 20 years old. Today, in addition to the Liberator (B-24), Consolidated also builds the Catalina (PBV) Navy patrol bomber, the Coronado (PB2Y) Navy patrol

bomber, and the Liberator Express (C-87), transport version of the Liberator bomber.

Of the many tens of thousands of aircraft workers at the Consolidated plants in Fort Worth and San Diego, almost 40% are women.

Consolidated was the first to build long-range bombers and huge transport planes by mass-production methods, on a moving assembly line.

Liberator bombers and transport planes have broken all records for both trans-Atlantic and trans-

Pacific flight. One Liberator flew to London in 400 minutes. Another flew from Australia to the U.S. in 35 hours, 53 minutes.

The globe-girdling Consolidated Liberator, dubbed "Gulliver," which carried Wendell Willkie on his 31,000-mile round-the-world flight, was the first plane ever to span Siberia and cut across the Gobi Desert and Mongolia, the first to fly from China to the U.S. via Alaska.

The Consolidated Aircraft plants at Fort Worth and San Diego cover so much space that company messengers are equipped with bicycles and motor scooters.

Through the use of wood plastics, Consolidated is now saving 200 pounds of precious aluminum in the construction of each Liberator bomber.

How fast will the planes of tomorrow fly? A new wind tunnel is now nearing completion on the West Coast which will enable aircraft manufacturers to test planes flying at speeds approaching that of sound itself—741 m.p.h.!

On Consolidated's assembly lines there will soon be gigantic planes which will literally dwarf even the huge Liberator.

# DAIRCRAFT DESIGNERS AND BUILDERS OF THE LIBERATOR, CORONADO, CATALINA, LIBERATOR EXPRESS



*How American it is... to want something better!*



THE HOME YOU'VE DREAMED ABOUT—the colors you're going to have in the kitchen and what is going to grow in place of the weeds in that flower bed—maybe the war has made you *postpone* it, but how *American* it is to plan, to search for, to *want* “something better,” all our lives. It keeps us young, perhaps, and certainly keeps us awake and alert, this constant *habit* of wanting better things!

WHEN IT CAME TO PICKING AN *ALE*, America followed its “something better” habit. And the ale that turned out to have this “something better”—to live up to the “Purity,” “Body,” “Flavor” of its now-famous 3-ring trade mark quite *naturally* became...



*America's largest selling Ale*



*To speed the day when we can have more “better things” buy war bonds and stamps*

P. Ballantine & Sons, Newark, N. J.



# BEHIND THE WALL

By Tosha Bialer



lingering death for those who submit, sudden death for those who do not—that was the choice left for Warsaw's once-flourishing population of six hundred thousand Jews as the New Order moved in and took over

## II

THROUGHOUT 1941, we ran a race against frightful odds. Whatever obstacles we overcame, the Germans erected more. Whenever we managed to adjust ourselves to conditions, they threatened the screw.

They took every conceivable step to halt the black market that kept us alive. Our enemy, the wall, was ever still. It grew higher, and its top was strewn with broken glass. Where a gap showed, it became thicker and stronger. Gangs of men worked on it every day, at some points making it bulge out, at others bringing it farther in. These contortions were called "corrections" and were directed against any possible illegal outlet.

All these corrections in the wall took something away from our living space, swallowed up houses, and forced the Jews who were dwelling there to move on to find another lodging, thereby increasing the congestion still further. Many families found themselves in that plight not once but several times, with no chance to take their possessions with them, and were forced to wander around, sometimes for days, before they could find shelter.

The Germans began to hunt our men in the streets. They were caught like animals and carried away to slave at back-breaking jobs in the outside town. Late at night they were brought back and dumped inside the gates, drained of all strength. The less hardy never returned. We did not let our men go out on the streets unless it was absolutely necessary, and then they were preceded by a woman who would scan the surroundings and give a warning whenever she sighted the Gestapo.

One morning we woke up to find a number of Jews lying dead in Kupiecka Street. They had been caught outside the wall. The Germans had shot them down where they found them and then thrown the bodies into the ghetto. We never knew what business they had been engaged on or whether they had passes or not. The Germans were not troubled by little technicalities like that; they shot first and didn't bother to ask questions after.

There is an old prison, ironically the only place where non-Jews were allowed to live in the ghetto and share the air polluted by the Jews. The German aptitude for thoroughness in everything had made that prison a sinister place not only inside but all around it. In all adjoining houses every window had to be kept closed and locked, every shade permanently drawn. The people living there were condemned to be without light or air. They were forced to burn candles all day, to breathe the same foul air day after day, and were in reality worse off than the prisoners themselves.

One afternoon a woman in one of those houses on Inozielna Street, opened the French windows that led to a balcony and stepped out into the open. She may have momentarily forgotten the order. The craving for a breath of fresh air may have suddenly become overpowering. Or perhaps she was suddenly taken ill and needed help. We never knew, and nobody ever will know, because the moment she appeared she was shot to death.

For our own sake and the sake of our families, we were terrified at any harm that might befall our jailers, because lightning reprisals would always strike at us. Day by day we saw friends and relatives murdered in retaliation for deeds in which they had no share, of which they had no knowledge. On one occasion a Polish policeman had been killed on duty. The Gestapo carried out an extensive search, in the course of which one building, at Nalewki 9, put up a stubborn resistance for several hours. When the defenders were finally overcome, fifty-three male inhabitants of that building were dragged out and summarily shot.

Another time—this happened later, on April 17,

Eternal topic of ghetto street conversation is food, for which there is a never-ending search. Children like these are the worst sufferers under the starvation rationing system enforced by the Germans

A ghetto policeman on duty. The Gestapo set up a Jewish police force, gave it no arms, but did give it responsibility without authority. It does the best it can to maintain order among starving people







Homeless, hungry children, some orphans and others hopelessly lost, have a hard time. These sleep in an abandoned newsstand



A street vender of vegetables. He collects ration points for each tiny allotment. Note bricked-up fronts of bombed buildings



Everything he has suffered is clearly and eloquently written in the face of this man who was once a prosperous citizen of Warsaw

1942—fifty Jewish policemen who spoke German were ordered to report to the Gestapo. Nobody knew what had happened, and everybody was terrified of what would happen. There is one incident during that night's raid of which I have firsthand knowledge and which will serve to illustrate what went on all over the ghetto. Two heavily armed Gestapo men in uniform ordered a young Jewish policeman, hardly more than a boy, to take them to the house of a certain Mr. Blajman who lived on Dzika Street. He was a baker, respected and well liked. The family and guests were just sitting down for the Sabbath meal when the police arrived. Curtly, Mr. Blajman was told to come with them. His wife, in an agony of fear, pleaded with them to let him finish his dinner.

"Don't worry," said one of the Germans, "you'll have him back very soon."

"You'd better give him his overcoat and a muffler; it's cold outside," laughed the other.

The Jewish police boy looked white as a ghost and was trembling all over. The others in the family were all standing like statues, looking desperately from the Gestapo men to Mr. Blajman, who was quietly putting on his overcoat and not saying a word. He went to his wife and embraced her, then disengaged himself and stepped out into the night with the others.

The German had spoken the truth.

Not more than five minutes had gone by when Blajman was brought back. But this time he was dead. The four men had walked through the pitch-dark streets. After several corners had been turned, Blajman was ordered to step out in front. One German flashed his light quickly, and in the same instant the other put a bullet through the baker's back.

Many more were hunted up that night and killed. We never learned the reason.

That winter of 1941-42 was extremely severe. There had not been such low temperatures for many years—and we in eastern Europe are accustomed to cold. Fuel was scarce and terribly expensive. A ton of coal cost 3,000 zloty, more than \$500. Wood was wet and refused to kindle. Nearly all of it went to make coffins, for the death rate was going steadily up day by day. To conserve the precious warmth, we opened our windows less and less as the weather grew colder. The smell and the smoke in our overcrowded quarters made us sick, but letting in air meant freezing to death.

#### Furs for the Germans

In December we had a cruel blow when Commissar Auerswaldt ordered us to give up all furs we possessed by the twenty-sixth of that month. Every scrap of fur was to be seized; all fur-lined and even fur-trimmed garments had to go, because it was not permitted to rip off

the fur and keep the cloth. On the twenty-sixth, a bitterly cold day with a howling wind, we stood in line before the council building and waited our turn to hand over the only protection we had against the murderous season. The members of the council were the most tragic of all, for they had to inflict this new hardship on their own people, as executioners for the enemy.

As 1941 drew to an end, our long suffering began to tell on us. Our resistance was waning, for we never at any time had enough to eat. You cannot permanently feed a community of 600,000 people on the black market. It was impossible for the haphazard business of smuggling entirely to replace the regular channels of supplying a city with food under normal conditions. What came in was always far too little, and even that quantity grew less as the German net became tighter. With the increase in risk, the smugglers got bolder and more unscrupulous. Substitute products began to displace the genuine articles, while prices went sky-high.

There were many kinds of hunger in the ghetto. The few who could still pay bought what they got to eat from "under the counter." They were by far the best off, but still they were hungry.

There were tens of thousands of families who could not afford black-market prices and had to depend on the rationed goods for sustenance. Slow victims of undernourishment, these. Their teeth de-

cayed and fell out, their hair and nails refused to grow, their eyes became great sunken hollows in fleshless faces, and their stomachs were repulsively bloated.

And, finally, there were many who had exhausted their funds entirely. These miserable travesties of human beings picked up what they could find in the streets and in garbage piles, consuming the rest of their strength in the awful fight against real starvation.

Disease and epidemic found an easy harvest. Tuberculosis took an increasingly heavy toll. Worst of all, spotted fever broke out and raged uncontrolled for months. Thousands upon thousands perished from this devastating plague which played havoc with the condition of filth and overcrowding in the ghetto.

#### The Threat of Plagues

It drained away the strength of our already overworked and weakened doctors and nurses. Our feeble medical resources were hopelessly unprepared to cope with its ravages. There were no hospitals in which to isolate the cases, no adequate means of disinfecting buildings. Cleanliness was impossible, and there was absolutely nothing to prevent the plague from spreading. We could only hope and pray that by some miracle it would pass us by.

Toward the end of that year we learned that there were people who had reached a degree of suffering even worse



# *They bet their lives*



**T**HERE is a big, open, well-lighted factory spreading its acres out on the flatlands of a Middle Western state.

There's a long assembly line where Buick-built Pratt & Whitney engines grow, test cells where they get an hours-long going-over under power, another line where they are torn down, inspected, put back together—and back of all, huge factories in Flint where countless parts take shape.

And there's a sobering thought that rides with every part through every process, with every engine down the line, with every packing case that carries a finished engine off for installation in a plane.

That thought is this: Some day somewhere an American flying crew will bank their very lives on the way we build that engine.

They will stake everything on it, and on the perfect functioning of every one of its thousands of parts.

They'll trust it to carry them through overcast and ack-ack fire, to hold

them steady through the bombing run, to help them wheel and dodge in combat with enemy fighters—to carry them home again, safe and sound and able for more.

Maybe your boy will be in that crew. Maybe ours will. Maybe someone who once proudly called himself a Buick man—there are more than 3,000 such now wearing the uniform.

Good people, do you think Buick is insensitive to that?

Do you think anybody with as many good and loyal and trusting friends as we gratefully can claim can do anything but his unstinted best under such circumstances?

You bet your very life we can't!

And because we can't, flying men can bet their lives on our work.



**BETTER BUY BONDS**

*Let your dollars  
lend a hand*

*war goods*  
**WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT  
BUICK WILL BUILD THEM**

**BUICK** DIVISION OF **GENERAL MOTORS**



# Better *See-ability* means better work ability



**MOTHERS IN OVERALLS** are one of the many examples of tough American grit the Axis never figured on. These eager family women are drilling, welding, inspecting, performing a thousand-

and-one different tasks that require keen *see-ability*. Keen vision is most important for fast, accurate production. Guard it with good lighting at work and at home.



Wrong light at home, such as above, is injurious to the eyes and actually wastes good light. Shadows caused by the wrong placement of the lamp, make seeing difficult, soon strain and tire the eyes. A very easy way of correcting this faulty lighting is suggested at the right. The lamp should be placed so that light



comes over either shoulder. This prevents shadows on the reading matter. Many other simple ways of getting better *see-ability* from your present lamps are described in a new booklet, "How to Get More Light For Your Money". Write Westinghouse Electric & Mfg. Co., Lamp Division, Dept. R-1, Bloomfield, N. J.

Make sure you get all the light you pay for by buying Westinghouse Mazda Lamps. They stay bright, last long, and give utmost light for your money because they are built to the highest standards of quality and performance.

## Westinghouse

★ MAZDA LAMPS ★

FOR BETTER SEE-ABILITY



than ours. Small groups of harassed and frightened individuals began to straggle into the ghetto, escorted by the Gestapo. Nearly all of them were old men, women and children, miserable and poor, whose eyes reflected unspeakable terror. They were Jews from small towns and villages in Poland, and their story was a pathetic one. Ten minutes had been given them to collect the few belongings they could carry with them and to leave for parts unknown. Before departing they had been forced to set fire to their huts and barns; with their last look back they had seen the flames devouring the only homes they knew. The younger men were carried away to slave in mines or quarries for the Germans.

Upon reaching the ghetto, they were first sent to quarantine. They they were dumped on the Jewish Council; the Jew could take care of his own. This new influx was embarrassing. There was no room, no food, no facilities for the newcomers, who had nothing but what they carried with them. But there was no other way out; we had to absorb these people. We became desperate as more and more of them were driven in, coming from all parts of Poland. Reception quarters were arranged in former schools and other public buildings. Whoever could helped out with blankets and cooking utensils. At least we still had a little more than they did, and this we could share with these unfortunate peasants, the poorest of the poor, uprooted from their lands and unceremoniously planted in a strange and fearful city. Odd as it may seem, I believe we gained renewed strength from being able to help those people even more miserable than we were.

### The Wall Moves In

In December the wall moved again, this time to exclude the Jewish cemetery from the ghetto. Too much smuggling, said the Germans, had been going on through the cemetery enclosure, which bordered on an ancient part of the city. From then on, in order to bury our dead and visit their graves, we had to obtain a special pass. One lane was left open and a gate set up for the burial carts and pedestrians to pass through the wall to the cemetery. The coffins were not permitted to be nailed down before reaching the gate. Grim scenes occurred there when the carts were stopped by the guards before rattling through. The lids would be ordered taken off the coffins, and the guards would poke about inside with their bayonets, searching for contraband. There were often a number of corpses in one large coffin, and from this they would be tumbled in a grotesque heap of tangled arms and legs, white skin and bones, naked and miserable, like a caricature of a Rubens Last Judgment. This was death without tears, without dignity.

The ghetto had become a haunted town full of weird sights and unreal shapes. Death reigned in every house and on every street, was on every person's lips, had become the only industry. Everywhere undertaking establishments had sprung up, covering the entire ghetto, filthy little shops providing miserable coffins crudely put together. The carts that carried them to the gate were pushed or drawn by relatives of the dead. There were no horses to pull them. Undertaking was the only business left in the ghetto. The undertakers charged very little for the scant services they could perform, but even this was beyond the means of many people, who were therefore unable to bury their dead.

It is a gruesome feeling to be walking along an unlighted street at night and suddenly stumble against something

which had once been a human being but is now a corpse rotting on the pavement covered over with a few newspapers held down by bricks. There were many of those piles in the streets that winter. They would lie there until the garbage truck passed on its round, often at irregular intervals.

Pitiful characters wandered about during the daytime, men and women wearing an old overcoat and, as far as could be seen, nothing underneath. In order to protect themselves, some had wrapped feather pillows around their waists and tied them fast with string, presenting a sadly grotesque appearance.

It became dangerous to walk in the street with a package. From nowhere robbers would jump out and seize it. Hurriedly they would tear off the wrapping and stuff the contents into their mouths without waiting to see what they were, in the hope of getting food. One poor man who tried this was badly fooled: the package contained bleaching soda. I saw another burglar fall down on the pavement and cover with his body the loot he had just snatched. The robbed woman screamed and attracted the attention of passers-by, who stopped to help. They beat and kicked the man, who lay still and took the punishment but refused to give up the package.

Such sordid scenes made us deeply ashamed of the level to which we had sunk. Gone were all decent standards of conduct, all civic virtues, all the dignity of man.

The only places we could gather during the daytime were the numerous small coffeehouses, whose growth had paralleled that of the undertaking shops. These places were a testament to the ineradicable optimism of our people. Most of the shopkeepers had long since sold out their stocks. As new merchandise was unobtainable, the stores would be forced to close down. But the owners believed firmly that the day of deliverance would come and wanted to be there when it did. So they converted their empty shops into coffeehouses. They served worthless substitutes: grain coffee, with candies and pastries purchased on the black market and adulterated by mixing and shortening. The coffeehouses were a haven where we could escape from the narrow confines of our one-room home, keep warm for a while and find company.

Curfew at 9 P. M. left no time for night entertainment. The families gathered at home and told one another the news of the day that had trickled in: whether so-and-so had finally died and what was going to be done with the children; how Zobrisky had actually managed to smuggle in two pounds of potatoes last night; or how a Gestapo official had struck one of the council members with his riding whip that morning. The only other pastime we had on these miserable evenings was a dull game of cards. Any step on the stairs, any knock at the door would send our hearts into our mouths. There was a constant atmosphere of gloom and fear in the room. Our men always kept their overcoats in the kitchen, so they could escape by the back stairs when the Gestapo raided the house.

### Worship Under Duress

Nor could we observe the rites of our church in any strict sense of the word. The Liberal Synagogue was outside the ghetto, and we did not dare to use the Orthodox synagogues left inside. We were afraid to congregate in large numbers in a place of worship, as this would offer an opportunity to the Germans for massacre. Whatever rites we still observed were performed in private,



with no more than the prescribed ten persons that in our creed form a congregation.

No schools were left in the ghetto. The Germans had decreed that Jewish children should receive no education whatsoever. We refused to let our children grow up to be ignorant savages, so we organized small groups into classes, with courageous men and women venturing to do the teaching.

Strange as it may seem, there were few suicides among the ghetto population. The determination to survive held strong to the bitter end. The Germans openly complained about this state of affairs, having hoped for a more rapid extermination. They drew unfavorable comparisons between our resistance and their experience in Vienna, where the Jewish population had killed themselves in an unparalleled wave of panic. They protested to be unable to understand why we continued to hang on, but I think that in the back of their minds they had some inkling of the truth: that we had no faith in the duration of their reign and were convinced beyond all doubt of their ultimate downfall and destruction.

Now that they had curbed us and reduced us to the minimum standards of existence, the Germans sent their soldiers "light-seeing" in the ghetto. Individual soldiers could seldom obtain the necessary permit to enter, even if they had wanted to, either because of the danger they might encounter in the ghetto or because of jealousy between the Gestapo and the army. But their pleasure trips in *masse* were not only tolerated but systematically organized. They came rattling in on army charabancs, forty or fifty at a time, well fed, warmly clothed, broad-shouldered and overbearing, and made the grand tour. With wide grins they took in our humiliation and misery. Pointing at us with disgust and scorn, they would tell one another: "Now you see how filthy those Jews are and how wise it was to shut them up together and let them stew in their own dirt."

### The Lower Depths

The year 1942 brought nothing but more suffering. Life slowed down still further, and the people in the ghetto looked more like ghosts than ever. Dirt and disease kept increasing all the time. Starvation was widespread, and led to bysomal depths of depravity. In the back yards the garbage was piled mountain-high. It had not been collected for months because the Germans claimed that Jews had been smuggled out in the garbage truck. All winter the filthy piles had been frozen and covered with snow. In the spring they thawed and filled the air with a sickening stench. Rats and mice nested in the dumps, and we had to keep the children from playing in the back yards—the only open spaces we had.

Unnatural conditions breed unnatural facts. Life seemed to balk at being renewed in such adverse circumstances; no babies were born any more in the ghetto.

Early one morning in February, 1942, we were awakened by unfamiliar sounds coming from the street. Looking through the windows, we saw nothing but a cold, gray morning shedding its bleak light on an empty street. From the distance came a peculiar shuffling noise punctuated by sharp clicks. As this sound drew nearer, a line of human beings came into view, wearily stumbling and dragging along in the last stages of fatigue. Escorting them was a squad of Storm Troopers armed to the teeth and marching in step with precision.

Thus arrived the first batch of deportees from Germany, headed for what

the Nazis called resettlement in the east. They were from Königsberg in East Prussia, about five or six hundred Jews from all walks of life—decent, respectable people. They had left behind parents, children, and wives.

When they had gone through the usual quarantine nonsense, they were put in the hands of the council, one more burden for the distracted members. Then the Gestapo despoiled them of everything they had carried into exile: stripped of their meager belongings, penniless, and bereft of hope and strength, they were led out again. We were told they were to be settled on a reservation near Lublin.

Many other processions shuffled through the ghetto and out again in the wake of these. I have no firsthand knowledge of their real fate, but grim reports trickled in to us. Between Warsaw and Lublin, the stories went, the Germans would dispose of their charges in several different ways. One was to shut fifty or sixty of them up in a truck and then fill it with gas. Another was to leave them starving by the roadside. Or, when they got tired of such slow methods, they would simply machine-gun them in large batches. The executioners in this organized mass murder were officially termed "Extermination Squads."

### Escape from Hell

As the days became warmer and the sunshine crept into our frozen bones, we began to take stock of the winter's toll. Our ranks had been fearfully depleted by the cold, by spotted fever and other diseases. But what terrified us more than anything else was the growing scarcity of food and the sharp rise in deaths from starvation. The realization came to us with startling clarity that unless we obtained relief in a very short time, we could not hope to survive. This was bitter indeed, but we could not let the thought drive us into resignation or apathy.

There was nothing we could do about our position, yet we had to hold fast to the will for survival, even if we should be left with nothing else. Meanwhile we would place all our faith and hopes in a speedy victory for the Allies.

Then one day, when spring had passed into summer, a miracle happened to me and my family. Through an amazing set of circumstances which cannot be told because it would mean death to all who aided us, it was made possible for us to leave the ghetto. Early one morning we crossed the border for the first time since November, 1940. As we passed through the Leszno gate, I carried my little son, born in captivity, and held him tighter when for the first time he breathed air that was free. A wave of emotion surged up inside me: grief at leaving my country, fear for my people left behind, and anxiety for our own future. But the thought that it was to be a free future steadied me, and I marched confidently forward.

Of those whom we left behind, I can say little. This is the third winter they will have passed through, and how many will survive it I cannot say. There can hardly be many left now.

I, who have lived with them through dark years, who shared their bitter fate, humbly bear witness to their martyrdom and offer this chronicle in memory of those who died in the ghetto, and as a tribute to the courage and determination of those who are still living there in torment. I join with them again in the prayer for a new world in which they will resume their place as free human beings.

THE END



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# UNDER CONTROL

By William O'Farrell

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS



It wasn't much of a home—just a trailer, as a matter-of-fact—but she loved it and he didn't. Such a difference usually winds up in a divorce court. Here is one that surprisingly did not

**T**HE alarm clock clanged viciously in the night, jerking Bill Libbey back to consciousness. He pulled himself upright on the narrow bunk and his hand, groping through the darkness, found the alarm clock and turned it off.

Then, "How's the fire?" he called. It sounded like "fiah" the way he said it.

Mildred pushed aside the curtain, which, during Bill's sleeping hours, divided the trailer into two compartments, and the light streamed in around her slender figure. "Evenin', honey," she said. "The fire's out, thank goodness; your breakfast's ready. Are you comin'?" Her speech had the wind of West Texas in it, the vowels were long drawn out, like the sighing of wind over flat plains; they whacked into the foothills of her consonants sharply but not unpleasantly, the way the wind does in West Texas. "Comin'?" she repeated.

Bill didn't answer and, when she turned back to break an egg in the already sizzling pan, her eyes were worried. He swung his feet to the deck and laced on his high shoes. As he washed in the folding basin at the rear of the trailer, she quickly transformed his bunk into a couch and, five minutes later, at 10:35 P. M., he sat down to breakfast.

Bill looked at the trailer, at Cook sitting on the steps, at Mildred busy with bandages. Beyond the fire break men still worked, smoke whirling around them.

"So," he muttered, "after six days they finally got it out."

She smiled. "They had to call on the Army to get it out. The soldiers and firemen passed here about eleven o'clock on their way home. They said there wasn't a house or a blade of grass left for eighteen miles on the other side of Ramona Canyon, all the way from the ocean four miles inland. But it's under control now. They brought—" her smile faded. She set the coffee pot on the table and looked at him with dismay. "Well, Bill! I do believe you're sorry! I do believe—"

His face was taut. Under the fading tan, which even the sunless hours a "graveyard shift" could not completely obliterate, little lines of chagrin showed plain. They made him look suddenly old, older than thirty-three years. He got to his feet without speaking and took the two steps to the trailer door, opened it and jumped to the ground.

Mildred hesitated and then followed him. They stood in their own little fence-enclosed trailer-car "patio," among the flowers and vegetables which she had planted during the warmer months, and looked northward across the mesa to where the near-mountains ran down to the Pacific. The ridge was blackly dentate against a dull red glow on the horizon, but the forest fire was dying. There could be no doubt of that.

He looked at the dying fire, and Mildred looked at him, and presently his shoulders, which had seemed to sag, snapped back again. In a determined voice he said, "Well, that tears it, I reckon. But it don't make any difference. We're pullin' out of here regardless."

Mildred said slowly, "You were willin' for them to burn us out. You wanted us to get burned out so's we'd have to move on again." Then, in a mourning crescendo, "What kind of a husband are you, Bill Libbey?"

**S**HE turned away and had already climbed the trailer steps before he caught her hand. "You ask me a question like that!" he said angrily. "I'll answer it! I'm a husband with a crick in his neck and a sore spot in his head from bangin' it on a five-foot ceiling. I'm a man that wears hisself out six and seven nights a week buildin' big, beautiful bombers, and then he comes home to a two-by-four trailer!" He almost spoke the word.

"It's a home, isn't it? You're makin' good money, aren't you?"

"A lot of good it does me! Comes a free night every once in a blue moon, I'm too tired to do anything but sleep." He looked up at her, standing above him on the steps. Anger, if anything, had made him even lovelier and his voice took on a pleading note. "Look, honey, I'm not the only one. Lots of the fellows feel this-a-way. There's plenty of jobs back home now; they want to get back there before they're gone. Tom Cook's goin'."

"Oh!" Mildred was outraged. She tried to wrench her hand from his grasp. "So Tom Cook's got that itchin' foot again, has he! Well, he can just scratch hisself. I'm just about fed up with his chasin' job, and you chasin' him, and me chasin' you around this country. This trailer may be a poor excuse for a home but it's the only home I got. I'm stayin' here. And think it's time for you to figure out whether you're married to Tom Cook or me!"

She jerked away from him, and slammed the door. A split second later, however, she opened it wide enough to ask, "Or could it be that Estelle Morgan's movin' out, too?" and then slammed it again. Bill swore helplessly. His little coupé was parked by the door, the spare tire within striking distance of his hand. He struck it and, in the dark, his clenched fist hit a metal projection. It hurt. Grumbling, he inspected his hand, and the sight of the stumps where his index and middle fingers should have been made him swear again.

If it weren't for those missing fingers he'd be in the Army, he'd be out of this monotonous night-after-night grind. Mildred would be at home in Texas waiting for him, proud of him, and he'd have something to look forward to when it was all finished. The way it was now, the only thing he had to look forward to was more rivets—row after endless row of them—and, at the end of each back-breaking night, the restless, daylight half-sleep of a (Continued on page 42)





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# The Doughboy's Dream

Continued from page 13

**COOKIE** (*very polite*): I didn't know that.  
**MISS LAMARR**: You are the first man I ever told that to. (*She looks out of the window*) Ah, that is Germany, now.

**COOKIE** (*lost in admiration of her*): I don't know how I would ever been able to pull this thing off without you, Miss Lamarr. (*Miss Lamarr sighs deeply*) You are sighing, Miss Lamarr. You are not sad, are you?

**MISS LAMARR**: Yes. I am very sad.

**COOKIE**: May I inquire the reason?

**MISS LAMARR** (*with some emotion*): Oh, don't you know without my telling you?

**COOKIE**: My mind is at work on other matters, Miss Lamarr. Usually I understand women perfectly—their moods, their fancies. But right now I happen to be riding two horses. So would you mind telling me why you are sad?

**MISS LAMARR** (*wistfully*): I am sad because—after we capture Adolf Hitler and bring him back—then you and I...

**COOKIE**: Go on, I'm listening.

**MISS LAMARR** (*bravely holding back her tears*): Then you and I will never see each other again.

**COOKIE** (*with a teasing smile*): And would that make you very unhappy, Miss Lamarr?

**MISS LAMARR**: Please don't ask me. (*She turns her head away*)

**COOKIE** (*his voice more serious*): I don't mean to hurt you. But could you only tell me this. When did you first realize you loved me, Miss Lamarr?

**MISS LAMARR**: In the second reel of Tortilla Flat. (*She looks at him shining-eyed*) You remember, when I was sitting looking out of the cabin window?

**COOKIE** (*softly*): You wore a little shawl.

**MISS LAMARR**: I saw you then. You were sitting in the fourth row on the end seat.

**COOKIE** (*greatly impressed*): What a memory!

**MISS LAMARR** (*tenderly*): You were chewing on something.

**COOKIE**: Peanut brittle.

**MISS LAMARR** (*her memories overcome her*): I could hardly go on with the rest of the movie. It all seemed so false, so unreal.

**COOKIE**: You didn't act that way when you kissed Spencer Tracy.

**MISS LAMARR**: Darling, I get paid for kissing Spencer Tracy. It was just a business kiss. Oh, you mustn't be angry with me. Please... please forgive me.

**COOKIE** (*patting her shoulder kindly*): There, there—don't think about it. And don't be sad. Whatever happens tomorrow, we have each other now.

**MISS LAMARR**: You're so wonderful. . . . Oh, we're landing.

**COOKIE**: Right in Hitler's front yard. . . . It's called Bertha's Garden.

Again the lights go out and the mouth organ starts playing off stage. It plays German songs. During the blackout the airplane is pulled out of the scene and there is another change of locale. This time the drama moves to Hitler's private office. A desk is whisked onto the stage and a large Swastika is hung up on the back wall.

At the desk sits Adolf Hitler.

There are two high ranking officers present. They are named Wolfgang and Siegfried. Like Hitler, they are dressed in Nazi military overcoats.)

**WOLFGANG AND SIEGFRIED**: Heil, Hitler!

**HITLER**: Vot's going on now?

(All these new characters speak a heavy German dialect which sounds better than it looks in print.)

**WOLFGANG**: We have some good news for you, Fuehrer.

**HITLER**: Spill it. I could use some.

**SIEGFRIED**: We have just captured two Americans!

**HITLER** (*goggle-eyed*): Vot is dis—a communiqué or haff ve really got two Americans?

**WOLFGANG**: This is not a communiqué. This is the genuine apple strudel. (Hitler jumps up.)

**HITLER**: Bring dem in right away! Two Americans! Didn't I tell you dot America was a cinch. Ve vill be eating

**MISS LAMARR**: Have you figured out some plan of action?

**COOKIE**: Yeah. I'm going to get his goat. That's the first step.

**HITLER** (*angrily*): Speak German. I don't understand English. Dot is a language for pigs.

**COOKIE** (*coolly*): Did you say pigs?

**HITLER** (*loudly*): Dot's vot I said—pigs!

**COOKIE** (*with a teasing smile*): It ought to come easy to you then.

**HITLER** (*angrily*): You are calling me a pig!

**COOKIE**: I got too much respect for any animal to compare him to you.

**HITLER** (*fuming*): Listen. Do you know who you are talking to!

**COOKIE**: I would say Boob McNutt.

**HITLER** (*thrusting his nose close to Cookie's*): I am der Fuehrer! The

take a look at his gloves. We don't want them sticking any horseshoes in.

(Miss Lamarr goes to Hitler's side of the ring. A ring, by the way, has been put into place, various anonymous characters standing the ring posts in the corners and hitching up the ropes to them.)

**HITLER** (*putting on his gloves*): Where is der referee?

**WOLFGANG**: I have sent for him.

**HITLER**: Siegfried, you vill be the knock-down timekeeper.

**SIEGFRIED**: Thank you.

**MISS LAMARR**: Shouldn't we have something to say about the referee? (*She has returned to Cookie's corner*)

**COOKIE**: Don't worry. I'm handling this.

(The referee enters. He is another Hitler. He removes his overcoat and is revealed in the same rompers favored by Adolf.)

**COOKIE** (*regarding this second Hitler*): Oh, there's two of you.

**WOLFGANG**: No, this is the referee.

**MISS LAMARR**: It's unfair! My man will get mixed up.

**COOKIE**: Don't worry. I'll rely on my sense of smell.

**REFEREE**: Are you ready? (*Hitler and Cookie and the handlers come to the center of the ring*) You know the rules, gentlemen.

**HITLER**: Vot rules?

**REFEREE**: Good. Ven the bell rings you vill come out fighting und may the vorst man vin.

**WOLFGANG AND SIEGFRIED**: Heil, Hitler!

(The contestants return to their corners. The bell sounds and continues playing Taps. At its conclusion both men come to the center of the ring. They box nimbly for a few moments, landing light blows. Wolfgang leaves the corner and starts prowling around the ring holding a large mallet in his hand. It is his purpose to crown Cookie. He finally gets behind Cookie and lets him have a bang on the skull with the mallet.)

**COOKIE** (*turning to the referee*): That blow don't count. He's a stranger in the ring.

**REFEREE**: Don't worry—I didn't see it. (The contestants resume boxing. Cookie lands a solid right on Hitler's button. Adolf buckles and goes down. The referee starts counting over him. At the count of four Hitler moves as if to rise. The referee helps him up and quickly takes Hitler's place on the canvas. Hitler continues the count up to 9. At 9, the referee rises and starts throwing punches. Hitler is now the referee. Cookie lands another haymaker and the referee goes down. Hitler changes places with the referee who rises and starts counting over Adolf. At 7, Adolf gets up. Cookie stands toe to toe with the Fuehrer until the bell. Both fighters go back to their corners.)

**REFEREE** (*consulting his score card*): I give the round to der Fuehrer.

**WOLFGANG AND SIEGFRIED**: Heil, Hitler!

**COOKIE** (*to Hedy who is massaging him*): How did I do?

**MISS LAMARR**: You were divine.

**COOKIE**: Better than Spencer Tracy?

**MISS LAMARR**: A hundred times.

**COOKIE** (*tenderly*): Rub here. (*He indicates the back of his neck. The bell rings and continues to play Taps*)



"Come along to the recreation hall, men—this gentleman from the radio station is here to entertain you!"

breakfast in the White House in a couple of weeks.

**WOLFGANG**: Ve got a breakfast to eat yet in the Kremlin.

**HITLER**: Don't talk to me like dot! (*He falls to the floor and starts chewing on a rug as he continues yelling*) Wolfgang, give me back the medals. Und vun more crack like dot out of you und I vill trow you oudt of the army altogether!

**SIEGFRIED**: You shouldn't talk like that, Wolfgang. It's bad for the carpets.

**WOLFGANG**: Jiggers, Fuehrer, here are the Americans.

(Cookie and Miss Lamarr enter. Hitler quits nibbling on the rug and stands up. He stares at the prisoners and then starts walking around them, inspecting them like Groucho Marx examining a lady's leg.

Cookie remains unperturbed. But Miss Lamarr is a little nervous. She speaks to her hero while Hitler circles them both.)

**MISS LAMARR**: What do we do now, precious?

**COOKIE**: Don't worry, I'm handling this.

whole world is scared of me! Like anything!

**COOKIE** (*his voice steady*): Yeah? Well, I say you're a bogeyman with a glass jaw.

**HITLER** (*fuming*): I got a glass jaw!

**COOKIE**: Yeah. Two of 'em. And I say you can't take it.

**HITLER** (*leaping*): I can't take it!

**COOKIE**: Not when you're up against somebody your own size.

**HITLER** (*wildly*): Wolfgang, give me the gloves, quick. I am going to give this American pig a boxing lesson.

(All is action now. Wolfgang produces two sets of gloves. Cookie removes his overcoat and is in his underwear. Hitler removes his overcoat and stands forth in a pair of rompers with a swastika embroidered on the seat.

During this activity the various characters speak.)

**COOKIE** (*to Hedy*): What did I tell you? It worked.

**MISS LAMARR**: I was worried for a minute.

**COOKIE**: Nothing to worry about from now on. You're my second. You better



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MISS LAMARR: This is the round, Cookie. Let him have it.

COOKIE: It's in the bag.

(He prances into the center of the ring. The lights go out suddenly leaving him in darkness for a moment. Then a strong spotlight shines on him. The ring is empty.)

COOKIE (prancing around): Hey, Pretzel-head . . . where's Pretzel-head?

MISS LAMARR (calling from the dark): Take it easy, Cookie.

COOKIE (swinging a right at nothing): There's nobody here.

MISS LAMARR: Keep your head, Cookie. It's a war of nerves.

(A sign appears in the spotlight. It reads: "Your Ma Is Sick.")

Another sign appears. It reads: "Your Sweetie Loves Another."

MISS LAMARR (calling from the dark): Steady, Cookie, steady. . . . (A girl in a bathing suit appears and starts dancing seductively around Cookie) Keep your guard up, Cookie. Remember, it's a war of nerves.

WOLFGANG (from the dark): All right, Fuehrer. You can go in now. We have softened him up.

(The lights go on. Four Hitlers, all in identical rompers and wearing boxing gloves, come slowly at Cookie.)

MISS LAMARR (calling from Cookie's corner): Look out—they're trying to fool you. Be sure you hit the right Hitler . . . or it won't count. . . .

COOKIE (sparring): Don't worry . . . I got my sense of smell.

(He goes after one of the Hitlers and lands a haymaker. The Hitler referee starts counting over the fallen fighter. For good luck, Cookie clouts him on the button and he, too, goes down. The other two imitation Hitlers flee. Miss Lamarr comes to her hero.)

MISS LAMARR: Quick, we have no time to lose. We will walk out with him and no one will dare to touch us. At the first unfriendly move we will plug the Fuehrer right in the belly.

COOKIE: You think it will work?

MISS LAMARR: It always works with Georgie Raft and Humphrey Bogart.

COOKIE: If they were only here! You got a gun?

MISS LAMARR: Yes.

COOKIE: O. K., precious. I think we can make it.

(They pick Hitler up and start out with him. The stage darkens completely. We hear outcries and screams of baffled rage. It is obvious that Miss Lamarr and Cookie are doing as well as George Raft and Mr. Bogart.

When the lights go on, this indeed proves to be the case. We see the airplane again. Cookie, Miss Lamarr, and Hitler are in it. But Cookie sits alone at the controls. Miss Lamarr and Hitler occupy a seat together—some five feet behind him. Cookie is too busy guiding the plane to pay much attention to them for a few minutes. Above the hum of the propellers we hear the mouth organ music. It plays the Blue Danube Waltz with variations.)

HITLER (softly): Has anybody told you, Miss Lamarr, dot you got beautiful eyes? (Miss Lamarr does not answer him. She remains looking at him meltingly as he continues) Dey do somedings to me. Dey open a Second Front. (Miss Lamarr sighs) May I ask you vun question, please? (The great beauty sighs again) Miss Lamarr, do you believe in love at first sight?

(Impulsively Hitler seizes her hand and covers it with kisses. When he releases

it, she strokes his cheek affectionally. At this moment Cookie turns around.

COOKIE (appalled): Say—what's going on back there?

HITLER (glowing): You tend to business and I'll tend to mine. (He puts an arm around Miss Lamarr) Don't pull away, please.

COOKIE: Take your hands off that woman. You are my prisoner!

HITLER: I am the prisoner of love—of nobody else.

COOKIE (bewildered): Listen! This can't go on like this! Miss Lamarr, throw your fans. They'll hiss you off the screen for this.

HITLER (purring into the great beauty's ear): Think of me. Only me. Nobody else. I made vun mistake. I wanted to conquer the world. To hell mit de world. All I want now iss you . . . and you should go vay to the land of dream. Dot's all I want.

COOKIE: I can't stand this. If I'd had Lana Turner along she would have remained true blue. Or Betty Grable, anybody.

HITLER (quietly): Come here, Cookie. COOKIE (leaves his seat slowly and moves toward him): What's up?

HITLER: Come here. I want you to love me, too.

COOKIE: Nothin' doin'!

HITLER: I say, yes. Come here. Say come on—say, "Heil, Hitler . . . Heil, Hitler . . ."

COOKIE: No! You're trying to hypnotize me! That's what you did to me! You hypnotized her. (He cries out toward the window) Hey, somebody get this guy off me. He's hypnotizing me.

HITLER: Come on, Cookie.

COOKIE (holding back with all his powers): It's that music playing! That Blue Danube. Turn it off, somebody. It ain't fair! Play something else.

(The music obeys. The mouth organ strikes up I'm A Yankee Doodle Dandy and Cookie is saved. Miss Lamarr is also saved. She comes out of her trance. Cookie raises his voice, singing lustily the chorus of I'm A Yankee Doodle Dandy and Miss Lamarr joins in. They are singing triumphantly when the lights go out.

The singing dies away in the dark. The lights come on again and we are back where we started—in the soldiers' barracks room. The three soldiers can be seen sleeping in their beds. A spotlight shines on Cookie's empty cot. Cookie and Miss Lamarr enter. Hitler is between them. They are taking chances. The Fuehrer is in chains and a gag made out of red, white and blue bunting is over his mouth.)

COOKIE: He had me fooled for a minute. I thought sure you'd fallen for him. Then all of a sudden I realized he'd hypnotized you.

MISS LAMARR: How could you think I would love anybody but you?

COOKIE: I couldn't understand it—I don't know how women are sometimes . . . they can love two people at once.

MISS LAMARR (softly): I can't bear if I did anything to make you suffer.

COOKIE: Forgive me, I'm talking like a cad. It wasn't your fault.

MISS LAMARR (looking around): Where are we—in Washington?

COOKIE: Not yet. I got something in my sleeve first. I'm going to hide the Fuehrer under the bed. Then I'll be in a position to go to Washington and dicker.

MISS LAMARR: You are going to dicker?

COOKIE: Yes. With President-Roosevelt.



velt. I'm telling him I don't turn Adolf over unless I get all the exhibition rights—exclusive. Once Frank signs that, I pull Adolf out from under the bed, set him up in a cage, and tour the country. We'll clean up. There's a hundred and thirty million Americans and each will be willing to pay two bits for a look at Hitler where he belongs. That makes roughly thirty million bucks a year coming in—and no overhead whatsoever. (He has been pushing Hitler under the cot) Come on, Pretzels, under you go. And don't try anything funny, if you know what's good for you.

As he talks and disposes of Hitler, sounds begin to be heard. They are faraway and slowly draw nearer.)

**NEWSBOY'S CRY:** Extra paper! Read all about it! Cookie Johnson Captures Hitler.

**SECOND NEWSY CRY:** American Hero Cookie Johnson Brings Hitler Back Alive . . . Extra . . .

**THIRD NEWSY CRY:** Extra Paper! President Calls Special Session of Congress to Honor Cookie Johnson. . . .

**COOKIE (on his feet and listening with amazement):** There's been a leak somewhere.

**MISS LAMARR (beside him):** What are you going to do?

**COOKIE:** I don't know. I got to think this over.

Now the cries of extras have grown nearer and the sound of music is heard. The music is for Private Cookie Johnson. Bands are playing for him, bands from everywhere. Cookie stands listening, and Miss Lamarr darts out. She returns in a few moments, all aglow.)

**MISS LAMARR:** Cookie, listen. It's for you! The whole Army is marching. . . . And everybody's carrying your picture on a flag! And they're all singing about Cookie Johnson. They're all making speeches. The President and all the generals and senators. They're all saying that as long as there are men like Cookie Johnson in our country, the U. S. A. will live forever. . . .

We hear The Battle Hymn of the Republic and Yankee Doodle and The Halls of Montezuma and other tunes in a brave and giddy montage of cheers and melodies.)

**COOKIE:** For me, huh?

**MISS LAMARR:** Yes, isn't it wonderful? **COOKIE:** Then why are you crying if it's so wonderful?

**MISS LAMARR:** Because—now that you're the most famous man in the world you won't love me any more. You'll love her.

**COOKIE:** I don't even know who you're talking about.

**MISS LAMARR:** Lana Turner. And Betty Grable. And Rita Hayworth. They'll all be throwing themselves at your head. And you'll forget me.

(Cookie stands staring at the music and cheering swell. Miss Lamarr cries out above the happy sounds):

Darling, remember that whatever happens, my heart is yours—always and always . . . (Cookie has sat down on the bed) Goodbye . . . I'll go tell them where you are—goodbye. . . .

**COOKIE (very confused):** Don't go way. Here—there's lots of room.

(He lies down on the bed. The lights on the other beds grow brighter. Miss Lamarr has gone. Cookie lies asleep on his cot. The Battle Hymn of the Republic and all the other brave tunes grow fainter. . . . They segue into a single bugle blowing reveille. . . .

Privates Lee, Farragut and Pershing sit up at the sound of the bugle. Private Johnson remains sleeping.

Sergeant White Fang appears.)

**SERGEANT:** What do you think we're running here—an old people's home? Why ain't you dressed? Come on, snap into it, you flatheads. . . . (He approaches Cookie) Wake up, you lug!

**COOKIE (stirring):** Don't go way. There's plenty room in here. . . .

(He opens his eyes and sees White Fang. He rises and starts dressing quickly.)

**SERGEANT:** Come on—get going. (The soldiers are dressed. They walk out of the barracks. Cookie is the last to leave. He gets to the door, pauses and then darts back into the room. He returns to his cot, kneels down and looks under it.)

**SERGEANT (in his hoarse, unpleasant voice):** What's a matter, you lost something?

**COOKIE (straightening up):** Yeah. I guess I'll have to do it all over again. Okay. Lead on, Sergeant.

THE END

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\*GOV'T. FIGURES SHOW ALL-TIME PEAK IN SMOKING!



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"Patriotic, my eye! He enlisted because the Navy has dinner on time!"

COLLIER'S

REAMER KELLER



# Five Who Vanished

By George F. Worts

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING



## The Story Thus Far:

EARLY one morning, a girl enters Jason Amboy's San Francisco apartment, knocks him out, takes some letters (from his brother, Wayne) and goes away. Flack, his eccentric valet, follows the intruder and learns that her name is Luana Topping.

A short time later, Jason is notified that Wayne—employed by the wealthy Grazzard family in Hawaii—has disappeared. Suspecting murder, he takes the first boat he can get and starts for Honolulu. Luana Topping and Flack take the same boat! The former is a member of a Grazzard party—old Mrs. Hiram Grazzard, head of the clan; her son, Lorrin, who is Luana's fiancé; Channing Mace and his wife, Natalie; and one or two others. . . .

A man—a stowaway—disappears. Natalie tells Jason that he was Winfield Grazzard: she says that he and Wayne had been trying to blackmail the Grazzards!

Jason becomes convinced that Mrs. Grazzard is a dangerous woman, a killer. Nevertheless, when he finally reaches "the islands," he accepts her invitation to become her guest, at Kokala. By this time, he has evolved a startling theory. In brief, it is this:

Mrs. Grazzard is guilty of a terrible crime (she has murdered some of her relatives). Her brother, Colton, had been a material witness; so, to prevent his talking, the old woman sent him to Kahuna Island, not far from Ko-

kala. Wayne and Winfield Grazzard had, somehow, found evidence against her. She had murdered both of them. Now, fearing Jason, she is planning to murder him! . . .

Someone enters Jason's bungalow. He attacks the intruder, who manages to get away. In the midst of the struggle, Flack suddenly appears. Accompanied by a man named Sam Shay ("Singapore Sam"), he has come to Kokala to protect Jason. Jason shows him a gold pencil which can be transformed into a siletto—which he had wrested from the intruder. *The pencil is the property of Mrs. Grazzard!*

In the darkness, Mrs. Grazzard and a man enter a large sampan. Flack slips into the sampan with them. The sampan starts. Jason follows, in Flack's small craft. He reaches Colton Grazzard's home just as the old woman is trying to shoot her brother! He snatches the revolver from her—but not until she has wounded Colton once.

## Conclusion

THE wounded man had settled back against the arm of a chair. With his thin brown hands, his baldness, his long narrow face, he resembled a monk—a scholarly monk whose cloister had been rudely invaded. His air was one of shock and complete bewilderment.

"Do something about that shoulder," Jason said to the fat Hawaiian woman. She answered him shrilly in Hawaiian. "Tell her to get a bandage—or something," Jason said.

The white-haired man said thickly, "Yes, yes, yes," then spoke rapidly to the woman. She ran out of the room. She returned at once with a roll of bandage. Her deftness, her composure—especially her composure—were, Jason thought, remarkable. When she had finished binding the wound, she left the room.

The man in white pajamas had sunk back in the chair in which she had placed him. He let his head fall back against the back of the chair. He closed his eyes.

Bertha Grazzard started determinedly out of her chair. Jason turned slightly to face her. "Aunt Bertha," he said softly, "I'd hate to have to shoot you, but I don't trust you. Please stay where you are."

Her amber eyes were dull and half-lidded. She settled back in the chair. Her composure didn't surprise him. He knew now that her composure was a habit that never deserted her.

Jason turned slightly to face her. "Aunt Bertha," he said, "I'd hate to have to shoot you, but I don't trust you. Please stay where you are."

The wounded man was staring at Jason. He was obviously making a determined effort to control himself.

He said in a shaking voice, "Who are you? What are you doing here?"

"He's a blackmailer, Colton," Mrs. Grazzard said in her deep, firm voice. "I want him driven off this island."

"She shot you with this," Jason said. "She tried to have me eliminated tonight, too. That's why I'm here, Mr. Grazzard. When the job of killing me was bungled, it occurred to me she'd try to kill you. I don't know whether you realize it or not—you should, by this time—but she's a very desperate woman. She murdered my brother and she murdered your cousin, Winfield Grazzard."

"I want you to call some of your men, Colton," Bertha Grazzard said in her

(Continued on page 80)





## The first 100 steps are the hardest

**T**HERE'S a long, long walk ahead of those tiny feet...some 100,000 miles in an average lifetime. But, through the years, as those first difficult steps lengthen into the easy, vigorous strides of manhood, dextrose, the important fuel sugar of the body, will power all activity.

An eminent scientist says: "...not a twitch of our muscles, not a throb of our hearts, not a flash of our imaginations, but is produced by dextrose. The gas in the fuel tank of our human automobile is dextrose."

So, whenever you think of energy, think of dextrose; because dextrose is food energy in its purest form. It is the *natural* sugar of the body.

As produced from golden American corn, dextrose is pure white, mildly sweet, cooling to taste.

Modern food producers use dextrose as an important ingredient of their products, because dextrose generally improves flavor and texture, and always enhances food value.

So look for "dextrose" on the labels of foods you buy—canned fruits, fruit juices, candy, ice cream, crackers, cookies, soft drinks, jams and jellies—it is your assurance of quality, flavor and genuine food energy—at no extra cost.

CORN PRODUCTS REFINING COMPANY  
*One of the producers of dextrose sugar*

*The baby's ability to walk begins with controlled movements. First he learns to lift his head, then he sits up, finally he stands erect. This physical development is directed by the brain, performed by thousands of muscles and nerves, and powered by dextrose sugar.*



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#### \*DEFINITION

"dextrose" is a scientific name. It is *not* a trade mark. It describes a vital sugar—just as the names "lactose, maltose, sucrose," etc. define other types of sugar.



#### FOOD FOR FIGHTERS

The U. S. Army selected dextrose as the basic food-energy sugar of Field Ration "K"—issued to fighting men to sustain them in emergencies.



#### ALL-AMERICAN

The chief source of dextrose is American corn, grown by American farmers. Dextrose is refined in American factories and distributed by American companies.



## Under Control

Continued from page 34



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trailer camp. No wonder Tom Cook was fed up. Even some of the women—the unmarried ones—were restless.

He looked down the lines of parked trailers toward the one which Estelle Morgan shared with two other girls. There was a light burning; she was getting ready to ride to work with him. There was a light in Tom Cook's trailer, too; Cook worked days and seldom went to bed before midnight. Maybe he'd have some hot coffee on the stove. In her present mood, Bill didn't feel up to eating breakfast under Mildred's eyes.

He hopped over the little fence and walked down the line to Cook's trailer.

"I RECKON I can't stop you," Bill Libbey sighed. "But you know there ain't another defense plant in the country will hire you if you quit."

Clad only in a pair of shorts, which were too tight for his robust figure, Tom Cook sat on the edge of the bunk and grinned at him. He was fifty years old but his hair was as black as it had ever been. His eyes were black, too. They were set deep in a creased, plump face, twinkling in their sockets like two bright pieces of jet. "There's other jobs besides defense work," he chuckled. "Comes tomorrow mornin' I'm headin' back for Texas."

"How about the war? You can't just pick up your marbles and quit!"

"Why not? I figure I've done my share in this particular war. We'll have those Japs and Nazi fellows where we want 'em pretty soon. I'm just jumpin' the gun a little."

Bill lowered his head. "Maybe so. But I sure hate to see you go."

"Me, too," Cook stared uncomfortably at the deck. "But you know how it is. Mildred's never goin' to approve of me. She thinks I'm a bad influence."

Bill nodded glumly. "Women are funny, Cook. They start out to fix a little garden and the first thing you know they've taken root themselves. And their husbands along with 'em."

"Yeah. Well, I'll write you a post card as soon as I get located. Maybe... you never can tell..."

His voice trailed off as Bill got to his feet. He stood up, too, and they faced each other shyly.

"Well," Bill said, "I got to be high-tailin' it if I'm goin' to get to work on time. Good luck." He turned to the door.

Cook's bare, calloused feet padded morosely after him. "The same to you, fellow."

They stood in the doorway looking up at the red glow on the far side of the mountains. Bill's fists doubled slowly. His lips moved and suddenly words began to tumble through them.

"Why couldn't it have come down here?" His voice was uncontrolled and bitter. "Three fourths of the men in this camp feel like I do. We're all insured. Why didn't it burn us out?" He slammed his right fist into the palm of his left hand, and his already bruised knuckle protested with a twinge of pain. He said, "Ouch!" inspected his knuckle and then lifted a shamefaced grin to Cook.

"Now, ain't that a fine way for me to be talkin'!" he said.

ESTELLE MORGAN was already waiting in Bill's coupé. She rolled down the window and put her bright yellow head out to call, "Where you been? We're going to be awful late if you don't hurry."

He waved a reassurance and the trailer. His vacuum bottle wrapped sandwiches were on the table but Mildred was not in sight. The car was drawn across the center, stepped to it and partly pulled it.

"I'm leavin' now, honey," he said. Her eyes were open; he could see them on him in the darkness. But was an appreciable lapse of time she quietly answered, "All right."

He'd expected that but, never it hurt. "Is that all you got to say asked."

"What do you want me to say? don't come to me for conversation more. When you want that you Tom Cook."

He told himself that she was mad she was just blowing off steam. He can lay off Cook now, honey. He won. He's leavin' in the mornin'.

"That's just fine." Her voice was liquid with unshed tears. "Will you leavin' with him?"

That did it. He stood there for the anger mount within him, and then he let it come. It started in his stomach and surged upward through his chest and throat until it spilled out of his mouth. "Well," he said, "I hadn't got around to thinkin' of that. But you put it in my head it's not a bad idea I've taken all that kind of talk I at the car's in your name. So's the account and trailer. I'll bring the car back in the mornin' and pack my case. Is that okay with you?"

He waited for an answer but it came. After a moment he repeated that okay with you?"

Mildred's voice flicked at him through the darkness: "It certainly is! And can take Estelle Morgan with you! will you please go away and let me sleep?" And he said, "I certainly honey!" and backed out of the trailer closing the door after him.

BILL piloted the car cautiously through the dim-out zone, leaning forward over the wheel. He watched the road ahead and Estelle watched. "I'm awful sorry, Bill," she murmured, "couldn't help hearing. But you're settling down's okay when you're but a young fellow like you—"

"I'm no chicken," Bill said. "thirty-three."

"Well, I'd never have believed it! I always say a man is as old as he is. Some women, too. I'm only twenty—but when I'm as old as your wife I feel just as young as I do now. That's because I like to keep on the move."

Bill glanced at her suspiciously. "Mildred," he said, "is only twenty-six. all the women talk the way you do before they get married. Afterward they get different ideas."

"Not me." Estelle was positive. "I know the kind of a girl I am? I'm the kind of a girl that your friend Mr. Cook is a man. There's a fellow I could rely on for—if he was young, I mean. I'm leaving tomorrow, isn't he? So'm I. My suitcase is all packed. I don't know where I'm going," she giggled, "but on my way."

Two soldiers with flashlights stepped into the road to guide the coupé to the parking spot. It took all of Bill's attention to handle the wheel. Later, though as they were crossing the street toward the piles of camouflaged sandbags around the main gate, he spoke again. "Cook's got an idea the war will last much longer. He figures he m



well get back to Texas before the rush starts."

Estelle nodded vigorously. "He's right. I've never been in Texas, but I'd love to go there—or anywhere else." She peered at him from under her lashes. "Are you going too, Bill?"

He was silent, fumbling for his identification card as they took their place in line. She kept her eyes focused on his face and presently, "Look, Bill," she said. "I always come outside during the A. M. lunch period to get a hamburger. Why don't you meet me and we'll have one together?"

Bill frowned. He was looking over her shoulder and she turned impatiently to see what had captured his attention. It was the fire. From where they stood the sky seemed very red. Was it imagination which made it appear brighter, yellower than when she had looked before? She shrugged the notion away. "Will you, Bill?"

Reluctantly he pulled his eyes away. After a moment, "All right," he said. "Why not?"

THEY sat at a board table outside the hamburger stand with sandwiches and mugs of black coffee before them. There were thousands of voices talking, calling, laughing all around but, in the complete blackout, they might have been alone.

Estelle said, "Gee! They put onion in my hamburger and I've already bit into it. You'll think I'm awful."

"Eat it," Bill told her. "I'm certainly going to eat mine." He was watching the sky above the mountain. "Isn't that fire brighter?"

"It looks that way. But maybe that's just because it's so cozy and dark here." He sidled closer on the bench and clutched his arm.

"Could be. But it sure looks—" He heard her disappointed sigh and turned to her in surprise. "Why, what's the matter?"

Faintly illumined by the glow of many cigarettes, her face pouted up at him. "That's what I'd like to know," she murmured. "What is the matter? Is it the onion?"

Bill stiffened, the way a man who has been shot stiffens just before he collapses. Her lips were parted, straining up to his, and he toppled toward them.

Then the whistle blew, snapping him

to his feet. She jumped up beside him. "Please," she implored, "wait—!"

"Gotta run," he said. "See you at seven-thirty. Gotta run." He hurried toward the gate, waving his identification card.

She called after him but her voice was lost among a thousand others. No one heard her savage, "Damn that onion!"

THE rumor raced through the shop at 5 A. M. A fellow who had gone to the dispensary met a guy from Production Control there. This guy had it straight from a fellow in one of the Personnel offices, and Personnel, of course, gets the latest dope on everything.

The fire had started again. The firemen, assisted by a battalion of infantry, had smothered it on the far side of Ramona Canyon. They'd put it out, congratulated themselves and gone on home.

And now it was burning worse than before.

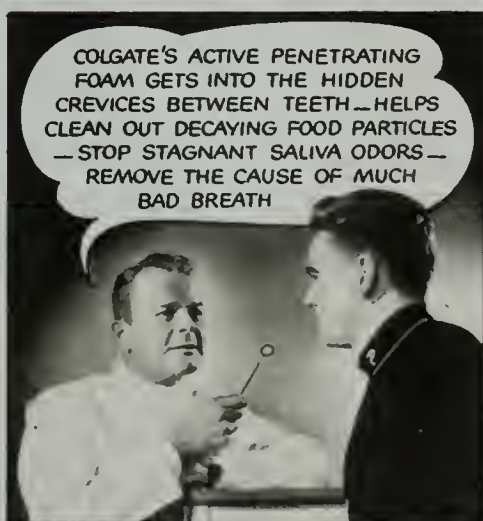
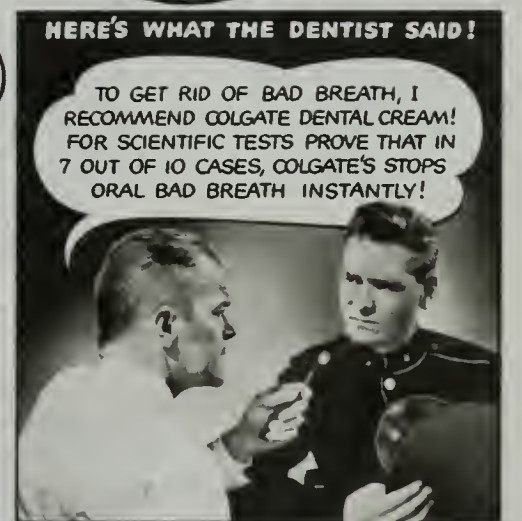
Bill grinned when he heard it; he knew there wasn't any danger. The night before, when he'd wished they could be burned out, he'd forgotten about the Army. If the fire got too close those soldiers would hitch the trailers to their jeeps and haul 'em out quicker'n you could wink. Mildred was safe.

She had gotten her comeuppance, too. Come seven-thirty he'd find the whole bunch of 'em parked along the road, probably at the foot of the canyon. He'd spend the morning looking for a new camp for Mildred and the others who were staying. And then those who were leaving...

He thought of Estelle Morgan and stopped smiling. He flushed and shook his head impatiently, but it didn't do any good. It didn't stop him from thinking but, after all, thinking couldn't do any harm, could it? Or could it?

At seven twenty-five, when the warning buzzer sounded, he put down his tools and moved quickly to the door. At seven-thirty, he was the first man to punch "Out" on the time clock.

Estelle met him at the gate and they raced, in the gray morning light, to the parking lot. They jumped in the coupé and he twisted it free of the thirty-five-mile-an-hour traffic, hurrying toward the ocean. He turned right, there, and let the car out. A thick cloud of black smoke smothered the mountains ahead,





AMERICA MUST  
BE FIRST IN THE AIR

Unless and until America is the most powerful nation in the air, our safety, our freedom, and our standard of living will not again be what they have been in the past.

*Whitehead*



# Will tomorrow's aircraft

**I**T is not venturing too far into the realm of fantasy to suggest that the aircraft carriers of the future may be giant dirigible airships. More than twelve years ago Navy fliers demonstrated the practicability of launching airplanes from dirigibles and taking them aboard in flight.

The airship has several advantages for this duty. It is immune to submarine attack. It requires no cruiser escort. Its top speed of 75 knots or more gives it far

greater range than any surface ship, and permits it to overtake or elude an enemy fleet at will.

How vulnerable is the airship to incendiary fire from hostile airplanes? Less than you might think. Any American dirigible would be inflated with non-inflammable helium gas, eliminating danger from fire or explosion. Its motors would be fed from bullet-puncture-sealing fuel tanks. And like the Flying Fortresses that have

repeatedly routed attacking fighters, could be protected from stem to stern with armored blisters mounting machine guns and aerial cannon.

In considering the possibility of aircraft carriers, it is well to remember that more than two hundred large dirigibles have been built in all world history; but we have learned much about their handling and operation. In recent years, since accurate weather data has become



# carriers FLY?

Small Goodyear-built airships have more than four million miles in all of weather — without the slightest injury to a single one of the 400,000 passengers they have carried. Perhaps a portent of things to come.

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*Sectional view shows how planes are carried inside the airship; also the "hook-on" gear by means of which they are launched and taken aboard in flight*





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You know the old story about never missing the water till the well runs dry.

We suggest you give it a thought next time you use your Schick Electric Shaver. You wouldn't want to miss those quick, clean, comfortable shaves, would you?

So, the smart thing is to take good care of your Schick. For we're not building any new ones, you know, for the duration. Our factory is going full blast on war work, these days.

But we want you to know that if

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At any of the offices listed below, you can get renewal parts and expert repair service at low cost. For only \$3, they can fit your present Schick with a new 2-M Hollow-Ground Shearing Head, if it needs one.

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and they leaned forward tensely, watching it.

Estelle talked. There was an excited lilt in her voice and, as she spoke, she watched Bill's face. "We're the lucky ones," she said; and, "Just think of the work those dopes have put in! Fences and gardens and all." She moved closer and her left arm brushed against his. "Isn't it funny how you and I think the same things, Bill?"

He listened. He nodded his head and smiled as the little car scurried over the beach road.

Estelle watched him the way a pin-ball player watches his marble hover outside the jack-pot groove; intently, with her heart in her mouth.

"You're not worried about Mildred, are you? That's all over, isn't it?"

"Mildred's okay," he said. "They're all okay. We'll find every last livin' one of 'em sittin' up here at the foot of the canyon."

"And when you do—?" She looked at him archly.

He reddened and turned away. "Well—" he began, and got no further. For at that moment the car rounded the foot of the canyon and there was no one there.

NO ONE, that is, except a corporal and two privates. The privates barred the road while the corporal stepped to Bill's side.

"You can't come up here," he said. "There's a fire."

Bill looked at him. The corporal's face was covered with soot and, under the soot, were lines of fatigue. Bill looked up the canyon. Half a mile farther on, yellow flames flickered through the black smoke blanketing the hillsides. He listened. The crackle of burning underbrush was like an infantry battle.

"Do tell," he said. "Couldn't be that somebody knocked off a little too soon yesterday, could it? How about the people in the trailer camp up there?"

The corporal snorted angrily. "I wouldn't know about them. Early this morning we sent two trucks to evacuate 'em. I rode one truck myself, and you'd 'a' thought I was General MacArthur they was that glad to see me. Then, when they found we couldn't spare jeeps to haul their trailers, you'd 'a' thought I was Hitler. Last I heard they was still callin' me names. Gosh knows what's happened by now."

"They wouldn't leave their trailers?" Bill's face was suddenly gray.

"I never seen anything like it," the corporal said. "All of a sudden they thought more of those few dinky flowers they got planted than they did of their hides. They're crazy. But then they're Texans and I never seen a sane Texan yet. Hey!" he cried. "What do you think you're doin'?"

Bill's horn had blasted the privates from the road. He slipped into low gear and, as his foot eased on the clutch pedal, he turned a gray, set face to the startled corporal. "What would I be doin'?" he asked mildly. "I'm goin' home!"

He stepped on the accelerator and the coupé leaped ahead. It was a hundred yards nearer to the fire before Estelle recovered sufficiently to reach for the emergency. She jerked it back and screamed, "Let me out of here! You—you fool! Let me out!"

He turned to the trembling girl. "Well, then, get goin'." His voice was still gentle.

"Couldn't you take me back to town?"

He reached across her to open the door. "No, ma'am. Get goin'." He put his hand on her shoulder and shoved.

She got her legs out in time to light

on her feet, and she swung back and slammed the door. Tears of mortification streamed down her face. "I she cried. "Darling! Will you let me know what happens? I'll wait at the foot of the canyon. Will you come back?"

He was too busy prying her hand loose from the door to answer.

"And, darling," she begged, "will you bring my suitcase back for me? I'm waiting for you. I'll be—!"

Sharply, he whacked the side of palm across her knuckles. She gasped and let go, and the little coupé chugged sturdily up into the smoke.

COOK'S black eyes twinkled at him. "What delayed you, fellow? Did you know I'd have to borrow your car this mornin'? Mine got a little singed. He lifted his bandage-wrapped arm. "Reckon the supervisor'll let me work with these?"

"You leave those arms be," Mildred said, "until I finish workin' on 'em."

Bill looked at the trailer, at the fenced enclosed patio gay with flowers, Cook sitting on the steps, and at Mildred bent over him busy with bandages and ointment. He turned his eyes away.

Fifty yards off, beyond the improvised firebreak, a thin line of men still worked with water-soaked potato sacks. Smoke swirled around them, sometimes hid them from sight, but the fire was under control again. And this time, Bill knew it would be kept that way.

He turned back to Cook. Mildred hadn't even looked at him and wouldn't speak to her until she did. "I thought the war was over for you," said. "I thought you'd bucked your rivet. How come you changed your mind?"

Cook winked at him. "The war changed it for me. Suppose I got home to Texas and then the war didn't end like I expected? Why, I'd have to turn around and come right back again. Now on my tires, fellow! How about you yourself? Last night you was wishin' we'd burn out. Did you hotfoot it up here just to watch us sizzle?"

Bill leaned over and picked up the wet sack at Cook's side. He spoke to Cook but it was Mildred at whom he looked. "The keys are in the car," said. "But you'll have to ask Mildred about usin' it. It's in her name."

MILDRED'S back stiffened. Her hand closed on the jar of ointment and she whirled to face Bill with angry eyes. Then she saw that he was smiling and the anger was washed away by a swift surge of tears. Her throwing arm relaxed, and the jar of ointment slipped to the ground and rolled into the geranium bed.

"Oh, Bill!" she said. "Oh, Bill!"

She bent quickly to pick up the jar and when she straightened she was back to normal again. "Look what you made me do," she complained. "Now go along with you, and make sure that fire really out before you go to bed. . . . And you, Tom Cook, if you're goin' to work you'd better get started. You'd dle half the mornin' and . . ."

Bill was already walking toward the firebreak. He was smiling. The last thing he heard over the chug of the coupé's starting motor was Mildred's voice calling instructions to Cook:

" . . . and tell the butcher I want steak for five people. That way I'll be sure to get enough for you and Bill. Use your own sugar and coffee coupons. We've been runnin' mighty short lately and it'll be a relief to . . ."

It sounded pretty good to hear her talking like that.

THE END



## So Small a World

Continued from page 24

Charleston in winter; about the Old Man's mustache, half shaved off with a slash of the ship in that November blow. Vin finished his cocktail. No go. He looked at his watch, the last present of Linda's he had. He said, "H'mm. Later than I thought, Taze. I'll have to blow."

"Darn' fools, I said," repeated Tazey Williams.

Vin scarcely heard because now he was confronted with the awful task of walking past Linda again, looking into her grey eyes again. He made it creditably past the table, though he didn't trust himself to speak, just nodded to her with a tight, controlled grin. And then he was at the door, feeling like a bombed miser that hadn't quite missed that last one.

When am I going to get over this? he wondered, disgusted with himself. For fourteen months he'd been insulated by distance from this girl, and still a glimpse of her could stick him like a spear.

HE WALKED down the main drag, feeling savage, feeling like a man alone in a rubber boat on the thirtieth day with no help in sight. . . .

Approaching the bay, Vin began to see the huge and ancient houses that are Charleston feature. Like great long boxes, mainly clapboard, they stretched back from the street; and a few were unimpaired, but most were sleek with the substance of rich Northerners, who bought them as a fad and then poured money into them as into drains.

Like Vurney House. Ballard Vurney, Linda's father, had the moola, all right, skimmed from the steamy twenties. With rare insight he'd

hung onto it through all the intervening storms, in the process apparently instilling in his female offspring the overwhelming importance of wealth. . . .

"Nuts!" said Vin aloud, striving to divert his thoughts. They didn't divert so well.

This was one of four homes visited by the Vurney crowd as the calendar wheeled around: Maine, New York, Charleston, Palm Beach. Then back again. But this wasn't the time they usually hit Charleston. Vin felt that he'd had gratuitous bad luck to bump into Linda now. And it would be three weeks before the Holmes put out again. Three weeks in the same town with her. Even Charleston was too small for that.

Someone said, "Hello, Vin," and he replied absently, "Hello," and then looked more squarely and stopped and said, "Why, hello!"

It was Dorothy Wesley, sweet and nice as ever, though one more lost pound would be downright alarming. Dorothy Wesley. Vin went to her and put a hard, dark hand on each arm and looked deep into her eyes. For here was trouble of a kind to make his own look pale, though he knew that the end result of each was the same: irrecoverable loss.

"You're looking swell, honey," he lied gently. "Staying on here? I thought you'd be home in Vermont."

"No, I won't go home for a while longer." Dorothy's voice had always been nice. It was like cello strings now. "The mild winter is good for little Bill, and I like Charleston anyhow."

No word of big Bill. And no widow's black, either. He was missing after the Casablanca show. Well, some had been



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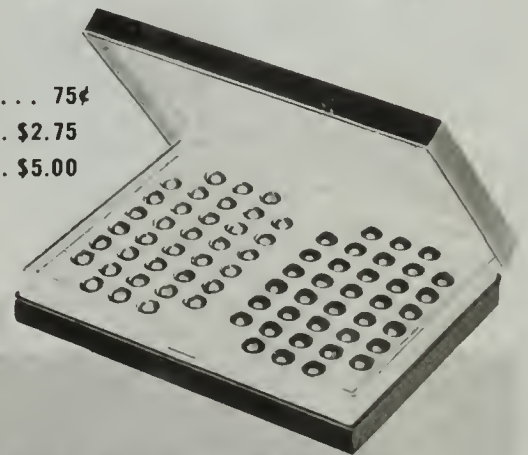
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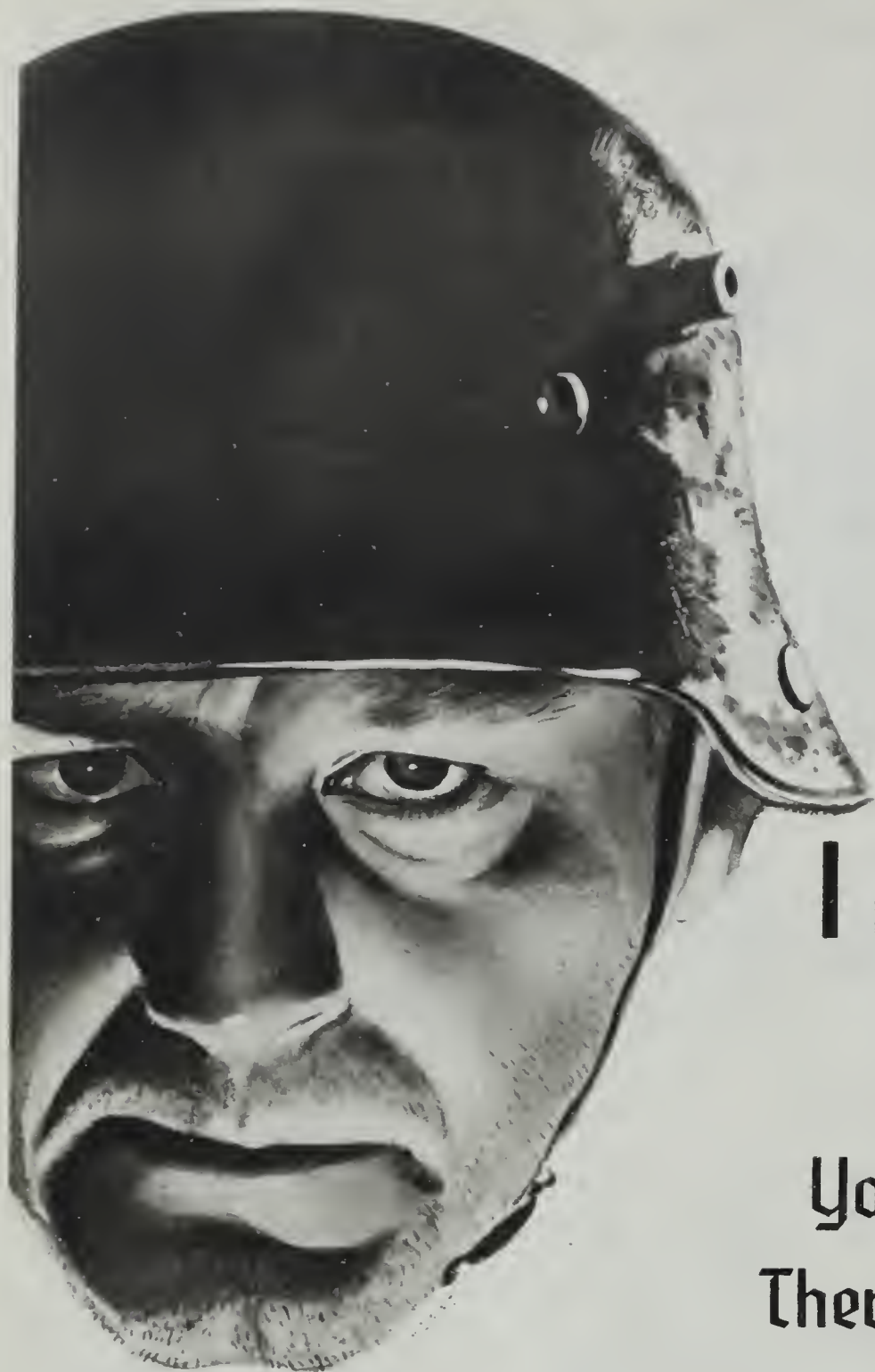
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**I am going to kill you—  
I am a Nazi.  
You stand in my way.  
Therefore, you must die!**

**"Y**ou believe you are going to win this war. Ha! You have no idea what it will take to win.

"Because you did not have to suffer much, give much, or sacrifice much to win last time... you think you can get by as easily again.

"Ja...it is good that you think so... good for us!

"Every man and woman in Germany is told how many hours to work, while you decide it yourselves.

"You tell yourself that the German people will crack as they did before. You are an idiot! The German people will not

crack because they know what it means to lose a war.

"This time, you will roam the streets fighting for scraps of garbage to eat. It's your turn to see life savings turn into bushels of worthless paper money.

"Your families will be broken up. Your young girls will sell themselves for bread. Such treatment befits your mongrel race.

"Don't be stupid. We shall not—we dare not lose this war!

"We shall kill and kill and kill until nobody is left...nobody to bar our passage. Then you will see!"

**RIGHT NOW**, unless you are a member of our armed forces or unless you are working at a war job to the limit of your ability... you have a personal enemy who is doing much, much more to win the war for his side than you are doing for ours. Multiply that enemy by the million, multiply yourself by the million, then you are yourself who will win unless things change. The way to make them change is to put yourself a Nazi or Jap... and work hard, sacrifice more, and fight harder than they do. There's a part-time task for you in your local Citizens Service Corps or in the Defense Council. Find out about it today. Should no such activity be available, help to start one. Write this magazine for free booklets giving full instructions. Do it now.

**EVERY CIVILIAN A FIGHTER**

*Contributed by the Magazine Publishers of America*



cked up after weeks. Why couldn't Bill Wesley perhaps be reported in after months? You don't always have to agree with a Navy Department telegram, do you?

"It's swell you're here," said Vin. "Has wee William perchance been fed that awful soupy stuff they give to kids, and are you free to have a celebration dinner with me?"

Wee William had. She was.

THEY went to the Blue Lion. The waiter there said, "Yes, *sir*, Lieutenant," and Vin blocked his ears to whisperings that lingered still from times when he and Linda had come here. He ordered daiquiri for Dorothy. He said gruffly, "Of course you want one. Didn't I say celebration?" And she sat across from him, dark haired, blue eyed, as pretty as a flower which—at least in public—hardly shows its roots have been cut off. The only thing about her was that far-off look. You knew she heard and saw, but also knew that half of her was gone somewhere.

"Linda's in town, Vin," she said.

He nodded. "Yes, I saw her." He said, very lightly over the top of the menu. "We came here a lot. You and Bill did too, didn't you?"

"Yes. Till small Bill arrived. Then there wasn't much to eat out on. The Navy doesn't make you rich."

"So I've heard," Vin said wryly. "Bill loved it, though." Should he lay off Bill? Vin thought not. He thought Dorothy liked to hear the name on a close friend's lips.

"Yes," she said. "I've heard you rather like it yourself, Vincent Maller. Certainly it likes you."

He grinned, teeth extra white in his weathered young face. "I don't know if it likes me, but at least it's kind to me. Under the hat, darling, I'm being upped a grade. One of these new destroyers they're turning out like peanuts will have my napkin ring at the head of the ward-room table."

"Oh, Vin! I'm glad. So would Bill be..."

"Bill was due to get a ship before me. His record tops mine and he had a Navy Cross besides. He—"

Vin stopped and stared across Dorothy's shoulder at the door.

"Well, I'll be darned," he muttered.

Voices sounded there: the waiter's, "Yes, *ma'am*!" and that of a man saying, "Looks all right to me." But over these came Linda's voice as she looked brightly, blankly at Vin: "The place is dead. There's no one here at all."

*Will we fall over each other twice a day all the time I'm here?* Vin wondered savagely.

He said hastily to Dorothy, "She didn't see you—you had your back turned. If she had, she'd have been over here fast to greet you. You know that?"

"Of course," Dorothy smiled. "You don't have to explain Linda to me. She rang my bell yesterday, as soon as she hit town. I think she's swell. You're not too repulsive yourself. Vin—what happened?"

"Stockings," Vin said. "A pair of stockings." He wanted to laugh, but thought it might have a slightly wild sound.

It hadn't been just that, of course. Not just a pair of stockings. But that had touched the whole thing off.

"A run!" Linda had wailed. "In my last decent pair! Oh, darn this being poor!"

Well, before they'd started he'd told her what Dorothy had just said. The Navy doesn't make you rich. He'd told her he would never leave it, and she'd have to live on what he made. No gifts from father; no furtive charge accounts; no allowance.

All her life Linda had simply phoned an order for what she wanted. When it was a tenth worn out, she phoned for another. But this could not go on as Mrs. Vincent Maller. There were shortages. There were denials. With each came a bit of sarcasm quickly detected by Vin, who had married her half expecting such complaints.

"Just stockings?" Dorothy's voice recalled him to Charleston, 1943.

"Well, naturally there were a few other things."

Naturally. Eight months of marriage with a trifle out of reach 'most every day. She'd regretted in humorous terms—but she'd regretted. The stockings had been the final, small fuse, that was all. Some fuse!

"We had quite a row," he said. "She's no doormat, you know."

They finished out the dinner, with Dorothy's dry blue eyes far off again, and with Vin wishing he could trade an arm or something for Bill Wesley's safe return home to her.

He took her to the small apartment she maintained now; very small, but very nice, with warmth in it. The girl who'd watched over little Bill said good night, and Vin tiptoed in to look at the kid, not quite two, sprawled like a puppy in his crib with his button nose askew against a bar.

Against his will, Vin remembered another apartment, larger and more extravagant than this, but without a crib.

"A child, Vin?" Linda had exclaimed. "In a world like this? On a j.g.'s pay?"

"It happens all the time, Linda."

"What? Worlds like this? Or children on credit?"

"All right."

"No, please!" Linda had caught his arm, gray eyes not imperious for once. "It's not a thing to be flip about. I'm sorry, Vin. But couldn't we wait a little, darling?"

Vin looked at Dorothy and found her speculative eyes on him; eyes that still had room for kindness in spite of all the loss that crowded them.

"I enjoyed the dinner, Vin. Have one on me. Tomorrow. Here."

He said he would. He said he'd love it. He'd be around at seven, if that gave her time to tuck small William in. He went to his hotel and cursed the coffee, or whatever it was that kept his mind alert and filled with a lot of little Lindas doing a lot of attractive little things.

HE LUNCED next day with Taze on the Byrd, that boat not being so torn apart as was the Holmes. And then he went to Charleston's bay street and finally sat down on a bench across from the Vurney house and down a little way.

He stared moodily at the place, big, expensive, one of the city's show places. "Well, why would it work? A girl like that—with a Kansas mailman's son who got a lucky appointment to Annapolis. I had a hunch from the start we couldn't make it click."

The garden door opened abruptly, and Vin prepared for flight, but it was Buck who came out, Linda's fourteen-year-old brother. He flipped on his bike, saw Vin, and swooped across the street.

"Vin! Gee, Sis didn't say you were here. Gee, I'm glad to see you." A nice kid, untouched yet by the Vurney money.

"Glad to see you too, Buck." Vin's arm rested lightly around the unfinished shoulders.

"Vin, are you and—and Linda done for keeps?" Buck blurted. "Are you, Vin?"

"What do you think, kid?"

Buck swallowed unhappily. "She don't say much. And there's a guy hanging around."

Vin thought of Linda's escort of last night. He shut his hands hard, and his wrist watch glinted and caught his eye.

He wanted Linda very badly, and he couldn't have her, so he wanted to beat her. He said, "I'm glad I saw you, Buck. You've always admired this. Here, take it."

"Gee, Vin." Buck put the wrist watch on with eyes shining. But even in his incredulous joy, vague doubt stirred. "But Linda gave you this, didn't she? She might not like this."

"Take it. I wasn't around on your last birthday. Keep the chin up, Buck."

He walked away from there, wrist feeling naked without the watch; he walked for miles, till it was time to go to Dorothy's apartment. He walked in parts

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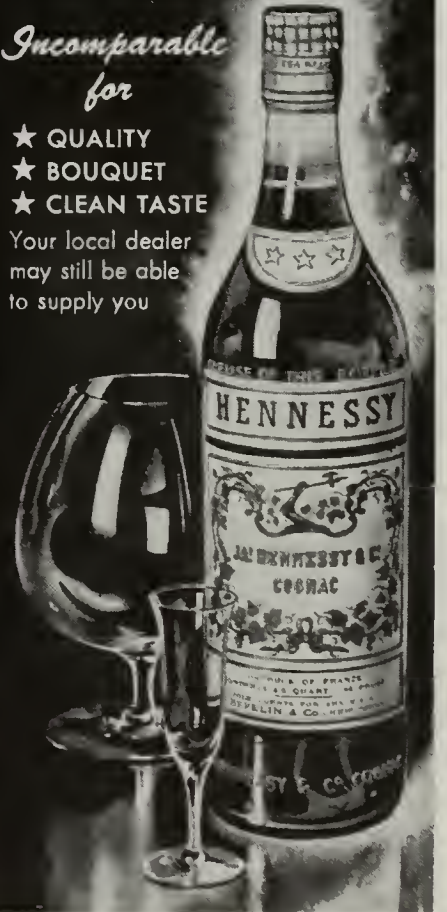
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# "FIRSTS"

## A ZENITH HABIT

A GOVERNMENT official was being shown a new idea in the Zenith laboratories. In passing, he commented upon the outstanding manner in which the radio industry was effecting the rapid and continuous changes necessitated by war requirements. A Zenith official replied—he said:

"... the answer is easy. Radio and Radionics represent a trigger-quick, fast moving business. Concerns that couldn't 'change overnight' are out. In this industry, we're used to fighting with new ideas—only—now we're 'fighting' Japs and Germans instead of each other."

In that statement is evidenced the condition that made possible Zenith's attainment of industry leadership. Ever increasing public acceptance of Zenith name and product resulted from a never ceasing stream of Zenith "firsts"—new features—new devices and new sets which enabled us to truthfully say to the public:

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## "FIRST"

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## "FIRST"

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## "FIRST"

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arrives. Third... we now know—by first hand experience—that our Army and Navy are more than "up-to-date"—they are alert and progressive in thought and action—almost unbelievably so. This fact is a great reassurance to us here as citizens—it commands our complete confidence as it would yours if you knew what we know.

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of Charleston where it was highly unlikely he'd bump into Linda. Tazey's phrase was in his ears: "You going to spend the rest of your life running out back doors to get away from her?" No, he told himself, I'm not. A little more and I'll have her cut out of me. And Tazey seemed to say, "Oh, yeah? It isn't as if you were getting over it. You're not."

Irritably he punched the Wesley bell. But he arranged his face for Dorothy as he went up the stairs. He put on a smile and he extended flowers he'd bought at the last corner; but when the door opened, the grin froze on his lips and his hand froze where it was, half out with the flowers in offering—to Linda.

Vin could think of nothing more profound to say than, "Oh!" And Linda didn't even say that much. She went back a step or two. "What are you doing here?" she got out finally.

"Dorothy asked me to dinner."

"She must have got her nights mixed. She asked me too."

"Where is she now?"

"I don't know. She went out as soon as I got here, ten minutes ago. She had her hat and coat on, waiting. She asked me to watch little Bill, then hurried out."

Vin was beginning to get it. A friendly frame-up. Bring Linda and him together unexpectedly, and then duck out and leave them alone. Kindhearted, though pretty clumsy.

"It was a nice try, anyhow," Vin said. "Tell her for me she was sweet to think of it. Good night."

He started for the door. Linda said coolly, "Buck's mad about the watch. He showed it to me. You thought he would, didn't you?"

"It was kind of rich for the Navy," was all Vin said.

HE WENT on toward the door, but stopped a second time as Linda's laugh sounded behind him, light, lazy, amused. And suddenly he resolved that he'd be hanged if he'd keep on running from her. She wasn't that important.

"On second thought," he said, "you can be the one to leave, this time. I'll look after little Bill."

"Oh, I wasn't thinking of leaving, Lieutenant. Only you. Won't you sit down? Can I bring you a drink? I believe Dor has a few bottles still around."

She lost her lightness for an instant as this slammed home the fact of Dorothy's tragedy; but she picked it up again. "Martinis, as I remember?"

Vin nodded, and told himself it was as well, after all, that they had met this. They had to define things sometime; it might as well be now, through Dorothy's well-intentioned if obvious frame-up.

"As expert as ever," he said, taking his drink. "I've been rather expecting a letter from you in Reno, Linda."

"I haven't bothered, Vin, because there's been no reason for it. Until now."

"Now? Oh, I see. The fella I saw with yesterday. Congratulations. You be in your own league, this time. You have dozens of pairs of stockings, she or no."

COLOR spread in Linda's cheeks. She didn't have the mahogany tint in her hair for nothing. But she kept control. She seemed to have much more control than she'd had a year ago. Yes, she changed. She was harder now. A chillier, he told himself.

"That's right," she said calmly. "I have many things I didn't have with you. There will be important differences. I won't have somebody watching my face like a hawk every time I look in a window, to see if I'm regretting my marriage. I won't have someone reading meanings into a couple of cuss words when I prick my finger making over old dress. . . . Oh, why hash it up again? You married me dead sure I'd never be able to live on a Navy income. You put two and a half strikes on us before the honeymoon began."

"I suppose you didn't complain. I suppose—"

"Look, Vin. You love the Navy. I love your life. Yet I've heard you complain—I've heard all you men complain about certain angles of it, times without number. Only you call it grouching. You say it means nothing. You say it's healthy to gripe and get it out of your system. Certainly you don't throw a man out with a dishonorable discharge who he grumbles about the chow."

"That's not the same thing at all," Vin said.

"Isn't it? Oh, for heaven's sake—go home. Get out of here. You think me



"Have you a book on What Every Boy Should Know? I want to cram for a man-to-man talk with Junior!"

COLLIER'S

FRANK BEAVEN





"Hey, who dusted this bookcase? I had a phone number written on top"

COLLIER'S

DAVE GERARD

mortal soul is less important to me than a run in a pair of stockings. I'll never forgive you for that."

Vin said, "You'd have been a nice girl if you hadn't been smothered in all that dough."

"And that," said Linda, "is what you can never forgive me for. Money. I'm leaving for New York in the morning, so we won't get under each other's feet any more. And you'll get your letter from Reno very soon."

"Good!" said Vin, on his way out. But when the door opened and Dorothy came in. He'd almost forgotten about Dorothy and her good intentions. . . .

"Here! What's up?" he demanded. She stepped swiftly to her and put his arms around her. She sagged there heavily, and Vin looked quickly at Linda, and Linda jerked her head toward the bedroom door.

HEY got her in there, and Vin looked through the medicine cabinet for smelling salts, while Linda put her to bed. Dorothy stared at the two of them as if trying to remember who they were. Then she said:

"He didn't see him."

Linda and Vin looked at her, puzzled. "One of the men from Bill's boat got into town. I heard about it just before you came, Linda. I hurried to see him—to see if he—when the boat went down—"

"Take it easy, darling," soothed Linda, voice rich and tender.

"One of the seamen," Dorothy whispered. "He said, no, he knew nothing of Bill, hadn't seen him at all. He said it was night when—it happened—and so much was going on. He said he was sorry. . . ." She came apart, then, and Vin shivered with the violence of it; and he glared at Linda and at him.

"You two fools!" Dorothy Wesley cried. "You fools! When the time could be so short! When any day—"

There was hysteria and quite a lively period, with Vin and Linda shoulder to shoulder trying to help their friend. Vin had time to feel that this was good, this partnership, even if it only lasted an hour; and he had time to feel ashamed of his assumption that Dorothy had planned this evening just for him and

Linda. Nothing, it appeared, had been further from her distracted mind.

Dorothy came back to normal—if you could call the far-off look in dry blue eyes normal.

"It's okay," she said evenly. "I'm okay now. Run along, you two. Sorry I spilled."

They left in silence; in silence stepped into the night. "I knew it was tough for her," said Vin. "I knew because I know how bad it was with me to lose you. But I didn't know it was that bad."

Abruptly then, he had a second crying woman on his hands, and this one stopped him cold. He'd never seen Linda cry before.

"If you could only know how I hate you!" she said. "Didn't know! Didn't know! Of course, you didn't know. You don't know anything. You went to sea and into danger I could have no knowledge of—and you came back—and you didn't know that every time you left I died all around the place for fear you wouldn't return. You were ashamed because you couldn't give me things, so you took it out on me. You didn't know that, either. All you knew was that I got exasperated sometimes because I missed what I was used to. What of it? Did I ever say I wanted to go back to it?"

Vin tried several times to answer this, but nothing came out because none of the answers seemed appropriate. Not knowing what reply to make, he made none at all, thereby unconsciously achieving a moment of common sense rare in the case history of Maller versus Maller. He cleared his throat. He remarked, mildly, "Say, I'm hungry."

"You would be," Linda sniffed. "Nobody else would be, at a time like this. But you would be."

"Aren't you? That diner we used to hit isn't far from here. Chopped steak sandwiches. Remember?"

"The very idea is nauseating. I'm going home." Linda opened her car door, but stood there, with her back to him.

"With onions," said Vin softly.

"Well. . . ."

"And lots of ketchup."

"We didn't have any dinner, did we?"

Linda said. "I suppose. . . . I wonder if he would have chopped steak, Vin?"

THE END



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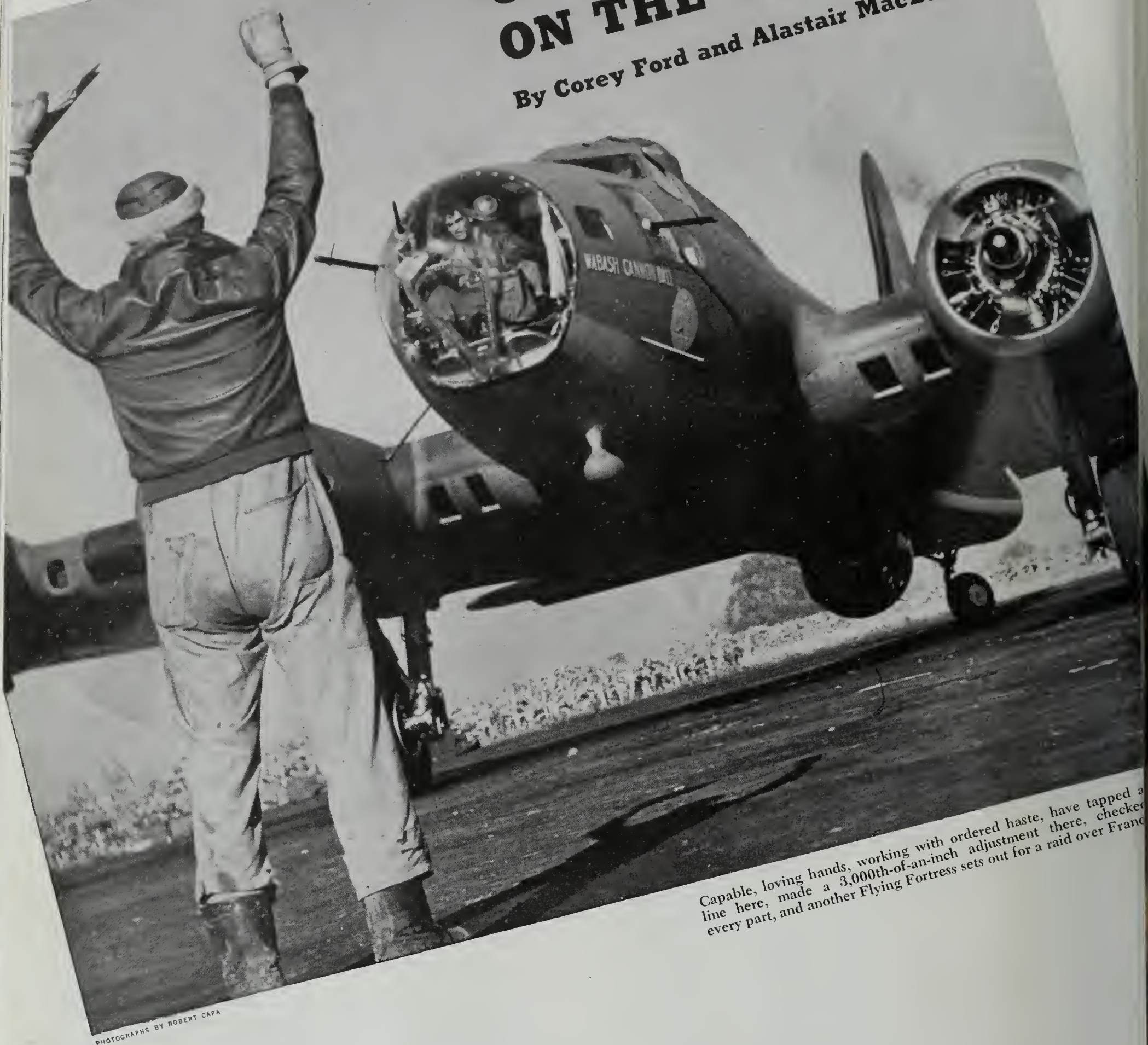
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# ONE FOOT ON THE GROUND

By Corey Ford and Alastair MacBain



PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBERT CAPA

Capable, loving hands, working with ordered haste, have tapped a line here, made a 3,000th-of-an-inch adjustment there, checked every part, and another Flying Fortress sets out for a raid over France.

Give a thought, the next time you read about the big bombers carrying off a spectacular mission, to the anonymous heroes back on the line—the grease monkeys of the ground crews who sent them in there fit to fight

**T**HE storm has passed over at last; the gusty wind drives a final scud of rain across the deserted cement landing strip, and the black puddles bounce with myriad little geysers for a moment. Thunder growls in the distance and occasional blue flashes light the sky, as the storm, fighting a rear-guard action, retreats along the high ridges to the westward. In the darkness, little groups of men huddle in the shelter of the control tower or in the lee of repair trucks at the edge of the field or in the emergency welding tents set up behind the parking area—smoking, grumbling, waiting.

Now the big landing lights go on along the east-west runway, and the head-on silhouette of a four-motored bomber

tilts down into the light and settles like a giant moth on the wet concrete. She taxis smoothly down the field, brakes to a halt, turns and rolls back to the line, warping into place as the landing lights go off again.

Almost before the big plane's props stop spinning, one of the huddled groups is swarming over her. Some anchor her securely to the ground rings, others refill her gas tanks, check and clean her landing gear, examine her minutely from wing tip to wing tip, their right-angle flashlights winking in the darkness like a troupe of benevolent gremlins.

The landing lights come on again, another Fortress slides onto the strip and maneuvers toward her parking area, another group of mechanics run out to

meet her. Still more ships circle overhead, awaiting their landing instructions from the tower. The shouts of the ground crews are barely audible above the constant drone of motors: "Give us a hand with this dolly."

"Toss me up that three-sixteenths socket, Joe."

"Looks like a loose lead here . . ."

You shiver in the raw wind that sweeps the secret concentration field chopped out of an evergreen wilderness. This is where the big bombers assemble like a flock of migrating crows, darkening the field for a few days, then abruptly taking wing as though guided by some mysterious impulse and heading across the water. One night the field is crowded, the next morning it is bare and silent.



Times like these teach us a new gratitude for the simple things in life. A quiet evening of rest, a friendly game with a next door neighbor, good talk, good refreshment, these make a welcome interlude of sanity in a seething world. For millions of Americans that interlude becomes calmer, happier, more content with a glass of friendly Schlitz.



Copy. 1943, Jos. Schlitz Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wis.



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votes for  
No bitterness*



*Just the kiss of the hops* — all of the delicate flavor — none of the bitterness. Once you taste America's most distinguished beer you'll never go back to a bitter brew. You'll always want that famous flavor found only in Schlitz. In 12-oz. bottles and Quart Guest Bottles. On tap, too!



THE BEER THAT  
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# "Mommy... who *was* Hitler?"



Today too many children know who Hitler is...

Wherever his ruthless men have marched, childhood has become a nightmare of terror, want, misery and death. For the sake of our own children we must destroy the source of this brutality.

For that, our men are storming the beachheads of the world...our industries are turning their vast peacetime energies into a great stream of war supplies.

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For that, we as individuals must conserve our cars... our gasoline... our tires... buy war bonds and stamps... and help in every way we can.

There must come a day when children will ask... "Mommy, who *was* Hitler?"

**THE TEXAS COMPANY**

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and the whole flock has left for some distant battlefield.

This is the last step in their preparation for combat, the bottom of the funnel. Here the squadrons mass for their final inspection; and here, amid the tension and hurry, their ground crews check and recheck the waiting ships, test their turrets, examine guns and mounts, tune their motors, make sure they are ready for the long hop across.

You've heard them say that a pilot lies with one foot on the ground. This is why, for the dozen grimy mechanics who make up the ground crew of each Fortress or Liberator are as vital to that ship as her pilot or engineer or gunners. When she completes a spectacular mission later over Africa or the Solomons, when she licks her weight in Focke-Wulfs or Zeros, you can take your hat off to these anonymous grease monkeys back on the line, who sent her out there fighting.

The crew chief of the ship that just landed is squinting at the flight report; an assistant holds a trouble light, so he can see. Number Three motor was giving some trouble; loses oil pressure, the report says. The crew chief's ladder, a

twelve-foot scaffold made of inch-and-a-half pipe, is rolled under Number Three, a couple of young sergeants scramble up and remove the two crescent moons of cowling covering the circle of cylinder heads. A gathering pool of oil on the cement under the motor tells the chief that there's a loose connection or a crack in the feed line.

His practiced hands twirl wrenches, reveal the tiny split at a bend of the feed pipe. Without looking up, he removes the faulty tube, replaces it with a new one an assistant hands to him, climbs down from the ladder, goes into the cockpit and starts Number Three. He guns her, nods in satisfaction, cuts the motor. The ladder is shoved in close again, the cowling is fastened into position. Fourteen minutes, all told!

Another ship cuts her motors at the other end of the parking area; her flight report shows that she pulls a little to the left when the brakes are applied. That may mean too little clearance on the left brake or too much on the right, the chief knows. Three thousandths of an inch difference is enough to cause a fatal ground loop when twenty tons land at better than seventy miles an hour. The

wing jacks, huge worm-screw lifters, are set under the jack points, two men turn the spindles, the fat wheels lift slowly off the concrete. The wrenches get busy, the broad brake bands are exposed.

The landing-gear expert makes measurements with his micrometer caliper: "Take up on the right one."

He turns the adjustment bolt carefully, stops to measure with his caliper again, turns the bolt some more. A final measurement; he moves back to let his assistant replace the cover, watching intently until the last lock wire is twisted to seal the nut securely. Just twenty-one minutes!

#### Surgery for Planes

The lights flicking on and off in the darkness, the quick, deft movements and the ordered haste remind you of an emergency operating room in a field hospital. There is no waste motion here, no indecision. These men are specialists in mechanical medicine; they are skilled surgeons with X-ray eyes and stethoscope ears and hypersensitive finger tips. They tap and probe their patients with a family physician's devoted care, diagnose each ailment, prescribe for the slightest symptom of organic disorder in the big bomber's hydraulic or oiling or ignition system.

Their surgical kit consists of socket wrenches and spanners and micrometers and feeler gauges and air compressors and pressure grease guns and electric welding units. They plunge their hands deep into an engine's vitals, feeling expertly, finding the trouble. They are the pick of the best technicians in a country that leads the world in technical skill—the trained doctors of the flying line.

Their training is as exacting as any premedical student's, as practical as a hospital intern's. A mechanic spends his first month in the Air Forces learning to

be a soldier—drill, manual of arms, taking and carrying out orders. In the classroom he brushes up on the rudiments of mathematics, takes machine-shop and aptitude tests. If he makes the grade, he is sent to one of the Air Forces technical schools.

Here he begins the long six-days-a-week grind of higher math, instructive movies, lectures, study of model airplanes, advanced theoretical and practical mechanics. He spends weeks tearing down, repairing and rebuilding motors—radials, liquid-cooled in-lines, the tiny three-cylinder sputterbugs of the single-seater hedge-hoppers, the two-thousand-horse turbo-supercharged power plants of the latest pursuits. He packs in all the theory and practice that engine doctors have stored up for the past forty years; and at last, at the end of six months, he is assigned to work with a crew at an airfield, under the relentless eye of a grizzled master sergeant crew chief.

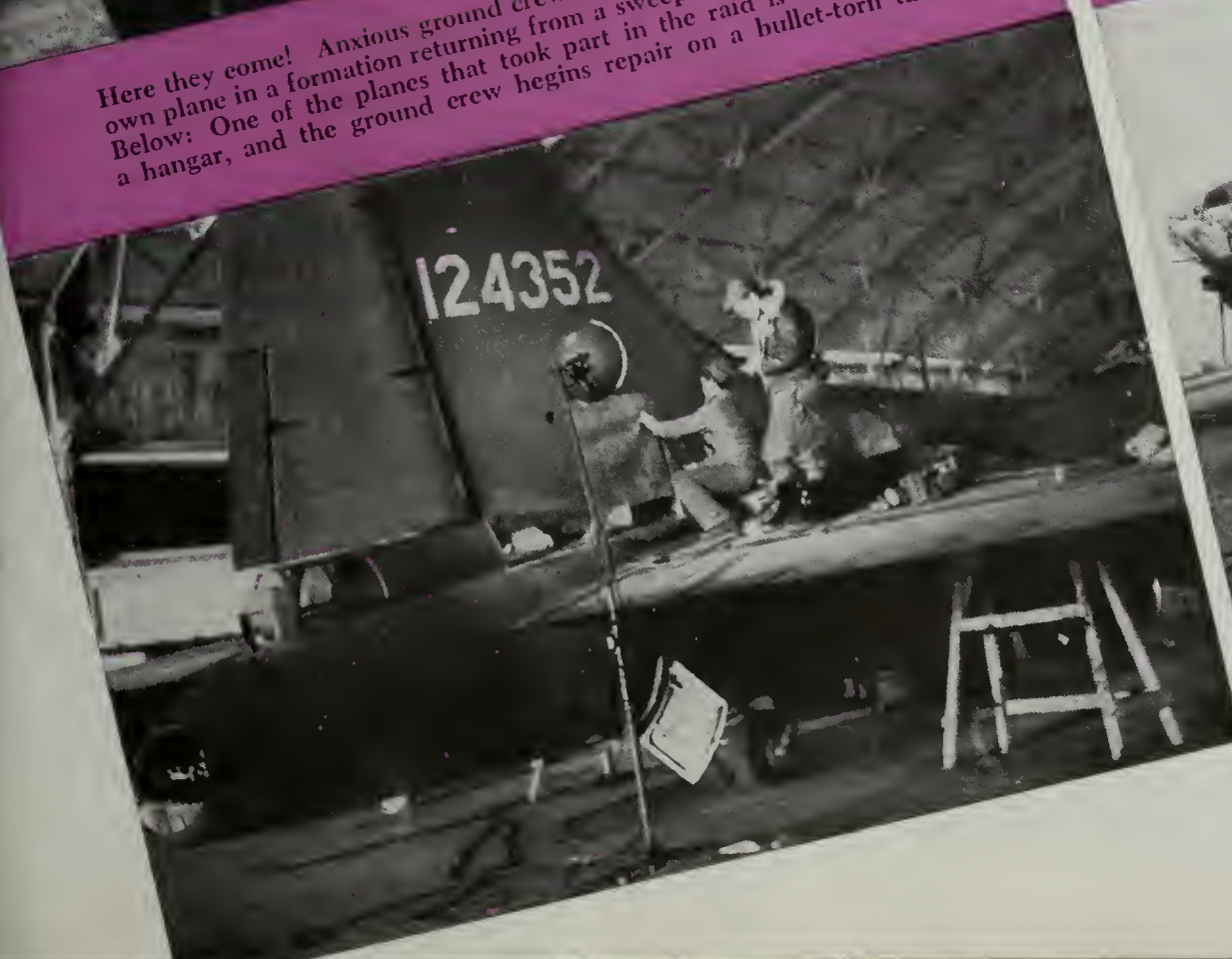
Master Sergeant "Chief" Pickering, for instance. Gray-headed, spare as a shitepoke, with pallid skin and broken fingernails permanently blackened with carbon, when he contemplates a motor, he stands weighing a wrench in his hand and humming happily, a little off key. He has a nasal twang that could only come from the northernmost part of New Hampshire. Chief's a veteran of the last show, can still tell you the serial number of every Jenny he worked on in France. That's why he closed up the best-paying repair shop in Colebrook, he says. "I guess I had to feel the ground shake under me just once more."

Sergeant Joe Streeter is an ignition expert, lean and weather-tanned. He comes from a town in Texas whose name, he says, you wouldn't recognize if you heard it; claims he started tinkering with motors when he was a kid

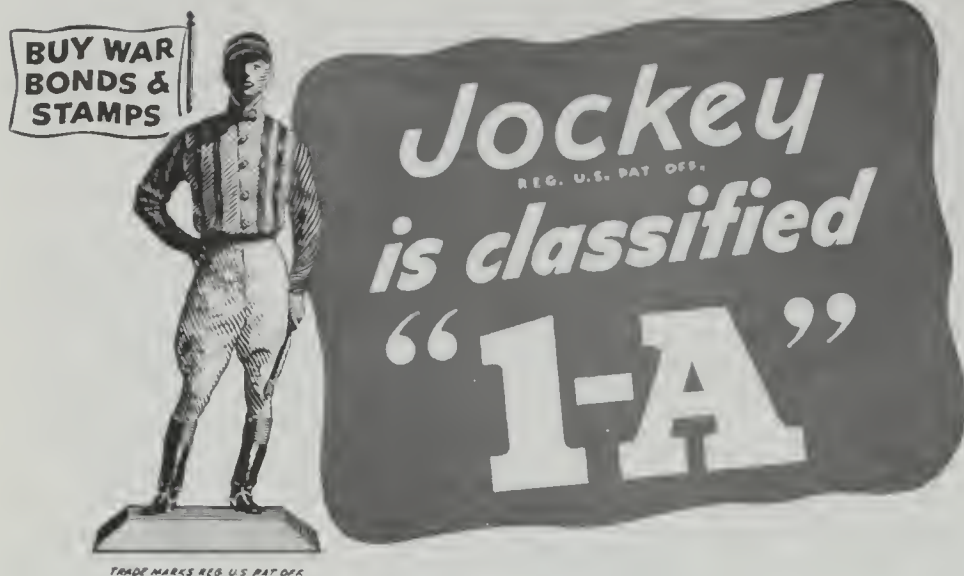


Here they come! Anxious ground crews scan the skies, seeking their own plane in a formation returning from a sweep over the continent. Below: One of the planes that took part in the raid is taxied into a hangar, and the ground crew begins repair on a bullet-torn tail

This Flying Fortress landed only four minutes ago. Its crew is being interrogated by Intelligence officers, and the ground crew chief, after squinting at the flight report, is examining the damage to the plane before assigning his men to their specific jobs







With service men, Jockey—the famous brand of support underwear—is a link with home, a reminder of the days of peace. So great is its popularity that they are buying a large proportion of our total output, and the demand is steadily increasing. So, since civilian needs must wait upon the military, you may have to be patient when shopping for Jockey, but it's worth it for the reasons that have made it the service men's favorite.

## Mild Support! Cool!



Only Jockey has the famous patented no-gap, Y-front construction that gives mild masculine support. It's exclusive with Coopers and popular with service men and civilians everywhere.

Because its knit fabric absorbs perspiration and lets their skin breathe, Jockey keeps them cool—even in the tropics. Various leg lengths in cotton and wool mixtures will keep them warm too.



No Bind!

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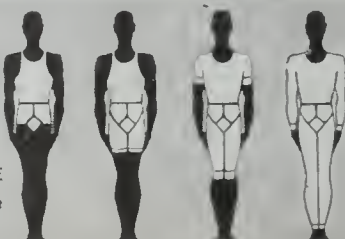
Jockey is favored by active men everywhere because it doesn't bind, crawl or creep even during the most strenuous exercise. Jockey is famous as the underwear that ended squirming.

Two-piece . . . contoured shirts to match

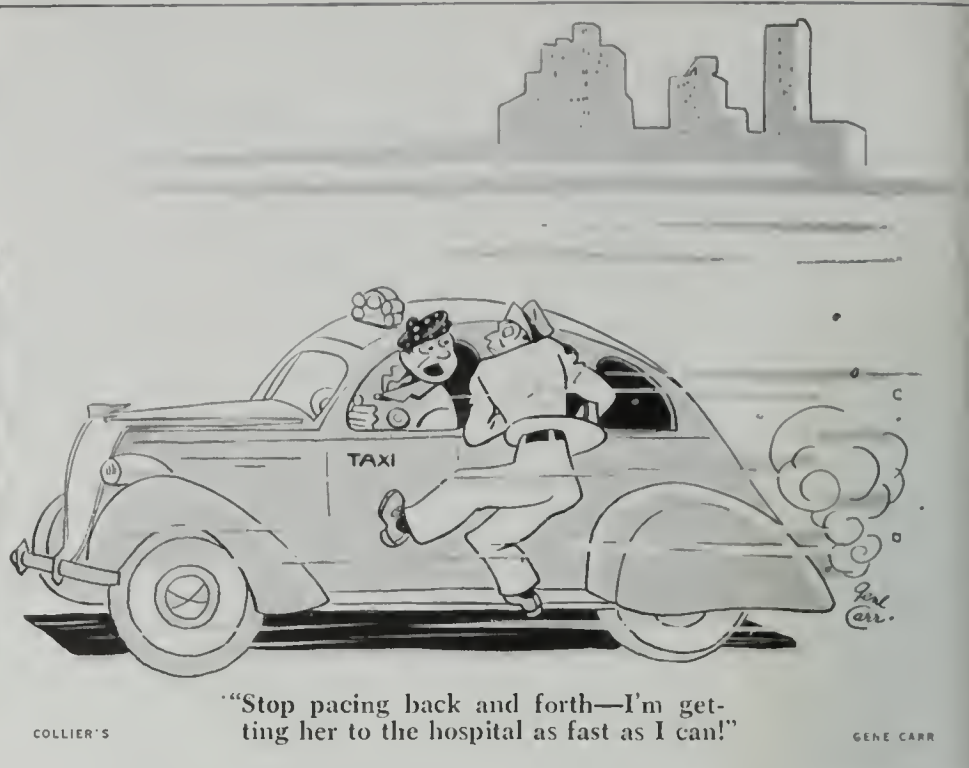
**Dries Overnight**—Jockey launders easily, needs no ironing and because it's tailored to fit, quickly returns to body contours. Look for the names "Jockey" and "Coopers" on the label.

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Short Midway Over-Knee Long



because car cushions make easier sitting than a cayuse. He spent the past five years working in a garage on the main route of the big transcontinental Diesel trucks, but he's always liked the high-speed stuff best.

"Reckon there'll be plenty of private planes to work on by and by when we git home," he drawls. "That's how I come to git in this outfit."

Sergeant Billy Minor from Allamuchy, New Jersey, is round-faced, bespectacled and savvy-looking. He hasn't turned twenty yet, but he's rated one of the cleverest hydraulics men on the field.

He had just started his mechanical engineering course at Stevens when the shooting began. He decided he might as well get the practical end of the course before as after. Anyway, he was turned down for cadet training on account of his eyes. He's not sorry, in a way; says he's never really happy except when he's working on machinery.

"This country's going to keep on having a big air force," he says. "Maybe there'll be a top spot at Wright Field after the war."

They've been gathered from the four corners of the country. They come from the de luxe garages of New York and Chicago. They come from wooden three-stall garages on the Maine coast, where a man works on a logging tractor one day and on a one-lung lobster boat the next. They come from cluttered garages in the Carolinas where pop bottles line the flyspecked windows.

### They Keep 'Em Flying

They come from the heat-soaked garages of the plains where the wind never stops blowing and the junk piles out back seem to sink deeper and deeper into the red dust. North, East, South, West—they thrill alike to the clean staccato of a combustion engine; they know that a motor is a beautiful and holy thing and they know their responsibility to that motor. If an oil-line connection works loose, if a bearing pounds out, if a valve sticks, if ignition points burn and pit, if a gas line clogs, then a quarter million dollars' worth of fancy airplane will be grounded, maybe for keeps. They know it's up to them—at all costs, at all hours, in all weathers—to keep 'em flying.

The lights on the runway have been turned off, all the other planes have landed, their ground crews are finishing up and heading in for late coffee and doughnuts at the PX before they hit the

hay. Only one group is still waiting; they perch glumly along the workbench and on the metal chests in the tool shack, their cigarettes marking their locations in the dark room.

"It would have to be our lead-and-zinc mine that gets lost," a voice complains. "The first date I made in town in a month, too."

"Last anybody saw them was heading south to duck the storm."

"Maybe one of her motors might have—"

"What are you getting at? Them motors was okay." The cigarette behind the voice bobs excitedly.

"Keep your shirt on, Mike."

"Anybody got the time? I said I'd phone by ten if I got held up."

"Better tell her you meant ten in the morning. It's half past now."

"Suit me okay if we got assigned some other crate than that built-in head wind."

"You go ahead along on your date if you can't wait. We'll cover up for you."

"And leave you guys to mess it up when she gets in? Hell, no!"

"Shut up! Listen!"

They pile out the door, stamping their cigarettes hastily. For a moment, they hold their breath, looking up.

They all hear it now, not clearly, but enough so there's no doubt. "It's her."

The sound comes closer, closer and passes directly overhead, a steady drone.

"Motors are okay," Mike gloats.

Now, through a rift in the clouds, they see her. "He's signaling with his lights. Radio must be sour."

She circles lower, her lights flashing a blinker-code message. They look quickly at the tower. A green light appears in the window. She heads in, glides down quietly, barely ticking the cement, and skims to a stop. They race her to the parking place.

One of them holds his hands aloft, motioning her into position; two others are ready with the wheel chocks; another ducks the blast from her props and runs to open the door in the fuselage. The crew chief meantime moves under her big belly, turning his flashlight swiftly on her wheels, her bomb-bay doors, over her wing flaps, up onto the name painted on her nose.

She's not just another plane with a serial number to him; she's a personality, a living thing. He reaches up, pats her sturdy rear end possessively.

"You run around with them young fellers," he murmurs, "but you always come back to me."

THE END



## Any Week

Continued from page 4

Hollywood. "He's in the Navy," said the director. Mr. English said something appropriate—something about the patriotism of a terrific guy like that, getting terrific dough for being terrific, chucking it all and enlisting in his country's Armed Forces. "Oh," said the director, "it's not like that. He hasn't been on the lot for two years. His memory ran out."

MORE admiration arrives—this one from Mr. William W. Acheson of Guadalajara, Jalisco, Mexico. "For many years," writes he, "I have entertained a most pleasant feeling for your magazine. My recollection goes back to the time hookworm first came into the public notice and the most splendid publicity you gave to that most annoying vermin. About your recent article by Mr. Herbert Hoover, however, I desire to say that a cog has slipped someplace. Perhaps Mr. Hoover has not got out of bed very early in the mornings over a long period of time. I have been around a very considerable. . . One never sees two full and two empty garbage cans standing side by side. I am respectfully, sirs, yours."

NEVERTHELESS, we carry on gallantly with a neat bit from the domestic Jap front. From Mr. Francis Hayes of Guilford College, a Quaker school in North Carolina, we learn that when the Japanese were moved out of California, the Quakers rescued many of the young college students from detention camps, placing them in Eastern colleges. Five of them were taken by Guilford, "all American citizens—two Baptists and three Presbyterians." They have, says Mr. Hayes, overcome early local objections and are good students. "One of them has been drafted into the Army," goes on Mr. Hayes. "He is to report soon, and I have just learned that he is to be given time to visit his relatives in a detention camp on his way to the Army."

WHEN we first read Mr. Hayes' letter, we thought of saying something sig-

nificant about it. We still think it would be nice to do so. But we've forgotten what the significance was. Frankly we rattle all too readily these days and we're thinking of seeing That Doctor Fellow. He holds forth in Burbank, California, and we've just heard from him. "Drop in and consult me and I'll tell you who I am," reads his card. "Among my patients are movie stars and other brainworkers too numerous to mention. Is your memory failing? See me. Are you in financial, social, family, industrial or business troubles? So was I. See me. Do you itch? See me. Maybe it isn't a physical itch at all. See me anyway. I'm That Doctor Fellow. Hollywood has beaten a trail to my door and I don't mean mousetraps. Drop in for a check-up. That Doctor Fellow."

OFFHAND, we'd call this one improbable, but a gentleman whose fondness for truth amounts almost to a passion assures us that our doubts would be unfounded. What he told us is that the Treasury of the United States (or wherever the money comes from) has more than a million dollars in uncollected salaries and is pretty sore about it. What happened and still happens is this: During the past year or so, a considerable number of professional and business specialists have gone to Washington to fill well-paid but frequently mysterious jobs. After hanging around for a while trying to find out what they are supposed to do and, if they find out, trying unsuccessfully to get it done, they quietly pack up and steal away home, saying nothing to anybody and fearing to collect salaries due them lest they have to confess their failure. Our friend tells us that at least one such frustrated deserter quit in the middle of the afternoon and was seen no more. His superior spent two weeks trying to locate him and finally telephoned his home in the Middle West. And there he learned that his erstwhile aide had enlisted in the Air Forces where, doubtless, he knows exactly what it is that the government wants done and is in touch with people who can tell him how to do it. . . W. D.



"I don't care if you just can't get along without your former valet. Stop coming here every time you've got a date!"

COLLIER'S

JEFF KEATE

## TEACHER COMES TO LUNCH!



**"GLORY BE!**  
**Appetitin' AUNT JEMIMA**  
**PANCAKES** make a  
delicious lunch or  
supper, too!"



**SERVE AUNT JEMIMA PANCAKES** morning, noon or evening—they're America's Favorite One-Dish Meal! Delicious, nourishing, wholesome,

digestible Aunt Jemimas—made from her secret Old-South recipe—please every member of the family! And they're easy as 1-2-3 to fix! Have 'em today!

## Try These Scrumptious

**AUNT JEMIMA DOUGHNUTS**

Mix together 3 cups Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour,  $\frac{2}{3}$  cup Sugar,  $\frac{1}{4}$  tsp. Nutmeg, 3 tsp. Cinnamon. Add to this  $\frac{3}{4}$  cup Milk, 1 Egg (beaten),

1 tblsp. Melted Butter. Stir well; then toss dough onto floured board and roll lightly to  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch thickness. Cut with doughnut cutter and fry in deep fat (360°F). Drain well on absorbent paper. Makes 24 delicious doughnuts.

**GET BOTH**  
the Yellow Box for  
Buckwheats, the Red  
Box for Pancakes  
**AND WAFFLES!**



**AUNT JEMIMA**

**READY MIX**

FOR PANCAKES AND BUCKWHEATS



# FINE FEATHER

BY STANLEY FRANK

Willie Pep mastered scientific mayhem at seven, and went right on to become featherweight champion, with the finest string of wins ever put together by anybody, anywhere. Just ask the boys in Hartford about the astonishing Mr. Pep

WHEN Willie Pep returned to corner after the fifth round of his fight with Chalky Wright for the featherweight title, his large and cheering section from Connecticut was strangely apprehensive. Wright, the old champion, had won the round fetching Willie several forceful fists to the face, and the neighbors from Hartford were dismayed. The Pep kid, not accustomed to losing anything in conjunction with a professional fight. In fifty-three previous bouts he had committed one blunder. He had once lost a round to Pedro Hernandez.

Wright managed to take a few random belts at Willie, but Willie won the fight, of course; he always does. J. J. Fleischer, chief custodian of the archives of boxing, has checked back through more than two centuries and he reports that Willie's streak of fifty-six consecutive bouts without draw or defeat (as of the end of 1942) is absolutely unprecedented in any era or weight division. Willie never has been in the remotest danger of being held even, in a professional passage at arms. Taking a round from him is a stirring moral victory for the other guy.

Old-timers in the fight racket are cynical characters with strident demands for perfection and with nostalgia for the dear, departed titans, but Willie's boxing skill causes them to drool happily. Jimmy Johnston, who has managed four featherweight champions, says he is the smartest young fighter he has seen in years. Al Weill says he is wonderful. Mike Jacobs, whose aesthetic appreciation of a fighter fluctuates with the statement from the box office, says Willie is marvelous.

## No More \$48 Purses

There must be a lot in what they say for the solemn, horse-faced youth, whose largest purse until a year ago was \$48 has come faster and farther than any other gladiator in recent times. Willie (whose family name is Papaleo) was twenty years old in September, making him the youngest world's champion since "Terrible Terry" McGovern.

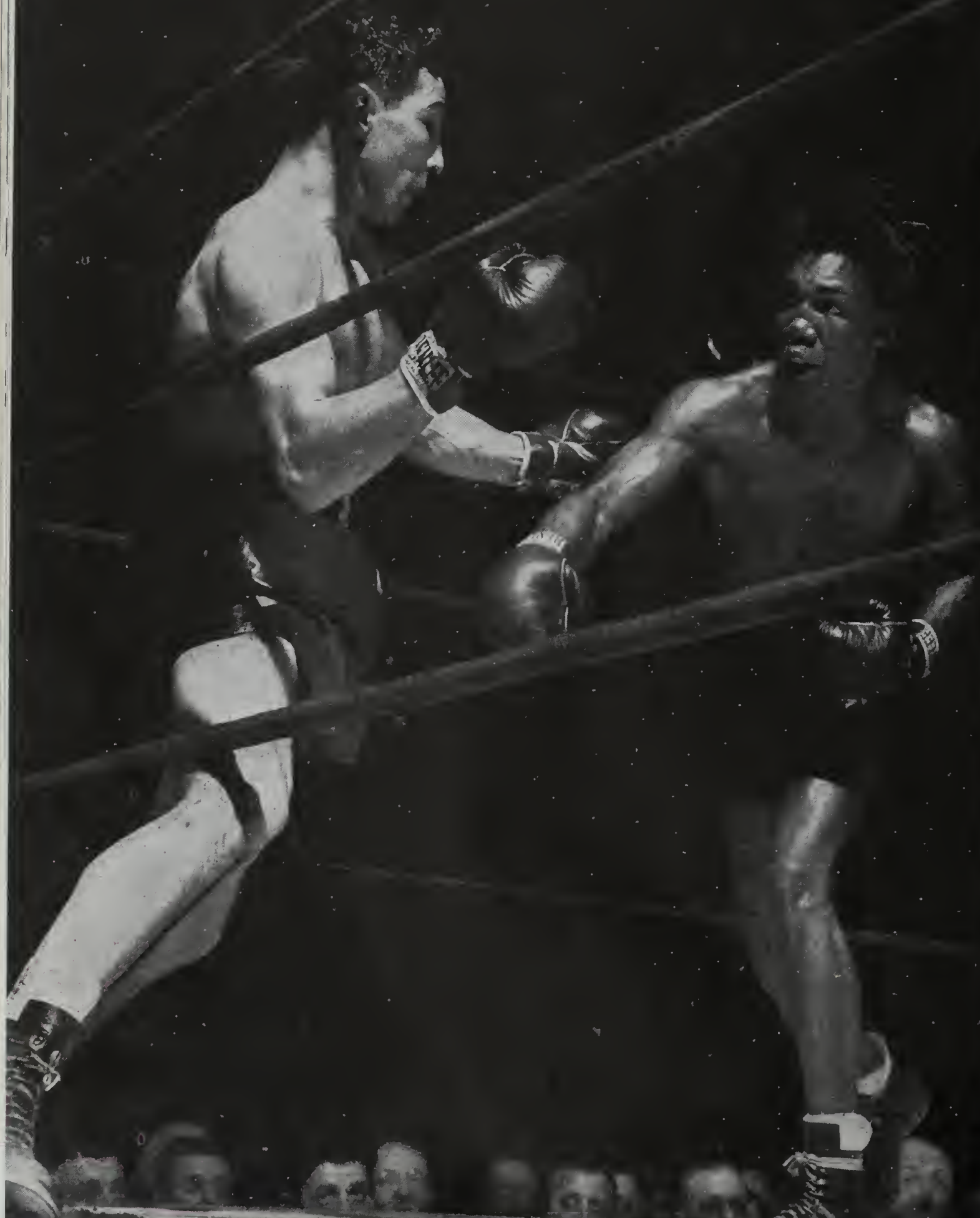
For an understanding of Willie's extensive popularity in his home state, note must be made of an aberration peculiar only to Hartford and the surrounding countryside. Most localities are interested only in heavyweights, the muscular meatballs who can knock the other guy dead with a punch, but Connecticut is crazy about featherweights.

The Pep kid's recent ascension to the throne will nurture it for two more decades. Most small-town fight promoters are very happy indeed to average gross receipts of \$1,500 for a show. In five fights at Hartford last summer, Willie drew \$70,000 worth of clients.

The promoters, well aware that the people come to see Willie box, have been forced to change their programs. Instead of going on in the fifth bout at 10 P. M., the feature spot for the headliner, Willie's fight always is the third event, at 9:15 P. M., to permit the war workers on the night shift to report for duty at eleven o'clock.

(Continued on page 76)

On the ropes and looking a bit worried, Willie Pep weathers a storm of leather flung by Chalky Wright in their title fight, which Willie won





# NOW *and* AFTER VICTORY



## What Pennsylvania has for you TODAY

Can you buy a tire? What about recapping? What IS this new War Tire? Can you buy one? How? Are all War Tires alike? How can you make your present tires last?

If you want the *right* answers to these questions—(and who doesn't?)—see your Pennsylvania dealer! His information is complete, up-to-the-minute, and *boiled down* to the essentials in which you, as a car or truck owner, are interested.

If you *are* entitled to apply for new tires or retreading, he gladly will help you make the *proper* application to your rationing board. When you get your ration certificate—whether for a new tire, or for retreading—use it *wisely*: insist on Pennsylvania!

Retreading and recapping work is done by factory-trained craftsmen.... The Pennsylvania War Tire, like all Pennsylvania Tires, is made with genuine SUPERTEST CORD and SUPER-PRESSURE CURING.... With certificates calling for #1 grade tires, you have the choice of Pennsylvania RX or Advanced for passenger cars. For truck tire certificate holders, there is the Pennsylvania Turnpike or V. C. Cleat. In each class, the finest tire available today is a Pennsylvania!



## What Pennsylvania has for you after VICTORY

### ★ THE NEW *Silent* PENNSYLVANIA VACUUM CUP TIRE

★  
Among the more than 100,000 new inventions which have been perfected since the beginning of the war, one that is receiving much attention is the new *Silent* Pennsylvania Vacuum Cup Tire.

Wherever and whenever tire history is discussed, the old Pennsylvania Vacuum Cup Tire is always mentioned. And when it is, there is a knowing nodding of heads, and a unanimous agreement that "it was the greatest and safest tire ever built—too bad it was noisy."

TODAY, Pennsylvania's invention of the *Silent* Vacuum Cup makes it again the "greatest and safest" tire—and now it is the *quietest* of all tires!

The new *Silent* Pennsylvania Vacuum Cup Tire accomplishes its feat of combining silence and safety by upsetting the entire current principle of non-skid design. Instead of depending upon noisy ridges (only at their best in one direction), the new Vacuum Cup gets its amazing results by the silent indented cups which are equally effective in all directions. This resistance to skid at all 360 degrees of the circle even reduces the normal friction-producing side-to-side weaving; results in longer wear.

*After Victory, you'll ride on Pennsylvania Vacuum Cups again!*

# Pennsylvania Rubber Company

JEANNETTE, PENNSYLVANIA



# Will You Wait for Me?

Continued from page 14

pleasure in her voice. "I've missed him. Where is he?" She went across to the fire then, found a match and lighted it. Woodley watched her. He wondered how old she was. Thirty, possibly. Penster was twenty-two. And he wondered, too, why Penster had had the assurance to think this woman was in love with him, and would wait. It was her charm, Woodley thought, her appearance of sincerity, her friendliness. Lallie had had these things, too.

"He's gone east," Woodley said, "for officers' training." He saw her eyes on him again, noting his sergeant's stripes, careful to draw no visible conclusion.

"Please sit down," she said. "What is the message?"

"It will amuse you," Woodley said coldly. "He wants you to wait for him."

"Wait for him? Where? When?"

"He wants you to wait for him until the war is over," Woodley said, and he made no attempt to warm the words. Penster was well out of this, safely away.

"Oh, no," she said. "This is a joke." She wasn't angry. Laughter waited in her eyes for his explanation.

"Not to Penster," Woodley said, and anger began in him. He had not sat down and she stood up quickly, looking up at him, searching his face for some clue to a clearer understanding of what he meant.

"But Bruce is a child," she said. "What is he—twenty-one, twenty-two?"

"His feeling for you isn't childish."

SHE sensed his hostility at last and her eyes withdrew their laughter.

"I am sorry," she said. "I have just come from the nonsense in there." She paused. "You are fond of Bruce," she said simply.

"He's one of the best."

"So am I," she said, lifting her head and speaking coolly, "but I am also thirty-four and I have no intention of waiting for a boy, no matter how delightful and devoted he may be."

"Is that your answer?" He put his hands on the back of a chair and kept them there.

She turned away from him and looked through the window toward the fog. "You have embarrassed me," she said. She turned back to him. "Besides," she said, frowning, "you've delivered the message very badly. It was stupid of you to come here to say this to me. You must have known it was stupid."

Yes, he had. He had cursed himself most of the way up here from camp; his anger became complicated and vindictive.

"It must have been," she went on, "because you couldn't refuse Bruce. I couldn't either, you see. I let him kiss me. Several times. Is that what you wanted to find out? And why?"

Woodley didn't answer. He was thinking of Penster when this word reached him, of his young face whitening, of the abandonment of his grief; and he was thinking, too, of the others, the many others she had kissed. Several times. Why? Because, at thirty-four, widowed, she wanted a last chance at touching innocence again, or she wanted to re-establish the illusion of her own youth, or she was bored.

It seemed to him now, at last, he understood Lallie. This woman was Lallie, grown older, lonely, selfish, paying with an expensively acquired charm for emotions she lacked the perception to classify. It seemed to him this was Lallie and he despised her impersonally. The

vagrant thought came to him that he could do what Penster hadn't done; he could awaken this woman's love. It would, he thought, somehow avenge Penster, but he put the thought away as melodramatic and answered her question.

"No," he said, "it doesn't matter to me why you kissed him."

"A month from now," she said, her voice softening, "he will scarcely remember me. You know that, don't you? You do if you know Bruce, if you understand him."

"Well," he said, picking up his cap, "I'll write him."

"No," she said. "Please don't. Give me his address and let me write. I promise to put it very plainly." He could not help wishing, abruptly, he had not known Lallie. It would have been so pleasant, while it lasted, to trust Blossom Blaine.

"I'll finish the dirty job," he said bleakly.

At the door she looked up at him.

"Won't you come in and join us?" she said. "There are only thirty today. It's the fog. It makes anyone who hasn't grown up in it lazy and suspicious." They were scarcely two steps apart. He could see now the brief, vague lines at the corners of her eyes, corroborating her age. Turned toward him, her hand on the doorknob, she spoke again: "It is curious, your friendship for Bruce. I don't understand it. Either there was something in him I didn't sense, or you are not being completely honest with me."

She opened the door and the music from the drawing room was robust and inviting. It was young, tempestuous with laughter, and it recalled to Woodley his reasons for joining up, for enlisting as a private when he could have had a commission. It took him back to the man he had been before success had begun for him, before he had turned irritable with worry and pressures, before Lallie.

"Please stay," she said again.

No reason why not. He had nothing else to do.

"Sure," he said. "I'm a soldier now."

It was insolent and she looked at him gravely, but the music boomed an interruption. A young fellow with freckles on his forehead put his arm around her and urged her back on the carpeted floor. There were other girls, younger than Blossom, he saw with cynical surprise, and very pretty, tanned, groomed, at ease with five males responding to every gesture. Near the fireplace, one papery hand tapping out the rhythm, was an old lady, a black ribbon around her throat, lace at her wrists. She was like a dainty statue in a niche, carefully selected to enhance the elegance surrounding her.

"Please," Blossom said, disengaging herself from the freckled youth. She led Woodley through the dancers to the fireplace.

"Granny," she said, "here's another one. Not handsome. Bleak."

The papery hand in his had an unexpected vigor.

"What's his name?" Granny demanded. Her voice was silvery sweet and very clear.

"Woodley. Lance Woodley," he told her. "From Chicago."

"What does Blossom mean by bleak?" she said. "Is your nose pointed?"

HE LAUGHED and in the midst of his laughter realized she was blind. He reached for the papery hand again, and put it on his nose.

"Round as an apple," he said, "and half as big."

She asked him a great many questions and he answered all of them. He had forgotten Blossom. He was surprised, looking up, to find her still there, her eyes on Granny, tender and yearning.

This is someone she loves, Woodley thought.

He began wilfully wooing Granny but Blossom was recalled to the dancing, and the old lady reached down, fumbling for his hand. "Don't waste yourself on me, boy," she said dryly. "Go and dance with her." Instead Woodley put his other hand over hers and tried to bring warmth to the desiccated fingers; he felt young, abruptly, and at peace and he

forgot young Penster for the moment trying to recall when he had ceased to believe in kindness.

From time to time soldiers ambled past him through another door and came back presently, munching. He followed them and found sandwiches and cakes and tea and coffee arranged among candles on a polished table in the dining room. There was no one to serve the food. It was there if you wanted it, and Woodley helped himself, aware of his hunger.

He came back to the music and danced with one of the young things, a leggy morsel scarcely past the robust age and unexpectedly appealing, but he knew he would dance with Blossom before he left. He told himself he needed to know her better for Penster's sake, and yet when she was in his arms at last he could think of neither Penster nor Lallie. He even forgot he was thirty-six and did some of the intricate steps he hadn't tried for years. Blossom's laughter was friendly and contagious, and she was warm and responsive in his arms.

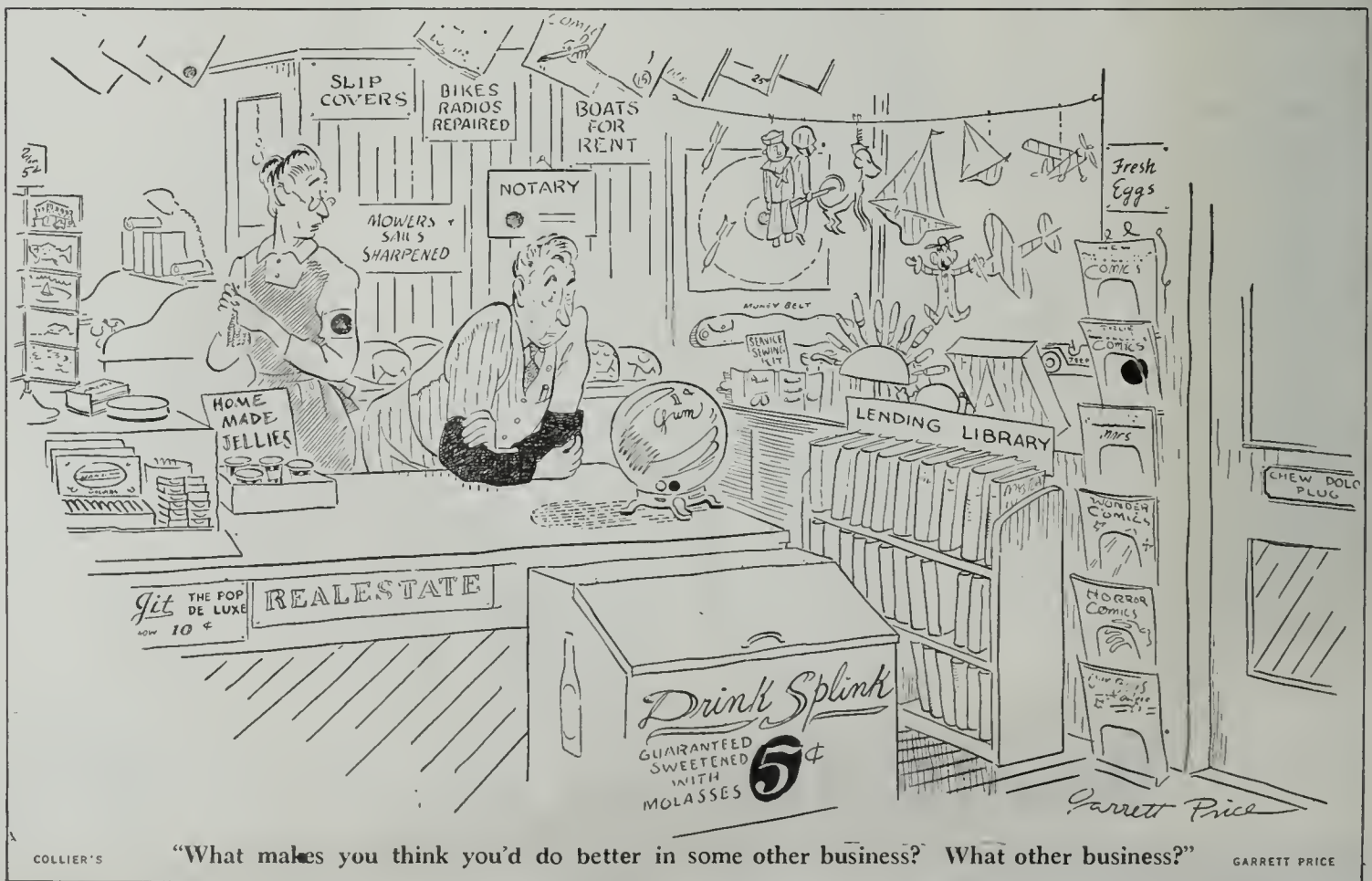
He had meant to leave with the others, collecting their caps as the tall clock near the piano chimed six, but Granny clung to his hand and he was left alone with her in the big room.

"You will come back?" Granny said and pressed his finger tips urgently. Her sightless face was drawn with weariness and her delicately rouged lips moved as though she were still speaking. Woodley had the impulse to insist that she make her continued thoughts audible to him. "Yes," he said instead, "I will come back."

He paused in the doorway to the hall. Blossom was there near the big outer door with the young fellow of the freckled forehead. Outside, Woodley could hear the hilarious withdrawal of the others, but here in the hall it was quiet. Blossom saw him standing in the door.

"I'm shipping out," the young fellow said. "I won't be back here before I go. Would you—kiss me goodbye, Blossom?"

"Good luck," she said, and her voice



"What makes you think you'd do better in some other business? What other business?"





FAMOUS SINCE 1894

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CARRIES ON!



I sat beside a stranger

In the smoking car today  
And as I filled my briar pipe  
I heard the fellow say—  
"Excuse me, Sir, for asking,  
But that package you took out—  
Is that the Edgeworth SEAL-PAK pouch  
I've heard so much about?"

"Yes," I said, "their tin of blue  
Is gone for the 'duration'—  
But frankly, this new SEAL-PAK pouch  
Is really a sensation;  
It keeps the Edgeworth flavor-fresh,  
It's neat—and trim—and handy—"

The stranger took one look and said—  
"You're right! It's sure a dandy!"



THAT famous Edgeworth "tin of blue" is gone for the duration. For Uncle Sam needs the tin for bombers and fighter planes. Today when you step up to the tobacco counter to ask for your favorite Edgeworth Pipe Tobacco, the clerk will hand you a handsome blue pouch—the new Edgeworth Seal-Pak Pouch. It fits your pocket comfortably—and, best of all—it keeps America's Finest Pipe Tobacco in a flavor-fresh condition.

Enjoy a generous sample at our expense. Write  
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"AMERICA'S FINEST PIPE TOBACCO"

trembled. She put her hands on his shoulders and kissed him gently on the lips. He fumbled, reaching for the door-knob.

Her eyes as Woodley approached were dangerously bright.

"How many times does a fellow have to come here to get one of those?" he said.

She pulled open the door. "Go away," she said. "Don't come back."

He tried to write to Penster that night. "Dear Bruce," he began, "get out your bib to dry your eyes. You had a ride in a beautiful little red wagon but the stars you saw weren't real. She kisses them all—when they're leaving."

He snarled the paper into a wad and threw it away. He sat a long time with his face in his hands. If he went back again and ate crow, could he get her to write to Penster, promising to wait even if she didn't mean it, to give the kid something to go on? He considered his approach, his follow-up; he plotted a course of action.

He went to bed that night talking to himself.

On Tuesday he called her long-distance from camp. Tilda answered the call. Young Mrs. Blaine and old Mrs. Blaine, she said, always spent Tuesdays at the Red Cross. He hung up.

On Thursday he asked for leave and went out again to see her. The sun was shining and spring was real at last in the air, the willow trees nostalgically fragrant. Through the grilled gates he saw the first tulips blooming at the Blaines'. Someone was running a lawn mower—a girl with brown legs, wearing one of those bulgy peasant skirts the women of Europe had been trying to discard for centuries. It tickled him to see a woman at the business end of a lawn mower. "Do 'em good," he thought, "give 'em perspective."

He would have walked past, but she threw up her head as he approached.

"Did you want something?" she said. It was Blossom. She recognized him slowly and her first reaction was bewilderment. She rubbed the back of her hand across her forehead and it came away wet with perspiration. Her hair, bound back with a white ribbon, rippled to her shoulders, curling up at the ends like a baby's fingers. She wore neither rouge nor lipstick and her olive skin was wonderfully aglow and clear in the pale sunlight. Her white blouse was mended.

"This is refreshing," he said. "I had forgotten civilians labored."

HE HAD meant to be friendly, thrusting in an opening wedge but her dark eyes began to brighten with anger.

"Do you know how long it takes to mow a lawn this size, Mr. Woodley? It takes two days. And do you know who does it? I do. Do you know who clips those shrubs? Do you know who planted those tulips for the moles to undermine? After all, this is a big world and most of it is at war and a few of us here at home think a share of it belongs to us. Why did you come back?"

"You could give it up, all this." He waved a hand.

"I could. Granny couldn't. And it means something to the boys who come out here Saturdays to find a place untouched and still whole to remember. It means something to you," she said unexpectedly. "That's why you came back."

He knew he had begun to love her. He had known it all the long way out today, and the thought of Penster made him sick and ashamed. He began, speaking brusquely, to state the case he had prepared. It would cost her nothing in pride or emotion to write the boy. She

could sidestep the issue of waiting for him and keep the letters affectionate and gay.

"And hopeful," Woodley said firmly. He offered her a cigarette but she shook her head. A breeze mingled salt air and the smell of fresh-cut grass in his nostrils, while near at hand a robin tugged a worm out of the ground. He was aware of these things but while he waited for her answer he was thinking despondently that he would have to go back now and remember all the things he had learned about Lallie, all the decisions he had made about himself; and he wondered how he could have been so stupid as to think he could step from one way of life into another, from one age group to a younger one without in some measure becoming vulnerable again to the beliefs and emotions he had once wilfully discarded.

"I can't do what you ask," Blossom said at last. "I understand you now. You're an idealist. Bruce isn't." It disturbed him profoundly to have her soften toward him. It shook his judgment and his resolution. She came closer to him and her eyes on his pleaded with him. Her voice was urgent: "Cut loose from the memories that hurt, Lance. Bitterness doesn't belong to you. You are good."

Penster, he thought stubbornly. I am doing this for Penster.

"We were talking about Bruce," he said stiffly. Let her think whatever crazy thing she wished about him.

"No, we weren't," she said, and she was laughing, a happy laugh with triumph in it. "Bruce will take care of himself. You wait and see."

Walking stiffly toward the gate again he heard the lawn mower start behind him, and that was good. He had been afraid he might offer to mow the lawn for her. He had been afraid he might ask her to let him come again.

He wrote another letter that night. "You'll have to face it some time, kid," he wrote. "It might as well be now. She doesn't love you and she never will, and your best move is to keep an eye out for someone your size."

He tore the letter up and went to bed. The fellow on Penster's cot next to his, was already snoring, cadenzas rolling.

He tried to remember when Penster had first mentioned Blossom. What had

he said? "She's kind, Lance." That had seemed important to Penster. Woodley saw now it had seemed important to him too. It explained his willingness, his eagerness to run Penster's errand. It explained Woodley himself. Somewhere he had laid aside kindness. Lying there in the dark silence around him save for the restless stirrings of the men, he admitted now he had forsworn kindness even before he had met Lallie. He fought the admission. He excused himself. Toward morning he fell asleep.

He gave himself two weeks. At the end of two weeks he would go back to assure himself that Blossom had been figment of Penster's emotion, which had somehow transmitted itself, briefly, to him. He was too old for that sort of thing, too wise. To prove it he asked for extra duty, and when he was called into the C.O.'s office he supposed he was to be commended for his industry.

"Woodley," said the man behind the desk, given size and dignity by the directness of his manner and the quiet authority in his voice, "we are always surprised when a man of your capacity comes into the Army as a private. Would you like to know why you have not asked for officers' training?"

WOODLEY was disturbed. He had supposed anonymity was a concomitant of enlistment. He had thought here his business would be his own, his private fight, of no consequence in the ultimate battles for which he was being trained. He took time to think of a fitting and ambiguous response, and the officer facing him waited patiently as though he were accustomed to men confused by his directness.

"I think," Woodley said, at last, "I wanted to learn again the lesson of kindness."

The C.O. looked at him sharply.

"The Army seems hardly the place," he began, and paused. "Yes," he said "you could probably find anything you were looking for in the Army, if you set your mind on it. Kindness is not the name we give it but it may amount to the same thing in the end. I think I understand you, Sergeant." Queerly Woodley felt he did, and he had a sense of having confessed, of being cleansed. Now he had spoken aloud the tenuous and exasperating sum of his recent



"So far he's got Henry Kaiser licked by four hours"

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OF COURSE, you've never pictured *your* wife in the hands of an Axis soldier. You're sure it couldn't happen—the war's too far away. *But—*

Our enemies didn't start this war in the expectation of losing. They were sure they could bring war here—and find victory here. And they're fighting today in confidence that they still can!

If American boys dug slit trenches in your front yard and faced the Axis gangsters *there*. . . . If you could see them die at your doorstep defending you—watch them go down under Jap bayonets or Nazi flame-throwers—that nothing could harm you and yours. . . .

You'd gladly say —“Here! Take my dollars! Take anything—everything—to win this fight. What can I do with dollars—if you lose?”

Is it different—because they fight your fight out of sight of your doorstep? Because that boy next door chose to face our enemies *before* they stormed your street and threatened to break down your front door?

Would you rather wait until you hear the whistle of bullets before you *loan* your money to buy guns . . . to keep the skies clear of hostile planes . . . to keep the hands of Axis brutes off your wife or daughter?

Yes—just *loan* the money! Just a fraction of what you'd gladly *give*—if lack of guns and bullets over there could bring the fighting over here. Just a loan—so American boys can *keep* this war “far away.” Just a loan—to be doubly sure that it *won't* be *your* wife—and too late to do anything about it!

From now on—think of War Bonds that way! And dedicate as big a part of your pay as you can. To give that boy next door a fighting chance. To help him keep our home secure. And to let you look our fighting men in the eye some day, and say to yourself, “Yes, when men were dying to save *my* home, I did what little I could to help them keep it free!”

**STEWART-WARNER  
CORPORATION**

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

*This message is published solely in the interest of national understanding and unity in the war effort. Stewart-Warner plants have long since been converted to the making of essential materials for war and war production.*





# Yes—today—in February! Country-Style Frying Chickens!



**1. How to have variety today**—despite shortages: Serve *top-of-Grade-A* Birds Eye Frying Chickens! You'll say, "Finest I ever tasted"—or it's **MONEY BACK!**

**2. You can't get plump young Fryers** like these elsewhere—this time o' year! And these birdies are *ready-to-cook*—**WORK-FREE!** They save *hours* for War Work!



**3. Tender grains** give these Government-inspected chickens that *delicious* flavor—**PLUS 10% more white meat!** Quick-Freezing captures **ALL** that country goodness!

**4. There's no waste!** For a 2-lb. *Birds Eye Fryer* equals a 3-lb. *undrawn* chicken. Birds Eye Fryers are *tweezed* clean of pinfeathers, drawn, cut up for frying!



**5. If you ever sigh** for "good-old-days" Chicken—forget it! Just run to your nearest Birds Eye grocer, *today!* His Birds Eye Poultry is **ALL** one kind—*marvelous!*

**6. All are waste-free!** **SATISFACTION-GUARANTEED** or **MONEY BACK!** Select from: *Broilers—Country Style Fryers—Roasting Chickens—Fowl for Fricassee—Turkeys.*

thinking, and it no longer seemed silly and ineffectual. What Blossom had said, what Granny had implied, what the C.O. was repeating began to make a pattern for him.

"I think you are officer material," the C.O. began again abruptly, putting aside abstractions brusquely. "If you have no active feeling against the matter, I am recommending you for officers' training. The outfit is being moved early next week, but this will go right through." He smiled dryly. "Even among officers, Sergeant, I have known kindness to develop." He put out his hand, gave Woodley's a quick clasp and turned back to the papers on his desk.

Woodley went back to his barracks. He drew out a sheet of paper and sitting on his cot, a magazine on his knees for a table, wrote to Penster.

"We may meet soon, there's no telling," he wrote, "or we may not. Anyway I want to report your errand completed. I have seen Blossom Blaine. I have asked her to wait. The answer is no." He sat a long time, unmindful of what went on around him, wondering how much more he should tell Penster, whether he should reveal he was going out there tomorrow to plead in his own behalf. He wondered if officer material made love to a woman marked in another man's dream for himself. He wondered what excuse he had, when you came right down to it, for going out there again.

**H**E ENDED the letter with camp news and signed his name. He mailed it, and within the hour he remembered he had promised Granny he would come again. His last visit had scarcely counted. Besides, he was leaving now. He could claim a kiss.

He got his leave the next day to tie up a few business ends. No one questioned him deeply. He spent the morning in a newsreel theater, but by noon he had his courage in hand and was on his way to the north end of the city. He had bought a cheese, a box of chocolates and three cans of tuna fish, and these things, he thought, would mark him as nothing more than a grateful soldier. It was important to him that Blossom should not know he had thought to betray Penster.

He had forgotten it was Saturday. There was singing again in the drawing room. Tilda answered the door, and he was astonished by the look of relief, even pleasure, on her gaunt old face.

"It's Mrs. Blaine," she said, "the elder Mrs. Blaine. She is very ill. Will you go right up?"

"But," Woodley said, handing Tilda his parcels and indicating the mounting noise in the living room, "shouldn't these fellows be—"

"No," Tilda said firmly. "They wouldn't like that, neither one of them." Woodley followed her up the wide, carpeted stairway and down a vast hall to a corner door.

**G**RANNY'S room held a collection of old-fashioned furnishings, the chairs antimacassared, the walls thick with photographs miscellaneously framed. Beyond, through a draped doorway Woodley saw Granny herself in bed, a lace cap on her wispy hair. The single lights in both rooms were shaded.

"Is that you, Tilda?" Blossom came from the bedroom, and stopped at sight of Woodley. "Lance," she said, her voice hushed as though she were an abashed party to a miracle. "Granny wouldn't let me call you. She said you would come."

"Tell him to come in here," Granny's high, clear voice said from the bedroom. "Lance Woodley, come in here. You others, Tilda, Blossom, go away."

But she seemed only to want to lay her old hand in his when he was beside her. To Woodley there was no change in her; she had looked life-spent when he had seen her first.

"I have been talking to you all day," she said presently. "When you get to be as old as I am, and have been blind for many years you trust your instincts. It's a courage you get with age. I've been lying here trying to put my feeling about you into simple words. I can't do it. I can only tell you I knew you were good when you tried to warm my hand that first day Blossom introduced us, and you sat a while and you talked and you weren't pitying. I knew then you were humble, and I thought you were unhappy, and I listened to your voice. It seemed familiar to me, and it was. It was Blossom's voice, the voice of a person who needed a new chance at believing in simple things again, goodness and unselfishness and kindness and hope."

Her voice was comfortable and unhurried.

"I've been trying to tell you the story of Blossom, too," she went on. "She married my grandson, a very bad man, when she was twenty. Fortunately he died." Her calm and sightless face was turned toward him. "She could have married again, but she hasn't. She has taken care of me, a doddering, sightless old woman who loved her, and all these years she has had only the unhappy



COLLIER'S

"I suppose in the global sense we are going forward" MISCHA RICHTER

**WHOOOPS! WHAT A BUY THIS WEEK!**

(FEBRUARY 22-27)

**CUT GREEN BEANS RHUBARB**







"We'll leave it to th' sergeant. . . . We are so makin' history, ain't we, Sarge?"

COLLIER'S

JAY IRVING

mories of her marriage to live on. It's not enough, and it's wrong. She is young and warm. She wants to give of herself, and I thought it would help these soldiers. It's broken the dike, that's all. She works like a cart horse getting ready for them, and they come, and then they go away, and she can't send anything with them but a kiss and a memory. You'll be going soon, too."

Her fingers in his hand tightened urgently. "I want you to make love to her," he said. "You may not love her now, but you will, and she'll have your letters. She'll be getting something back, d'you see, for the first time in all these years. I was waiting for someone, and you were the one. You were sent here to love and protect her."

Her voice trailed off sleepily, and she turned her face away from him, caressing the pillow with her cheek. Woodley thought she had fallen into the abrupt sleep of exhaustion, but she spoke impatiently. "Go on. I've stayed awake waiting for you, and I'm sleepy."

HE CLOSED the door softly and stood a long time hearing Granny's voice again, and her words. He saw that her condensed both living and dying, made them immediate and gave them a dry. He hated Penster abruptly. Blossom was not in the living room. He found her in the large kitchen, quick hands darting from bowl to bowl of the mixtures set before her. She was making sandwiches. At sight of Woodley the quick hands faltered.

"Granny?" she said. "She's sleeping."

"Praise be," Tilda said beside him. "By day after tomorrow she'll be up and around again." She picked up a tray of sandwiches and disappeared into the butler's pantry.

"Granny hasn't slept," Blossom said, "for forty-eight hours."

He touched her arm. "I'm leaving soon. I want to talk to you."

She slipped out of her apron and into a worn jacket hanging in a closet near the kitchen door. Without demur she opened the door and went out and down the brick path that led them out at last to the Sound. The sky was pearled in the west with the evening rays of the soft, spring sun. A boat with only its riding lights slipped past far out on the water.

He took her hand and she let it lie in his without pressure. "I wrote to Penster today," he said.

"Did you?" She looked at him with a strange astonishment. "That's curious." But she didn't ask him what he had written.

The westing light on her face tranquilized and revealed it, and he saw that she was weary. He put his arm around her and turned her to face him. "I'm eligible for a goodbye kiss," he said.

She was trembling. He could feel the warmth of her body through the thin coat, and he thought for a moment she did not mean to kiss him, but she lifted her arms and put them around his neck and touched his lips with hers. It was a brief kiss, but it left him shaken, and he wondered how he could have thought he would be the chivalrous little man and not betray Penster.

She was looking at him, still in his arms, and he saw the question in her eyes, and at the same time felt her nearness and knew he could kiss away that question. And that he would not. He had begun to get hold again of the simple things, of goodness and unselfishness and kindness and hope; his hold was tenuous but the most precious thing he had, more than he had thought he could retrieve. And somewhere Penster was still hoping.

He kissed her again, lightly, on the cheek, and let her go. He could not read her face. Whether she was disappointed or relieved, he could not tell.

"I wrote to Bruce today, too," she said at last.

He took a deep breath. This was what he needed, a reminder. "You didn't have his address."

"Oh, but I did. He sent it to me when he wrote. He wrote me a long letter, a sweet letter, announcing his engagement to a girl named Amelia. So I congratulated him. I have his letter. I thought you should see it." She handed it to him, and he read it half through, stupidly, before he recognized its significance. He looked up, his face young and bewildered, and she was watching him, and yearning as she had yearned that night toward Granny.

He reached out and took her in his arms. There were tears in her eyes, and the question was answered. She had been afraid, too, he had left integrity too far behind to recall it.

"You will come back," she whispered, words bolstering belief.

"I will come back," Woodley said. "Wait for me."

THE END

# WHY BE THE GOAT

every time you light your pipe?



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Shigo snatched the necklace, held it up in his quivering hands. "Bend your head," he said. "I will fasten it on your neck"

## CHINA FLIGHT

BY PEARL S. BUCK

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTHA SAWYERS

### The Story Thus Far:

THE guest of the Hatfords—Arnold Hatford, a wealthy Englishman, and his Eurasian wife, Leone, while they are house-boating in China—Lieutenant Daniel ("Dan") James, of the U. S. Marines, hears that Pearl Harbor has been attacked. Leaving the Hatfords (who plan to make their way to Hong Kong), he hurries to Shanghai, only to learn that his ship has sailed and that he is a prisoner of the Japanese!

Seated in his office, in the Japanese Foreign Office, in Shanghai, an important official, Shigo Kuyoshi, passes sentence on three prisoners: James; Jenny Barchet, an American newspaper correspondent; and a Mrs. Shipman, a kindly soul who runs a home—the "Gate of Hope"—for girls who are in trouble. He says the Marine is to go to prison, and that Jenny is to be interned, in her hotel, while Mrs. Shipman will stay, a prisoner, in her home.

Unfortunately, for Jenny, Shigo, strongly attracted to her, terrifies her by his bold advances. . . . Leone Hatford, half French, half Chinese, does not love her husband. En route to Hong Kong, she slips away from him, and makes her way to Shanghai, where she finds refuge in the home of her grandfather, school-

arly old P'an Lao-yeh. She hopes desperately that, somehow, she can find the man she has recently learned to love—Dan James, of whose fate, needless to say, she knows nothing. . . .

In his prison cell, James is kept in chains. Then, one day—after his brutal captors have given him three American sailors as cell-mates—he is escorted, with the sailors, to Shigo Kuyoshi.

Suspecting that Jenny is interested in James, and hating Americans, Shigo loathes the young Marine. But, when the victims come in, he directs most of his questions—and brutal ones they are, too—at the sailors. Taking a special dislike for a young blond fellow, he directs most of his vitriolic comments at him.

After a time, the boy refuses to speak. Whereupon, a guard attacks him, breaks his arm with a jujitsu trick.

At this point, James (no longer able to control himself) jumps forward. "Come on, fellows!" he shouts, and he and the other Americans leap on the guards. But Shigo knows what to do. He simply touches a bell that sounds an alarm through the building; and a number of armed guards pour in, overcome the Americans and truss them up. Shigo, oily as ever, is calm and collected. "How foolish this is," he says gently, "how unnecessary!"

SHIGO sat there behind the desk, not a hair disturbed.

"Really I blame you, Lieutenant," he said to Daniel, with kindly severity. "These sailors are only simple fellows, but you should have known better."

Daniel bit back the retort on his lips. No use talking!

Shigo surveyed the prisoners a moment, his eyes benign and superior. Then he spoke in a rush of Japanese, and instantly the guards moved. He spoke again and two of them pushed Daniel to one side, while the others led the sailors away. Two stooped and picked up the blond boy.

Daniel asked: "Are you going to get that boy's arm set before he comes to?"

Shigo lifted his handsome eyebrows. "He may never come to," he said quietly.

"Do you mean—" Daniel shouted.

But Shigo put up his pale hand. "Do not shout, Lieutenant—it is not necessary. You Americans have such a habit of shouting."

"Look here," Daniel gasped. "If I get out of this hole, I'll see to it your name is put down at the head of the list for punishment. They'll be making a black list of the ones they're going to punish—for extraordinary cruelty. Your name will be at the top of the list!"

Shigo laughed. "Incurable optimism," he said gaily, "the American national character! There is a large war on, friend, and we have won the first round. We shall win the second round, friend, and the third round, and means we shall soon have the island of the Philippines and the East Indies, Hong Kong and Singapore, Lieutenant."

"You talk like a fool," Daniel said shortly.

Shigo laughed. "How refreshing your frankness is," he said amiably. "You from—let me see—there is a state—"

"Missouri," Daniel said. "Yes, from Missouri."

"Well, Missouri will see," Shigo said. He took an exquisitely carved brass pocket knife from the desk and held it in both hands. "Now to business," he said briskly. He looked up and met Daniel's sullen dark eyes with malicious glee. "I have a special post for you, Lieutenant. I know how hard it must be for a man of your strong frame and active habits to be sitting idly in a prison. Therefore, I propose to take you out into the sunlight and the air and to give you plenty of exercise. I propose, in short, to give you the job of pulling my private ricksha."

HIS mocking oval eyes were smiling as with peculiar pleasure he watched the dark red creep up from the lieutenant's neck and cover his cheeks.

"You haven't a ricksha and you know it," Daniel muttered. "Your kind rides in automobiles."

"Ah, but there you are wrong," Shigo said. "I have a new and shining ricksha with good rubber tires, brass fittings, silk-covered cushions, a handsome ricksha that will be an honor for any coolie to pull. It is quite fitting—did you know that was an American who first invented the ricksha? Yes, it was in Japan, and I hired Japanese to pull him about in the Americans so enjoy the ricksha—pulled by Japanese. Now you will enjoy it also, doubtless, but between the shafts."

Daniel held up his head. He stared high above Shigo and out of the window behind the desk.

"What if I say I won't do it?" he asked clearly.

"It is quite within your right to refuse," Shigo said calmly. "But it is also quite within my right to send you after your companions." He pressed a bell and spoke a few curt words into a telephone. Then he put back the receiver. "Let us listen," he said solemnly.

In silence he sat, his pale hands folded on the desk in front of him, and Daniel continued to gaze out of the window. Small creatures were hunting through the ruins, grubbing in the dust and fallen brick and the ashes.

"Now," Shigo said.

Across the silence rang three clear shots.

"They are saving alive the young man with the broken arm," Shigo Kuyoshi said in his gentle, cultivated voice. "I gave special orders that he was not to be shot—yet."

"Do you think I care what you do to me?" Daniel said. His voice was harsh in his tight throat.

"I thought you wanted to live to tell how bad I am," Shigo reminded him. His eyes were teasing. "How can you tell them about me if you are dead?"

Daniel did not answer. Tears of wrath





*Announces*

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conservation of your gasoline, oil, and tires. Some of them are so indispensable that, if they fail, you cannot drive at all.

## *For Yourself—and America*

A list of the products covered by this new, war-time service; and a brief statement of what they require, and why; are given below on this page. For your own good, and for the conservation of America's gas, oil, and tires, follow the suggestions given.

This new service will save time on repairs, and conserve vital materials on all nine of these AC products—



**SPARK PLUGS**—Dirty or worn plugs waste as much gas as one coupon in every ten. They also cause hard starting which weakens your battery. Have your plugs cleaned and adjusted every few months because they get dirty faster with slow driving.

**AIR CLEANERS**—A dirty air cleaner restricts the flow of air into the carburetor. This reduces gasoline economy, increases gas consumption. So, to maintain gas economy and to protect your engine against dust, have your air cleaner rinsed every time your car is lubricated.

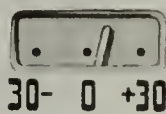


**FUEL PUMPS**—Fuel pumps are practically trouble free. However, if yours has been in use thirty or forty thousand miles, it may be worn to the point where a check-up is due.

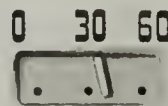


**OIL FILTERS**—Slow driving greatly accelerates the formation of soot and carbon in engine oil. If not constantly filtered from the oil, this dirt will clog piston rings which will cause increased consumption of oil and gas. So, replace your oil filter elements whenever your dealer's AC Oil Test Pad shows that your oil is dirty.

**SPEEDOMETERS**—Speedometers, too, are very reliable and seldom give trouble. But, today, it is absolutely necessary to keep them in good condition.

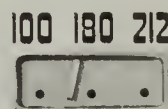
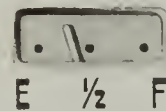


**AMMETERS**—Your ammeter is very reliable and seldom requires service, but it must be kept in good condition because it is the tell-tale which shows whether the battery is being charged or drained.



**OIL PRESSURE GAUGES**—If your oil pressure gauge stops functioning, SWITCH OFF YOUR ENGINE and call a competent service man at once, or the engine may be seriously damaged. The gauge, often, is not at fault. Usually, the trouble is in the oil supply system.

**GASOLINE GAUGES**—Gas gauges need to be kept in reliable condition, although they seldom need service.



**TEMPERATURE GAUGES**—Your temperature gauge is your only indicator of engine heat. Although very reliable, it should be kept in condition. An overheated engine can suffer expensive damage and waste anti-freeze.



Tick-Tock...Tick-Tock...

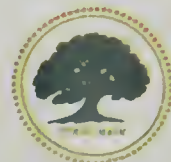
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OLD CHARTER



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were hot in his eyes. If this criminal had shot so easily the sailors and kept alive the tortured boy, what had he done to Jenny? He brought his eyes back from the ruined city and fastened them upon Shigo's smiling face.

"That girl," he said between his teeth, "Jenny Barchet—did you shoot her, too?"

For a moment the two men glared at each other, and for the first time Shigo's face changed subtly. "You remember her, ha?" he muttered. Then he shook himself and wiped his mouth with his silk handkerchief. His face was right again. "You remember her, of course," he said, and cleared his throat. "No, certainly I did not shoot her," he said. "Why should I shoot a beautiful woman, especially when she is—my friend?"

"You lie," Daniel said distinctly. "She could never be your friend."

"She is a woman," Shigo said. The smile was a smirk. "And I am a man, am I not? And not—too—" He shrugged his shoulders. "Come, I will not praise myself and my success."

He became the man of business again, cold, and full of authority. "Your room is on the compound, Lieutenant," he said with ironic formality. "Our coolies always stay in the servants' quarters ready for call. And you will have these two friends always near you."

HE THREW in a few curt words and the two guards moved forward. There was no time for one more word. They prodded Daniel in the back, pushing him through the door. Then they turned to the left, and he made his way ahead of them through a garden. The grass was dun with winter, but the bamboos were green, and against the house there were clumps of green shrubs gay with red berries. The birds were busy at them and flew away in a scolding flock as he passed. Around the huge house he went, guided by the bayonets at his back, and across a kitchen yard to the long row of single-story rooms at the rear. Three or four Chinese menservants idled there and looked at him with veiled eyes. A Japanese woman squatted on her heels and nursed a walking child who stood on the ground in front of her. No one spoke. He was led to a room near the end of the row and thrust into it. The room had a grilled iron gate and the guards locked the gate.

He stared about him for a moment

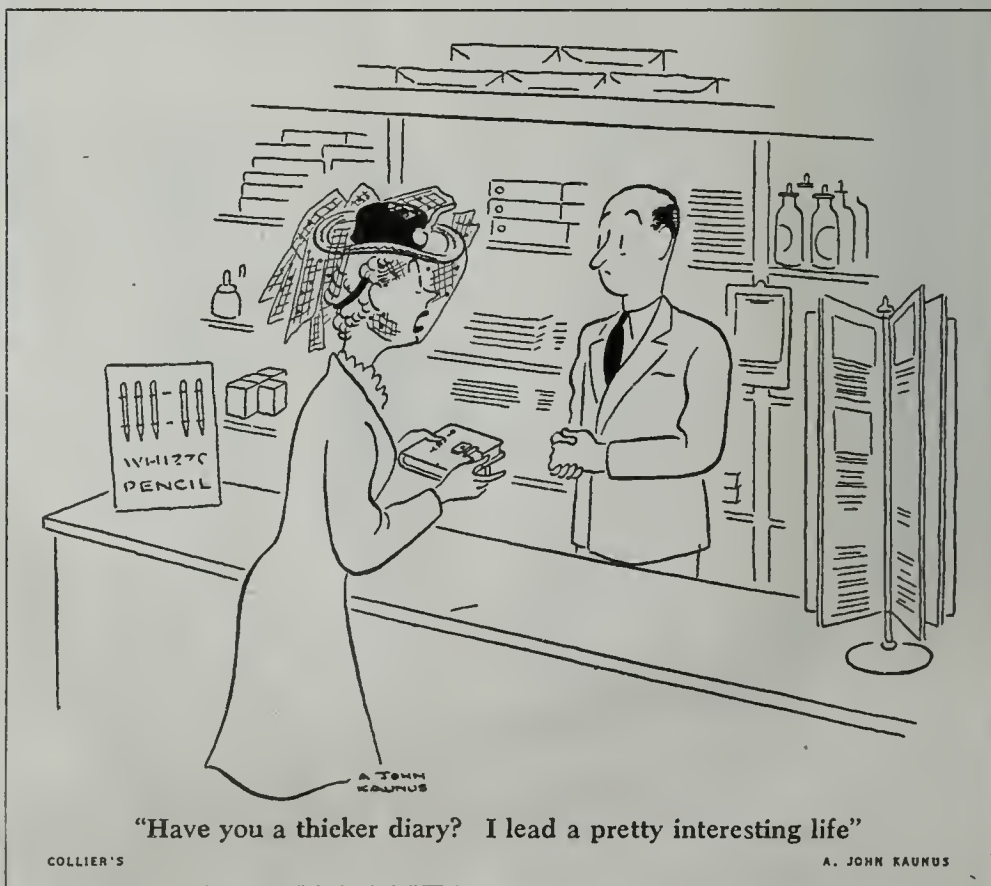
and then sank on the bamboo bed, dazed and faint with all that had happened to him. He was a prisoner still.

In the hotel everyone was watching Jenny Barchet. She was the only American. It was a small hotel kept by a German couple, clean and well managed. When she had first come here there were many Americans, and then one by one they had gone away. She had watched them go, had known that she should be going, too. In a few days, she had kept telling herself, she would be on a ship bound for Manila. Then, suddenly, it had been impossible to go anywhere.

The hotel now was full of Germans and Italians and Japanese. They watched her curiously, admiring her beauty and her proud carriage. Every one of them knew that though she seemed to come and go so freely she never went beyond the compound gate. Everyone knew that though she wandered about the hotel gardens, there always seemed to be a Japanese wandering very near. Whether she saw it or not she gave no sign. When her proud blue eyes lifted and fell on that small invariable figure in the dark plain clothes lurking at the end of a flower bed or strolling on a pebbled path, they were blank upon a stranger's face.

She lived a routinized life, sleeping as late as she could, and then going down to the hotel room for breakfast. There she sat at the same table, always a small table set for only one. If anyone spoke to her she answered good morning in a sweet and distant voice. She walked after breakfast for an hour, and her shadow walked, too. Then she went back to her room to write. She wrote steadily for as many hours as she could and what she wrote was a novel. Its scene was imaginary, its people imaginary—dwellers in a land that never was. Because she knew that in the afternoon what she had written would be read by sedulous eyes and reported, she spent the morning making her tale as fantastic and as bewildering as she could.

But all the time she was walking, all the time she was writing, she was taut with listening. Some time during the day, any time, the telephone would ring and there would be Shigo. There was no chance of its being any other voice than his—gallant, mocking, a little eager in spite of himself. There was never a day that he did not call. Sometimes it was only to tell her that he could not come,

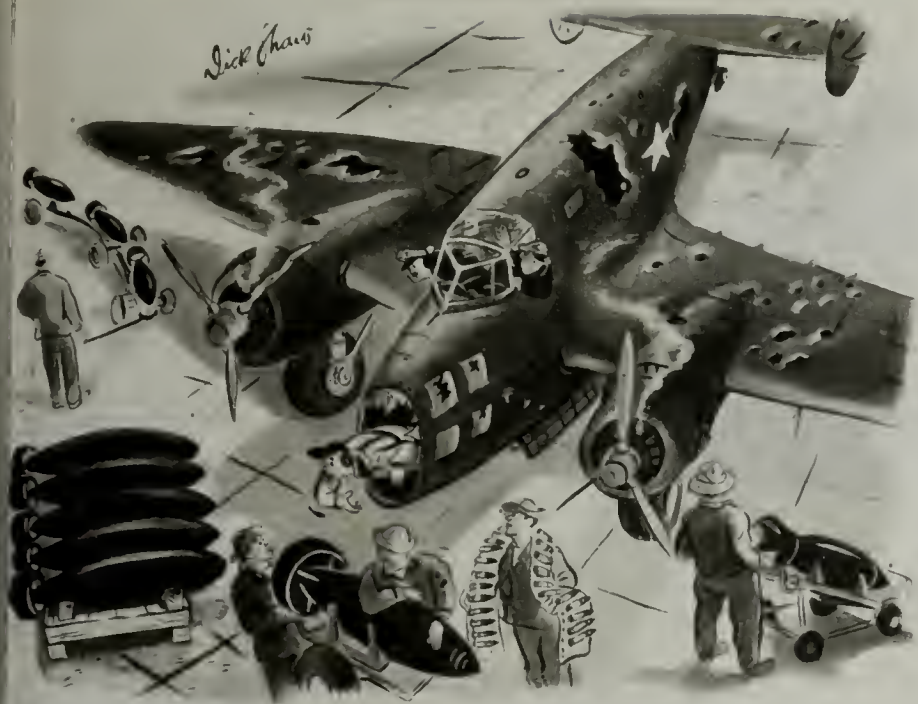


"Have you a thicker diary? I lead a pretty interesting life"

COLLIER'S

A. JOHN KAUNUS





"May we have another helping, please?"

DICK SHAW

he had extra work to do. When this happened she always did the same thing. She pulled the shades down and took a bath and went to sleep for hours. Tautness left her until dawn the next morning.

Her door was always locked, but she knew that every lock had another key, and she had it. When she went to sleep she pulled the furniture against the door and put the pistol under her pillow. Sometimes she was waked in the night by the sliding of the furniture pushed against the door. When that happened she pulled out the pistol and called sharply, "Who is there?" Always the noise stopped.

Yet she knew she was safe enough, so long as Shigo came to see her. Nothing could happen to her unless he let it happen. She lay awake every dawn, pondering this horrible net that Shigo had cast about her, a net of silk, seemingly so delicate, actually so strong, so closely woven that there was no escape.

HE had made many attempts to find a thread for escape. Her room boy she had tested delicately, offering him money and would let her through the back gate one night. But he had shrugged his shoulders.

"More better Missy stay here," he had consoled her, and turned down the corner of her bed neatly as he made it.

When she tried it the second time he had said simply, "Suppose my do, what do you go, Missy? No man can talk to you come his side. Suppose he do—" the room boy pointed an imaginary gun, took aim, and fired. Then he grinned at her. "Maskee, Missy," he said to comfort her.

She wandered downstairs sometimes in the evenings. In the lobby there were Germans, German men and a few German women, fewer Italians and many Japanese. They stared at her curiously. Sometimes a man spoke to her, his lips quivering as he smiled. She knew what they thought—that she belonged to Shigo Kuyoshi. None dared to be too friendly to her. There was not one whom she could trust.

Where would it end? Day by day she felt Shigo more pressing. One day that gentle courteous surface that he maintained so steadily gay, so insistently hopeful, would break. Then what would she do to her because she had not yielded to him? The most horrible thing was that he really loved her, in his way of loving. His patience was because he loved her and wanted her to love him.

What would happen to her when she did not yield? This was the terror of her days and nights.

What had happened to Daniel she had no way of knowing. She longed to be able to talk to Mrs. Shipman, but there was no means. At first she had tried to reach her casually by the telephone. She knew now that she could never reach anyone by telephone except Shigo. To any other call the answer was the same, "Too bad—no answer, Missy."

She lived in physical ease and comfort, and yet in prison. She had luxuries of good food and hot water, her comfortable rooms, but she was in prison and Shigo was her jailer.

So she reflected one morning. It was a brilliant day in mid-January, one of Shanghai's rare winter days. The sun poured down as cruelly bright upon the ruins as it had been used to light the once gay city. An hour ago she had been walking in the garden, her usual walk, and she had stopped to look at a bare brown shrub in a sheltered corner, on which the flower buds were already beginning to swell. It came to her with a shock that this garden would be beautiful in spring. But must she still be here in spring?

She had come back to her room with her eyes full of tears. Spring! They would be thinking of her at home and wondering why they did not hear from her. But no one would know where she was. They would not even be able to ask where she was. They might think she was in Manila. The Japanese-controlled newspapers in the hotel were boasting that Manila had fallen. Had it fallen? She did not know.

A great wave of homesickness drenched her heart. She leaned her head upon her arms against the window and sobbed. She must—she must get free! Somehow she must get home. Then in the stillness of the room her solitary sobbing frightened her with its own hopelessness and abruptly she stopped and wiped her eyes.

I mustn't give up, she thought desperately, I must think and think.

She flung herself into a deep chair and closed her eyes. What tool had she to work with to save herself? She answered her own question—nothing but the love of this man whom she loathed—the love of an enemy, a love of which she was ashamed.

But still it is all I have, she thought. She was listening for the telephone again. She opened her eyes and stared at it there on the table. At any moment

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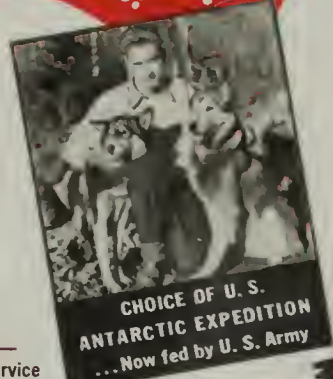
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now it would ring. He usually rang before twelve o'clock. Once she had turned it off so that it would not ring, and in less than an hour he had been at the door himself, his pale yellow skin gray with anger. It was anxiety for a moment, but when he saw her it changed to instantaneous anger. He had stepped into the room and slammed the door and locked it.

"Why did you not answer me?" he demanded.

She had opened her eyes of pretending innocence. "I was tired and went to sleep and did not want to be disturbed," she said.

His forehead was wet with sweat and he wiped it off with his silk handkerchief. Then he sat down and took out a cigarette, allowing his anger to drain away.

"I did not know what to think," he said.

"It did not occur to me what you would think," she had replied.

There was no more said about it, and soon he was his usual self. But he had stayed only a few minutes on the excuse that there were duties he had left undone. When she came back from her afternoon walk around the compound, an old-fashioned telephone had been put in that could not be turned off.

She sat up, and twisted her hands together.

How shall I use him? she thought. I must find a way to use him.

She would put herself against him—woman against man, the stake her life. But she would not tell him that. She would let him think it was—perhaps something else. She would fool him, deceive him, promise him for the future, hold him off and deny him now, and bewilder him and confuse him and make him hope.

THEN her heart failed. I'm afraid of him, she thought. How can I fool him if I'm afraid of him?

She looked about the room wildly. "Mother—" she whispered. The picture of that small compact figure came before her eyes, her sensible, practical American mother. "What would you tell me to do, I wonder?" She strained her memory to gaze into those blue eyes which had once been like her own, a young girl's blue eyes. They were wise old eyes now. Jenny was the youngest of eight children, and her mother had reared them on a spiritual diet of hardy ancient proverbs and philosophies. "What can't be cured must be endured," was her mother's favorite. "Put up or shut up," she was fond of telling a complaining child. "No good to me now, Mom," Jenny whispered. "I can't endure it and I don't know how to cure it—and I can't put up with it."

She strained her memory of her mother. But it was no use. This was a situation now which no American woman could comprehend. Her mother, safe in a small comfortable Midwestern town, could not have imagined even remotely her youngest daughter, a prisoner in a hotel compound in Shanghai, prisoner of a Japanese who showed her the mercy of a cat fond of a mouse.

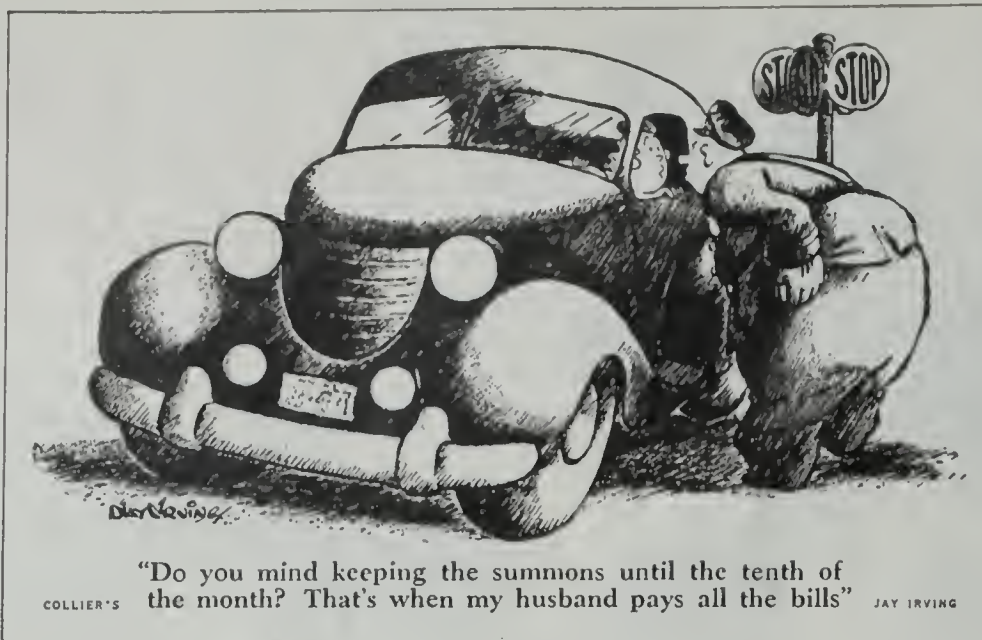
I've got to trust to my own wits, Jenny thought.

As though to challenge those wits the telephone rang. She brushed back her fair hair with both hands, rose resolutely from the chair and took up the receiver. "Yes?" she said. Her voice was clear and hard.

"It is I," Shigo said, laughing, "your tormentor, your persecutor, your—friend."

"Yes?" she said, her voice unchanged.

"I have so long promised to take you



"Do you mind keeping the summons until the tenth of the month? That's when my husband pays all the bills"

COLLIER'S

JAY IRVING

out, have I not?" Shigo said. "I have never done so. Now you have been a long time in the compound and I think you are tired of it. You will relish a drive into the country, I think?"

"I am quite happy, thank you," she said in that unchanging voice.

"You will not go out with me?" Shigo asked. In the telephone his voice took a sharp edge.

She forced herself to laugh. "You must see how it would look, Mr. Kuyoshi," she said. "People would imagine—all sorts of impossible things."

There was a long silence. She heard him draw in his breath. "Very well," he said. "I shall come to see you late this afternoon, please."

She hesitated long enough to control the impulse of terror that suddenly blackened the room for a moment. Then she forced herself to say calmly:

"Of course, I shall be here."

Daniel heard the scrape of the iron-bound door. It opened and he sprang from his bed. He had been asleep, how long he did not know, but hours, at least. He was faint with hunger. Now here was food. An elderly Chinese man was bringing it in. But he scarcely noticed the man for the food. It was real food, a large bowl of rice, a bowl of fish and another of vegetables cooked with bean curd. The two guards lounged against the open door, watching all that was done. The Chinese said not a word to them and paid no apparent heed to them. He put down the bowls on the table, motioned

to Daniel to eat, went out and came back with a large teapot, which he set down beside the food. Then he went out again and the guards locked the door.

But Daniel saw nothing but the food. He was hungry and sick with faintness. He craved the food and was half afraid to eat it. He hesitated for a moment and saw the old man's face looking through the grill.

WHEN he caught Daniel's eyes he made motions of a rice bowl lifted to the lips and chopsticks, and nodded with vigor. "Eat—eat," he was trying to say. Something in the wrinkled brown face and the kind eyes gave Daniel comfort. He took up the rice and awkwardly, for he had never used chopsticks in his life, he began to eat. Even if I'm poisoned it's worth it, he thought, grinning the ghost of his old gay grin.

But apparently he was not to be poisoned and, against his better judgment, he could not resist eating everything. Then, warm and fed for the first time since he left Hatford's houseboat, he threw himself down on the bed and fell asleep again.

It was nearly dusk when he felt his shoulder seized and shaken. He leaped up, incoherent, out of his sleep.

"What—what—" he muttered, and stared into the face of one of his guards.

The guard shouted at him and pointed outside. The door was open and the guard kept pointing. Daniel rose. "All right," he said, "I'm coming—but what

next?" He felt suddenly cheerful in of himself. What for?—he asked him. Then he remembered how well he eaten. One good meal had brought his strength and courage. I guess I'm dead yet, he thought. And I guess won't find it easy to kill me.

He straightened his shoulders and lowered his guards out into the yard. He marched on either side of him, always with those fixed bayonets. Daniel glared right and left at their brightness.

"Bet you sleep with them," he aloud. The guards scowled at him ignorant distrust. He grinned down them. They were a long way down thought, chuckling. Their heads reached his shoulders. If he looked at them he could almost forget they were there. He suddenly began to whistle Star-Spangled Banner.

"Ha!" the guards roared threateningly. "So you know it, do you?" Daniel

torted.

But he fell silent and so they came to the locked gate on the compound. They stopped. A garage stood to the left of the gate. It was open and a handsome American car stood there being washed by a slender Chinese in a chauffeur's uniform. He was barefooted and he had trousers and sleeves rolled up. He was polishing and breathing on the window.

"Ricksha!" a guard shouted. The chauffeur paused, turned his face in surprise at the sound, and saw Daniel.

The two looked at each other. What Daniel saw was a smooth young Chinese face and naïve young eyes. He liked them once. But what the Chinese thought did not show itself. He dropped the cloth held in his hand and leaped gracefully over the car and came out from behind it pulling a new and ornate private ricksha. He pulled it in a slow and leisurely fashion and dropped the shafts in front of the gate.

The guards motioned to Daniel to step between the shafts. He hesitated a moment then he felt a light touch on his arm. The young Chinese was smiling at him and pointing down at the shafts.

"He's trying to tell me to go on and do it," Daniel thought. "Maybe he's right. This isn't a time for a break."

He had the strange inclination to obey this Chinese out of instinctive trust. "Though why should I trust a Chinese chauffeur of a Jap's car?" he asked himself. Nevertheless, he stepped between the shafts, his temper rising. A silly memory came into his mind. He had gone to the World's Fair one summer and had seen American boys pulling play rickshas about. He had not liked it then. The had been something degrading in the idea of a man behind shafts, even in play. But this was no play. He stood, his hands clutched grimly about the polished shafts. The thing was light enough—light as a toy.

JUST then Shigo opened the door of his house and ran down the steps.

In a moment he stood beside the ricksha. "Lower the shafts, please," he said imperiously as he might to any coolie.

Daniel did not move. The blood rushed through his head like a flood. Then there was the sharp prick of bayonet in both his arms. He lowered the shafts and Shigo Kuyoshi stepped in. "The Cosmopolitan Hotel, please," he said.

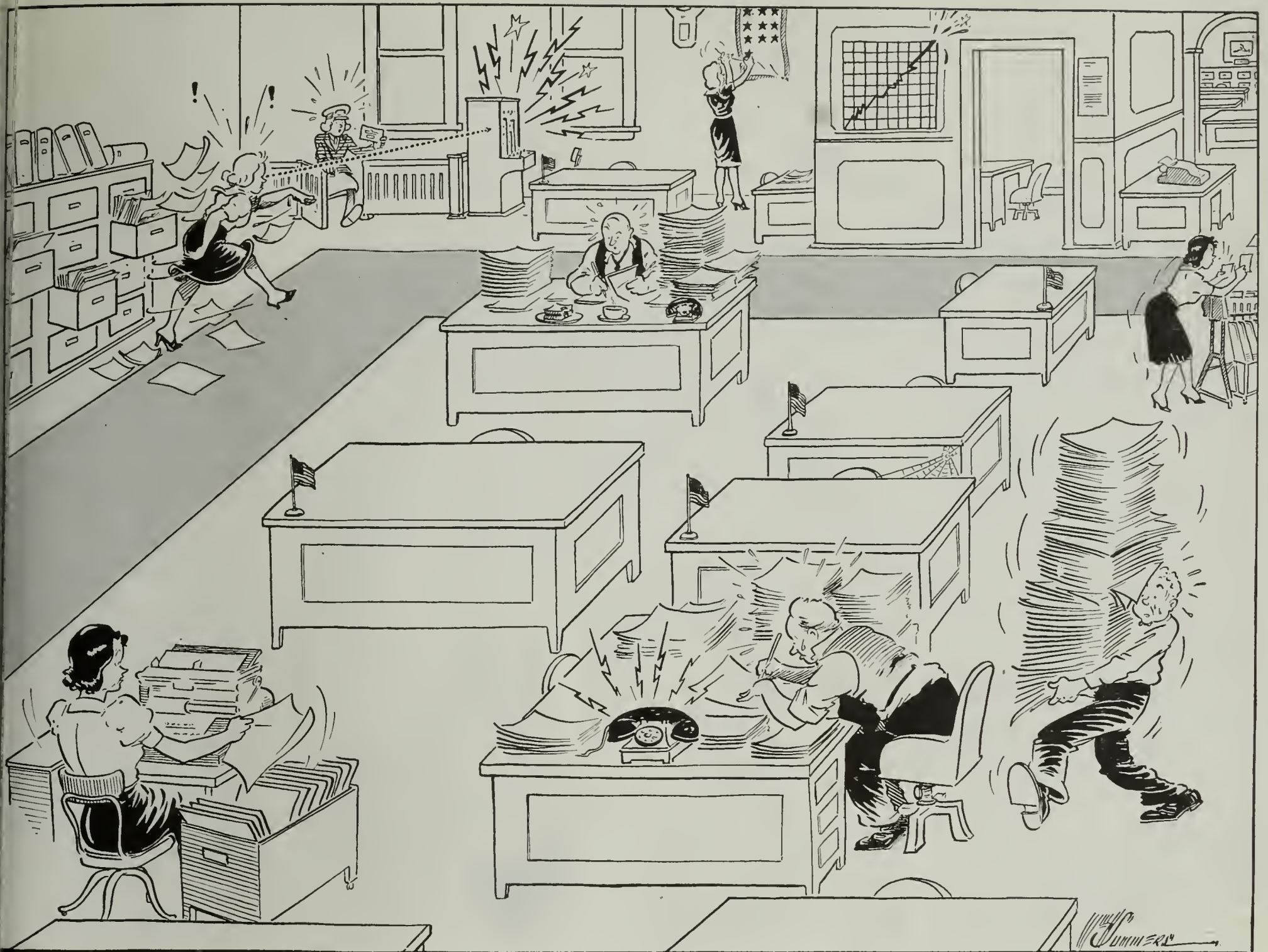
At the curb of the hotel, Daniel James lowered the shafts roughly. He was panting, but not with fatigue, sweating, but with rage. On either side of him the silent crowds of watching Chinese came a little closer. Shigo did not reprove them. He had let them follow his ricksha all the way. They had padded along men and boys and a few old women



COLLIER'S

TONY BARLOW





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► He can point out short-cuts in accounting work, so that your office machines will give you capacity production.

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their solemn faces anxious in the twilight. What had happened to the world? they seemed to be asking.

"Faster!" Shigo had shouted to Daniel.

But Daniel had not hastened his steady walking pace. He could not have hastened it if he would. His body felt muscle-bound. Only his dazed will was making his legs move. His brain was numb and he could not think. In this daze he heard rifle shots, and the slush of the mud in the street sprayed his clothes, but he did not care. He still had on his uniform, the uniform of a United States Marine. It was the thought of mud on his uniform that made him suddenly think again.

I wish I had on some other clothes, he thought. This uniform ought not to be between shafts, pulling a Japanese.

He was scarcely aware of the crowds as he strode along, neither slowing nor hastening his pace. It was not until Shigo stepped out of the ricksha that he turned and saw them. There they were, all these faces, watching him. The people stood motionless, staring, anxious, watching him with the terror with which a child watches a parent suddenly grown weak and childish.

An old woman began to sob, and at the sound of this sobbing the guards whirled and charged the crowd with their bayonets. The people fled in an instant, dividing into alleys and doorways. And Daniel sank upon the curbstone and buried his face in his arms.

UPSTAIRS Shigo Kuyoshi was agreeably surprised. Jenny Barchet had opened the door, if not with a smile, at least without the silent hostility which had been like a barricade upon the threshold on every other day he had entered here. She lifted her long eyelashes and her lips quivered.

"Come in," she said.

He almost stumbled in his surprise. "Thank you," he said quickly. "Thank you very much indeed."

He was so used to forcing down her hatred against him that now he scarcely knew how to begin. She dropped gracefully into the chair she always chose, while with inner disturbance he took off his coat and put it down with hat and gloves and cane. Then he sat down opposite her.

"Well?" he said softly.

"Well?" she echoed, lifting her eyebrows. The effect was that of a smile if one did not examine too closely the tenseness of the mouth, the wariness of the blue eyes. But she had rouged her lips with a hint of upturn at the corners so that her whole face was changed with that change. She rose as he gazed at her and put out the overhead light. The shaded lamp on the table glowed softly and revealed less.

"You are different," he whispered.

"Am I?" she asked.

"You—something has changed in you—"

She did not answer nor did she move her eyes from his face. Now to her amazement she saw that he was trembling. When he held out his cigarette case to her, his hand shook. She had never been willing to accept a cigarette from him before, but now she leaned forward.

"Thank you," she said. He sprang to light the cigarette between her lips, and the hand holding the lighter trembled. She looked up and saw his handsome face suffused with emotion and shyness.

"You have never been willing to—to do this before," he said.

"No," she agreed. "I never have—before."

He leaned over her, and she drew back. "But a cigarette is a very small thing,"

she said lightly. "Think how many cigarettes I have accepted from how many men!"

Now he drew back, sensitive as always to the slight rebuff. She could see what he was thinking. He did not want to make a mistake with her. He wanted to follow only as she led, so long as she led in the direction of his goal.

"Sit down, please," she said and he sat down.

What, she thought, would be the end of this? She did not look at him as he sat watching her, but she could feel those hot Japanese eyes upon her. At what point would she escape him? She could not see the end. She was evading, postponing, and that was all. If he should discover the deception, what would happen then?

I must not be afraid of him, she thought. If only I keep myself not

tell him the truth, that in her desperation she was only using this—yielding—as a trick. But she could not speak.

He regarded her tenderly. "You ask me what I have done today. I have done only the general things which come in the line of duty. Certain persons were arrested as spies and tried and punished. That is common and everyday. It is inevitable when a conquered country is being organized under new rule. It is difficult for me sometimes to do my duty for I dislike harshness. And yet—" He paused and coughed into his silk handkerchief and went on, "But there are other pleasant things, also. All day I have been thinking of you. And I looked among my treasures before I came to find something to bring you. I found this." He reached into his breast pocket and brought out a small flat box. He opened it and lifted from it a thin neck-

felt his kiss, like flame, upon the nape of her neck.

"Don't!" she cried. She leaped to her feet. "How dare you touch me!" she cried. "I hate your touch!"

He stood staring at her, his eyes wide, his face reddening. "How dare you—he shouted. "You—you let me expect—"

"Nothing!" she cried. "Nothing!"

Oh, now only the truth was possible and nothing but the truth! "I see I can do it," she said, speaking aloud to herself and to him. "I thought I could use you—"

"Use me?" he screamed. He beat his breast. "Use me?" he repeated.

"To save my life," she said. "But now I know—I would rather die."

They stared at each other and suddenly the heat went out of him. She could see it go, first out of his eyes and then out of his face and then the trembling of his hands was stilled. He took his silk handkerchief from his pocket and wiped his face. Then he gave a strange dry laugh.

"You thought you would use me, to save your life," he repeated. "I was to be fooled, I was to be persuaded that you could love me—to save your life!" He laughed again, his handsome face bitter. "How unnecessary, my dear little Jenny! For, you see, I would not kill you for anything. Your life is as safe with me as though you were in your own home. No one in the world is safer than you here, in your little nest." He looked about the room. "And I shall come here again and again, and what cannot be given to me I will take, dear little Jenny. But you must never, never feel yourself in danger of losing your life. Oh, no!"

HE REACHED into his pocket and brought out a small pistol. "I carry this, but never for you, little Jenny."

"I carry this, too," she said. She put her hand inside her bosom and brought out her little silver pistol.

He laughed. "A toy," he said, "a pretty toy. Look in it, Jenny!"

Instead she lifted it and leveled it at his laughing face and fired.

There was no explosion. She broke open the magazine. It was empty. But how had it been done? She kept the pistol always in her pocket under her hand, under her pillow at night. Yet somehow its load had been rifled!

He was smiling his pleasant debonaire smile. "Someone who knows you very well," he said, "who knows you so enjoy nice long warm baths."

So while she was bathing, he had sent spies into her room! She dropped the pistol on the floor.

"I see you have no mercy," she said in a whisper.

"On the contrary," he said. "I am a man of great mercy. This morning I might have killed a friend of yours. But I did not. I might have kept him locked in prison. I did not even do that. I have—taken him out of his cell and given him a good room and good food."

"I don't know whom you mean," she said dully.

"Come to the window and see," he said. "Look out of the window and see your friend!"

She ran to the window blindly, careless of what he thought of her eagerness. He was at her side in an instant, and he threw open the window and shouted.

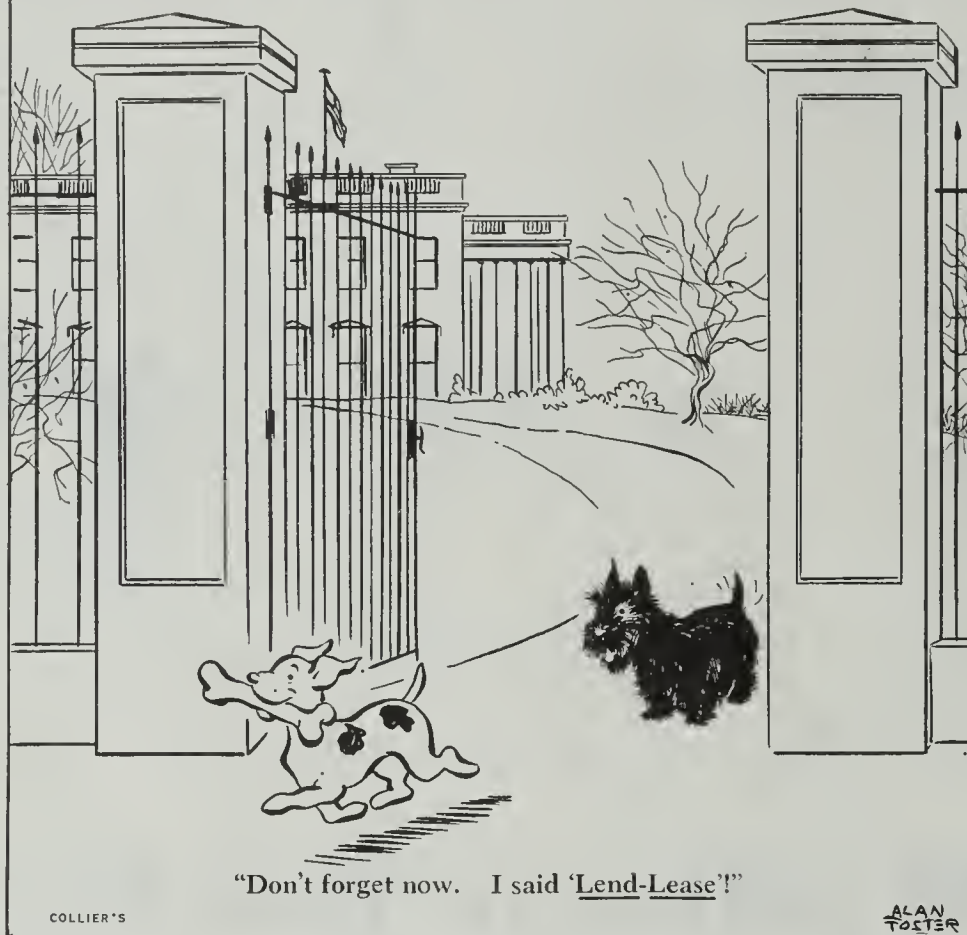
She saw a figure sitting on the curb of the sidewalk, motionless, with bent head and folded arms. At the sound he lifted his head and looked up. The lamplight fell full upon his face.

"My ricksha coolie, Lieutenant Daniel James," Shigo said. He jerked her back and locked the window fast.

(To be continued next week)

## MR. FALA OF THE WHITE HOUSE

by ALAN FOSTER



afraid of him, I shall escape somehow. It's thinking I can't escape that will make me—lost.

Out of this new, determined daring she smiled at him. "What have you been doing all day?" she asked.

He leaned forward, "Please—speak to me as a friend—I am Shigo."

"Shigo," she said obediently.

HE SMILED and she saw his eyes mist. "If you knew how my name sounds to me when you speak it!"

Yes, the horror of this thing was that he genuinely loved her. She saw that he did and she knew that he did, and she pitied him while she loathed him. Somewhere he was a man, too—somewhere out of this monstrous world which was around them both. Had there been no war, had peace been their atmosphere he would have been different and she—they might have been friends, though never lovers. No, she could never have loved him, but she might have liked him. Now to the terror of her imprisonment and her loneliness was added this horror of his love. She looked away from him and felt her own knees begin to tremble.

She wanted to beg him not to force her, not to hurry her. She had the impulse to throw herself on his mercy and

lace of filigreed silver, decorated with blue enamel flowers. "This, I said to myself, would match the two blue flowers which are your eyes."

He rose half diffidently and came toward her and she took the box from his hands.

"It is very pretty," she said. She could hardly speak for terror. The room was full of terror. When he came near she felt the heat of his hands, the heat of his flesh, and she saw his eyes burning. The pallor of his face, always so smooth, was broken with two patches of red near his temples and his thin lips were red.

"Will you put it on?" he asked.

"Not now," she whispered, "please, not now!"

"Yes, now!" he said. His voice was suddenly loud. "You will put it on now, for I command it!" He snatched the necklace from the box and held it up in his quivering hands. "Bend your head," he said in the same loud voice. "I will fasten it on your neck."

As though she had been told to place her head on the block she bent her head and her hair divided and fell over her cheeks. She felt his hot horrible hands slide about her neck, under her hair, and clasp the necklace swiftly and dexterously. Then before she could move she





THE SUN  
NEVER SETS  
ON THE  
FIGHTING JEEP

## TILL HELL FREEZES OVER

AS this is written the Russian flag still floats defiantly over glorious Stalingrad. Day after day, for endless, bomb-shattered, tank-battered weeks, those incredibly brave Russian soldiers, factory workers, women, and even children, have held Hitler's mad hordes at bay.

The crushing toll they have taken of Nazi armed forces and Nazi morale is a contribution to the Allied cause that is beyond computation today. And what an example of *love of country* it is.

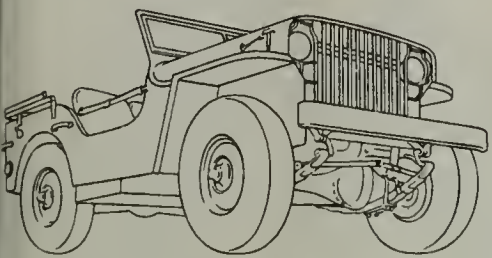
Aiding the heroic Russians, in fierce counter-attacks and in many other equally vital operations—as swift, as determined, as deadly to the Nazis as the inspired Russians themselves—are the Jeeps built by Willys-Overland.

Yes, on the volatile Russian front and on every other front in this war, the Jeep is on active duty. With its "GO-Devil" engine heart, and rugged body of steel, it is setting an example of all-out patriotic service; an example that every man,

woman and child in America must emulate if *our* fighting forces are to win this war.

The Jeep puts *everything it has* into every job it has been fitted to do in this war, *for your freedom*.

We are proud of the Willys-Overland engineers who assisted the U. S. Quartermaster Corps in designing the Jeep. And it is to *their* credit that the Willys-designed "Go-Devil" Engine drives *all* Jeeps being built for the U. S. Army and for our Allies. Willys-Overland Motors, Inc.

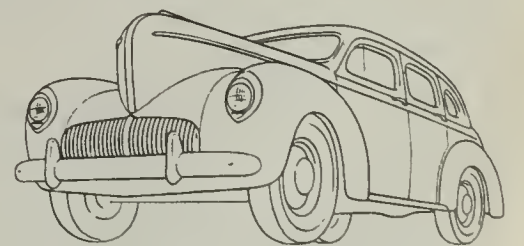


U. S. ARMY JEEP

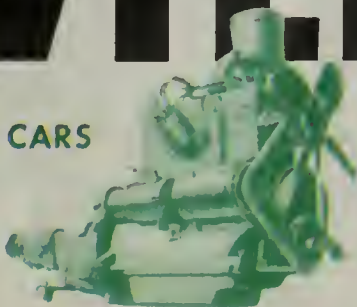
# WILLYS

MOTOR CARS

TRUCKS AND JEEPS



AMERICAR—the People's Car



THE GO-DEVIL ENGINE—power-heart of WILLYS CARS and all JEEPS





# The Average WOMAN

BY JUDITH CHASE

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM STEIG

## What Does She Do with Herself at Home All Day?

HER housework, which her husband will claim isn't enough exercise to keep her weight down, is enough to make her take a daily hike of more than eight miles around her home—and she walks—a distance greater than that from Boston to San Francisco each year—more than 3,000 miles, without leaving her home. Since one out of every three steps she takes is unnecessary, she takes the equivalent of a walk from Quebec to Chicago each year all for nothing.

To add to her misery, odds are ten to one she'll have foot trouble, caused not by her stiff daily workout, but from badly fitting shoes, which likely as not, she'll buy "to make her feet look prettier." And she'll buy them just about twice as often as her husband. Chances are eight to one she'll get corns because she'll tackle her housework in "any old shoes." And when she wails that her feet hurt, it's five to one her husband won't have had that ailment enough to give her the amount of sympathy she thinks she ought to get.



For her average family of four she spends  $9\frac{1}{2}$  whole years of her life in the kitchen. She will cook more than 47,000 meals and scrub 34 tons of family laundry. She will spend almost two whole years of her life just washing the dishes. She washes and dries some 26,280 dishes every year, which, if she "left them to do later" over the entire period of her married life, would make a stack over five miles high.

She totes home most of the lending library books—even if she does get a good many of them because of colorful covers or because her neighbor suggests "Haven't you read it yet?" And if her husband usually snags his pick of the five novels and biography or travel books she brings home each month, she shouldn't complain. After all she can wait—she's better educated than he is, anyway.

Despite the fact that both she and her husband have each been drinking 15 lbs. of coffee along with the 1,415 lbs. of goods they each eat annually, the chances are that she can't brew a cup of coffee that her husband will call "very good." But in spite of this, he seldom complains.



She spends  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour a day in front of the mirror primping and powdering. This pastime will account for almost a whole year of her life. With the polish she uses 2,236 times on her fingernails, she could paint a fair-sized kitchen table.

She cleans her teeth more than 31,000 times, and breaks her glasses about 86 times, mostly because she "just put them down somewhere and forgot where," and then piled things on top of them, or because she stuffs them into her purse.

## Conversation

SHE'S going to talk for over eight years of her life and spend more than  $\frac{2}{3}$  of a year on the telephone. Chief audiences for the remaining years of her discourse will be (1) her female clubs and cronies, (2) her husband, (3) tradespeople.

On her husband's work days she'll spend only about one hour in steady conversation with him, during which time she'll talk about 25% faster than he does and use many more useless adjectives. Three of her most over-worked ones being: "cute," "thrilling" and "darling."

She usually starts the conversation at home, and the chances are that she'll be the one to break the ice at parties and pull her husband into the conversation after her pretty quickly.



Her conversation, which used to be about 10% on education and political lines, and 80% on clothes, social domestic affairs, has changed to 15% on clothes, 2% on men and the rest on current events.

## Rest and Recreation

SHE'LL spend 13 weeks at the hairdresser and watch more than 1,300 movies.

The radio in her home is on for about five hours a day, and in the course of her married life she'll listen to some 44,720 radio serials for escape into "People's Problems."

She's going to sleep for about  $22\frac{1}{2}$  years and will rather sleep in a double bed than her husband—though he's usually the one to wake up with a blanket. She prefers a double bed for (1) cold feet, (2) cure spats.



She writes about three times as many personal letters as her husband does, doing most of her letter-writing in impulsive spurts. When she writes a woman it's usually "darling" or "dearest." She'll keep almost every letter of letter indefinitely, but about the only ones she answers immediately are her love letters—and then she's often sorry she did.

## Money and Shopping

DURING the course of her life, her husband's going to lay out over \$3,000 for her coiffures and cosmetics—enough to come near banishing his worry about the income tax, and then some—and foot the bill for \$1,647 worth of dresses and lingerie and 580 pairs of stockings; most of which she'll buy without first consulting him. If placed end to end, her stockings (which she invariably wears out in the toe) would be well over one-half mile long.

And what's more, she's going to get outside of pounds or almost six times her own weight in candy most of which will be in "chocolates," for about a nickel and a good part of which she'll buy herself.



the statistical low-down on wife and girl friend, the what why, more or less, of her daily life. If you don't agree, blame the numerous agencies, from government bureaus to department stores and life-insurance companies that made the surveys upon which these conclusions are based. It might be helpful to remember the adage: "All generalizations are false, including this one"



script him to help. After all, his brain is 130 grams larger than hers.

The savings account (\$843.07) and her husband's life insurance policy (\$1,940) have a good chance of being in her name, and what's more she'll probably live to cash in on the latter, as she's got a good chance of reaching 67½ years and outliving her husband by 4½ years.



When she surprises her husband with a present, the chances are he won't like it. But it's ten to one he'll keep it just the same. She'll often try to palm off cheap gadgets that look expensive on him, just because she's more apt to be taken in by them than he is. Among her favorite Christmas gifts to him will be: a smoking jacket, necktie, handkerchiefs, socks, billfold, gloves, toilet articles and a pipe—the latter which she'll pick out chiefly for its color. And thereafter heckle him regularly to let her pack off the old ones he cherishes to the rummage sale.



### The Car

THOUGH her husband may rant about women drivers, she averages about the same speed as he, is less apt to fall asleep at the wheel or be hauled in for drunken driving. She has fewer accidents than he. Most common ones: forgetting to signal when she makes a left turn; bumping into the car in front of her. It's been estimated that her total damage to the family car will amount to three crumpled fenders, one torn-off garage door. It's in the books that she'll lose the car keys over 40 times—three times less than she loses her house keys. But to compensate: she'll have a decided way with the Arm of the Law which will probably get her out of more than one scrape, and save her husband a tidy sum of money in fines. Yet despite this, most people would rather drive with her husband.

### Appearance

SHE'S going to grow 11 yards of hair. By the time she's 35 and has grown 17½ feet of hair it will start to get gray. In this she'll have a five year headstart on her husband.

In the course of ten months her toenails will grow about one foot in the aggregate.

The average woman is five feet three inches tall, weighs 133½ pounds. Her bust measures 35½ inches, her waist 29 inches and her hips 39 inches. She is just three and one-half inches shorter and is 11½ pounds heavier than the Ideal Woman, and is definitely dumpy compared to the popular conception of the Glamor Girl.

### The Newspaper

HER husband usually gets first crack at the paper. When she finally sees it, she looks at (1) news, (2) ads, (3) society, (4) comics. And after she's through clipping, ripping, rumpling and crumpling, there's not very much left of it.

### Marriage

SHE marries at 24 and odds are four to one she'll have at least one baby: weight seven lbs. eight ounces.

No matter how good a man her husband may be, the chances are that she'll often wonder about The Man She Almost Married and the job she gave up. But no matter how often she may talk about going back to work, the odds are about six to one against her trying to pick up the threads again.

Most of the 258 marital frictions between her and her husband will take place before breakfast and it's a 50-50 tossup which one starts them. A breakfast quarrel increases his chances of being injured on his way to work.

Although she handles most of the domestic finances



and does most of the family buying, the chances are that her husband will be the boss. And if he isn't, she'll wish he were.

She tells many more white lies than her husband does, but she really kids herself into believing her almost continual series of small exaggerations.

She has one chance in 80 of having twins.

She has one chance in 6,400 of having triplets.

She has one chance in 512,000 of having quadruplets.

She has one chance in 40,960,000 of having quintuplets.

The chances are six to one she won't get a divorce.

### Packing

SHE overstuffs both her purse and a suitcase by about 10%. Because she's a neater packer than her husband, who just throws things in, she does most of his packing. And when he'd rather take along two suitcases, she'll invariably try to make one overstuffed bag do the trick. Her pet ways of closing it are (1) kneeling on it, (2) sitting on it, (3) standing on it. ★★★





## Fine Feather

Continued from page 58

No More  
Waste of  
PencilsYou bet  
A MONGOL  
GOES FARTHER!

Everyone has to watch their lead pencils today. They're precious...the government says fewer can be made this year. Pencils now must do double duty...they must last longer. So I insist on MONGOL No. 482. No time now for inferior pencils.

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The clinching demonstration of Willie's crowd-pleasing style came on November 20th of last year, the night he lifted Wright's title. Prior to that fight, Willie had appeared at Madison Square Garden in less than nine rounds, all in preliminaries. But the championship match established an all-time indoor featherweight record for attendance and receipts. A thumping crowd of 19,521 paid \$71,868 to see Willie's coronation.

Pep is the most appropriately named fighter in the business. He commences pounding and persecuting the other guy with the opening bell and he does not cease and desist until the gong bangs again. Unlike most perpetual-motion punchers, he does not flail aimlessly. Willie is a boxer rather than a mauler; he sternly eschews clinches and improvised waltz steps.

## Prefers to Box

He specializes in speed, sharp hitting and slick maneuvering and, despite his inexperience, there isn't a cooler operator in circulation today. He has knocked out more than a third of his opponents—a nice batting average for a featherweight—but he is candid in confessing he prefers to win with his noodle, not his muscle.

"I'd rather outbox a feller than knock him out," he admits. "It's safer and cleaner that way. What's the use of kidding myself? I don't like to get hit or hurt, and anybody who does is punchy before a glove is laid on him."

Pound for pound, Willie probably is the best free-style eater in America. He's not spectacular, but he's steady. He never has been known to refuse an invitation to pull up a chair and he doesn't ask questions about the menu. Anything that is put in front of him is for Willie, and if beer goes with it, so much the better.

The boy's enormous appetite is a standing joke among the members of his entourage and he is encouraged in his labor of love by Bill Gore, his trainer. Since Willie never has had trouble making 126 pounds (he can take off five pounds in a week without weakening himself) Gore even approves of the beer he laps up. The Champ, Gore reasons, still is an adolescent and has to keep up his strength, but in rival camps there is a suspicion that Willie has no greater need for more muscle than a Flying Fortress has for another cannon. At that, the eating gag may be just a sly stratagem to keep Willie in one place for five consecutive minutes.

Folks who have spent an hour with the Pep kid have been known to go away with all the symptoms of the leaping fidgets and the screaming meemies. Willie always is rushing somewhere, and when he arrives, he immediately forgets the necessity for the haste and dashes off again.

Despite his extreme nervousness, Willie is surprisingly calm in the ring. When Willie was training for Wright he was stopped by every other citizen on the streets of Hartford and exhorted to bring back the title and their two-buck bets, but Willie never mentioned the champion's name once.

"Do you know who you're fighting?" Gore finally screamed in exasperation. "Say you're going to knock his brains out. Say something. It ain't natural to clam up like this!"

In plotting the plan of action to be used against Wright, Viscusi (his man-

ager) and Gore tore up the script the heir apparent to the crown knew so well. Willie's natural style features aggressiveness, carrying the fight to the enemy. The brain trust decided that such tactics against Wright, the veteran of more than 300 fights and the possessor of a right hand with the impact of a Missouri mule's hind leg, would lead Willie to frustration and quick unconsciousness.

They told their boy he would have to do everything backward, literally. Instead of rushing Wright, he was ordered to back-pedal all night, pile up points with his left jab and, for heaven's sake, don't let the guy get set to throw that right hand. Gore had a big sign, "Don't Lose Your Head," put over the ring in the old Charter Oak gym on Main Street and gravely assured Willie that it was not a mere figure of speech.

Came the night of the fight, and Willie once more was admonished to do good and follow instructions. That he did. He retreated rapidly and resolutely, like the Italian infantry. In common with most good fighters, Willie lashes back furiously when he is tagged with a hard punch, but not this night.

He jabbed Wright's face full of holes, made him miss with that murderous right hand from here to Easter, and practically fainted the smart old gent out of the building when he had Willie trapped in a corner and ripe to be nailed with Chalky's hand grenade.

Willie hated the strategy mapped out by his handlers. He wanted to make his usual, aggressive fight, but he obeyed orders without question until the end of the twelfth round. He looked up from his stool at Gore and asked wistfully, "Can I punch him now?"

Gore, who knew his boy was so far ahead on points that Wright could win only by a knockout, promised Willie he would be crowned with the water bucket if he deviated from the prearranged plan. It was not, frankly, a thrilling fight, but it was an impressive exhibition of a twenty-year-old boy's adaptability and intelligence.

Willie loathes the drudgery of training; he protested bitterly when Nat Rogers, Mike Jacobs' matchmaker, told him he would have to put in two and a half weeks of gym work preparing for Wright. Yet he trains faithfully and enthusiastically. He does six miles of road work every morning and frequently wants to go farther—to whip up an appetite, no doubt.

Three weeks after he won the title, Willie married Miss Mary Woodcock, of Hartford, in the culmination of what must have been the strangest courtship in New England since Miles Standish's. Nobody could figure out when Willie popped the question because he was a scarce swain who was home every night at nine o'clock and asleep by eleven. On one occasion he was afraid Gore would disown him when he stayed out until ten-thirty. He was caught in a blackout.

After the ceremony, the happy couple headed South to spend the honeymoon at Tampa with Manager Viscusi. At Washington, Willie kissed his bride tenderly and departed long enough to knock out Joe Torres for his fifty-fifth straight triumph, then resumed the journey. A conscientious youth, as you can see.

Another humble kid who has had Willie's spectacular success would get a rush of self-esteem to the head, but not our Willie. He is a restrained, polite youth; he always addressed Bill Lee, sports editor of the Hartford Courant and his most

ardent booster, as "Mister" until I asked him kindly to drop it.

"Now that you're the champ," I suggested, "I think it would be a nice touch if you called me Bill. More democratic, you know."

Willie has not been drafted because he is the sole support of his mother, his father (an invalid), his sister Francis fourteen, and his brother Nick, six.

Willie recalls being taken by Papa to see his *paesano*, Primo Carnera, in an exhibition bout in 1930, and watching Battalino in training, but as far as he knows he didn't give a thought to anything but pleasure fighting until an utter stranger stopped him in an impromptu street brawl one day.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," the man said severely. "You're a sucker. Why fight on the street for five dollars when you can get eight dollars for the same thing in the gym?"

Willie pondered the advice and decided to look into the situation, since eight dollars was not a trifling sum to the Papaleo household. Willie entered a bootleg amateur tournament at Danbury when he was fifteen and proceeded to win nineteen fights in a row before losing to one Angelo Radano. Willie then weighed 109 pounds and had to give away eight to fifteen pounds to most of the boys he met. He put together another streak of nineteen straight, dropped a decision to Ray Robinson, then lost his third and last amateur decision to Earl Roys in the final round of the Connecticut Flyweight Championship in 1937, but won it the following year.

## The Golden-Boy Touch

Having quit Hartford High School when he was sixteen, Willie was working for the Hoffman Wallpaper Company and was getting \$13 a week as a stock boy. He was making \$20 a week two years later, but by that time, he had turned pro and he gave up the job to go after the folding money.

There was the golden-boy touch to Willie's work in his first professional start against Joey Marcus at Hartford on July 25, 1940. The wonder child really began to come on early in '42 when Gore, who had owned a gym in Miami came north to take charge of the kid's training. One glance told Gore that Willie knew everything about the fine science of modified murder, but he had to be built up physically to improve his punch and his stamina.

The turning point in Willie's career came on September 1st when he knocked out Bobby "Poison" Ivy at Hartford. Ivy, another local product, had been the people's choice and was in direct line for a shot at Wright's title until he made the mistake of trying contusions with Willie. Nine days later Willie put the chill on Frank Franconeri in one round in the Garden and thereafter the championship was just a matter of time and getting Wright inside the same ring.

Like Henry Armstrong and Tony Canzoneri, the best of the recent featherweights who preceded him, Willie will outgrow the division within a year and go after the lightweight crown. In pursuance of this ambition, he extended his winning streak to 59 straight on the night of January 29th by belting Allie Stolz, a strong contender in the lightweight class, all over the Madison Square Garden ring to win a nontitle ten-round bout.

THE END



# MOVING MANPOWER

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## MOTOR BUS LINES OF AMERICA

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF MOTOR BUS OPERATORS, WASHINGTON, D. C.



## War Frauds Must Be Punished, Now

Continued from page 15

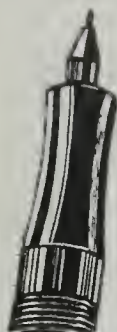


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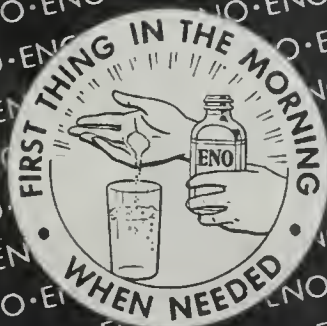
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He had been in the Department of Justice five years, with some fine work to his credit in a governmental delousing operation in New Orleans, later as head of the San Francisco regional office of the Antitrust Division, and recently in the handling of the Japanese problem on the West Coast.

I told Clark to go to it. It didn't matter where the trail might lead—to the executive offices of corporations, to headquarters of labor unions, to individuals, little business, government inspectors or procurement agencies—in any case, to follow through, make public the essential facts, in so far as they provide no information of a military value to the enemy, and to see to it that guilty parties get what they deserve.

Clark and his staff went at it. By that time, sufficient information had been furnished by the Federal Bureau of Investigation and the Army and Navy Intelligence offices to suggest a number of prosecutions, and there were leads on others then being developed. The lawyers of the War Frauds Unit were to analyze this material, prepare the prosecution of those cases in which it was decided that the government should act, present them to the grand juries and finally try them.

## Short-Changing the Government

In May of 1942, a series of grand jury hearings in several large cities was begun. Cases presented involved faulty materials, supplies and workmanship which had resulted in defective products for delivery to the government in its prosecution of the war, charges of conspiracy to increase the cost of plants for the manufacture of war materials, and practices increasing the cost of food and supplies for the Army and Navy.

With the needs of a modern armed force about as diversified as the items in a mail-order catalogue, the allegations of fraud have covered a wide range. They run from bullets to blueprints. A firm in New Jersey is accused of shortweighing scrap metal at a federal arsenal and bribing an Army clerk to cover up the transaction.

In an indictment returned in Los Angeles, the head of an engineering firm is charged with padding costs in cost-plus contracts with the Navy to the tune of \$200,000. And a dozen persons engaged in the construction of two air-training schools in Texas are named in an indictment of fraud involving secret rebates or kickbacks among themselves, and false claims against the government.

The falsification of costs and the kick-back (that is, payment exacted by a prime contractor of a subcontractor, or by an employer of his workers, or by a union of its members) are two of the commonest kinds of fraud found in war business. Another is collusive bidding.

In one case of this kind, three firms are accused of a conspiracy in the sale of office supplies to an Illinois ordnance plant, two having submitted bids at very high prices in order to convince the contracting officer that the bidding was really competitive—all by prearrangement among the three. According to the indictment in another case, from December, 1940, through August, 1941, a group of subcontractors in the construction of warships at Philadelphia obtained hundreds of thousands of dollars of business through fictitious bidding.

The complaints—and a complaint, of course, is not an indictment—come from

many sources, including the general public. Upon examination, a large number of them fall down; that is, they are found to contain no valid ground for prosecution as war frauds and are either dropped or referred to other federal agencies. More than a thousand complaints have been received by the War Frauds Unit. To date it has investigated about three fourths of these. Here, in brief, is the score as it stands at this writing:

More than forty cases have reached the stage of formal action. The government contracts involved in these proceedings aggregate about \$180,000,000. How much of this is overpayment and how much is recoverable are questions the courts must decide. Indictments have been returned against more than a hundred individuals and a score of firms. Complaints have been filed with United States Commissioners against 30 other individuals; and indictments have been voted but not yet returned in three cases involving eight persons.

"Leads," or original complaints, come from all parts of the country where war business is negotiated, bunching in the big industrial centers. The cases in which we have decided to take action follow pretty much the same pattern, with twelve in the Middle Atlantic industrial area, four in Texas, four in California, three in New England, two in Michigan.

The most important cases—those involving the largest sums and also those in which some of the most reprehensible acts are charged—have not yet reached the trial stage. In one of these, now indicted, it is alleged that the defendant corporation and certain of its employees used a gadget known as a "button box" hidden beneath a table on which its product was electrically tested. By this device, defective or substandard material could be made to appear to meet the tests required by the Armed Forces.

This company has contracts with the Army and Navy for more than \$6,000,000 worth of material, for use under combat conditions. Upon the performance of its product, the outcome of battles and the lives of American soldiers might have depended. According to the indictment, representatives of the

manufacturers knew their product not good enough to meet certain resistance standards, yet deliberately passed it off on the Army by means of the under-the-table device.

The alertness of the federal inspectors and the promptness with which the case was handled prevented large quantities of defective material from being sent to use by our troops overseas.

Another major case involves a manufacturer of explosives, a company having in excess of \$20,000,000 in contracts. Management irregularities involving more than a million dollars in flagrant bribing of government inspectors are charged. When this scandal broke last October, the situation found by the War Frauds Unit and Navy Department to be so serious that it was concluded that the Navy should take over operation of the plant. Officials of the company and a number of inspectors are now facing prosecution.

## Gambling with Soldiers' Lives

In another city, an inspection supervisor and his assistant at an ordnance plant were indicted last December on a series of charges, the worst of which was causing defective ammunition to be approved and certified as of high quality. The purchases called for in the contracts totaled \$55,000,000, which gives an idea of the enormous amount of imperfect munitions which would have been palmed off on our fighting men had the conspiracy gone undetected.

Other substantial cases are already in the mill. The War Frauds Unit is preparing them, and the findings will become known to the public as soon as indictments are returned.

I wish to give the people of America this assurance: Whenever and wherever these dollar-saboteurs are caught, the United States government will go after them with all the resources at its command. Names will mean nothing, only such a stain appears on them. The names that carry the weight in America today are the names of men who carry glory for America.

THE END



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## Five Who Vanished

Continued from page 40

calm, imperious way. "I want this man put off this island. He is desperate and dangerous. He will kill both of us."

Colton Grazzard turned his head and stared at his sister.

"I don't believe it," he said in his shaking voice. "You shot me. If he hadn't got that gun away from you, you'd have shot me again. You came here to kill me."

Bertha Grazzard was slowly nodding, confirming it. "I will explain everything, Colton," she said firmly. "But this is a family matter. This man is an outsider. Get him off the island and I will explain everything to you."

Jason, glancing at her brother, saw that he was so accustomed to her domination that he was helpless. His thin brown face had gone slack. He was staring at her with an expression that was plaintive and hopeless and bewildered.

"But you shot me, Bertha," he quavered. "You tried to kill me."

"Yes," she said, "since you force me to admit it—I tried to kill you, Colton. I thought it was necessary—to save the honor of the family. I was afraid you would talk."

HE WAS staring at her with fear and hatred. "But, Bertha," he protested in a quavering voice, "I've promised you so often I'd never talk."

"I was afraid you might," she said calmly.

"But I promised you again and again I wouldn't!" he said shakily. "So why did you come here to kill me?"

"She answered you," Jason said gently. "She has got herself into a hopeless mess. She was afraid you lacked the courage to back her up any longer. And I'm here, Mr. Grazzard, to try to prove to you that you cannot back her up any longer."

Colton Grazzard stared at him with that same helpless, frightened expression. "Who are you?" he whispered.

"Clark Amboy's son—Jason."

"Colton," Mrs. Grazzard said hurriedly, "I want you to listen to me. I want you to pay the closest attention to me. I did not shoot you. Do you understand? I hear people coming. They came in that boat. It was this man who shot you. I will see that Annah does not talk. For the honor of the family—for my sake and your own, Colton—you will say that. It was this man, not I, who tried to kill you. If you stick to that story, I will never try to kill you again. Do you understand, Colton?"

"If you stick to that story, Uncle Colton," Jason said gently, "you will fetch up on the end of a rope. The jig is up for her, believe me."

He heard voices on the lanai.

A screen door hinge squeaked. Three faces were grouped in the doorway. The first was Lorrin's. He was pale and his eyes were narrowed and menacing. Behind him were the white, frightened faces of Luana and Natalie Mace.

Luana cried, "Jason!" in a voice of relief.

Natalie looked quickly about the room. "Jason! Where's Channing?"

"Ask Aunt Bertha," Jason hoped that Lorrin was unarmed. The situation might readily become messy if he had a gun.

Luana, Lorrin and Natalie had evidently come in the power boat, which he had guessed was a Coast Guard or Naval Patrol. Jason wondered where, if that was the case, her crew was. At this moment, the one thing he did not want was official interference.

"What's going on here?" Lorrin said in a heavy voice.

"This man," his mother answered, "just attempted to kill your uncle. I arrived only in time to prevent it."

"Stay where you are, all of you," Jason said. "Lorrin, put your hands on the back of that chair. This revolver is loaded. I don't want to use it, but I won't hesitate to if it's necessary."

"Aunt Bertha has just accused me of trying to kill Uncle Colton. She has just instructed him to say that I tried to kill him. Before I'm through I'm quite sure Uncle Colton will confirm what I say—that it was she, not I, who tried to kill

she said firmly, "you were in Burma in 1916. Have you forgotten?"

"Too late," Jason said promptly. "He never was in Burma. I checked that in Honolulu, Aunt Bertha. At least, he wasn't in Burma from 1914 to 1920. He was either in Honolulu or Kokala. And that punctures the story that my brother and I have tried to blackmail you, Aunt Bertha, for a crime that Uncle Colton committed in Burma. You put that story into circulation for your own purposes—and you kept it in circulation. Did you know about that, Uncle Colton?"

"He has nothing to say," Aunt Bertha

firmly. "I warned all of you. This man is very *akamai*."

"But it is your pencil," Luana said with equal firmness. "I've seen you wear it a thousand times."

"It may resemble it, but it is not mine," Aunt Bertha stated.

"You killed my brother with this gold mounted ice pick," Jason went on steadily. "You killed Winfield Grazzard with it. When you came creeping into my lanai this morning, assuming I was asleep—"

"Amboy!" Lorrin said threateningly.

"Let him finish!" Luana cried.

Aunt Bertha was looking uneasily at the pencil. "He is lying, Lorrin," she said. "The things he is saying are preposterous and outrageous."

"Don't move, Lorrin," Jason said quickly. "Very well, Aunt Bertha, wasn't you. It was a man that you sent. We all know this man. He was seen leaving your lanai, after a conference with you, and going to my bungalow. An excellent witness saw him. This same witness was present on my lanai when this man attempted to kill me." He paused. He said slowly, "Aunt Bertha, where is Channing Mace?"

"Jason!" Natalie cried.

"Yes, Natalie," he said gently, "I'm sorry. But it's true."

Aunt Bertha was staring at the stilet in his hand, not at him. She was, he believed, wholly absorbed in the gold pencil. It was, possibly, a hopeful sign. Possibly she did not know that Flack had been a stowaway on her sampan. I was, Jason realized, a faint hope.

JASON tossed the pencil on a table. "Aunt Bertha, you took Channing into this conspiracy at the last minute—because you were afraid to tackle me alone. You sent him into my bungalow to kill me—but not with this pencil. You didn't know he had your pencil. I'm afraid he double-crossed you, Aunt Bertha. I think he intended to leave it there if he failed."

Aunt Bertha stared at him. "I have no idea what's behind these outrageous lies you're telling," she said calmly, "but I assure you, you will regret this, Jason."

"Where is Channing?" Natalie cried.

"He went to her house. Where is he?"

"He did not come here with me," Aunt Bertha said firmly.

"That means he has vanished, then," said Jason. "Who went aboard the sampan with you?"

"No one. I came alone!"

"But you and he passed within a few feet of where Flack and I were sitting under the trees," Jason said. "I plainly heard him say, 'You'll never have another chance at that fellow'—meaning me. And I plainly heard you say, 'Yes. Come along. There is only one course'—meaning to murder your brother."

"Lorrin," Aunt Bertha said, "I cannot, I will not, stand any more of this."

"Weren't you there, Uncle Colton," Jason said quickly, "when she had that famous quarrel with her husband?"

Uncle Colton stared at him. "That—that has nothing to do with this."

"Two days ago in the Honolulu courthouse," Jason quickly went on, "I examined a photostatic copy of Uncle Hiram's probated will. He drew a quick breath. 'The testator's and the witnesses' signatures are forgeries.'"

"Of course," Lorrin said heavily, "you can prove that?"

"Experts can," said Jason steadily.

"What do you want, Amboy?" Lorrin

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him. She has just said she had to kill him to prevent his talking—to save the family honor. And I've just said that he will talk—or else."

Lorrin was glaring at him. "You lying blackmailer!"

"I'll take that up in a moment," said Jason. "Aunt Bertha insists that this whole matter concerns the family honor. I agree with her to a point. And I'm willing to keep it a family matter if it's possible. I am going to make some very grave accusations. I am going to prove something to Uncle Colton that he already knows—that Aunt Bertha is a murderer many times over. Because I want him to talk—before witnesses."

JASON turned quickly to Uncle Colton. "Tell me when you were last in Burma! Just the year! Quick!"

"Colton!" Aunt Bertha said warningly.

Uncle Colton was gazing up at Jason in bewilderment. The question had caught him, Jason hoped, completely off guard.

"But I never was in Burma!" he gasped. Then, realizing that this might be a trap, he glanced anxiously at his sister.

Her lips were compressed. "Colton,"

answered quickly. "I represent the family. I will do the talking for it."

"Uncle Colton?" Jason said.

Colton made a futile gesture with his hands. "I have nothing to say, young man. You heard my sister." Yet the glance he sent to her was, to Jason, a hopeful sign. It was full of hatred.

Natalie said firmly, "I want to know where my husband is."

"Ask Aunt Bertha," Jason told her.

"Aunt Bertha, where is Channing?"

"I do not know, Natalie."

"Lorrin," Jason said, "put your hands back on that chair."

"Amboy," Lorrin said, "you must be utterly insane. We know you're a blackmailer. We know you won't hesitate at murder. But what do you expect to gain by this?"

"Someone tried to kill me tonight," Jason answered. "Someone came into my lanai at two-forty this morning, intending to kill me—with this."

He took the gold pencil out of his pocket. Bertha Grazzard stared at it.

Jason held up the pencil. He depressed the sapphire. The slender, fluted blade shot out and locked.

Natalie gasped, "It's her pencil! It's a dagger!"

"It is not my pencil," Aunt Bertha said



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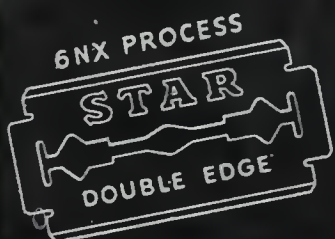
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asked. "Is this extortion? If it is, you're crazier than I think you are."

"Uncle Colton?" Jason said.

"Be careful, Colton," Aunt Bertha warned him. "This man is cleverly trying to build something up. He will try to lead you into some sort of trap."

"And it's too late to stop me," Jason said. "We can settle this here, now, or I can go back to Honolulu and have Hiram Grazzard's will inspected by experts. Uncle Colton, do you want to talk now?"

"You're doing the talking," Uncle Colton answered, and his voice was almost a jeer. He seemed to have himself rather well under control at last. "Go on, Amboy."

"But I don't want him to go on, Colton," his sister said firmly. "This is too much for you. That wound may give you a fever. You should be in bed."

"HERE," said Jason, "is a chronology of events that took place in the year 1921. On January fifteenth, Ezra Crumpton, the lawyer, drew Hiram Grazzard's will. Ezra Crumpton and his secretary, a young man named Peter Bliss, signed the will as witnesses. On February tenth, Ezra Crumpton died in Honolulu of pneumonia."

"On March third, Hiram Grazzard died following that famous quarrel with Aunt Bertha. You were there, Uncle Colton. You know what the quarrel was about. You know how furious she was when she learned the terms of his will. And you know how he died."

"It was a heart attack," Uncle Colton said firmly.

"Was it? Or was it a native poison she put into his drink?"

"No!" Uncle Colton said shrilly.

"A poison that killed swiftly," Jason went on. "And when Dr. Hastings, the Kokala company doctor, was called—she told him it was a heart attack. Did Dr. Hastings examine the body for poisoning—or was Hiram Grazzard buried without—"

Aunt Bertha started out of her chair. "Make this man stop saying these horrible things!" she cried. "You men have somehow got to stop him! I can't stand it! Lorrin!"

"Be patient, Aunt Bertha," Natalie said. "He can't go on forever."

"For who," Jason broke into the babble, "would question the word of Mrs. Hiram Grazzard—Queen Bertha? And you were there, Uncle Colton—on March eighth—five days after Hiram Grazzard's murder—Luana's father and mother, who were also in the house at the time of the quarrel, set out from Kokala Bay for Hilo in their outrigger sailing canoe. They were drowned that day or the next—somewhere in Kaieiwaho Channel."

"Jason—" Luana began.

"I did some checking on that, too, Luana. According to the Honolulu weather bureau, there was no bad weather on either of those days. Your father was an expert sailor. His disappearance at that time was, to say the least, extremely mysterious."

"Jason!" Luana cried. "Do you realize what you're saying?"

"I'm saying that your father and mother disappeared altogether too conveniently." Jason was watching Uncle Colton. He had seen Uncle Colton's eyes flutter, and Uncle Colton was now staring at the floor and gripping the arms of his chair. "Do you want to talk now, Uncle Colton?"

"No," said Uncle Colton, but his voice no longer resembled a jeer.

Jason looked at him thoughtfully. His throat was growing tired. He had thought he was making very little headway with Uncle Colton, until he had

mentioned Luana's father and mother. But where was Flack?

"On March eleventh," Jason continued, "three days after their disappearance, the forged will of Uncle Hiram was probated. On March twelfth, Bliss—the lawyer's secretary and only surviving signatory witness—Honolulu on the Union Line steamer Ventura for Australia and has not been heard from since."

"Amboy," Lorrin broke in, "aren't even being akamai now. You're babbling. Your scheme is as full of holes as your engine is. Last night, my father settled with you for one hundred thousand dollars. Isn't that enough?"

"On March seventeenth," Jason continued, "you came to this island, Uncle Colton, and you haven't left it since. You had what you wanted—solitude and books. That was your price, wasn't it to be let alone?"

"I will listen to no more," Aunt Bertha said decisively. She gripped the arm of her chair.

"Aunt Bertha—please don't mind me," Jason said. "I've almost finished. I returned his attention to her brother's claim, Uncle Colton, that this was after poisoning her husband, drew this new will and traced the signature to Uncle Hiram and the two witnesses bribed Peter Bliss, who was the man living except you who knew the terms of the original will, to leave the islands. Peter Bliss went to Burma to claim that, in an attempt to protect herself from discovery, she has—if she can't be produced—caused her disappearance at one time or another, five people vanish!"

Uncle Colton had, all this time, staring at the floor. His right shoulder was lower. Now he looked up.

"You can't prove a word you're saying!" he said defiantly.

"All I have to prove," Jason said, "is that the will now on file is a forgery."

"In other words," Lorrin said, "you can't prove anything."

"My brother Wayne," Jason went on, still addressing Uncle Colton, "and my cousin Winfield spent years in Burma trying to track down Peter Bliss. I knew all that I know—possibly not all that I know. Aunt Bertha, you told me my brother was alive—a prisoner on this island. Where is he?"

"Your brother," Lorrin said, "is on this island. We will produce him in due course."

JASON gazed at him. "Lorrin," he said, "you are terrific. You are really terrific. Uncle Colton, wasn't your brother here about two months ago?"

"Was he?" Lorrin said angrily. "You—"

"You said my cousin Winfield was dead," Uncle Colton suddenly interrupted.

"He was lying," Aunt Bertha said firmly.

"He was a stowaway in my cabin on the Tasmania," Jason said.

Uncle Colton was staring at him. "Did Winfield tell you any of the ridiculous things you're saying?"

"Inadvertently—yes. He gave me a phony name and a phony story. Because he didn't trust me; he didn't know who I stood. Mrs. Grazzard got into the stateroom and stabbed him with a thing and pushed him out the porthole just as she got into my brother's burial in Kokala, stabbed him to death, hid him somehow aboard her sampan—dumped him into the sea."

Uncle Colton was bending forward with his right shoulder well down.

"Colton," his sister said warningly, "remember what I said."



"But I want to know what he means. He says Winfield is dead? He says Winfield inadvertently told him things." Jason took out of his pocket the slip of yellow paper which Roth, the room steward, had given him the morning following the stowaway's disappearance. "Here," he said, "are some notes he is making shortly before she murdered him." He gave the yellow slip to Uncle Colton, who held it in trembling hands and stared at it.

"He made a list of the initials of all of who are directly involved in this," Jason explained. "He was speculating about some of us, and he knew a great deal about the rest of us. You'll notice after my brother's and my initials a question mark. He didn't know where we stood. He could not have worked with my brother in Burma, trying to track down Peter Blissing, or he would have arrested me. He worked alone. He didn't even know my brother was dead."

WHAT do the initials VA and IC stand for?" Uncle Colton asked. "That," Jason answered, "is very interesting. Winfield Grazzard was an advance inspector in a certain steel plant. The initials IC and VA are stamped on all inspected equipment. You'll notice IC after the initials of Aunt Bertha, Lorrin and Mr. Mace. And you'll notice VA after Luana's and Natalie's initials. IC means 'inspected and condemned' and VA means 'viewed and approved.' I heartily agree with him."

"But what have these two young ladies to do with this?"

"Nothing," Jason answered. "He was speculating. But his comments on the other initials are very significant."

Aunt Bertha was stirring restlessly. Let me see that," she said imperiously. "In a moment," Jason said. "You'll notice, Uncle Colton, that there's no line drawn through my mother's and father's initials. They died naturally. But there is a line through the initials of Hiram Grazzard, Bruce Topping and Caroline Topping. He had somehow learned that those three were murdered. The dotted line through my initials is pretty obvious. It was next—because I, too, was learning too much. The only missing initials are his and yours."

Lorrin's face was gray and wet, and his eyes were black. "Have you finished?" he said.

"Almost," Jason said. "Will you talk now, Uncle Colton?"

Uncle Colton licked his lips. "No," he said. "You haven't proved a thing."

The screen door hinge squeaked again. Jason glanced at it. A short, bandy-legged man in bedraggled dungarees stood in the doorway. His thin black hair was plastered to his scalp. Water ran in trickles down his face. His shoes made a sucking sound with each step.

"At your service, sir," said Flack. "May I come in?"

There was a tall dark-faced young man behind Flack. He wore the khaki uniform of a Coast Guard officer. He looked about the room, then he turned and walked away. He looked grim and purposeful. Jason suspected that he wanted Singapore Sam Shay.

Natalie sprang up. "Flack!" she cried. "Oh, Flack!"

"Where," Luana cried, "have you been, Flack?"

"On Mrs. Grazzard's sampan," Flack answered. "It got away, Miss Topping. It drifted out to sea. And I regret very much to admit that I cannot swim a stroke. And I could not start the engine. Singapore Sam, who eventually rescued me, discovered that Mrs. Grazzard uses a secret starting switch. He is at present—"

"Where is my husband?" Natalie stopped him.

Flack gazed at her sadly. "I am very, very sorry to have to tell you, Mrs. Mace—he is dead."

Natalie sat down slowly with her hands to her mouth.

Flack glanced at Jason. "Shall I talk, sir?"

"By all means, Flack!"

"Lorrin!" Aunt Bertha cried. "Stop that man!"

"Don't move," Jason said grimly. "Go on, Flack."

"Yes, sir. When I left you, I stowed away in the bows of her sampan just after she and Mr. Mace went aboard aft. They were quarreling. Do you wish a verbatim report of the quarrel or just the gist?"

"For the present, just the gist."

"Yes, sir. He argued that she had gone too far. She accused him of bungling the job of killing you. He said he had had enough. She struck him, I believe, with a belaying pin. It was all very sudden. She pushed his body over the rail. She did not even slow the sampan down."

Aunt Bertha started up. Lorrin started around the chair.

"Both of you!" Jason snapped. "Don't move! Flack, I am trying to convince this gentleman that he should talk. I think he may be inclined to talk now. She tried to kill him tonight, too. This is Mr. Colton Grazzard, Flack. Will you bear me out that she instructed Mr. Mace to kill me tonight and that he attempted it?"

"Yes, Mr. Amboy, I will, of course."

"Will you talk now, Uncle Colton?" Jason said gently.

"Colton!" Aunt Bertha said heavily.

"It's no use, Aunt Bertha," said Jason.

"No, it's no use, Bertha," Uncle Colton echoed him. He licked his lips. There was elation in his thin dark face—a curious gratification.

"Tell it in your way," Jason encouraged him.

"Colton," Queen Bertha said, "I have warned you—"

"No, Bertha. I'm going to talk. I'm sick of it. I'm sick of you. All my life you've bossed me. You're a greedy, ruthless, horrible woman, Bertha! I hate you and I'm going to talk."

HIS sister was staring at him with blazing eyes. "You mean, you're going to destroy your own sister!"

"I'm so sick of all these horrible things you've done," Uncle Colton said. "You tried to kill me tonight. You killed this young woman's husband. You tried to kill this young man. You're a monster, Bertha. You'd kill your own son just as you killed your husband and Luana's father and mother and this boy's brother—if he stood in your way!"

"She didn't kill them!" Lorrin said savagely. "She didn't kill anybody! It's nothing but a scheme to extort money from us! It's a frame-up!"

"So help me, Lorrin," Jason said. "I'll shoot you if you take another step."

"Lorrin," Colton cried, "she killed your father! She told me so. She wasn't even ashamed of it. I saw her kill—"

"You're a liar!" Lorrin shouted.

"And this boy's brother—"

"Did you see that?"

"No, Lorrin. She told me about that, too. He had worked on this plantation for years. He insisted that she give him and this boy their share of the estate. He came here and I talked to him—down on the beach. I wouldn't let him land—but I talked to him. And I told her. She went back to Kokala and she went into the company bungalow where he lived. She stabbed him with that pencil dagger. She dragged his body into her car. She

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loaded him into her sampan. She took him out to sea, weighted him down and dumped him overboard."

"I don't believe it!" Lorrin gasped.

Jason was watching Bertha Grazzard's face. The dull amber eyes were almost closed. She turned and walked slowly to the end of the room.

"Let her go," Uncle Colton whispered.

She pushed open the screen door and walked out.

"I can't believe this," Lorrin said thickly.

Natalie glanced up at him. "I can," she said grimly.

"Lorrin," Uncle Colton said tremulously, "every word this young man has said is the truth. It's an awful mess. I don't know what we're going to do about it. Things have gone so far. Sit down, Lorrin—sit down. You look sick."

Lorrin was glaring. "You little rat!" he panted. "You squealing little rat! You got plenty out of it!"

"I'm sorry you feel this way," his uncle said sadly. "What I got out of it is all in this room. Books, Lorrin! Books and solitude. That was how she bribed me. She knew I wanted that more than anything in the world. And I've loved the solitude, and I've loved these simple, kindly people who live here. They're my kind. I wanted to get away from her. I've always hated her."

"I know how you feel, Lorrin. You hate me. But I was in the room the night she had that quarrel with your father. You've never seen her like that. He told her he felt the Grazzards had always been too greedy—he didn't believe a few people had the right to control so much land. Then he told her that, under the terms of his new will, she would get only half, that the other half would be distributed among Luana's parents and this boy's parents. There was a fifty-thousand-dollar bequest to our cousin Winfield. When he finished, she flew into this awful rage. She screamed and ranted at him."

Uncle Colton closed his eyes a moment. He said thinly, "She poisoned your father, Lorrin. She told me so. When Dr. Hastings came to make out the death certificate, she hardly let him see your father's body. Did Dr. Hastings tell you this, Amboy?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did he suspect poison?"

"He did after we'd talked about it most of this afternoon."

LORRIN dropped into a chair and pressed the heels of his hands against his temples. "I don't believe it."

"You might as well begin to believe it," his uncle said. "It's the truth. She killed Luana's father and mother because they'd heard that quarrel, too—and may have suspected the poisoning. According to her lights, she had to kill them before the will she forged was probated."

Lorrin muttered, "You're lying, you're lying."

"I was there when it happened, Lorrin. I did inadvertently just what this man Flack did deliberately tonight. I was a stowaway on her sampan when she rode them down. I'd been feeling horrible. I had got myself very drunk. I felt like drowning myself, and I wish now I had."

"I went aboard the sampan that night and fell asleep in the bows. When I woke up, it was early morning, and the sampan was at sea, almost out of sight of the land. I was too sick to stand up. I was on my knees at the rail when I saw the outrigger dead ahead."

"She ran that canoe down before I could say a word. I was too weak to move. She ran it down at full speed, and she ran back and forth over the spot until nothing was left but kindling."

Jason was watching Luana. When she swayed, he started toward her. Flack helped her into a chair. She put her face into her hands.

"She didn't know I was aboard until she heard me being sick at the rail," Uncle Colton went on. "Well," he said wearily, "I did what she told me to. Until tonight, I always did." He looked pityingly at Lorrin.

"The Grazzard women have always been ruthless and greedy and domineering, but she was the worst of them all. Lorrin," Uncle Colton said gently, "your mother is dead."

Lorrin sprang up. He stood with his feet planted apart, staring at his uncle.

"When she went out that door, I knew what she intended to do," the old man explained. "She threatened to do it if things ever went wrong for her. I am very sorry for you, Lorrin. You'll find her at the foot of the fire pali."

JASON was finishing dressing when the tall, slim, black-mustached young man he had seen at Rodgers airport brandishing a brief case knocked at the lanai door. He still had the brief case in his hand.

He said briskly, "Mr. Amboy, my name in Carrington J. Hambledon." He spoke with a pronounced British accent. "I represent the British Aircraft Ministry."

"So you've heard that rumor, too," Jason said wryly.

"What rumor, Mr. Amboy?"

"That your government has bought my engine."

Mr. Hambledon's very British eyebrows went up. "But didn't you know, Mr. Amboy? The purchase has been authorized."

"Yes?" Jason whispered.

"Yes, Mr. Amboy. We have been testing the three engines we bought from you several months ago. We like them so much that we want to put the Amboy engine into immediate production for a new light pursuit ship—if we can agree on mutually satisfactory terms."

"Sit down, Mr. Hambledon," Jason said hoarsely. . . .

He had lunch with Natalie in her garden. She was pale, but she was composed and she showed no signs of tears.

"I suppose," she said, "it would be more becoming if I were in a slightly less philosophical mood. But, Jason, my emotional system is really bearing up rather well. Even when I learned definitely that Channing was dead—I was shocked only because he had died so unpleasantly. My only feeling is one of release."

"I think I understand," Jason said.

"Yes, I'm sure you do. You suspected all along that, underneath my bitterness, I was really in love with him. The curious thing is, I thought so myself. But I wasn't. It wasn't love. He held me with fear and hatred—and nothing else. He was always cruel and selfish and thoughtless. I can't even say honestly I'm sorry he's dead. All I wonder now is—just how guilty was he?"

"I think," Jason answered, "he wasn't really guilty—until last night—of anything but credulity. He believed what Queen Bertha told him about me—the blackmail story—and I think she worked him up to a pitch last night—so that he really wanted to beat my brains out with that club. And I think her real reason for killing him was that she told him too much. He certainly must have known that she intended to kill her brother."

"Do you think Lorrin knew?"

"He may have had his suspicions, but he was duped, too. What are your plans?"

Her blue eyes studied him. "Channing

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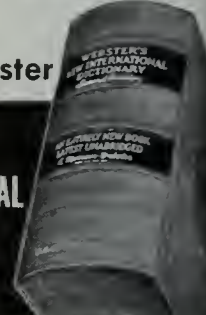
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It me very well provided for—inad-  
tently. I'm going back to the main-  
d. I'm going to open a hat shop with  
y young sister on Hollywood Boule-  
rd. It's where I really belong—the  
set of lights, love and laughter."  
"You sound just a little cynical," said  
son.  
Her blue eyes glowed at him. "But  
ernally hopeful, my dear."

LORRIN came to Jason's bungalow late  
in the afternoon. His eyes had a  
lugged expression, and his mouth was  
awn. But he had himself well in hand.  
"Of course, Amboy," he said in his  
avy way, "I am deeply shocked by  
at has happened."  
"I understand," Jason said quickly.  
e appreciated how this proud young  
an must be suffering, and he felt very  
comfortable.

"I assure you," Lorrin went on, "I am  
ost anxious to clear everything up and  
see that a just distribution of the es-  
te is made under the terms of my fa-  
er's original will. As soon as Uncle  
olton can leave the hospital, will it be  
atisfactory if we all meet at my law-  
r's in Honolulu?"

"Quite satisfactory," said Jason.  
Lorrin took a deep breath. His dark  
es seemed to smolder. "I'm sure you'll  
interested to know, Amboy, that Lu-  
a and I have broken our engagement."  
"I am very sorry—for you," said Ja-  
n. At the moment he was sure he had  
ever felt so sorry for anyone.

FLACK left with Singapore Sam Shay  
on the afternoon plane for Honolulu.  
They had been at Coast Guard head-  
quarters since their return from Kahuna  
land, answering questions, trying to  
plain how a cargo of yeast, consigned  
the Quartermaster Corps of the  
nited States Army at Nawiliwili, Kauai,  
a sampan captained by an expert  
hall-boat navigator and escorted by a  
estroyer halfway across the Kaieiewaho  
hannel, had happened to arrive at Ka-  
una Island, approximately fifty miles  
t course.

The Coast Guard officer in command  
of the patrol boat in which Luana, Lor-  
n and Natalie had followed Bertha  
razzard to Kahuna, had placed Flack  
nd Sam Shay under arrest. They were  
pair of extremely suspicious characters,  
e asserted, and should be held for a  
orough investigation.

The situation was saved by the arrival  
at Coast Guard Headquarters of a colo-  
nel of U. S. Engineers. After a short pri-  
vate talk with the suspects, he quickly  
convinced the commanding officer at  
Coast Guard Headquarters how urgently  
cherry-picker and cat-rig operators were  
needed on numerous big-scale defense  
projects—and the two crane operators  
were freed.

Jason and Luana took them to the  
airport in her roadster.

"Flack, before you go out of my life  
forever," said Jason, "will you please  
give me an honest answer to that ques-  
tion?"

"What question, sir?"

"Why did you send Sam Shay up to  
the paddle-tennis court that night to wal-  
lop me?"

Flack looked uneasy. He glanced un-  
happily at Luana. "Mr. Amboy, I may  
never see you or Miss Topping again.  
Can't we part friends?"

Luana was smiling mysteriously.

"We are parting friends," Jason said  
firmly.

"I'm not so sure we will if I answer  
that question. I want you to remember  
me pleasantly."

"I will, Flack. I will always think of  
you pleasantly."

Flack glanced inquiringly at Luana.  
"Miss Topping, shall I tell him?"

"By all means," Luana said. "A man  
always loves to hear about his weak-  
nesses."

"My weaknesses?" said Jason suspi-  
ciously.

A glint came into Flack's eyes. "Very  
well, Mr. Amboy. Here it is: I was ex-  
tremely resentful of the way you con-  
tinually told me I was flying high, going  
off the deep end, and running wild. I  
felt that you richly deserved that wallop.  
I hope you won't hold it against me, sir.  
... And I know your marriage will be  
very happy."

Jason and Luana saw them aboard  
the Honolulu plane, and they saw the  
plane take off, then walk back to her  
roadster.

He kissed her as she slid behind the  
wheel.

"Do you think so?" she said.

"What?" said Jason.

"That our marriage will be very  
happy?"

"It's certified," said Jason. "Flack is  
never wrong."

THE END

# DOUBLE DANGER TO FALSE TEETH IN BRUSHING WITH MAKESHIFT CLEANERS



## 1 BREAKING

The more you handle your dental plate while cleaning it, the greater the danger of dropping and breaking it. Brushing involves too much handling and too rough handling also. Millions of experienced denture wearers have changed from dangerous, old-fashioned brushing methods to the modern short-cut way of soaking the plate in Polident. Try it. You will find this method not only means the least possible handling but also cleans your plate thoroughly—beautifully.



## 2 WEARING DOWN

Toothpastes, toothpowders, soap and household cleaners are only "makeshifts" when it comes to cleaning dental plates—which are much softer than natural teeth. Brushing with "makeshifts" may scratch and wear down dental plates. See above pictures. *Fitting ridges worn down by brushing.* In addition, the scratches brushed into the plate cause stains to collect faster, cling tighter. To avoid this serious damage, soak your plate in Polident daily.



### PLAY SAFE... SOAK THEM CLEAN IN POLIDENT

**DO THIS EVERY DAY!**

Put one level teaspoonful of POLIDENT in 1/2 glass of luke-warm water. Stir briskly. Place plate or bridge in solution for 15 min. or longer—overnight if convenient. Rinse well—and use.

*No Brushing—No Scouring.*



### PREVENTS "DENTURE BREATH"

The film that collects on plates, bridges, soaks up odors and impurities. This often causes offensive "Denture Breath." You won't know you have it—but others will! Yet POLIDENT, used regularly, dissolves film—leaves plates odor-free, sweet. Millions call Polident a blessing.

Soaking plates and bridges in Polident is not only a safer method—it's a much better way—cleans them thoroughly, beautifully. The Polident solution works into hard-to-reach corners and crevices and dissolves daily accumulations of food particles and stains.

Daily use of Polident maintains the original natural appearance of your denture. Polident is recommended by many leading dentists and approved by the leading makers of denture materials.

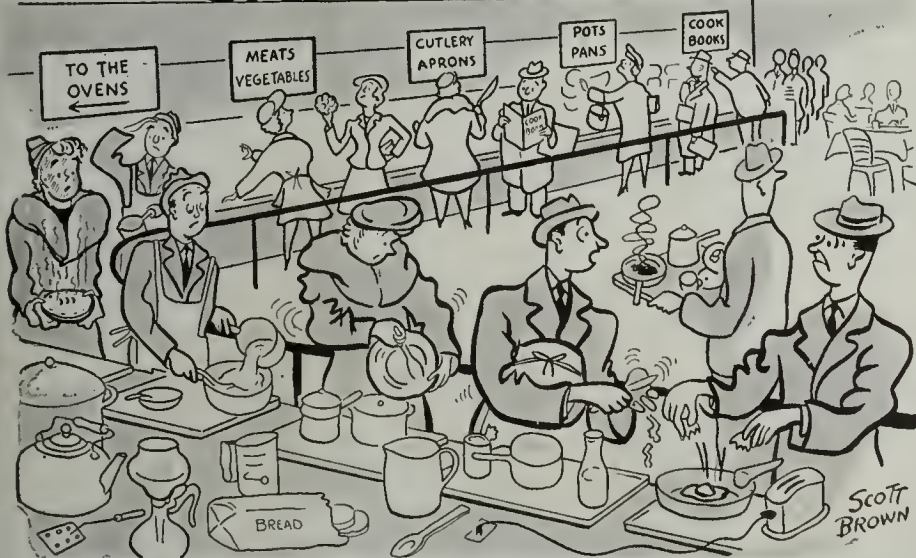
### LESS THAN A PENNY A DAY

Generous 3 oz. size—30¢, Economy size, 7 oz.—60¢. At all drug, department, variety stores. Less than 1¢ a day for safe cleaning of dentures. Today—get Polident.

# POLIDENT

The Safe, Modern Way to Clean Plates and Bridges

## CAFETERIA



"I knew that help was getting to be a problem around a place like this, but I never realized it would get this serious"

COLLIER'S

SCOTT BROWN





## CASH FOR POSTWAR TRADE

**F**IRST we've got to win the war; but it is none too early to begin discussing ways and means for priming the peacetime industry pump as soon as the war is over.

One school of thought feels that nothing but the government can do this; that we must go on after the war for an indefinite number of years of deficit spending, WPA and PWA "work," and so on.

Government pump priming can help, but in nine years it failed to remove the threat of depression. In our opinion, private enterprise is the only agency that can furnish the millions of jobs that will be wanted when the boys come home, and that can turn out the millions of consumer items for which consumers, by that time will be yelling their heads off.

It seems mathematical to us, too, that private enterprise can do this only if it has postwar money to invest in plant expansion or conversion to peacetime production, in building sales organiza-

tions, in organizing outlets, and so on. Therefore, we would like to put in an emphatic good word for a couple of proposals now in circulation looking toward the laying up of postwar cash and business prospects for American private enterprise.

One of these is the proposal that Congress, in levying new taxes, be careful not to make it impossible for industries to lay aside money reserves for quick mobilization while the fighters are demobilizing. A striking case in point (though by no means the only case) is that of the airplane industry.

This industry's expansion has been a major phenomenon of this war. It is turning out planes for military use, which after the war can be converted and dressed up into passenger carriers which will make present-day air travel look archaic by comparison. If the airplane industry is picked clean of its war earnings, however, it cannot make good in peacetime on this wartime

promise; and civilian air travel will be hobbled for years.

The other proposal that looks good to us is "lay-away buying" scheme. Here's the general idea: The longer the war goes on, the scarcer consumer goods will become, yet the more people will be making enough money to buy those things if they could be bought. Why not, then, enable these people to buy a special government bond cashable in payment for autos, radios, refrigerators, prefabricated homes, etc., after the war?

The government would get this money to use during the war; the bond buyers would get a species of lien on the goods when they come into existence; industry would get a rough idea of its postwar domestic markets might be expected to shape up.

So long as the bonds were made elastic, so that you wouldn't be bound to buy any particular article with any particular bond, we think the "lay-away buying" idea has great possibilities.

## SCORE ONE FOR FREEDOM

**W**E'VE deplored a couple of times in this space the recent Supreme Court decisions which permit towns to collect license fees from distributors of religious tracts or to prohibit such distribution altogether. These decisions look to us (as they looked to Chief Justice Stone) like dangerous nicks in the Bill of Rights, which flatly guarantees freedom of speech, press and religion.

It is a great pleasure, therefore, to report that the New York Court of Appeals, one of the nation's most respected tribunals, has refused to follow the Supreme Court in a case of this kind. The town of Irondequoit, Monroe County, New York, recently convicted a member of the Jehovah's

Witnesses sect of distributing and trying to sell Bibles and religious tracts without a license.

Said the New York Court of Appeals, tossing out the conviction:

The Bill of Rights embodied in the constitutions of the state and nation is not an arbitrary restriction upon the powers of government. It is a guarantee of those rights which are essential to the preservation of the freedom of the individual—rights which are part of our democratic traditions and which no government may invade.

At times when a legislative body has sought to invade a field from which, under the Bill of Rights, the government is excluded, and has violated rights

guaranteed by the Constitution, the courts must refuse to sanction the legislative decree. . . .

That is the long and the short of the matter, we believe—and in striking contrast to the tortured reasoning and hairsplitting of the Supreme Court's bare majority of five in these cases. Either a nation has liberty of religion, speech and press or it hasn't. It cannot have the matter both ways. Until public opinion impels the Supreme Court to rectify this mistake, our home-grown enemy of freedom (of whom we have too many) will continue to have a toe hold for an all-out offensive some day against the constitutional provisions which make this country a democracy.

## THOSE 4 A. M. BLUES

**W**E SURMISE that a lot of Americans these days are having the 4 A. M. blues one or more nights per week. You wake up in the small hours and begin to worry about your boy away at the wars or about your family or your income tax or your Victory tax or whatever; and sometimes you keep at it till the alarm clock goes off.

This is not a guaranteed cure for the 4 A. M. horrors, but we think it will help in many cases. Just

reflect that at that time of day your vitality is as low as it ever gets in all the day's twenty-four hours, and that consequently you cannot expect your brain to function well. If you let it do so, your brain at 4 A. M. will feed you all manner of exaggerations, distortions and fears, which have little or no basis in fact. Your 4 A. M. thoughts are most likely not worth a hoot, and you cannot at that time have any reasonable hope of working

out sound plans for fighting your troubles next day. So, instead, why not "unlax" and go back to sleep?

Give this scheme a fair trial—say for five straight minutes—the next time you wake up and begin to flounder through the 4 A. M. blues. If it doesn't work the first time, try it again—again. We think it is based on some very sound psychology.



# Collier's

TEN CENTS

MARCH 6, 1943

ALL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY  
OF COLLIER'S—THE AMERICAN  
WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION



★  
BURLINGAME  
PUBLIC LIBRARY  
Burlingame, Calif.



jon whitcomb  
NEW YORK

DO NOT CUT, TEAR OR DEFACE  
BOOKS OR MAGAZINES.

Meet Hitler's Mind Reader in an Absorbing Novel of Nazi Germany

DOUBLE, DOUBLE,  
TOIL AND TROUBLE

By Lion Feuch

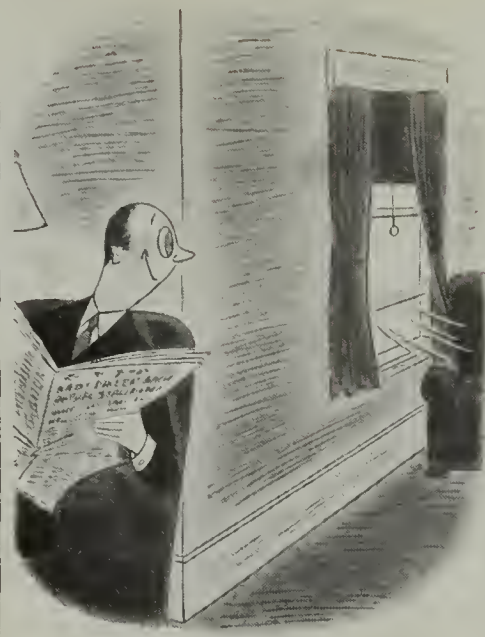
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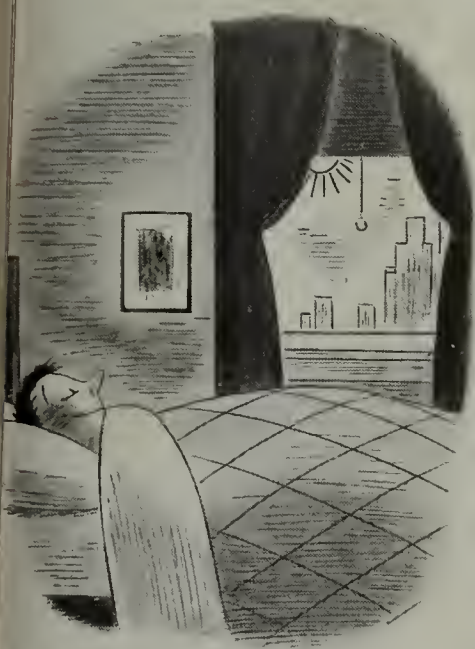
# These easy rules help keep colds away



1. Stay out of drafts



2. Avoid people with colds



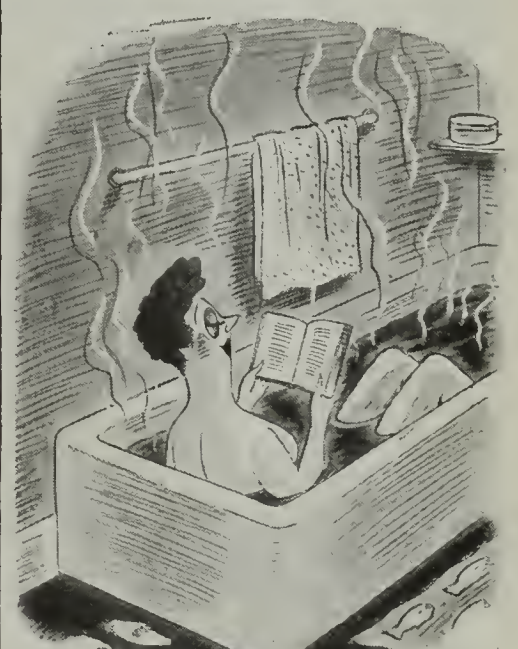
3. Get plenty of rest



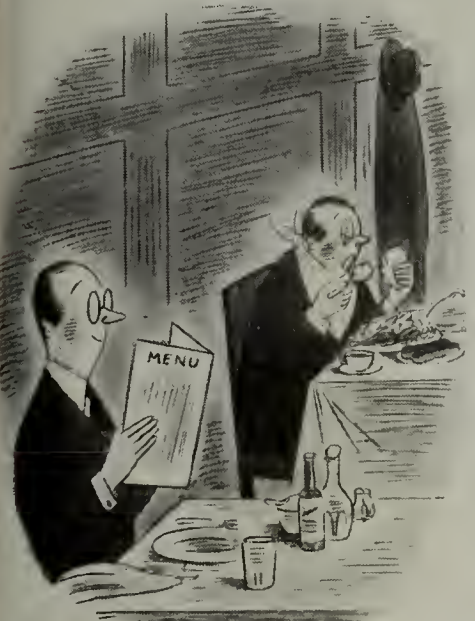
4. Dress warmly



5. Drink liquids often



6. Take a warm bath after  
chilling exposure—  
then cover up



7. Eat right — keep regular



8. Guard your throat

## PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC

*An effective antiseptic for general use — for mouth and throat*



... and gargle frequently with Pepsodent Antiseptic. It is effective even way back in your throat where illness often strikes first. Pepsodent Antiseptic kills germs quickly—millions of the very type of germs that increase the misery of colds. Get a bottle of protection today.



## Code in Your Doze?



**Ugh!** SCRATCHY HANKIES ALWAYS PLAYED HAVOC WITH MY NOSE. BUT NOW I USE SOFT, SOOTHING KLEENEX TISSUES. BOY—WHAT A RELIEF! (from a letter by E. F., San Francisco, Cal.)



## Sheer Today... Gone Tomorrow!

AFTER LAUNDERING I WRAP MY DELICATE SILK STOCKINGS IN KLEENEX. IT HELPS PREVENT RUNS AND SNAGS!

(from a letter by H. F. W., Pontiac, Ill.)

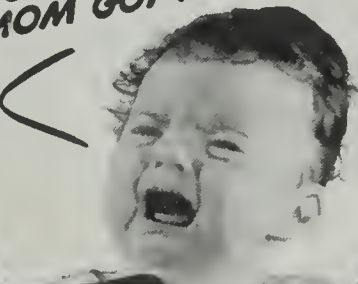


## Sweeping Beauty!

WHENEVER I BREAK A GLASS I USE A DAMPENED KLEENEX TISSUE TO PICK UP THE SMALL SLIVERS!

(from a letter by I. G., Fresno, Calif.)

**I WAS THE PRINCE OF WAIFS TILL MOM GOT KLEENEX\***



**WIN \$25**  
(MATURITY VALUE)  
**WAR SAVINGS BOND**  
FOR EACH STATEMENT WE PUBLISH  
WRITE HOW THE USE  
OF KLEENEX TISSUES  
SAVES YOU MONEY AND  
HELPS WIN THE WAR.  
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**KLEENEX**  
**SERV-A-TISSUE**  
**BOX**

**SAVES TISSUES**  
**SAVES MONEY**

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U. S. Navy in Pacific  
U. S. Army in Far East  
Near East  
Articles  
West Coast  
Washington  
Photographs

# Collier

WILLIAM L. CHENERY  
CHARLES COLEBAUGH

Publ.  
Editr.

## ANY WEEK

THE good gray gremlin known as Walter Davenport is in uniform again. In the last war, he started as a private and ended as a major, temporary grade. How he did this has always been a mystery, because anyone less belligerent than Mr. Davenport would be hard to find. He started this war as the finest reporter on national affairs in all America and has graduated (or been demoted) to war correspondent, also temporary grade. War correspondents wear uniforms and cause flutters in womanly hearts and learn to hate censors. In due course, you will again be reading the Davenport whimsy in this place; meantime, you can be reading his swell piece in this issue.



WE ARE worrying because bird dogs aren't appreciated. W. C. Parrish of Reno, Nevada, resented our article on the training of dogs for Army service. "It developed, according to this bemused blather," he writes, "that any and all breeds of dogs are acceptable, other than hunting dogs; bird dogs being politely requested to stay home as being temperamentally unfit, or because of moral turpitude or something. I'll stack my pointer up against any dog in the Army, Hollywood, or any place else. He can go into a park in Reno, look at thirteen assorted individuals and unerringly spot the twenty-four carat socialites out here for divorce and even give them a little wholesome kidding if needful." Mr. Parrish and his dog, Flash Wenatchee, have plans. "The research department of a Middle Western university," he continues, "is advising that crow meat, if approached in the proper frame of mind, constitutes an acceptable human diet even to vitamin B<sub>1</sub> contents. We will bag a few crows, dehydrate same at a near-by garlic-drying plant and forward to the handsome staff of your magazine. From that you will learn the wartime value of bird dogs." We will have Mr. Parrish know that we eat crow in this office only when we have blundered, which is almost never.

FOR some undefinable reason, this reminds us of the article in the New York Daily News about the capture of Roger "Terrible" Touhy and Basil "The Owl" Banghart. "Under questioning," said this report, "Touhy and Bang-

hart proved as reticent and cagey as ever. But their faces fell when they found they would have to go back to prison." When such cruelty can be practiced on escaped convicts, we tremble for the safety of the republic and are not relieved by propositions such as the one that has been presented to us by William W. Elliott of Beaufort, N. C., who urges that the oil now being used in spraying the haunts of the malaria mosquito of the South be turned over instead to freezing families of the Northeast. Although Mr. Elliott seeks to take the curse off his subversive views by saying, "I do not know which would be worse, to die of malaria or to die of influenza," we have turned his communication over to the authorities in New Jersey, and he will soon be visited by a committee.

THE fact that both the London Telegraph and the London Express have reprinted our article, Hollywood Gets Its Teeth Kicked In, proves anew what people in the movie industry have always known, to wit: Foreign audiences are far more insane about Hollywood than Americans are. James Cagney was down seeing Boris Karloff off for England several years ago. "Now don't be amazed, Boris," said Jimmy, "if I pop in on you some morning in London and surprise you." Karloff was telling about it later. "If he had ever popped in, he'd have popped in naked. Even actors in Z pictures get mobbed over there. Ten feet off the boat and Cagney would have been stripped for souvenirs."

**ON PAGE 10 appears a message for every alert young woman in this country. It is published by the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps and shows you one vital way in which you can help win the war. We urge you to read it—every word.**

BUT if Hollywood is the Happy Land for illusioned natives of many climes, it is often a sad place for its inhabitants. In addition to the wage ceiling, the scarcity of help, and gas rationing, there has entered the serious matter of lack of food. In the order named, Hollywood likes the following: (a) money, (b) fan mail, (c) Kansas City steaks. Steaks are hard to come by and there is suffering. Jim Denton of Hollywood has written us about the tragic case of a celebrated man: "Things are so bad out here that Mike Romanoff is thinking of closing his restaurant and going back to loafing for a living." . . . K. C.

## THIS WEEK

MARCH 6,

### SHORT STORIES

**MICHAEL FOSTER**

**The Distances of the World.** A woman craves excitement makes it.

**H. VERNOR DIXON**

**Follow the Leader.** Steb himself—and the AAF—on spot.

**ERNEST HAYCOX**

**Paycheck.** Money something the heart.

**JOHN FAULKNER**

**Treasure Trail.** They missed the pot but hit the jug.

**THE SHORT SHORT STORIES**

**Safety Shower,** by Hugh

### SERIAL STORIES

**LION FEUCHTWANGER**

**Double, Double, Toil and Trouble.** The first of eight parts.

**PEARL S. BUCK**

**China Flight.** The fifth of

### ARTICLES

**AMY PORTER**

**Pay-as-You-Go Rumor.** Meet who'd wipe out your late taxes.

**WALTER DAVENPORT**

**Underground to Freedom.** French underground move the Nazis tearing their hair.

**GEORGE CREEL**

**What Happened to Leon He.** Events leading up to the

**HOWARD TAUBMAN**

**Singing Pinch Hitter.** Astaire is the Met's foremost prima donna.

**WHAT'S COOKIN' IN WOOD.** Your favorite stars their favorite recipes.

**BILL COLLYNS**

**Anti-Japanese Sandman.** The invention will help the Night good, deep sleep.

**ARTHUR MANN**

**Perfect Fool, Jr.** Keenan Wynn off the old maxim—"Like Father, Like Son."

**FRELING FOSTER**

**Keep Up with the World.**

**WING TALK.**

**EDITORIAL**

**The Cost of Modern War.**

**COVER**

**JON WHIT**

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## How They Pass the Ammunition in New Guinea

*A typical example of B. F. Goodrich development in truck tires*

IN JUNGLE-MATTED New Guinea most of the fighting is an inch-by-inch, tree-by-tree affair. It's primitive country where mechanized equipment counts heavily—but where it's mighty tough to use it.

Here American-built Army trucks have an unromantic but important job of hauling ammunition and supplies to the front.

As well as tires for this purpose, B. F. Goodrich builds a special combat tire, designed to keep on rolling when hit with rifle and machine gun bullets. Other tires in Army service have super-traction treads that carry heavy trucks through mud and gumbo, across rivers and ravines, over swamps and deserts. Still others are special tires made with B. F. Goodrich synthetic rubber—Ameripol.

B. F. Goodrich has gone "all out" for war production, but that means taking care of

essential civilian requirements, too—with tires designed to give the greatest possible mileage for every pound of rubber used.

And many of the truck tires we are offering owners with ration certificates today are exactly the same as those used by the U. S. Army!

When you must buy, get good tires. B. F. Goodrich Speedliner Silvertowns for trucks and buses have an amazing record for long mileage in all types of service. They are all built with a broad, flattened tread construction which gives many more miles per pound of rubber.

And some day they may be made with Ameripol synthetic rubber. When they are, remember that eighteen months before Pearl Harbor B. F. Goodrich was first to offer American car owners tires made with synthetic rubber.





## WHY GET THE BRUSH-OFF BECAUSE OF DRY SCALP?



WHEN 5 DROPS A DAY CAN CHECK IT . . . . .



KEEP YOUR HAIR NEAT, GOOD-LOOKING . . .



**ALL YOU DO** ➔ Tomorrow when you comb your hair, simply put a few drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic on your comb, or rub it on your scalp with your fingers. Nothing to it—yet it keeps your hair well-groomed all day long. In addition, it checks Dry Scalp and loose dandruff by supplementing the natural scalp oils. Then as an extra aid, massage your scalp vigorously with 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic before every shampoo and rub on a little afterwards. You'll have good-looking, natural-appearing hair and a comfortable scalp to boot! Yes! . . . for double care, both scalp and hair, try 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic. And don't forget: it's different because it contains no drying ingredients.

# Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

40¢  
and  
70¢



## KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Every sixth soldier among the American troops that went to Africa carried a bag of trinkets for distribution to the natives as gifts or payments for small favors. The idea behind these bags, which contained cigarettes, candies, beads, scissors, perfumes, sugar, tea and coffee, was to show that our men were not looters but generous friends.

Ordinary glass is now made so that it will break in any desired manner. For instance, pitchers, jars and other containers for the home are manufactured so that they will break in large pieces, lessening the danger of glass fragments getting into food; while some glass ceilings, like those in the National Gallery of Art in Washington, are constructed to shatter in powder form to eliminate the danger of injury from falling pieces.

Turkey is the only country in the world in which all men and women connected with religious orders are forbidden to wear clerical garb on the street.—By Anna Worona, Paterson, New Jersey.

All American naval aircraft now carry rubber lifeboats with sufficient capacity to take care of everyone in the plane in case of emergency. The boats are built in four sizes, for one, two, four and seven men, and some automatically inflate themselves immediately after striking the water.—By F. Ryan, Brooklyn, New York.

In the proposed World Calendar, each quarter year and half year have an equal number of days, and each date falls on the same weekday each year. The extra day follows December 30th and is known as December W, and the extra day in leap year follows June 30th and is known as June W, both W's standing for World Holiday. In 1945, the World Calendar will coincide with the day and date of the present calendar.

The most complex pair of spectacle lenses ever made were ground recently to remedy six different eye defects, three times the usual number. The prescription corrected astigmatism, farsightedness, presbyopia, eye-muscle imbalance, extreme sensitivity to light and glare, and aniseikonia. They are also shatterproof.—By Ray Gentzler, Southbridge, Massachusetts.


During the twelve months following Pearl Harbor, the United States Navy launched 159 fighting ships, four times as many as the corresponding types sunk by enemy action. Among these new vessels were three battleships, six aircraft carriers, ten cruisers, 107 destroyers and 33 submarines, having a total estimated tonnage of 558,000. In addition, American shipyards produced more than 7,000,000 tons of merchant shipping.

Switzerland's heavily mined Simplon, Lötschberg and Saint Gotthard tunnels are the life lines of Italy. Eighty per cent of all the coal, oil, ore, food and other vital war supplies which Germany sends to Italy are shipped through these three tunnels in the Alps. The Swiss are prepared to blow up the tunnels in the event of a German invasion.

Among the American companies that keep in touch with their employees who have gone to war is a Chicago packing corporation, which encourages its 10,000 men in the Armed Forces to correspond on any subject of interest with "Jane Hathaway." Jane is a department of seven girls, who reply to these notes with friendly, newsy, individual letters, averaging one to a man every six weeks.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher.





## STRONG MAN of *"The Invisible Crew"*

WHEN SIRENS SCREAM the alert and our invincible pilots of the Fighter Command "scramble" for their planes, the Strong Man of "The Invisible Crew" of Bendix stands ready to start them on their deadly mission.

At the touch of a switch, the "ECLIPSE" Aircraft Engine Starter grips and spins the engine crankshaft. Mighty motors roar into throbbing, pulsing life.

As our fighters—and bombers—take off to drive the Axis from the skies, other vital "BENDIX-ECLIPSE" Accessories take over to

feed electric motors, keep radios and lights operating, lift and lower landing gear and bomb-bay doors and help prevent ice from forming on wings and whirling propellers.

And on tanks and warships, spearheading attacks on land and sea, still other members of "The Invisible Crew" move into combat with our soldiers and sailors. Skilled Bendix men and women—more than 60,000 strong—are manufacturing precision products in ever increasing volume to back up our Armed Forces—from Start to Finish!

### "ECLIPSE" AVIATION DIVISION

#### "ECLIPSE" INERTIA AND DIRECT-CRANKING ELECTRIC STARTER



From the early 250 H.P. aircraft engines to today's giant 2,500 H. P. engines, Eclipse has met and solved complex engineering starting problems. Oldest member of "The Invisible Crew," the

"ECLIPSE" Starter combines the features of inertia and direct-cranking electric starters. An electric motor accelerates a flywheel to 16,000 R.P.M. Through reduction gearing this stored-up energy spins the crankshaft to overcome the original starting load. The electric motor continues cranking until the engine fires.

THE INVISIBLE CREW

PRECISION  
EQUIPMENT BY

**Bendix**  
AVIATION CORPORATION

From coast to coast, 25 Bendix plants are speeding members of "The Invisible Crew" to world battle fronts.

COPYRIGHT 1943, BENDIX AVIATION CORPORATION



# Rings of Iron against Nazi and Jap!



**B**EHIND the man behind the gun is engine power. Engines on land, on sea and in the air must function faithfully behind the man behind the gun. For these engines Sealed Power is making piston rings, pistons, cylinder sleeves—making them 24 hours a day—trying to make them worthy of the hard fighting soldiers, sailors and pilots who will depend on them for power. Wherever the United Nations fight you're almost sure to find Sealed Power engine parts in tanks, army trucks and jeeps, in pursuits, interceptors and bombers, in torpedo boats, destroyers and submarines.

Every gun, tank and ship is half scrap. Send your scrap to war.

## For Civilian Engines, too!

Civilian cars, trucks, buses and tractors are essential to the war effort, too. Consequently while the major part of all we produce is for the Armed forces, it is a part of our war effort to continue the production of piston rings for civilian use.

Sealed Power piston rings are available in packaged sets, individually engineered for each particular make and type of engine. These Sealed Power sets insure the engine conservation and the gas and oil economy the government expects of you today. Ask for them by name! They cost no more than ordinary rings. Sealed Power Corporation, Muskegon, Michigan, and Windsor, Ont.

## SEALED POWER PISTON RINGS

Pistons, Cylinder Sleeves



© 1943 Sealed Power Corp.

## WING TALK



Made largely of wood and other nonstrategic materials, Curtiss' newest air transport, C-76, appropriately named the Caravan, can speed troops and supplies to the far-flung bases of the United Nations

**T**HE War and Navy Departments have finally given way before the tide of public opinion and officially adopted the practice of designating our planes by name rather than number.

Wing Talk took occasion, as long ago as April 26, 1941, to urge such a change, pointing out how much more satisfactory were names like Flying Fortress, Spitfire and Airacobra for fighting airplanes than mere alphabetical-numerical listings.

Others took up the campaign, and more and more aircraft manufacturers gave their products informal, characteristic names, but not until last month's press release, did the War and Navy Departments make them official.

The Army-Navy statement also refers to the fact that the War Department has at long last approved of calling fighter aircraft "fighters," instead of "pursuit" planes. For all of two decades, the American Navy and Marine Corps and the rest of the world knew the fast, maneuverable, heavily armed planes whose function was to shoot down bombers, as "fighters." The Army however, persisted in using its own name for them up to a few months ago. It only relented, though, as the result of a British-American standardization program made necessary by the war.

**T**HE boys at the fighting fronts go for candy bars and caramels in a big way—when they can get them. Nobody knows this better than Colonel Leonard H. Rodieck, Army General Staff, who flew into Guadalcanal one day last fall when Marines and soldiers at Henderson Field were eating regularly, but weren't getting anything for that sweet tooth. Crew members of the bomber that carried Colonel Rodieck to the embattled island had been there before and knew how things were, so on this trip they gave a thought to their candy-starved buddies.

At another American base in the South Pacific, these enlisted crew men heard that a shipment of candy—the first to reach the remote island—had just come in. Pooling their available cash (\$154) they were waiting at the door of the Post Exchange when it opened, and a few minutes later the candy shelves were fairly well stripped.

When the troops stationed at the base got wind of this raid on their long-awaited supply, it looked as though the MPs would have to intervene, but when

the local soldiers learned what bomber crew men were going to do the candy, they chipped in, bought the remaining stock at the PX and sent it to Guadalcanal with their regards. Marines almost mobbed the airman when the stuff was handed out. Later they showed their appreciation by kicking in with a load of Jap souvenirs.

**T**HOSE one-sided combat scores up by American airmen in the Pacific unquestionably are due to several causes. One is that United States fighting planes are better than a lot of doughing Thomases believed some months ago. Another possible explanation for the 1 to 1 average of Japs vs. American planes shot down lies in the better training given our pilots.

One main reason for the proven American qualitative superiority lies in the higher morale and fighting spirit of the Yankee pilot. American pilots fight with more confidence and take more chances—calculated, justifiable chances—than do the Nips. They do so because their planes are sturdier and better protected than Japanese craft and because they know that, even if shot down, the chances of surviving are pretty good.

United States airmen who have been shot down in the Pacific say they did not worry a great deal about their chances of being rescued. They declare that along they knew that all available American planes and ships in the area would be searching the seas for their rubber rafts. Our fighting forces, in fact, never give up looking for survivors of a crashed plane. This was emphasized in the Richenbacker rescue and it was not a special case.

The Japs, on the other hand, follow a different practice. They do not believe in wasting time and fuel searching for shot-down pilots. This has been demonstrated many times. In the Battle of Midway, Japanese ships did not pick up pilots floating near them even when the vessels were in no danger from attack by American bombers. Some stories have painted Nipponese fliers as daring—even suicidal—pilots. They aren't.

Army and Navy Air Force officials say that this difference of policy between the United States and Japan as to shot down fliers has a lot to do with the mental attitude and competitive spirit of the airmen of the two nations. . . .

JOHN G. NORRIS



## MOSQUITO...WITH A DEADLY STING!

"Mosquitoes" are bad in Europe this year.

Spawned and bred in Britain, these lightning-fast, plywood bombers are whining over the big Rhine cities in broad daylight, or darting in at dusk to lead the way for the big fellows . . . raising welts and leaving sears awful to Nazi eyes.

It's Britain's pride—this new "Mosquito" that's streaking over Europe—and it's propellers for the "pride of Britain" that we're building here.

They're made by the many thousands, and for other bombers, too: British Lancasters . . . American Flying Fortresses and Liberators.

Bearing these planes aloft, each Nash-Kelvinator-made Hamilton Standard propeller is an engineering masterpiece—so beautifully machined that a puff of a man's breath can set it turning.

Into these "props" the men of Nash-Kelvinator are pouring not only their skill, but their heart's blood and the sweat of their brows! For their swift hands are guided to new records of accuracy and output by the knowledge that on these blades—*there ride the lives of their own brothers, and their sons!*

NASH-KELVINATOR CORPORATION  
Detroit, Michigan

Let's keep the battle rolling—with War Bonds and all the scrap we can collect!



**NASH**   **KELVINATOR**

In War . . . Builders of Pratt & Whitney Engines and Hamilton Standard Propellers. In Peace . . . Nash Automobiles and Kelvinator Refrigerators.





# Life in The WAAC

Some questions and answers of interest to every patriotic American woman

**I've never been away from home. My parents wonder about this strange new life for me.**



There couldn't be a better place for you than in the WAAC where you will receive excellent care in every way, enjoy the companionship of other fine women from all over the United States, and lead a wholesome, healthy life under the leadership of understanding, intelligent officers. Each day is interesting and full of activity there's never time for loneliness.

**Maybe I wouldn't like the work?**



People are happiest doing what they do well. Every effort is made to place you in duties where your service will count most towards final Victory. You may have some latent talents that will fill a particular need for work interesting and new to women, such as repairing the famous secret bombsight, rigging parachutes, operating the fascinating new electronic devices, or driving an Army jeep over foreign terrain.

**Then I have a chance to learn something new?**



Yes, indeed. And the list of WAAC duties grows constantly. The training and experience you get in the WAAC may equip you for many stimulating new careers opening up for women.

**What are my chances of promotion?**



Excellent — if you have the right qualifications and join now. The Corps is expanding rapidly and needs new officers, both commissioned and noncommissioned. All new officers now come up through the ranks.

**What is the age range and other requirements?**



Very simple. You may join if you are a U. S. citizen, aged 21 to 44, inclusive, at least 5 feet tall and not over 6 feet, in good health — regardless of race, color or creed. But the Army needs you now — don't delay.

**Linguists needed.** If you speak and write Spanish, Portuguese, Chinese, Japanese, Russian, French, German or Italian, see your local Army recruiting officer now! You are needed for interpreting, cryptography, communication.

**First of all, is the WAAC really needed?**



Emphatically yes! Already the President has authorized the Corps to expand from 25,000 to 150,000. The Air Forces and Signal Corps have asked for thousands of WAAC members to help with vital duties. Both Ground Forces and the Services of Supply are asking for thousands more. Members of the WAAC may be assigned to duty with the Army anywhere — some are already in Africa and England.

**Can the WAAC really help win the war?**



The whole idea of the WAAC is to replace trained soldiers needed at the front. If American women pitch in now to help our Army (as women in Britain, Russia and China do), we can hasten Victory — and peace.

**But can I live comfortably on WAAC pay?**



There are few civilian jobs in which you could earn clear income, as WAAC enrolled members do, of \$50 to \$138 a month — with all equipment from your toothbrush to clothing, food, quarters, medical and dental care provided. WAAC pay is equal to soldier's pay.

**What about education?**



You do *not* need a high school diploma. A mental alertness test is given to determine intelligence. Your education progresses with service in the WAAC.

**The drilling sounds so strenuous—!**



Nonsense! The most beautiful women in America today are the girls in khaki! Some calisthenics and drilling are vital to general good health, discipline and tuned-up reflexes. After a few weeks at Fort Des Moines, Daytona Beach, or the new Fort Oglethorpe training center you'll feel better than ever in your life.

## Women's Army Auxiliary Corps

**"KEEP 'EM FLYING!"**

For further information see your nearest  
**U. S. ARMY RECRUITING AND INDUCTION STATION**



# Double, Double, Toil and Trouble

By **Lion Feuchtwanger**

Illustrated by **Ronald McLeod**

The Hitler, Oscar Lautensack the clairvoyant believed in his star. There was nothing else either of these men did believe in. This is their story, a story of ambition, greed and lust, a story of the inner councils of the Nazi Party. It was written by a great German exile

ON THAT Wednesday in the first week of May, in the year 1931, Oscar Lautensack the clairvoyant sat in Alois Pranner's apartment in Munich and looked depressed. There he was, stranded again; once more he'd had to seek shelter with his friend.

His coat was thrown untidily over a chair; a package in stiff brown paper lay on the table; the worn leather suitcase with his few belongings stood in the middle of the room. But in Oscar Lautensack's pocket was the thing that had forced him to take refuge here: the bill for one hundred and thirty-four marks which he owed Frau Lechner for his two rooms in Rumfordstrasse and which he could not pay.

Oscar Lautensack the clairvoyant had good reason to be out of sorts. He was forty-two years old and farther from the fulfillment of his dreams than ever. Since the end of the war and since the inflation, the world had lost interest in his accomplishments. For seven long years his luck had been bad. He had been obliged to exhibit himself in side shows, at county fairs, before crowds that made fun of him. And although Tirschenreuth the sculptress had finally taken him away from all that and given him back a certain reputation through the mask of him he had made, still it wasn't a pleasure to come thus to his friend, the magician Alois Pranner.

Perhaps he should have taken refuge with Anna Tirschenreuth. She was not an "artist" like Alois, but the leading sculptress of the country. And unlike Alois she didn't emphasize the bitterness of his situation by cheap gibes. On the other hand she did get on his nerves. Insistently, just by her presence, she reminded him of his mission to live up to the mask.

With a disgruntled little snort he got up and unwrapped the package. It was a bronze relief of his head; it was the mask that Tirschenreuth had made. He got a hammer and nails from grumbling old Kathi, his friend's housekeeper, and hung the mask on the wall. Then gently, even tenderly, he ran his white, well-cared-for, very fleshy hand over the metal surface.

He stepped back a few paces and looked at the relief. The mask made it certain that in some future age, later generations would know his potentialities. If his contemporaries didn't understand, it was their loss.

His fierce, dark blue eyes bored into the bronze

A shade of uncertainty came over Hitler; only Oscar noticed it. Noticed how the man on the platform began to look for someone among the audience





features of the mask. Pleading, begging, threatening, he stared at it; he looked almost grotesque, like a graven image himself. For one long minute he exhibited his unshakable will power to himself and to his portrait.

Then, weary but less disgruntled, he turned back to reality and to the bourgeois comfort of the dining room of Alois Pranner the magician, called Cagliostro.

NEXT morning that same Alois Pranner sat at breakfast awaiting his friend. He had come home late from his performance, and Oscar had gone to bed without waiting up for him.

They belonged together, Pranner the magician, called Cagliostro, and Lautensack the mind reader. They had met sixteen years ago, in the second year of the war, on the Eastern Front. From the very first moment Oscar had bewitched him, and Alois had been quite willing to be bewitched. At that time Alois had been in the Postal Division; he had to censor the letters of the battalion, and from this reading matter he found out certain events which, unknown to the recipients of the letters, had taken place at home. Oscar had made him an interesting proposal: Alois was to keep back letters with news of this kind for a time, and meanwhile he,

Oscar, would announce the events in those letters to the persons in question, thus establishing his reputation for clairvoyance. He would let Alois have a share in the benefits which these activities would doubtless bring him. Alois had accepted; all had gone well; they had worked together excellently. Oscar's gifts had caught the attention of the higher-ups and, backed by the military authorities, they had given evening entertainments behind the front for charity drives. And while their comrades at the front suffered deprivations and starved, they lived a pleasant life at the well-provisioned station. Since that day they had been welded together, as accomplices, in mutual admiration.

They had had any number of rows in the long years of their friendship. In fact lately, since Oscar had said goodbye to vaudeville, they had not been able to spend an hour together without hurling the coarsest epithets at each other's heads. But they enjoyed it.

Finally Oscar appeared. Just as Alois had expected, he put on airs and behaved with gracious condescension, as if he were doing Alois a favor by living with him. It was no wonder that Alois grew annoyed and broached a subject which he knew would rub Oscar the wrong way. Slowly, with well-simulated sym-

pathy, he asked: "And what do you hear from your brother?"

Now Oscar was attached to this brother, Hans; while Herr Pranner could not stand him. Oscar at least had charm; but Hans Lautensack was a most unpleasant scoundrel, and a criminal to boot. Now on top of everything he had got himself arrested.

A certain Franz Wiedtke had been murdered in Berlin, and the crime had easily been proved to be Hans Lautensack's. It was true that Hans had tried to talk himself out of it on the grounds that the whole thing had been a political frame-up, that his opponent had attacked him for political reasons and that he had been forced to shoot him down in self-defense; for Hans had joined a big political party, the National Socialists, the so-called Nazis. And they were helping him in his ugly mess, but it didn't seem to be any use. The prosecution insisted that the murder had taken place on account of a lady of doubtful reputation, a certain Garnet Lizzy. Alois Pranner had good reason to assume that he would wound Oscar by asking after Hans.

Oscar's air of superiority and ease vanished. "I haven't had any news from Hans for a fortnight," he answered unwillingly, "but his last letter sounded confident."

Alois, however, wouldn't let the subject drop so quickly. "I wouldn't be in Hans' shoes," he said, full of sympathy, and thoughtfully drummed the last bit of roll in his coffee.

In a rage Oscar listened to his friend. It was wiser not to answer. At that point, soon, Alois would bring forward his eternal plea that Oscar should come to vaudeville, and then Oscar would have a chance to get even.

And sure enough, after a while Oscar began, bowing his long, bald, comic head in thought: "I know, it annoys you, but I do have to tell you about it once more." And then came the whole, familiar argument which wasn't necessary for Oscar to live with such misery. Why, for instance, would he do an act with him, Alois?

With pleasure Oscar lapped up the honey to his soul. With satisfaction he heard Alois confirm his belief that holding out in miserable circumstances he was making a sacrifice to keep the gift pure. He let his friend finish what he had to say, and only then refused his invitation with icy, scornful politeness.

ANNA TIRSCHENREUTH the actress looked at the clock. It was three minutes to ten. She had asked her car to visit her at ten; she had some things to do for him.

When she had heard that he had scolded from his rooms with debts unpaid and fled to Pranner, she had again taken steps in his behalf. Now she wanted to discuss with him what she had accomplished.

She sat in her armchair, a heavy, massive figure. Her large face with the nose, the gray, rather tired eyes, and faded hair which had once been red, had a sorrowful expression. She felt old; life lay behind her. All she had now was her work and this man, Oscar, whom she loved like a son, this faulty vessel in which one did not know whether all was poured into it was not lost.

And now here he was. The powerful face with the fierce blue eyes beneath the thick, dark brows was trying to look composed, indifferent. The woman was going to make things easy for him again. "Well, there you are," she said as casually as possible.

"I've talked to Professor Hrabliczek," Frau Tirschenreuth said when Oscar was seated. "They're ready to give you continuous employment at a monthly salary of 250 marks." She was breathing heavily. Oscar did not know whether he should attribute the heavy breathing to her asthma or to the content of her announcement. For Professor Hrabliczek was the president of the Psychological Society, and that was the most distinguished association which could be thought of in connection with Oscar. Several times there had been talk of such a position, but Hrabliczek, a difficult, particular gentleman, had not wanted to commit himself.

"You would then be independent," Oscar heard Tirschenreuth's heavy, slightly hoarse voice continuing. "You'd be able to write your book at last. I was looking at that dissertation the other day that you gave me as a birthday present. It could be turned into a sound, valuable book." She talked as if to herself, and barely looked at him.

At that moment he did not like to be reminded of the book, much as the euphonious title, Possibilities and Pitfalls

(Continued on page 46)

Oscar's fierce dark eyes bored into the bronze features of the mask. Pleading, begging, threatening, he stared at it.







## PAY-AS-YOU-GO RUMEL

### BY AMY PORTER

He's a big man, with big ideas, an intense hatred of debt, a bizarre taste in clothes, and overwhelming efficiency. And if your tax affairs are ever put on current basis, he will be largely responsible for it

IF YOUR income is \$1,000, and you spend \$999.95, you get happiness. If your income is \$1,000, and you spend \$1,000.05, you get misery. It's as simple as that about debt. Dickens said

PHOTOGRAPH BY IFOR THOMAS

so some years back, and nobody's ever contradicted him.

In full agreement is Beardsley Rumel, the antidebt hero of 1943, the fellow who thought up the dazzlingly simple skip-a-year-and-pay-as-you-go income-tax plan.

He's a big man, a 200-pound six-footer, with big ideas, a big booming laugh, and a masterful way with millions of dollars that has endeared him to big corporations, big philanthropists, big international thinkers, and now—a big bunch of taxpayers.

"Debt," says Rumel, "is as unhealthy for the whole body of taxpayers as it is for the individual. And a hang-over debt, dragging on from year to year, amounts to a disease in the body politic."

To these sentiments, taxpayers say amen. From the time he announced his

plan last summer, Rumel has had a daily deluge of letters, heartily endorsing the proposal to wipe out the 1942 tax debt and start fresh on a pay-as-you-go basis in 1943.

With apparent reluctance, the Treasury itself gradually came around to thinking that that man Rumel might have something there, after all.

You had to do a sort of mental flip-flop to look his idea in the face at all. Wipe out 1942's taxes? Toss away \$7,600,000,000 deliberately, on purpose?

"Why not?" said the man with the million-dollar mind. "Seven and a half billion is only enough to meet a month's governmental expenditures. It never will be missed."

"All you do is set the tax clock ahead a year," said Rumel, "the same as you set

the time clock ahead an hour for daylight-saving time. Nothing mysterious about daylight saving, is there?"

Rumel even went on to prove, with the aid of accountants, that the government wouldn't really lose anything at all in the end.

Many critics objected, not because Rumel's thinking was unsound, but because it was unconventional. It violated financial tradition to wipe out a debt—zing—like that.

Rumel cares mighty little for tradition in finance, or anything else. Take his clothes. When guests come to dinner, he greets them in a yellow dinner jacket, midnight-blue trousers.

"Why not?" says Rumel, who is known among his friends as "Big Breeze," usually shortened to "B." He laughs his big bass laugh at quips about his bright plumage and casually mentions that in the country he wears pastels—an orchid corduroy jacket, dove-pink corduroy trousers. It is his theory that if more men kicked over the traces on clothes, we'd all be happier. He also has some brilliant Russian peasant blouses in which he drapes his sizable form, but only, he says, among friends.

In his office, for the sake of smooth working relations with everybody, he's a blue-suit-white-shirt man.

Rumel has always loved colorful clothes, but he hasn't always had his nonchalant attitude toward seven billions.

### Six-Figure Checks at First

He worked his way up to that Olympian state of mind gradually, first practicing the unconventional, though highly intelligent, giving away of modest hundreds of thousands of dollars. That was when he was twenty-seven, and the director of the Laura Spelman Rockefeller Memorial. He'd been writing seven-figure checks two years before that at the Carnegie Corporation.

Now, as treasurer of R. H. Macy & Co., the big New York department store, it's no trouble at all for him to figure, as he did last year, that 12 million dollars would be about the right size for a new debenture bond issue. As chairman of the board of the New York Federal Reserve Bank (assets, \$9,000,000,000), he has a voice—advisory but potent—in the monetary policies of the nation.

He's definitely well fixed, of course. He and his family live handsomely in their own three-story house in a good but not a pretentious block in Manhattan's East Sixties. He sends his children to good schools. Alvin, the youngest, is at Harvard; Treadwell, an Army lieutenant in Africa, was graduated there; Ann, a fashion reporter, attended Vassar. Before the war, the family spent summers in Canada, when they didn't go to Europe. And no man could have a greater zest for good living—for food and drink, for art and music, for parties and pleasure—than gregarious, good-humored "B" Rumel.

His early career bears out the notion that he's essentially nonmercenary. He couldn't have had money-making in mind when he decided he'd be a psychology teacher.

He was born in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, forty-eight years ago, the son of a Czechoslovakian father and a New England mother. He was one of four children, all noticeably bright. His sister was dean of Radcliffe College for a time. His father, Wentzle Rumel, was and is, at 75, a doctor, "and a damn' good one," his son says.

"B" polished off the Cedar Rapids High School course in three years, took a B.A. at Dartmouth and a psychology

(Continued on page 63)





The train, bound for Germany, did not dare move against the men, women and children who stood in its path singing the Marseillaise

## Underground to Freedom

By Walter Davenport

BY RADIO FROM LONDON

Monsieur Subway shows a Collier's reporter the blazing spirit of France—a France whose soldiers will never be prisoners and whose submerged hatred can never be contained. It's late, Monsieur Boche; it's later than you think

THAT day two men arrived from France, and Monsieur Subway kept his word. He was waiting for us in the Macclesfield pub. No sooner had Nat and I entered and said hello to Bert Ely, the manager, and ordered a couple of beers, than Monsieur Subway appeared at our side. He said good evening, and marched toward the door. To Bert's dismay, we followed him—leaving our beers in the hands of the barmaid, who probably didn't mind because she's certain that all Americans are crazy, anyway.

Monsieur Subway walked with pre-

cision—a tall, slim, neat, austere man in a tidy, tightly buttoned walk-up suit. If you are one who keeps abreast of important educational matters you would probably know his name. Before France fell he taught in a French university, was an exchange professor at Oxford and lectured at Harvard, Chicago and McGill in Montreal. We called him Monsieur Subway not only because he is the brains and the boss of the London end of the French underground, but because in his new role, everything he says and does suggests the subterranean catacombs, the Paris sewers of Les Misérables, the subways of New York's Grand Central district. We told him, on the night we first met him, that to us he was a professor who during many years in classrooms had yearned to chuck it and play G-man. And, as we remember, that was the only time we saw him smile.

"That is the truth, perhaps," he said. "But I had to wait until the world stopped."

It may all sound very Hollywood to you in America—too melodramatic, un-

real, staged. But it is all very real. We were soon to learn that. In the taxi Monsieur Subway sat between us, stiff and precise, his thin, sensitive hands balled into his coat pockets, his feet planted hard on the floor, his knees tight together. Every now and then he'd draw himself up straighter, clamp his mouth until it became a thin, cruel line, dilate his nostrils and drag in a great chestful of air. When his emotions gripped him like that, Nat and I became self-conscious and exchanged a few awfully corny cracks, thinking to relax him. But all he said, as we sped at the dizzy rate of ten miles an hour through Baker Street, St. John's Wood and Maida Vale, was: "You will meet the two who have arrived today. One was a soldier of France, an engineer who could teach a child in a little time to destroy a power plant like this without dynamite." And Monsieur Subway made a twisting, plunging gesture with his clenched hand. "The other was, like yourself, a journalist. He was a lonely man, a poor man, a scholar. He took no bribes for what he

wrote. His brother was shot for France at Soissons. Not by the Boche but by the Vichy police of Laval."

Monsieur Subway's mouth went tight, his slim body stiffened. He inhaled down to his heels. To a couple of very American guys it suggested an act. But then, we were very ignorant, uncomprehending. Moreover, back home, unforgotten Nazis didn't sit in Washington. Hitler's slugs weren't crashing through front doors of our homes, Himmler's strong-arms weren't hanging Yanks in Times Square, in Grant Park or from the span of the Golden Gate Bridge.

Presently, far out near Hampstead Heath, we left the taxi. We walked ten minutes and arrived at an apartment house. Nat and I grew corny again, relieved. He asked me whether I'd remembered to fill my fountain pen with invisible ink. I said something about the dog which barked at us from across the road being Lon Chaney. We should have been ashamed of ourselves. And presently we were.

A woman let us in. Monsieur Subway kissed her hand. She was French down to her small, blunt pumps, and fussily cordial. She was plump, middle-aged

DRAWING BY HARDIE GRAMATKY



ressed severely in black. On her aggressive bosom she wore a large cross of Lorraine. It was easy to which of the two men was the older-engineer of France. He clicked his heels and bowed rigidly from the waist when he shook hands. He was strong, and swarthy, he had a long oblong chin and stared at us in defiance—somewhat resentfully, we thought. He warmed up later, grew a bit hysterical when he spoke of what happened at Montluçon when five old men, women and children stood on the railroad tracks singing La Marseillaise, during the train filled with each workers to continue on to Germany. And they had to pacify him when he cried: "France will go either to a nonpolitical soldier leader like de Gaulle, perhaps, or France will go to a Communist!"

The other man who had just arrived in France—the journalist—was older; gentle, brooding fellow who peered at us through tiny lenses. He didn't do much talking. He had a curious way of holding the air with his hands, deprecating, when anyone became violent, and murmuring: "Softly, softly!" He watched our notes and understood, like a good editor, when we were having trouble. At such times he'd lean toward explaining, spelling for us the names which after all we couldn't use. They would be good names to remember, though, he would add. Once he said to "One is not a journalist until he has understood the supreme tragedy of the whole people in travail."

### A Little French Spirit

Monsieur Subway would have paved the way to what the two men were to tell us by explaining, without ceremony, the worth and art of the French underground. But the woman, who grew gay and morose swiftly and without warning, stood upon ceremony. "One does not talk well if the stomach is cold," she said. "One cannot talk well if the mind is not calm."

So she went across the room and touched on a phonograph that blared the Marseillaise. And we all stood up straight. Nat and I got a nice kick out of that. We hadn't heard Rouget de l'Isle's great song for a long, long time. When she gave us cake and a glass of wine. And now, she said, Monsieur Subway would talk.

He told us that for months after the fall of France his country lay paralyzed. France was poisoned (thus spoke Monsieur Subway). France had been choked to death by her politicians. There would be elections but always the same old gang sat in her Chamber of Deputies. France was a dying gladiator making futile stabs at Hitler's new armies. Hitler overwhelmed France as one would overwhelm an expiring invalid. But not dead, thank the good God, was the fire at was France's heart and soul. It smoldered. It grew pale. The air that was not of a sufficiency, you understand, of the oxygen of hope. Is not so?

But presently that soul which is France revived. It watched and listened to Marshal Pétain—Pétain of Verdun. But when it saw that he was old. His once

strong hand was palsied, the spirit which would not let them pass at Verdun was senile, rheumatic, weary. In politics he was a henchman of Hitler. At arms he was only the dying vision of a soldier who had fallen on his face from growing weariness. His ears heard only the easy counsel of the rich French who, in dread of Communism, preferred Nazi rule, collaboration with Hitler, and eventually a French Nazi at the head of the French state. You understand, Messieurs? Monsieur Subway was wringing his hands.

Suppressed, gladly sacrificed, were the innumerable old political parties of

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France except the Communists. Please attend. The Communists among France's working masses were alert. Hitler invaded Russia—Hitler, the great, fat swine drunk with food and stupid arrogance. The Communists of France came slowly out of their lairs and struck their chests. And the places of the old parties—parties which fed on reaction or on what the two hundred families threw from their tables, or on what they could steal—the places of these old parties were taken by Frenchmen who were not Communists but nevertheless, for the first time, called all men who love France, "Brother."

These new parties came into being in cellars, in garrets, in barns and the back rooms of lonely *estaminets*—the Party Combat and the Party Liberation. How shall one say it? They are political parties which are not political. One joins either as it becomes available in one's neighborhood. There is small difference between them.

Liberation is perhaps a little more to the left and is liked by the workers' syndicates. Mildly, it is the Workers' party but it is not Socialist, not Marxist. Does it matter? Combat is then a little to the right, absorbing the clericals, the

(Continued on page 30)

**LIBÉRATION**  
ORGANE DES FORCES DE RESISTANCE FRANÇAISE  
**NOTRE TACHE**  
La France au grand jour

1<sup>er</sup> AOUT 1942  
N° 100  
30 Octobre 1941

LIBÉRATION. Aujourd'hui 30 Octobre 1942, pour le 10<sup>e</sup> anniversaire de la libération de la France, nous publions ce journal. Ce journal est le fruit de la collaboration de tous les Français qui ont voulu, par leur action, leur parole, leur silence, leur sacrifice, leur sang, leur vie, contribuer à la libération de la France. Ce journal est le fruit de la collaboration de tous les Français qui ont voulu, par leur action, leur parole, leur silence, leur sacrifice, leur sang, leur vie, contribuer à la libération de la France.

**LIBÉRATION**  
ORGANE DES FORCES DE RESISTANCE FRANÇAISE  
**NOTRE TACHE**  
La France au grand jour

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N° 100  
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LIBÉRATION. Aujourd'hui 30 Octobre 1942, pour le 10<sup>e</sup> anniversaire de la libération de la France, nous publions ce journal. Ce journal est le fruit de la collaboration de tous les Français qui ont voulu, par leur action, leur parole, leur silence, leur sacrifice, leur sang, leur vie, contribuer à la libération de la France. Ce journal est le fruit de la collaboration de tous les Français qui ont voulu, par leur action, leur parole, leur silence, leur sacrifice, leur sang, leur vie, contribuer à la libération de la France.

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**combat**  
ORGANE DU MOUVEMENT DE LIBÉRATION FRANÇAISE

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## The Distances of the World

By Michael Foster  
ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

Madame Hell and the strange affairs at the notorious Sea Inn. A story of Charleston in '64, when that rare city sustained itself with the bitter tea of pride

**Q**UIETLY, she walked from room to room lighting candles as the dusk came on.

Her skirts whispered as she walked—the heavy, rich flounced skirts of a married gentlewoman, whispering about the ankles of an adventuress from the China Coast.

With quiet feet, she went from the drawing room into the library, lighting candles against the dusk of time gathering in an ancient Southern house, in 1864.

And as she walked, with the taper in her hand, she thought of her captain,

who was slipping in to run the blockade tonight, before the moon would rise.

Finally, in front of the library fireplace, she blew out the taper, and stood looking for a minute at the smoking wick. Then with a bitter, invisible laugh she laid the taper in the pewter tray on the mantel and went out through the open doors into the garden.

It was a walled garden, and she walked down an old brick path, where the great ladies of her captain's family had walked before her, between the smoky spires of flowers in the dusk. She didn't know their names, those blue flowers that grew so tall and lovely in the garden; she knew none of the gentle arts, the gentle patter of being a lady. But they were beautiful and she loved them, the flowers.

She was angry, and she wanted to smoke, but she knew she couldn't here, not in the garden: not where the servants might see her from the windows.

It always made her angry to remember her afternoon drive, in her carriage, when the ladies of the old families, from their

carriages, bowed to her coldly, almost imperceptibly, for her captain's family's sake—these high-nosed, lovely ignorant women in silks like hers, but who had never been a week's journey away from their moss-grayed town or from their family plantations. They bowed to her, almost imperceptibly; but she—

She had seen Java Head, indistinct in slants of Oriental rain, dropping away astern of the creaming wake; she had seen the coasts of the edge of this world, the coasts of mystery and loneliness. Standing alone and steady-eyed, she had heard the voices of men and women shaken with passion, and greed, and death, making undertones to the shrill squall and bubbling of strange music that these women would never know. She had stood alone on the edge of the world; but they, they sat cozily in their family carriages, knowing so little of their men or of themselves, and bowed coldly to a newcomer who was married to a son of one of the old families. A renegade son, who, lean and laughing,

The red-haired girl had lit the first lamp and was bending over the second. Anne's hand came out of her pocket with the revolver.

had gone away to sea and then come back again with . . .

At the end of the garden she turned and looked back at that Georgian house of rose brick, very old.

She hadn't expected anything so grand nor so beautiful with time, when she had gone on board a lovely, rakish barque, lying in the river, with a husband whom she didn't know. It had all been so confusing. For the first time in her life, she had been confused.

She had looked up one night, in the gambling rooms of Ah Quong, into creased, laughing face, burned bronze by the suns of Capricorn. White teeth, and eyes like steady pale blue flames, and a vein that twitched and knotted in her

(Continued on page 33)



YOU couldn't wear a four-in-hand tie in the shop on account of the machinery. The end of it was ble to get caught in something and u'd get choked to death before anyone could stop the wheels turning. But it didn't stop Kit. She had bought Joe a bow tie . . . one of the kind that's ay tied.

"Looks neat," Kit said, patting the no place. "It'll set you apart from the rest of those bohunks. She'll cit. It's the kind of thing a woman at wouldn't miss."

"She won't miss this hair tonic," Joe said. "Nobody could miss that. It k."

Now, Joe, you know you look like a man unless your hair is slicked. I've ironed a clean work shirt for and a clean pair of jeans."

"Maybe you ought to trade me off for a photograph instead of the usual ten in stamps," Joe said. Then he done more try: "Look, she's come the plant to sell War Bonds, Kit. ne of eight thousand workers. She know whether I'm dead or alive." s eyes were bright with excitement. "We're going to take her on a tour of ant, aren't they? They're bound to her into your department. They s show everyone the big acid vats. st die, Joe, if you weren't looking best."

But look, Kit! They're not going to work just because Lucille Avery is a look-see. She isn't Eleanor elvelt, baby. She's just a movie star." "Just a movie star!" Kit said. "Just movie star! Oh, Joe, she's Lucille w!"

It was hopeless, Joe knew. So he went to work, wearing the little bow tie with his hair slicked down and wondering who would be the first one to rib about it.

He had never seen Lucille Avery, except on the screen of course, but she had a major headache in his life for a time. Kit had pictures of her all the place. She tried to walk like and talk like her. She bought clothes hats like hers. She'd read in a fan magazine how Lucille Avery, in spite of her money, did her own housework except, of course, the cleaning and mending up. Joe would come home and find he was having a pineapple and a cheese salad for supper, with a dash in red pimentos on top. It wasn't really proper fodder for a guy who had on a twelve-hour shift. But Lucille Avery had recommended it as containing all the necessary calories, and so Kit made it. Joe didn't argue about it. After supper he'd go down to the dog pen and have a couple of hamburgers. He hadn't been crazy about Kit . . . but, there wasn't any use considering it because he was crazy about her.

Nobody kidded him at the plant. Maybe the tie and the hair tonic weren't noticeable as he'd thought. On the other hand he had a sneaking suspicion that the boys in his section were all a little hopped up at the prospect of seeing Lucille Avery. Joe went about his job. They brought Lucille Avery into Joe's section late in the morning. She was with Dr. Grady, the plant's technical director, a press agent, and a retinue of yes men who stood at a respectful distance. Joe had been wrong about one thing. Everything did stop. The men turned away from their machines while Dr. Grady explained about the huge acid vats.

Joe found himself feeling to see if the tie was straight; running his hand back across his hair to make certain it was slicked down. The inside of his mouth felt dry. She was beautiful. You

couldn't get away from that. Her figure was something to dream about. The rich gold color of her hair didn't show up on the screen. She wore a red suit, and a cone-shaped hat with artificial grapes on the crown and a delicate little veil floating down from the brim. She had a gracious smile for everyone. She even looked straight at Joe and smiled. Joe moistened his lips.

Then it happened. Joe shouted at the top of his lungs, "Acid!"

He moved like lightning toward Lucille Avery. He grabbed her, swept her across the floor and shoved her under the safety shower. The instant she stepped on the treadle mechanism, water—cold water that stung—showered down over her. She came out from under presently, choking with rage, drenched.

Dr. Grady, white-faced, explained: "There was a splatter of acid, Miss Avery. If this man hadn't acted so promptly you might have been burned, scarred for life." He turned to Joe: "That was great work, Adams. You can be sure the front office won't forget."

Joe was tongue-tied. He had to open his mouth several times before a sound would come: "I . . . I'm sorry, Miss Avery. But if I hadn't done it . . . well, water's the only thing for acid burns."

The yes men had rushed forward with coats for the dripping star.

"I won't forget either, Mr. Adams," she said, in her husky voice.

So Joe was a hero. At the big bond rally which was held outside the administration building they took pictures of Lucille Avery. Maybe the press agent had thought of it, or maybe she really didn't have any other clothes with her, but Lucille Avery was wearing coveralls, just like the other women who worked in the plant. She sold bonds like crazy, and at the end she made a little speech about Joe's having saved her from a burn that might have ended her career.

Ed, who worked next to Joe, jogged him in the ribs. "I bet she sends you a present; maybe a big check."

"I don't want anything," Joe said. "I only did what anyone would have done."

WHEN they went off that night Ed insisted on buying Joe a beer. He said it wasn't every day you could buy a drink for a hero. They drank a beer, and then they had another. But Joe pushed Ed's arm back when he started to pay.

"I'm buying," Joe said. He looked thoughtfully at the beer. "I can't take anything from you under false pretenses, Ed. You see . . ." He cleared a huskiness out of his voice: "You see, there wasn't any acid."

Ed stared at him.

"You know how Kit is about Lucille Avery," Joe said. "She copies everything Lucille Avery does. Well . . . well, I knew they'd take pictures of her at the bond rally and the pictures would be in all the local newspapers and . . . well, I just had to do it, Ed."

"I don't get it," Ed said, in an awed voice. "You mean there wasn't no acid splashed on her?"

Joe shook his head. "Not that I saw. But I knew if they took pictures of Lucille Avery in that hat, Kit would have to have one like it. You saw it, Ed. Like an ice-cream cone upside down, with fruit on it and a hunk of tulle, or something. I couldn't've stood Kit in a hat like that, Ed. I just couldn't've stood it!"

Joe shoved Lucille under the shower. The instant she stepped on the treadle mechanism, water—cold water that stung—showered down over her

# SAFETY SHOWER

BY HUGH PENTECOST

ILLUSTRATED BY ALBERT JOUSSET

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE



Albert Jousset





He could go up or down  
would follow him. If  
they would all cras-  
ried look creased Ste

## FOLLOW THE LEADER

By H. Verner Dixon  
ILLUSTRATED BY  
GEORGE SHEPHERD

Keeping up with Mr. Tracy was a big order, but those four gentlemen of the Fighter Command had no choice. It was either fly with the guy, or land on a mountain

**A**LL pilots flying P-O's are CAUTIONED not to stunt them, because of LOOSE radio equipment. Any pilot landing with DAMAGED equipment will be held PERSONALLY responsible."

Steb Tracy, civilian pilot with the Ferrying Division of the Army Air Forces, A.T.C., read the notice on the bulletin board of Transition and filed it away in his mind while shifting a wad of gum from one side of his jaw to the other. He shifted about on the hard bench and listened in on the conversation between a fresh-looking stenographer in blue uniform and the perpetually harassed Lieutenant Leslie, just in from a check flight in a B-17.

The girl was saying, "Maybe you know what it's all about, but I don't. It's so utterly childish for combat fliers to resent service pilots. Aren't we supposed to be one big happy family?"

Leslie grinned. "Yeah, we're happy, all right; in my hat. But I guess it's understandable. Combat pilots have to go

through a stiff training routine that keeps them knuckled down every second of their lives. And at the end they get less money than a service pilot, who usually comes out of civilian life and is handed a commission on a silver platter. The combat boys have to break their necks for that commission, so they resent it."

The girl tapped at her teeth with a pencil and frowned. "Well, if that's the way it is, then I don't blame them. It doesn't seem fair."

Leslie's grin deepened and he said, "But, oddly enough, it is fair. The civilians we take in are crack fliers. You take Tracy, here. It would cost the government hundreds of thousands of dollars to give him the experience and knowledge that he has acquired on his own, as a civilian. By signing with us, he is actually the one giving the government a gift on a silver platter. The least the Command can do is to give a man like that a decent salary and a commission. That's the way it works out."

The girl was convinced. "Oh. Then why did those four combat pilots from Portland try to wreck the officers' mess yesterday?"

Leslie shrugged. "They're just full of stuff and vinegar."

The girl broke into a laugh and slanted a look at Steb Tracy. She had been slanting that same look at him for weeks, without results.

An ex-bush flier, ex-mercenary, ex-

barnstormer and ex-test pilot, but always a Texan, Steb had only recently joined the Ferrying Division located at Long Beach, California. His commission as a lieutenant would not be due for a few days, so that he was still able to dress as fancy dictated—more or less. He was forced to wear the customary sun-tan shirt and trousers, but there custom ended. The bow at his collar was a narrow, black string tie, about his waist was a beautifully tooled belt with chased silver inlays and the bottoms of his trousers were tucked into handmade, high-heeled Western boots. No one, including the Army, had yet been able to take Texas out of Steb Tracy.

He got to his feet from one of the two long benches in the ready room of Transition and lazily walked out into the biting California sun. Tall, lean and rangy, he walked with the quiet tread of a cat. His sandy hair was close-cropped.

Steb looked about him and twin lights of pleasure danced in his eyes. He liked the Ferrying Command and everything connected with it.

A loud-speaker blared, "Civilian pilot Steb Tracy report at Operations." The message was repeated and Steb turned on his heel and walked down the alley separating the building of Group Operations from the Pilots' Loft, where a man could buy a soft drink, a sandwich or a full issue of clothes at government prices. He crossed the tar-sticky road to a U-

shaped, tiled-roof building and the received his orders from Operations—delivery of a fighter to a combat squadron in Portland, Oregon.

He picked up his kit, which he had left lying on the lawn under a palm tree and leisurely strolled to the long counter of Control. Lieutenant Silvers glanced up at him and smiled. "Hi there, cowboy. Where've you been lately?"

"Oh, around: New York, Nashville, Dayton, Seattle, Detroit and a couple of other places."

"Uh-hunh. Then you should know the rules." Silvers scratched his head, squinted at Steb, then walked to the window overlooking the field. He pointed to five P-38s standing on the line, high speed, single-place fighters, with twin engines and tail booms and tricycle landing gear. He said, "You know the P-38 pretty well, don't you?"

Steb nodded. "I was test pilot on those crates all last year. Got kind of a liking for 'em."

"Uh-hunh. Major Dunham thinks you've forgotten more about P-38s than any other pilot knows. That's why you're being sent on this hop." He turned about and faced Steb. "Here's the deal. Ferrying pilots are not supposed to fly in bad weather or later than one hour prior to official sunset, unless in an emergency. This is an emergency. Those five crates are part of

(Continued on page 22)



AN Prentiss M. Brown, mild and scholarly, get away with the job that killed off rough-and-tumble Leon Henderson? That is the \$64 question in Washington these days. As Price Administrator his is the rude hand that must pull tight and bite on the belt that goes around the country's soft sensitive midriff. Less food, less gas, less clothes, less comforts, less pleasure, less everything. Not fewer millions, but more. Every day and in every way, vexing irritating interferences with what Henry Wallace likes to call "the American way of life."

Fortunately, Mr. Brown suffers from no illusions. "Avaricious and thankless" is his own description of the job. He knows just what he is up against in convincing the civilian population to serve through sacrifice. Having lost a Senate seat for his part in the fight to control farm prices, he knows also the value of blocs.

It's also the case that the Michigander does not sail an uncharted sea. At hand, for his guidance, is the chart left behind by Leon Henderson, a man that sets down every rock, reef and shoal, and is particularly explicit in warning where not to go and what not to do. If Mr. Brown is as wise as he looks, he will study every detail of that voyage from auspicious start to disastrous finish.

Now that barrel-chested, bull-voiced Leon Henderson has been cast into the outer darkness, it may be remembered that he was hailed as an answer to prayer when he first stepped into the war picture as the administration's "price stabilizer." No rookie from the League, scouted by Felix Frankfurter, but a man with wide experience in many fields. Betwixt his ears, one who had come up the hard way—bone-deep behind both ears, and tough with the toughness often by poverty and struggle.

Back in the roaring days of the NRA, Henderson did not been afraid to stand toe to toe with General Hugh Johnson, matching Old Iron Pants bellow for bellow. Here at last, so it seemed, was a shaggy, two-fisted guy whom neither the crystal gazers nor the politicians could push around.

Reassuringly enough, he gave proof of courage at every outset. Although the President, on May 28, 1942 had declared that America must become the great arsenal of democracy, that year saw automobile production hit an all-time high.

Many leaders were honestly of the opinion that the war and a business boom could go hand in hand, and Donald Nelson went out on the limb with a flat statement: "I believe that industry is fully aware of its responsibility, and that competition between retailers in the field of distribution will act as a necessary brake in preventing price increases, making governmental action unnecessary."

"Ostrich-headed," boomed Leon, and followed by standing the immediate conservation of steel, rubber and copper. Mr. Knudsen, Mr. Stettinius and Mr. Clegg, among others, pooh-poohed the possibility of shortages in any of the strategic materials, but not these authoritative voices could shout Henderson down, and his bellows finally won out.

#### Little David Loses His Sling

More than that, Leon was the first official advocate of price control. Not piecemeal stuff, but an over-all thing for everything—wages, salaries, rents, interest rates, agricultural prices and commodity prices, all controlled as of a set date. And not price control alone, but tied in with a vigorous program of plant conversion, subcontracting, a search for substitutes and alterations, the skeletonization of nonessential industry, and above all, *taxes heavy enough to absorb surplus buying power*. The Baruch plan, of course, but Leon adopted and diapered it.

Unhappily, organized labor went berserk at the suggestion of wage control.

"No compulsion," thundered the A. F. of L.'s William Green, while the C.I.O.'s Phil Murray declared "an upward adjustment of wage levels to assure maximum efficiency of war workers." It is at this point that Prentiss Brown should adjust his spectacles and bend close over the (Continued on page 64)

Speculation is high in Washington as to whether the tax will fall on Prentiss M. Brown, new OPA administrator, for the same reasons it fell on predecessor Leon Henderson. Mr. Brown begins auspiciously by conferring with Secretary of Agriculture Wickard, chief thorn in Leon Henderson's flesh



## What Happened to Leon Henderson

By George Creel

Slapped down and pushed around by pressure blocs and politicians, the former OPA chief staggered from the arena battered and bleeding from every questionnaire. And now knives are being whetted and bludgeons polished up for Prentiss Brown





# SINGING PINCH HITTER

By Howard Taubman

PHOTOGRAPH BY IFOR THOMAS

Because a young unknown could sing the toughest roles in opera on only a day's notice, the Met has a brand-new American soprano star: Astrid Varnay

Something new in opera—Astrid Varnay is a Brünnhilde without avoirdupois



IN THE immemorial custom, the book of Dickinson High School in Jersey City, New Jersey, butters the graduating class of 1935. In the year book there was a girl named Astrid Varnay who was not a singer but who, under pressure, had sung a solo—When Eyes Are Smiling—with the glee club. The year book editors naturally pressed, with a straight face and in black and white, that Astrid Varnay would be engaged by the Metropolitan Opera in 1950.

The prediction was fantastic—fancifully conservative. Astrid Varnay was engaged by the Metropolitan Opera on May 17, 1941, and sang at the Metropolitan for the first time seven months later. It all happened in fairy-book time.

When Astrid Varnay stepped on the stage of the world's most famous opera house on December 6, 1941, for her first performance in opera. For her debut she had a major role, Siegmund, in one of the toughest of all operas, Wagner's *Die Walküre*. She was hitting on twenty-four hours' notice. Lotte Lehmann, world-famous soprano who was ill. And she was singing on Saturday afternoon. Halfway through the first act, she suddenly thought, "Oh Lord, this show is being broadcast! If it flops, there'll be millions to hear it."

She did better than all right. The press public pronounced her the find of the year and shouted for more Varnay. They got more Varnay sooner than they expected—she—anticipated. Six days later she was on the stage again—in *Die Walküre* again. Repeating Siegmund? Oh, nothing so simple! This twenty-year-old operatic neophyte was in the pinch hitting, again on twenty-four hours' notice, for the American soprano Helen Traubel, in the still tougher role of Brünnhilde.

## Breaking the Rules

If you search all the records of opera you will find no duplicate of that first performance. The connoisseurs could probably prove that it's impossible. They would remind you that it takes a soprano at least ten years of training on the stage to tackle Siegmund and maybe another ten to be equal to Brünnhilde. They would remind you that those roles are reserved for the greatest stars in the business, people like Kirsten Flagstad. But Astrid Varnay broke all the rules—for a first performance with an average of 1,000 as the Metropolitan Opera's most brilliant pinch hitter. She was like a rookie hitting home runs with the bases loaded in his first two times at bat in the big leagues.

Astrid Varnay carried it off as if she had been born in the opera house. She practically was. Her father, Alexander Varnay, was a well-known tenor. Her mother was Maria Yavor, a distinguished coloratura soprano. Alex and Maria met when they sang in the same opera house in Budapest, just before the first World War. They married. The Varnays, always traveling, had reached Stockholm when they discovered that a child was en route. She was born on April 2, 1918.

The baby was christened Ibolya Astrid. When the family came to the United States in 1923, immigration officials stared unbelievably at the Ibolyka and promptly translated it to Violet. When the owner of the name reached the age of discretion, she dropped the Violet because it made her think of the original Violet.

The Varnays' next stop was South America, and Astrid's prize memories are of the harbor and opera house of Rio de Janeiro and the opera house of Buenos Aires. She became a fixture at

(Continued on page 26)





***GOOD AREN'T THEY?***

No wonder Milky Way candy bars are such a favorite with the young crowd! What's more, Milky Ways are as wholesome and nourishing as they are delicious.

The pure milk chocolate coating, the layer of smooth, creamy  
nel and the luscious center of chocolate nougat,  
richly flavored with real malted milk, blend  
with each bite, into that delightful taste treat  
found only in a Milky Way.





## Follow the Leader

Continued from page 18

an Army project. They have to be in Portland this afternoon. But there's a bad overcast above Medford and every possibility of dirty weather. We don't ordinarily ask a pilot to take risks, quite the reverse, in fact, and you can refuse if you want—"

Steb shifted his gum and said, "I'll set one down where you want it. How 'bout the other four?"

Silvers smiled, relieved. "Oh, they're okay. They've already been in service over the Aleutians and were just flown down for an overhaul by their own pilots, combat boys."

"The ones who were boilin' for a fight yesterday?"

"The same. They'll be taking off about the same time you do. I'd advise you to lose them. They're wild."

"I'll lose 'em."

He took his route sheet from the lieutenant, checked his radio facilities pamphlet and picked up maps, weather reports and a new Flight Envelope. He made out a Flight Plan for the Interceptor Command, then reported back to Control. There he signed various papers, including his route sheet, received his clearance and walked outside with his kit and a parachute.

ALL ten engines of the fighters were turning over when he reached them. A mechanic scrambled out of the cockpit of his ship, the obviously new one, and helped him stow his kit. Steb strapped on his parachute and looked up to find four young combat pilots standing before him. All of them were smiling, but in the depths of their eyes was something more than a smile, a look not only of resentment, but of contempt.

He returned their flat, steady gaze and said, "Howdy."

One of them, the redheaded one, nudged his neighbor and whispered, "A cowboy ferry—" and then, after a pause, added, "pilot."

Steb's shoulders slowly stiffened and his eyes narrowed. He coldly repeated, "Howdy."

The redheaded one grinned and said, with emphasis, "Howdy, brother. I'm Lieutenant Banning." He indicated the other three with his thumb: "Lieutenants Merritt, O'Toole and Palmer." With a phony accent he drawled, "What might your handle be, podner?"

"Steb Tracy," he answered, with deceptive mildness.

Banning nodded, still grinning. "It would be something like that. Look, brother; you're taking that crate to our fighter group. We'd like to see it delivered intact, so we'll just tag along with you." He delivered a crisp, mock salute. "See you in the air—mister."

The four of them turned away and walked to their planes, laughing over some joke. Steb climbed into the cramped cockpit of the fighter, checked his instruments, radio and engines, then taxied away from the line to the end of a runway. The other four had not yet left the line. Steb got his clearance from the tower, eased the mixture controls and opened the throttles. The ship quickly gained speed and slipped into the air. The field dropped away below him and Steb rapidly made the necessary adjustments, as soon as the gear was up, to climb higher.

He swung over the Long Beach oil fields and glanced at the flat gray sheet of the ocean on his left and the bare, precipitous mountains on his right. At eight thousand feet he leveled off and

held a compass course for Bakersfield. He twisted his head about and searched the skies. There were no other aircraft in sight. . . .

Bakersfield slid by at better than 300 an hour and then, shortly after, Fresno melted below his tail booms. The sweet drone of the two powerful engines was music in Steb's ears and he liked, too, the smell of hot oil in his nostrils. Just being in the air, feet tingling on the rudder pedals, feeling the plane as an extension of his own arms and legs, had always been sufficient for Steb. But not with a war on. Then there was only one place for a pilot to be and that was in the Air Forces. But the AAF had wanted no part of him, in spite of his knowledge and his record in the air. He was two years overage for combat and his formal education had been sadly lacking. He had been turned down, reluctantly but definitely.

Steb sighed and then chuckled. He was going into the AAF after all,

toward him in a snarling, thundering, 45-degree dive, their engines whining wide open and their noses aimed at his tail. They were in a leaderless V formation, but nevertheless diving wing-and-wing. When they passed him they were doing close to four hundred an hour. The four of them split, to almost graze his wings, two pulling off to the left and two to the right in steep chandelles. Steb's plane rocked and bounced with the tremendous wash of their passing. "Darn' fools," he muttered.

He could see Mather Field ahead and throttled back depressing the nose still more. But the four combat pilots pulled out of their chandelles with a few thousand extra feet of altitude and dived at him again. Two shot by under him and two over him, with only inches to spare. Steb involuntarily ducked as they went by. Then they fanned out and came at him from two directions at once and then split formation and dived at him singly and in pairs.

his belt, left his chute in the sea and dropped to the ground.

Lieutenant Banning was waiting him, with the other three grinning close at his side. Banning said, "Hopodner. That was a pretty sloppy landing you made. Where'd you learn to

Steb held himself tensely in check, eyes coldly fixed on Banning's. "V," he said, blowing twin jets of smoke from his nostrils, "I guess it was in a cow-ture. An old Jenny with an OXX-5. You lads wouldn't recollect that before your time."

Banning's face turned as red as hair and he punched at Steb's chest with his finger. "Didn't I say we'd tag you with you? What's the idea of running away? Too good for us? You see pilots are all alike. But this is a different age, brother. We don't fly by the of our pants any more. Airplanes changed. Instruments have changed. Everything has changed—except service pilots. You still go barreling along like you believe in the movies."

Steb dropped the cigarette, crushed it with his heel, then swiftly grabbed Banning's flight jumper with his left hand. His right fist was all cocked to go when a calm voice said, "Your ships gassed, gentlemen."

Steb dropped his hands and turned to face the sergeant-mechanic, who was narrowly watching him. Steb sucked a deep breath of air and then slowly let it out. That one had been close.

THE four combat pilots were sober and coldly staring at him. Banning's lips had gone white and his eyes were blazing. He licked his lips and said, "We'll rendezvous with you directly over the field, Tracy. And you be there. We'll find you and run you out of the sky. Understand?" He turned on his heel and stalked away, the others going with him.

Steb looked at the mechanic and said, "Thanks, sergeant."

The mechanic studied him a moment then smiled and said, "Forget it. I know something was up the way the five of you came in for a landing. But you can't take away with it, mister, not on an Army field. Anyway, those lads have been taught to be killers. You can't expect them to have the dispositions of combat boys."

"I reckon not. Never thought of that-a-way."

"Yeah. By the way, your radio's loose."

"It'll be fixed in Portland."

Steb signed for the fuel and climbed back into the cockpit. The engine barked into life and he taxied away from the pumps. The other four taxied along at his side. Banning was looking over from his cockpit, glaring at him.

The planes swung onto the long runway, and radio clearance came from the control tower. The others waited for Steb to lead on the take-off. They were not going to lose him this time. Steb grinned and opened the throttles, raced down the runway and lifted into the air.

If there was one airplane in the world that Steb knew better than any other was the P-38. He had flight tested the first production model off the line and had flown hundreds of them since then. He knew every inch of that ship and exactly how to get the most out of it.

Steb glanced back at the P-38s on his tail, then looked away and racked his brain for every scrap of knowledge. The P-38 was the world's fastest climbing air-



through the back door. He had to laugh every time he thought of that first day on the Command field. The Lieutenant Colonel, Deputy Commander, had said, "Of course, Tracy, you realize that as a ferrying pilot it will eventually be necessary for you to accept a commission." Then he had added, with a sparkle in his eyes, "But you must conduct yourself, in the meantime, as an officer and a gentleman." The colonel had been thinking of his notorious record as a hotheaded Texan all too willing to swing into action with both fists.

STEB could almost feel those bars on his shoulders already. "Behave myself?" he thought. "Shucks, that's a cinch."

He sat up in the seat, eased the throttles back a fraction and gently depressed the nose of the plane, maintaining constant rpms and speed. He came down to a thousand feet and dead ahead was the dome of the state capitol at Sacramento. Steb glanced at his watch: sixty-eight minutes out of Long Beach. Exactly right. He looked up, his eyes caught a flash in the rear-vision mirror and his head spun about to look back and up.

Four P-38s were plummeting straight

Steb cursed and growled under his breath and fought his bucking plane as if he were in a storm. He slowed down, lowered his gear and flaps and swung around for a wide circuit of Mather Field. The four lieutenants stuck close to him, now under him, now over him and just ahead and just behind. Beads of perspiration broke out on Steb's forehead.

He flicked his radio to the frequency of their interplane communications system and yelled at them to clear away. There was no response from them. They were widely grinning and waving at him. Steb's normally cold eyes turned to chunks of ice. His lips thinned to a white line, and tiny muscles bulged along his jaws. He settled down for the final approach, and the long runway of the field rushed up to meet him. Twenty feet off the ground, the four lieutenants cut in ahead of him and gave him their turbulent wash with a blast of their props. Steb's plane shot up and then down, the wheels hit and it took all of his five thousand hours of experience to avert a crash. The entire runway was used up before he could bring his skidding plane to a halt.

Steb taxied to the fueling pumps, brought his ship to rest by the other four and cut his engines. He slowly unbuckled



MUSIC SOME LIKE IT HOT  
SOME LIKE IT COLD  
BUT ALL LOVE **Hemo**  
MUSIC I'VE BEEN TOLD!



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IT'S BORDEN'S, IT'S GOT TO BE GOOD!





plane and Steb meant to use every ounce of that climb. He pulled the ship up on its nose, made minute adjustments of the throttles and coolant and oil shutters and carefully babied his inches of manifold pressure.

The rate-of-climb indicator jumped to nearly a mile a minute. Steb looked back and down. The other four were already falling behind and Sacramento was a green and white blur far below, with the American and Sacramento rivers thinning to snakelike ribbons. Steb kept climbing. He went onto blowers and at eighteen thousand feet started taking oxygen. He leveled off in the ice-sharp air of twenty-six thousand feet. Goose-pimples stood out on his hands and arms. He looked back, around and below. There was not another airplane in sight. He had effectively lost them.

He switched on his radio to the Medford range, jockeyed into the middle of the A and N signals and stayed at that altitude. There was a slight haze and occasional cloud masses below and it was difficult to see the ground. But he now and then recognized a check point and marked them on his flight plan. Shortly before reaching the Oregon-California border he throttled back and started down, taking it easy. He spotted Medford from ten thousand feet, shoved the nose down and raced for the airport. His wheels touched, the wing lost lift and he spun about and taxied over to the fuel truck. The other four P-38s were already there.

BANNING, Merritt, O'Toole and Palmer stalked over to him on stiff legs and quietly waited while he rolled a cigarette; they uneasily glanced at one another and seemed to be worried. Steb frowned. That was not like them. He wondered what was up. Palmer started to say something, but the others shook their heads and he closed his mouth.

Banning rubbed his chin, kicked at the dust, then looked up and said, "Look, cowboy; what we'd like to know is how you managed to outclimb us in the same type plane."

Steb smiled. "Oh, that. Don't feel badly, gents. I used to be test pilot on these babies. Just know a little trick or two, that's all."

Banning snapped, "You know everything, don't you?"

Steb puffed at his cigarette and regarded the redhead. "Maybe," he thought, "I should accommodate him right now." But, no; that commission was too close. A fight with an officer would definitely cancel it. Steb forced himself to turn away and Banning's laughter followed him.

The civilian in the Medford weather office told him, "The soup's thick as mud. Starts about thirty miles north of here and extends beyond Seattle. Depth of maybe twenty thousand feet, or more. The ceiling at Portland is five hundred feet and visibility about a mile, or less. If I were you I'd make my let-down between Salem and Oregon City and try to hit the river. Good luck, mister."

Steb thoughtfully walked back to his plane, all gassed and with the motors ticking over. The other four had pulled out. That was a relief. He climbed into the cockpit and hurried to the end of the runway. There was no time to waste. In a few moments he was in the air and climbing.

Ten miles out of Medford, he glanced at the rear-vision mirror and sat up with a start. The other four planes were thundering toward him from a higher altitude. They had evidently been waiting for him above the field. Steb saw Banning's wild grin as they flashed by. They banked about, jockeyed in behind

his tail booms and closed formation, two trailing his left and two to his right. The wings of the inboard planes were almost scraping his wings. He was the leader of the tight V.

Steb swore long, loud and with feeling. This was no time to play. There was serious business ahead. He switched on to their interplane frequency and tried to argue with them, but they made no sign that he was even heard. Then, using him as flight leader, they swung into right echelon, left echelon and every other close formation they knew. It was beautiful precision work, but at three hundred and fifty miles per hour, with wing almost scraping wing, Steb could feel no admiration for their abilities.

He was directly on the Portland range, and ahead, looming high above and blotting out the horizon, was the cold gray mass of the fog bank. There was no time now to outclimb the others. But he had to shake them some way.

Steb eased back on the throttles, then

there was a blur of movement in the corner of his eye. He looked to the right. He could barely see to the end of his own wing, but there, just within its span, nestled another wing tip. He hastily looked to the left. Another wing tip. He couldn't see them, but he knew the other two were nestled against the inboard planes. He was again leading a five-plane V.

He dazedly muttered, "Well, I'll be darned!"

There was no way out of it. The slightest wrong move on his part and one or the other might creep ahead into his wing for a crash. Every movement of the controls had to be so slow and easy that the others could follow him simply by watching his wing. It took a high degree of skill to fly a formation that tight and Steb wondered if they had it.

He reached forward to flick on the radio switch, and cold beads of perspiration broke out on his forehead. There was no response from the radio. He

him so close he could have reversed direction and come out of the fog he had entered it. But he was vir a prisoner, caught in the trap of wings. He could go up or down they would follow him, not kn that his radio was out. If he cr they would all crash.

The minutes ticked by and sti fog-blurred wing tips of the other ers nestled deep within the span of wing. They were definitely stu with him. A worried frown cr Steb's forehead. It was impossibl him to be exactly on the beam. No could cut it that fine. And yet stayed with him, with no indicatio he might be drifting from the b What the devil was the matter wit wild fools? They had their radios to it over with one another and drop altogether if they wanted to. Why c they leave?

Steb glanced at his watch. S should now be to the rear and Port ahead, with Oregon City just ahead to the right. In thirty seconds it w be time to let down. His fingers t ened about the stick and he desper searched his mind for a way to leavi other planes. And then he suddenlaxed. By some wild streak of luc had probably stayed on the beam. fact that the others were still with proved that. They might be wild, they were not altogether out of t minds. He started to smile. The t seconds were gone. He gently, gently, eased the stick forward. The of the roaring plane started down the others with it.

THE combat pilots would now watching him closer than ever and tentative to any change in speed and dition that he might make. Steb ligh rocked his wings, receiving the s signal from them, then eased the thro back and lowered the flaps and land gear. His gliding speed dropped to and he came down through the fog a steep angle. Portland should be dire below. With but a five-hundred-f ceiling to break through, it had to There were too many hills about city higher than that, jagged hills wait to tear him out of the sky.

Steb's eyes were glued on the altimeter. When it read 500 he looked away a out of the cockpit. There was a thinn of the fog and he suddenly saw all fo of the other planes and the tense expressions of the pilots. His plane dropp lower, the fog swirled away from wing as if it were reluctant to loose grip, and then he was below the overca

Steb looked down and smiled with relief. Portland was to the rear and a broad Columbia River was direc under him. Off his starboard wi tip was the airport. Steb looked to left and right at the other pilots and th soberly waved to him. He grimly nodd at them and steeply banked away t the field. The wheels of all five touch the ground as one plane.

Steb turned his ship over to the prop officials, signed a half-dozen forms in t C. O.'s office, and then was driven in jeep across the now dark field to t municipal administration building. I sent a telegram to the Command givin time of arrival at destination and d livery of the fighter plane. The cle looked at his name on the wire at handed him a telegram. He walked o of the lounge with the telegram u opened in his hand.

A sedan came to a grinding stop in small pool of light and Lieutenant Banning blinked out into the fog. "Tracy is that you?"

Steb walked to the car and glance

## ALFRED

by FOSTER HUMFREVILLE



"She wants us to come in for a few minutes, Alfred. Her father is very anxious to meet us"

kicked the right rudder and jammed the stick hard to the left. The sudden snap-roll was so vicious it almost tore him out of his belt. Then he pulled the stick back into his stomach and rolled out on the top of a half-loop with a perfect Immelmann. He glanced back. The others were still with him, not stunting, but doggedly trying to stay on his tail. Steb eased off into a slow-roll, but before completing it, snapped into a Cuban-8, from that into a spin and then a chandelle. The others were now scattered all about him and out of formation. Steb grinned, slow-rolled in a climb, did a tight reversement, put down his nose and dived through the others. No one was on his tail. He did a steep chandelle to the left, suddenly caught it off with a wing-over and dived for the fog bank.

THE P-38 bored into the fog with a dull whine, and the clammy gray stuff feathered off the wing tips. The motors took on a more subdued tone and the shade of gray began to deepen and darken. Steb hastily checked his instruments and his altimeter: it read 6,400 feet. That was enough to clear the peaks ahead. He started to lean back, but

flicked it on and off and even pounded the dials with the flat of his hand. No response. The radio was dead, put out of commission when he had indulged in his orgy of stunting. The path of light, the broad highway of dots and dashes reaching to him from Portland was out of his grasp. He was traveling a cold, gray road through a dark tunnel, with a jagged roadbed below and the walls of the Coastal Range to his left and the towering Cascades to his right.

But through years of flying, Steb Tracy had developed highly co-ordinated reflexes. He closed his eyes a moment and again visualized the instant when he had dived into the fog bank. There had been two mountain peaks directly below him, one taller than the other. He glanced at his map. Dead Man with an elevation of 4,550 and Red Butte with an elevation of 5,275. That was it. The exact time when he had plunged into the fog was also in his mind and he compared that with his present time and speed.

"Well," he said aloud, "barring a little drift, I just left the Willamette River behind and Eugene's on my left." He added, "I hope."

If the other ships had not been riding



# This is the Lawyer



of **BLUE RIBBON TOWN**

*...Whose Salvaging Parties are Winning Renown*

A prominent lawyer  
named Mr. McCarty  
Invited his friends  
to a "Salvaging Party,"  
"But come," he insisted,  
"on this one condition—  
Bring 10 lbs. of scrap  
as your 'card of admission.'"

WELL, that was a party!  
How salvage poured in—  
Old iron and rubber,  
and copper and tin—  
While neighbor met neighbor  
in friendly accord  
Over Blue Ribbon Beer,  
as the evening's reward.

AND since then, his friends  
have been stoutly commending  
This beer that is famous  
for *full-flavor blending*—  
"It's softer and kindlier tasting,"  
they say,  
The reason, of course, is—  
Pabst blends it that way!



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A Symbol of Friendly  
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In standard 12 ounce and full quart size bottles.  
Also on draught at better places everywhere.

IN Blue Ribbon Town, U.S.A. (your town—everybody's town) Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer has become, more than ever, a symbol of friendly companionship.

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**33 FINE BREWS BLENDED**  
*into One Great Beer*



## It's a mystery to Molly



**MOLLY NEEDS A LAXATIVE.** But her nutrition class meets at 11.

"Can't risk taking a laxative," Molly decides. (She doesn't know about quick-acting Sal Hepatica.)



**FEELING DULL** and fretty due to constipation symptoms, Molly finds it hard to concentrate on nutrition.

It's nobody's fault but her own. (Folks ought to keep fit these days.)

## Agnes knows the answers



**AGNES NEEDS A LAXATIVE.** She's going to nutrition class, too.

"Never put off the laxative you need this morning," says Agnes. She gets out of bed and takes Sal Hepatica—it usually acts within an hour.



**AGNES FEELS SWELL** at nutrition class. She listens attentively to the lecturer, leaves primed with helpful hints on the best ways to feed her family. (She's glad she took that Sal Hepatica.)

## Whenever you need a laxative —take gentle, *speedy* Sal Hepatica

**IT'S UP TO YOU** to keep fit. Never put off till tonight the laxative you need this morning.

Take speedy, gentle Sal Hepatica. It usually acts within an hour.



No discomfort, no griping. Sal Hepatica acts *naturally* by attracting needed liquid bulk to the intestinal tract. In addition, Sal Hepatica helps

counteract excess gastric acidity to help turn a sour stomach sweet again.

3 out of 5 doctors, recently interviewed, recommend this pleasant saline laxative. Try it.

Here are the active ingredients of Sal Hepatica: sodium sulphate, sodium chloride, sodium phosphate, lithium carbonate, sodium bicarbonate, tartaric acid. Your doctor knows best. Ask him about the efficacy of this prescription.

# SAL HEPATICA

Product of Bristol-Myers

**TUNE IN** { "TIME TO SMILE" starring Eddie Cantor—Wednesdays 9:00 P.M., EWT  
"DUFFY'S"—with Ed Gardner—Tuesdays 8:30 P.M., EWT

inside. The others were there, peering at him through the mist-streaked windows. Steb nodded at them, cold and reserved.

Banning said, "Going into town? Hop in. We'll give you a lift."

Steb's muscles tightened and he stiffly got into the rear seat to sit between Palmer and O'Toole. Within him was burning a warm, dangerous glow of excitement. They would stop somewhere in Portland, walk around to a good dark alley and there they would have it out. Banning, in particular, needed a few good lessons in safe and sane flying.

**THEY** stopped in Portland, but it was on a main street and they were parked against a sidewalk overflowing with people. Banning turned around in the driver's seat and looked at Steb. There was an odd light in his eyes—and it was not contempt. It looked more like admiration, but Steb thought he must be wrong.

Banning said, "I owe you an apology, cowboy. It embarrasses me to admit it, but that stunting exhibition of yours out of Medford was the most beautiful thing I have ever seen. I thought I knew how to fly those cookies, but not any more. I would sure appreciate it if you'd tell me how you did that snap-roll. We were told it couldn't be done in a P-38."

Steb looked from one to the other and they were all smiling. He said, "Oh, that wasn't so much. Anyway, I couldn't shake you boys, which was what I was tryin' to do."

O'Toole grinned and said, "That's what the Army trains us for, podner, to stick. We just scattered and watched you and then we dived back on your tail when you headed for the fog. We

had to stick, whether we liked it or

Palmer said, "Come on, you Let's go in some nice warm rather lap up some beer."

As they got out of the car Steb remembered the telegram and tore it. He read it standing on the sidewalk was from Major Dunham, of Oper and said, "Commission just rec Thought you would like to know

Steb smiled quietly, tenderly at the telegram and stuck it in his pocket. He started across the sidewalk with others and asked, "What do you think you had to stick with me?"

Palmer jerked his head and then explained, "Well, you see, we're too darned proud to tell you—a secret—about it. When we brought ships down south for overhaul, the and radios were left here for service. We overstayed our leave and had to come back to base tonight and there was one way to do that through that fog—well—we just had to follow you."

Merritt chuckled, "You were the one on the beam."

Steb paused and looked from one to the other.

"This here rathole we're agoin' they got hard likker, too?" he asked

Banning said, "Sure. Why?"

"Well," Steb drawled, continuing across the sidewalk, "when I get through tellin' you a little tale about my radios you're gonna need some stiffer than beer."

"Okay," Banning laughed. "Follow the leader, boys."

The four of them strung out behind Steb and banked into the first doorway—on the beam.

THE END

## Singing Pinch Hitter

Continued from page 20

these theaters, where her mother was a prima donna.

When the little girl was just past five, the family paid its first visit to the United States. Alex became ill and, after six months of sickness, died. It was up to Mother to shift for herself and her child. She began to teach young singers. Little Astrid hung around and soaked up opera lore. She knew opera roles as Dolf Camilli's sons know batting averages. Her mother played doll games with her in various languages. At one period this little lady could speak, believe it or not, English, Italian, German, Swedish, Norwegian, Hungarian and Spanish. Today Astrid is still fluent in three or four languages.

In Jersey City, Astrid, at eleven, took up the piano with Ralph Ganci, at the New Jersey College of Music. Her ambition was to become a famous virtuoso. When Mr. Ganci's pupils gave their annual concert in a New York hall, Astrid was one of the shining lights.

At high school, Astrid majored in typing, stenography and commercial law, knowing she'd need a job as soon as she was graduated. The fact that she had a voice at all came out when she joined the glee club in her senior year at the insistence of a chum. Moriz Schwarz, teacher in charge of the glee club, urged her mother to make Astrid a singer, not a pianist.

After graduation, Astrid worked as a typist in an export house in Manhattan, where she also served as the office linguist. Her next job was as a clerk in a bookshop, where the hours were shorter but the pay no better. There must be an easier way to make a living, she figured. Singing, for instance.

She had listened to Mother's plans and instructions. She felt she knew the theory of good singing. Would Mother give her lessons? Mother would. Astrid took a couple of lessons, got impatient, wept and decided to quit.

However, the opera bug had long ago got into her blood. Whenever she could raise \$1.50 she went to the Metropolitan Opera and bought standing room. She made friends with girls of her own age who also stood. After clicking as a singer she was elected an honorary member of the Studees Club of America. The girls are her stanchest admirers. When she made her surprise debut they were in the house. One of them was at the box office when an indignant customer complained: "Some unknown is singing instead of Lehmann, and I want my money back."

### History in the Making

"You can't do that," the Varnay enthusiast interjected passionately. "History is going to be made today."

The man looked surprised, chuckled and decided to keep his tickets. He met the Varnay enthusiast in the lobby at the end of the opera and thanked her for tipping him off.

Watching the operas at the Metropolitan from her place behind the rail kept Astrid in a turmoil, bursting to sing. After a performance of Tosca one night she went home, got out her mother's copy of the score, and playing the piano for herself, sang the part of Tosca from beginning to end. When Mother came in from a late party, Astrid proudly recounted her exploit. Mother bawled her out. The next day



understood. She had sung too long and her voice was gone; it stayed gone for weeks.

That was a lesson to her. If you want to sing, you have to work patiently and patiently. She resumed her lessons. Her voice was getting bigger, though a veil lay over it like a London fog, and it was not clear unless she warmed up the voice for almost an hour. The horrible opera was that by the time the veil lifted, the voice was too tired for singing. It took months to develop singing power so that she could warm up without tiring, but at last she was making progress.

In 1939 Mother wanted confirmation of Astrid's capacities. She took her to Hann Weigert, assistant conductor of the staff of the Metropolitan Opera. Weigert was excited and offered to teach Mother was glad to have an outtake over—it's tough to be critical of someone close to you. Later on Varnay regained her objective approach. Now she sits through every one of her daughter's performances and gives pointers.

Weigert pronounced Astrid ready for the exhibition after one year of study. He arranged an audition for Edward Johnson, general manager of the Metropolitan. Johnson suggested that she send a letter listing the parts she knew, the opera's files. Her letter has become a classic of the theater. It listed even the toughest roles in the repertoire. Some prima donnas don't learn many in a lifetime. The letter passed hand to hand and everybody liked it, especially at the P.S.—"other in preparation."

In the fall of 1940, she auditioned for René Mertens, one of the managers of Columbia Concerts, Inc. He promptly offered her to a contract. Now there are two experts—Weigert and Mertens with faith in her. After Flagstad heard George Szell, distinguished conductor, listened to her and gave his blessing. Hans Leinsdorf, conductor at the Metropolitan, heard her, and suggested to her son that he listen to her again. As she remembers the date of the next performance—May 17, 1941. When she got through singing, Johnson asked, "Do I have to you or your agent?" She was speechless. Weigert jabbed her and said, "You're engaged!" She finally got out a breathless word, "Agent," and ran out of the opera house.

### The Top is Reached

She rushed to the Greenwich Village apartment where she, her mother and a half-brother live. She bought a dozen roses, plowed into the apartment, gave her mother the flowers, and burst into tears, sobbing, "I've made the Met."

Astrid Varnay was a determined, unflinching little lady as she waited for her entrance on the Metropolitan Opera stage that Saturday afternoon of December 6th. Being self-critical, she knew that her voice had not, at twenty-three, reached its full maturity. She comforted herself with the thought: You can only do what you have, and do the best you can with it. She wasn't jittery because, just couldn't afford to be nervous.

Her cue came. She heard herself whispering, "Here I go." She sang a few phrases. The easy, rich, full sound of her voice reassured her. She said to herself, "I'm doing all right." By the third act she was so self-possessed that she kept a nervous veteran from rushing on stage ahead of time.

Six days later Astrid was told 24 hours ahead of time to be ready to do Brünnhilde in place of Traubel. She was scared at first. She had never worked on

Brünnhilde with cast or conductor. There was time only for one hectic session in which the stage director crammed her with the stage business of a long opera. She went home popeyed, got into bed, propped up the score, studied it for a couple of hours until she fell asleep over it.

The entrance of Brünnhilde is one of the most difficult in all opera. The soprano stands alone on a mountain summit and gives out with the famous, "Ho-yo-to-ho," which has to shoot up and down the scale and which has to soar, like a piercing trumpet call, over the sound of 100 orchestra players going hell-bent for leather. As Astrid took her place on the set and the curtain went up, the entire company stood in the wings, watching and smiling to give her courage.

She sang with everything she had. She poured out the magnificent freshness of her young voice, with its lovely, even texture, free high tones and full low tones. She went through the "Ho-yo-to-ho" with the assurance of an old hand.

### A Star on the Beam

That job of work settled it. Astrid Varnay had arrived, and for the rest of the season she sang star parts. She did Elsa in Lohengrin and Elisabeth in Tannhäuser. Then she was chosen to play the lead in a new opera, The Island God, by Gian-Carlo Menotti.

She is not only conscientious, but also has a tremendous capacity for work. She always carries a little black notebook. It contains a diary of important dates. Thus: "Feb. 5th to 20th, memorization of score of Götterdämmerung"—a colossus of an opera. The black notebook also has pages of hieroglyphic diagrams and notations—her shorthand analyses of operas. She spends all her spare time at the Met watching the operas, studying stage business, and making notes.

When she sang in Lohengrin in Boston in the spring of 1942, the heating system in the theater was out of kilter. The temperature in her dressing room was 50 and on the stage it was 95. By the end of the second act, Astrid had a terrific case of laryngitis—couldn't sing a note. The management of the Met had to get another singer, Maxine Stellman, out of bed, rush her into a costume while the curtain was held, and toss her into the third act. Astrid felt miserable; she had let the Metropolitan down.

Astrid has no prima-donna airs. Her companions as standees of several years ago are still her friends. So are the humble members of the chorus.

For her first concert Astrid received \$200, but the price has gone up, and will mount steadily. The Metropolitan has her at bargain rates for the first three years, and knows it; the management gave her a bonus for her pinch-hit homer as Brünnhilde.

Astrid has no plans for marriage. "No time for it just now," she says. Nor are there any prospects in sight. "Aren't they all in the Army or Navy?" she queries, laughing. But she has an open mind on the subject.

Today, Astrid knows twenty roles, and by now there must be "others in preparation." If the Metropolitan Opera wants a star pinch hitter in a hurry, it can always count on Varnay. One of the conductors cautioned her. "Astrid, be prepared," he said. "Carry a long gray beard in your purse; next they'll be rushing you on as Wotan." She might not be able to give off the sounds of a bass-baritone, but you can lay ten to one the gal would know the part.

THE END



Stanley Jones

Prided himself on having a

Strictly logical masculine mind.

Stanley heard, for example, that Postum

Is drunk by many people who

cannot drink coffee.

Therefore, reasoned logical Stanley,

Postum must be a "coffee substitute";

Postum must *taste like coffee*.

Now, Stanley Jones did not care

for substitutes;

He did not like to drink something that

Tastes like something else.

Therefore, he, Stanley Jones, decided he

Would not care for Postum.

Period.

Paragraph.

Stanley's wife, on the other hand,

Operated more on the basis of

Her woman's intuition.

Hearing that millions of people drink Postum,

She simply decided to try it herself.

Which she did,

Without any attempt at being logical.

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Mrs. Jones discovered that Postum

Is a perfectly swell hot meal-time drink,

That doesn't taste like coffee

Or any other drink.

She discovered that Postum

Has a rich, full-bodied, 'satisfying flavor

All its own.

She discovered that Postum, in two words,

Is downright delicious.

Well!

"You and your logic!" she said to Mr. Jones.

"Postum is no coffee substitute.

It doesn't even *taste like coffee*.

In fact, Postum tastes no more like coffee

Than coffee tastes like tea.

"Why don't you be illogical for once

And try it?

Particularly, since

The shortages of tea and coffee

Are getting rather serious."

So

Stanley Jones, after considerable

hemming and hawing,

Put his logic in his pocket

And tried a hot, steaming cup of Postum.

Whereupon, Mr. Jones smiled cheerfully, and said:

"Let us pursue this subject no longer.

Just pour me another cup of Postum."

THE END

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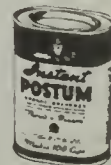
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# CHINA FLIGHT

By Pearl S. Buck

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTHA SAWYERS

V

FOR one moment after the w slammed shut Dan stared up Then he leaped for the hotel But quicker than he could leap, the were upon him. They pinioned him and twined themselves about him and the Japanese guards at the ga forward and leveled their guns a He could only wait, cursing and k and twisting, until Shigo came.

As for Shigo, he came down in the elevator, his face black and set. "If not love her," he thought to himself, "would be so easy. Or if I were a man than I am it would also be e

But he was what he was, a strange, vivid creature, half of him man of the world, gentleman, civilized and educated in the ways of civilization, the other brutish, impatient, cruel. There was trouble. He was horribly lonely in the depths of his being. He longed for approval and the satisfaction of being liked and admired as well as feared his power. And Jenny despised him. All white people despised all Japanese he told himself and groaned with pity.

HE STRODE out of the elevator across the lobby to the manager's office and threw open the door. Mr. and Frau Schmitt were sitting there over his account books, and she knitted. Both rose when he came in.

"Good evening—good evening," Schmitt stammered.

"I come to give you your orders," Shigo said brusquely. He did not take off his hat. "The American woman—is to be more closely watched, Schmitt. I hold you responsible. She is to have no communications of any sort—no mail, no notes, no telephone calls."

Schmitt spread out his large padded hands. "But, sir, we have watched her very careful—"

"I will not be told what you have done and what you have not done," Shigo said coldly. "I simply give you my orders."

"Yes, sir," Schmitt said.

Shigo threw him a stern look and went out. He strode to the front door, and a Japanese servant ran to open it for him. Outside, his eyes fell on Daniel, held by the guards.

"What is the matter with you?" Shigo shouted. "Have you been so foolish as to try to escape?"

But Daniel thrust his face near to Shigo's. "What were you doing to the girl?" he demanded.

Shigo laughed loudly. "Is that what you look like the hero in a melodrama? She happened to look out of the window at my friend, and saw you—that is all. And she feels so sorry for you, and being soft-hearted and eager to do all she asks of me, have promised that you shall be treated very kindly and not worked too hard, and that you shall have good food and a warmer coat to wear—that is all."

He stepped into the ricksha and jerked his chin at the guards and they leaped forward, their bayonets pushed at Daniel. He stooped slowly and lifted the vehicle. No use, he told himself.

(Continued on page 36)



Mrs. Shipman and Daniel were there. Leone drew them into the gate

## The Story Thus Far:

WHILE houseboating in China, Lieutenant Daniel ("Dan") James, of the U. S. Marines, and his host and hostess—Arnold Hatford and his fascinating Eurasian wife, Leone—learn of the attack on Pearl Harbor. James hurries to Shanghai, where he learns that his ship has sailed. Then the Japanese arrest him.

Led to the Foreign Office, the young officer is interrogated by an important official: Shigo Kuyoshi. With him at the time are two other prisoners: Jenny Barchet, an American newspaper correspondent, and a Mrs. Shipman, a kindly soul who runs a home—the "Gate of Hope"—for unfortunate girls. Shigo sends Dan to prison; the girl is interned, at her hotel; Mrs. Shipman is interned, in her home.

Arnold Hatford is an Englishman. With Leone, he is making his way toward Hong Kong, when his wife (in love with James) suddenly leaves him and succeeds in reaching Shanghai. There her grandfather, scholarly old P'an Lao-yeh, takes her into his home.

Jenny Barchet is an unusually beautiful girl. Shigo, strongly attracted to her, terrifies her with his advances. Finally, to save her life, she decides to give the man some encouragement—a little, not much. . . . Dan James is taken from his prison cell, escorted—with some American sailors—to Shigo's office. Shigo is there. He begins to ask questions. When one of the sailors refuses to answer him, a guard leaps forward and breaks the sailor's arm. James and his companions attack the guards; but they are overcome, trussed up.

A few minutes later, the sailors are shot. Then Shigo (suspecting that Jenny is interested in the Marine) tells Dan that he owns a ricksha and that Dan is to be his ricksha man! . . . Surrounded by guards, with fixed bayonets, Dan reluctantly pulls Shigo, in the ricksha, to Jenny's hotel: the Cosmopolitan.

Shigo leaves the vehicle, goes to Jenny's room. The girl tries hard to assume a friendly attitude toward him. But when he kisses her, she can pretend no longer—she tells the Japanese what she really thinks of him. Shigo, infuriated, goes to the window, orders Jenny to come to his side. Together, looking down, they see Dan, seated beside the ricksha. "My ricksha coolie, Lieutenant Daniel James," Shigo says. Then he jerks the girl back and locks the window fast.





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Americans whom their conquerors will march proudly before all the earth. Prisoners. Beaten, subjugated, slaves.

Businessmen who were proud of their white collars and their profits and didn't want to give them up. Factory workers who were proud of their wages...the highest in the world...and wanted to keep on earning them. Shopkeepers...whose last prosperity was a war prosperity which they enjoyed and coveted.

Are these harsh words? Words can't be too harsh today, because today reality is harsh. It is no longer a dream-world. It is a nightmare-world. And all of us must realize it and think of it day and night, lest we become soft and perish.

For never forget...we have only just begun to win in this war. The enemy is still strong. And

there is nothing he would like better than to have us relax, to have us sit back and consider the war all but over.

We must do all we can *now* to keep the enemy from ever again regaining the initiative. And that demands ceaseless effort on our part.

On the part of you who read this advertisement and us who sign it. *We must not fail now!*

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# Underground to Freedom

Continued from page 15

ordinary man of the *bourgeoisie*. But then, neither has candidates to offer. Neither has policies or platforms to beguile the simple citizen. Both have but the one thought. Both want nothing except, you understand, the restoration of a France which will rise from her knees, as already she is no longer prostrate. Both seek but to help France arise from her knees. First there will be one foot on the ground, then the other. Voila! (There were tears in Monsieur Subway's eyes.)

In Paris, in all of Occupied France, there began to appear radio receivers. Where they came from—perhaps England—nobody knew. Nobody cared. But for the first time, Frenchmen of Occupied France began to laugh over the Boche curfew hour of nine. That was the hour when the British Broadcasting Corporation spoke to France. The stupid Germans were gratified, rubbed their fat hands that the French should at last be going off the streets willingly at nine o'clock. They thought that the French were coming to admire and trust Der Fuehrer. The leering swine!

Little by little, newspapers began to appear. Workers in the plants of the great Paris journals stole newsprint and ink, and at least once they stole a whole printing press bit by bit. There appeared the journals of revolt—*La Vie Ouvrière*, *Le Populaire*, *Combat*, *Combat Illustré*, *Libération*, *La Voix Du Nord*. They were printed now here, now there. The Germans would discover a press in one place, destroy it, imprison the writers and printers. But in a few days the paper would issue from a place far away. They were distributed by stealth—folded between Nazi propaganda sheets, left in trees, under rocks, at certain houses which were marked with certain marks. Perhaps fifty people would read a single one of these journals of never more than four small pages and frequently no larger than a small handbill. *N'est-ce pas?* And then the last reader of the now decrepit sheet would copy it word for word and pass it along.

## Under the Nazi Nose

Typewriters began to appear. Thus the sheet *Le Franc-Tireur* grew to a printing of 30,000 copies, which were eventually read by 150,000 Frenchmen and perhaps many more. *Populaire*, when enough paper could be stolen from the pig-swine, printed 40,000. More presses, more mimeographing machines, more typewriters came. And more radio receivers. Hundreds were stolen from the Germans—even from the billets of the German soldiers. Of course there were discoveries by the Germans, arrests, imprisonments, executions. But what would you? France was reviving. (Still speaking is Monsieur Subway.)

In Unoccupied France there was still a lethargy. The hand of the Boche was not so heavy there and the people were still of a belief that it was better to cause no trouble lest their towns and villages, too, should be occupied. Hitler did not understand this, the camel. Had Hitler, that son of perdition, understood this he would not have since aroused all France by defiling it with his occupation. No, Messieurs, the first men and women of the underground were in Occupied France. Agents of the underground died.

There was a boy of eighteen who got to Paris, where he had been apprenticed to a chef of a place in the Bois. He

was of a temerity, you understand. Back to that restaurant he went. The chef was still there. He was preparing a feast for German officers for that night. From his pocket the boy agent took a vial. *N'est-ce pas?* Eight, perhaps twelve Boche officers were poisoned. Fatally? Let us hope. The chef, he is alive. Who can tell? The boy got away to another part of Paris, was hidden by a girl into whose house came a Nazi policeman. The boy killed the policeman and was himself shot to death. This was overzealous. The dead agent of the underground is of no value. But what would you?

Today there are many agents of the underground. How many? But that cannot be told. Hitler and his Gestapo are in despair. They raid the meetings of *Combat*, of *Libération*, of *Franc-Tireur* in Lyons, in Marseille. France is returning to life, Messieurs. Miraculously, machine guns, dynamite, bombs, ammunition are appearing in French hands. From many improbable places within France they come. When the French armies retreated before the Boche, hundreds, perhaps thousands of these useful instruments of liberation were hidden. Today they are dug up. Today one spits in the face of the German soldier and before his hand can fall upon the spitting one he is shot from a window, a tree, a hillside.

Monsieur Subway stopped suddenly. Now his eyes were younger, his lips were

compressed into a mere scratch. Through his flared nostrils he breathed so deeply that Madame gave a loud squeal and made as if to catch him and hold him together before he should burst. As if he were leaping out of the wings onto the stage, the soldier-engineer took the floor, swishing a sheaf of underground newspapers and pamphlets out from under his coat. He threw them at us. These, then, were the journals that the sons of an unconquerable people wrote under the eyes of swine. Madame twittered at him, begging him to lower his voice. The other man from France, the editor, patted the air and murmured, "Softly, softly."

The soldier-engineer told us of what he had seen at Montluçon. That train bound for Germany with perhaps a thousand French workers did not dare move against the men, women and children who stood in its path singing the *Marseillaise*. The German soldiers, swinging their rifles, tried to clear the track. With the Germans were the Vichy police—the police of the assassin Laval. But in the furor, little ones, the truncheons of the otherwise unarmed Vichy police fell often upon the heads of the Boche soldiers and agents of the Gestapo. Pardon, pardon my friend, they would say to the squealing, bleeding pig of a Boche. The multitude destroys my aim. Whoosh! Pardon, pardon! A great animal of a woman moved my arm. Pardon, pardon! An imp of the devil, a small

boy, batted me in the stomach like a ball of hell. I am perhaps mortally injured and no breakfast within me. Pardon, Herr Oberleutnant! The was not intended. So?

The soldier-engineer roared laughter. Madame's eyes were blinded. She was swinging an imaginary clasp of imaginary heads and crying, "One, Two, swine! Three, camel! Four, cow! Five, and sleep forever, thou o!" Monsieur Subway's pacing had brought him to the far wall and he stood facing it, his fingers still interlaced behind his head.

The editor was calm, but his face flushed. Nat had his arm around the soldier-engineer's shoulders, grinning saying: "Hold 'em, Yale!" I passed cigarettes and lent Madame a handkerchief. Order was restored in time.

## Schools for Sabotage

In France (resumed the soldier-engineer) there are schools for saboteurs—the agents of the underground. The underground was no haphazard thing. Today every agent knows his job by step. There is no more wasteful enthusiasm like that of the boy who poisoned the soup in the Bois Boulogne. It is scientific. Would care to sit in a class? Certainly. of what we heard there, not a word to be said or written.

In France, at first, one, two, perhaps three, came to the classes. Now they are dangerously big. They are held at midnight in the dark. It is difficult. minds are keen, eager. A great American studied in the dark and became an emancipator. His name? Abraham Lincoln. The Boche are very flattered. They call the agents of the underground criminals. My friends, there is no soldier with a greater decoration than he denounced by the Boche as a criminal. A criminal for France. From criminals for France, the Norwegians and the Dutch—whom we call Singi Kettles—and Belgians from the front of France are learning to be criminals for liberty. There was that woman who was intercepted in the street in Lyon. The agent of the Gestapo accused her of being from a class. "It is so," she replied. "I am wondering whether I have learned well. You are kind to be laboratory." And she left this Boche dying in the street, his abdomen a gaping hole.

And that seems to be about all we can write. Monsieur Subway told us that we would see him again. At the headquarters of the Fighting French, Dr. Gaulle headquarters? But no. He was never there. He would let us know. Madame was all for singing something, but she was suppressed—with difficulty. It was two in the morning. We turned to the other man from France, the editor. No, no, he had nothing to add except that this, the year nineteen forty-three, would be a great year. There would be many surprises. They would be political, too. Look at the east, to Russia, he bade. Yes. And keep watching. And strike, strike, strike! He wiped his temples, dug me in the ribs, asked me whether I had ever read of the French Revolution. He seemed pleased. Regard, then. What happened then in France was not to be compared with what may happen.

"It is again," he said, "later than you think."

THE END



"Private Wilson reporting for duty"

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# The Distances of the World

Continued from page 16

breath when he was excited—and he had taken off his peaked cap and was holding it in an old-fashioned sort of reverent way over his heart.

"You are Madame Hell. I have heard of you. Your Chinese name," he said, in a dry Southern voice. "You are too beautiful to be here."

A Quong's was the richest, the most respectable gambling place on the China Coast; and she had never let another man touch her finger tips upon her, out here on the coast.

But this one had taken her arm in an unexpected way and they were walking together toward the long table at the end of the cardroom where there was champagne and varnished duck and things like that, with Shanghai boys in white silk jackets to pour and to serve. And Ah Tong, that fat, dry philosopher, standing in the door of his office to incline his head in a sort of cynical blessing as she passed, though she was supposed to be the smiling, cold-voiced hostess who kept the patrons in line. Stumbling a little, because she was watching his face—nothing like that had ever happened to her before—and in something of an unbelieving daze, she heard him say:

"It struck you, too, didn't it, beautiful? When we looked at each other." He said carefully, "I think you must be."

"No, lovely," he said. "What's your name?"

"Anne," she said. "Anne Paget."

"Busted actress?"

"Look," she said. "That's—this is a stupid and, anyway, it's nothing to you."

"Oh, a great deal," he said, with a suddenly sound like a laugh in his chest, as if he were terribly amused, but tensely. "Because we are going to be together. So I did have to know your name. Mine is Rice Linett. Master of the barque Golden Monsoon. At a buoy on your river, just now. But I shall always call you Madame Hell. D'you mind? Have some champagne?"

Dazedly, she took the glass, and looked at his eyes again.

AND he always had kept on calling her "Madame Hell." On their way down the South China Sea, he had stopped abruptly in front of her deck chair one afternoon and said:

"Look, lovely, Madame Hell. There's a civil war on, in the States, you know. This is our last voyage to the East, for a while. D'you mind?"

"Not at all," she said. "But what do you intend to do next?"

"Blockade running," he had said.

And he had done very well at it. Very well indeed, with a lean, narrow-beamed British steamer built in England for him. Their house was crammed with silks and plate; and diamonds were hidden away behind the brick stones of the earth; seeing every day the elegant rags, the desperate poverty, of the South, these lavish riches made him seem, to her, more than ever a renegade—a laughing, cynical renegade.

But no one else seemed to think so. For he was taking out cotton and tobacco in cargoes that loaded down his slim steamer to her main-deck rails. And coming back he brought all the things of life that the Confederacy had thrown away, to fight for The Cause: he brought coffee, and silks, and tea, and French stationery; and he brought beef and wheat for the army; and he brought wool

and leather and steel, and gunpowder in kegs to make up for the poor stuff that the Confederacy made in its own home-made arsenals. And he brought gold.

Gold, in bullion, to pay starving men who fought, as men had never fought before with empty ammunition pouches. Who turned, on the long muddy roads, to snarl and fight again with their buttoned rags flapping in the windy rain; to throw aside their empty ammunition pouches and go back up the long, long roads of mud, toward flaming guns, with only rusty bayonets. . . .

HER captain was bringing in tonight a load of English gold, in bullion. He would be in before the moon would rise. It was a waning moon and it rose

streets, bowing to other ladies in other carriages, where once she had known great distances and the keen edge of danger. Sometimes she thought she would go mad—it was a greater strain than she had ever known, anywhere; and sometimes she thought she simply couldn't stand it any longer.

She couldn't have stood it this long if it hadn't been for Mr. Ferrell.

Of course, though, she never let her captain know anything of all this. For in this old town, where his hard-hunting, drinking, dueling ancestors had lived before him, he was in himself, without thinking, a great gentleman. A great gentleman, and he had left her—once his laughing, passionate companion—to stay alone, and walk quietly, smiling

herself until she could feel her rigid lips become really amused.

There was always Mr. Ferrell. That small, dark, deadly gambler from New Orleans, whom all men feared, and many of these high-born women seemed to love, in a half-scared sort of way.

So, quietly, one foot in front of another, she walked back into the house and heard the velvet sounds of chimes dying away. She went into the paneled dining room and sat down all alone in the great high-backed hostess chair at the end of the long table in the candle-light.

And lifting the first amber-clear silver spoonful of green terrapin soup to her amused lips, she thought:

Yes. Mr Ferrell is coming to call tonight. And I must give him his answer.

MR. FERRELL came to call. He was announced while she was having her coffee in the library, all alone. In the door, he bowed slightly: a slender and lethal man in most beautiful clothes.

Over her hands, he bowed again, and touched them with his small, dark silky mustache, and said, "Well, Anne, have you decided?"

"Wait, please, Mr. Ferrell," she said, and rang the bell. When the colored butler had brought another massive silver tray, with a decanter of brandy and a glass on its crisp napkin, she said, "Please have your brandy. And you may smoke a cigar, if you wish. Then I will tell you."

"Anne. Anne, I— Please, before you answer, remember all I have told you. All the world, and the rivers, and a life with me that you . . . we are the same kind of people, Anne. You know that. You know it in your heart, Anne."

"Please, Mr. Ferrell. I do remember. But have your brandy."

He poured, slopping ever so little. It was the first time she had ever seen those thin, dark little hands shake.

For an instant she thought with a sort of venomous, secret pleasure—shot straight at her captain—that it was emotion that made his hands unsteady. But then, with the practiced eye of the China Coast, she saw he had been drinking heavily all afternoon.

Well, she had bargained for that. When she had practically decided to go with him.

It was his weakness. But she, too, was deadly and she would hold him in line without mercy. And, as he had said, there was all the world, and the rivers of it where men and women could face danger, and distances, and, in a queer way, beauty, together. If they really were the same kind of people.

And this thin steel weapon of a man was her own kind. They both had the same quiet, merciless ferocity for life—for all that life could hold, of beauty and of danger, for the world, and its restless treasures of experience.

"Mr. Ferrell," she said.

"Yes, Anne?" His eyes were a little bloodshot, and his lip twitched once; but the brandy had evidently put him together again.

"I believe it might be possible," she said slowly. "I believe we would make a good team. With some conditions, though."

"Anne. Anne, any conditions," he said, just a little thickly. "You know how much I—"

"Wait," she said.

She poured a little more coffee into her delicate sage-green Wedgwood cup, and

## MR. FALA OF THE WHITE HOUSE

by ALAN FOSTER



"I'm seated third from the left"

very late tonight. She alone knew that he was coming in from the sea tonight—only she, that is, and his shipping agent—with the bullion. With a sudden tightness between the eyes, she thought of his shipping agent, Mr. Cartret. One of the most respected names in the state. But on the China Coast, where you looked at people not with automatic belief, that bland, large-chinned face with weak blue eyes might not have rated so . . .

And anyway, she thought, it's probably because Mrs. Cartret had bowed so coldly from her carriage the other afternoon. She realized that she hated these smug, high-born ladies with such quiet venom that it warped her judgment of all their world and all their people.

But she couldn't help it. Her captain had left her in this time-richened house to be a gentlewoman. To move impassively from room to room on quiet feet, where once her feet had had a feeling of wings; to smile, dim, shadowy smiles over cups of tea, where once she had known free laughter; to drive, in the afternoon, through narrow, ancient

dimly, from room to room. And he . . . he still went adventuring into the bright distances of the world.

Standing at the end of the garden, she bit her knuckles, clenched rigidly. What was he doing, that renegade heart, in the dark streets of the Caribbean ports where the cargoes were transhipped from England and from South America into the blockade runners? She thought she knew him; and there were dark girls in the Caribbean ports, and music from behind secret shutters in the dark streets above the water.

TO HER horror, she heard herself making a little whimpering sound under her breath. Jealousy is a sickness, a rotting sickness of the heart: it distorts in the mind a world, once loved, into fevered and obscene shapes. It gives to hands, which a little while ago knew only the ways of love, a shaking rigidity that could be translated into murder.

Carefully she unclenched her hands. And stood for a moment breathing deep, shaken breaths. And smiled a little at





**MEN OF MEANS WHO HAD**

**MURALS PAINTED IN THEIR HOMES**

**MAY ONCE HAVE SPENT TOO**

**MUCH FOR WHISKEY.**

**MY, BUT THEY'VE CHANGED!**

**M & M IS NOW**

**MORE AND MORE THESE**

**MEN'S CHOICE, BECAUSE**

**M & M, THOUGH**

**MODEST IN PRICE, IS**

**MILDER, MELLOWER THAN**

**MANY COSTLIER BRANDS.**

The best of 'em is

**M & M**

(MATTINGLY & MOORE WHISKIES)



Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.

watched him while he tilted the decanter again.

"You know, of course," she said, "that we would be, finally, completely outside the law."

He looked up at her. His eyes steadied, became gray steel points. "I have always been," he said.

He lifted his glass, and his eyes became slightly vague again. "And so, I think, my dear, have you," he said, and smiled at her. His teeth were very sharp looking.

"Perhaps," she said. And stopped to think carefully for a minute before she said in an even and quiet voice, "There is my husband. I shall have to tell him. Before I go. If this is to be done, it will be done above the board."

And that, she thought, is the test.

We will see how these two men will take that, one after the other, she thought. She knew how Rice Linett would take it. She waited to see what this man, also coldly dangerous, would do.

For a long minute, he sat looking into his glass of brandy. Then he drank it, and put the empty glass down and looked at her.

And she suddenly saw that he was very drunk.

Far drunker than she had thought—and beyond the mere drunkenness, a curious and venomous, terribly venomous, exaltation burned suddenly in his eyes.

"Perhaps we need not worry about that, my dear," he said.

Quietly, she set her cup and saucer down. "Just," she said softly, "just what do you mean?"

His eyes became gray steel again, but melted too soon. Much too soon. "Never mind," he said. "It's I that you love, isn't it?"

Deliberately she reached over and took one of his hands, making her fingers soft and clinging as they touched the taut muscles.

"I have been thinking of nothing else," she said softly.

"Well?"

"But there is my husband."

He snarled abruptly. "Don't worry any more about that grinning bravo," he said. "With his fine airs, and the way he swings his shoulders when he pushes better men off the sidewalk."

"But," she said, still softly, more softly, "I don't think I quite understand what you mean when you—"

"He thinks he's coming in tonight, doesn't he?" His thin lips twisted and twitched, quickly, once. "Never mind. Never mind." He reached for the decanter again.

SHE leaned back in her chair and made her eyes deliberately dreamy.

Only one other person in the Confederacy had known that Rice—her captain—was planning to come in tonight, before the waning moon would rise.

Mr. Cartret.

She said carefully, "Mr. Ferrell, how are you doing with your . . . establishment out at the Sea Inn?"

She tried to remember that very old stone inn, half lighthouse in the days of the pirates, on the end of the cape which jutted far out to seaward, south of the channel entrance. Mr. Ferrell had taken rooms out there, where gentlemen of the town could play discreetly.

"Eh?—oh, well enough, dear. Well enough for now, until you can join me, and you and I can really . . . Anne, dear?"

"Yes?"

"Tell you something," he said.

"Yes? . . . Dear?" Her lip curled suddenly. People learned to be more discreet than this on the China Coast.

"One more coup," he said. "Big of all. Solves all our troubles. Lots of money, too. Enough for you and to . . ." He set his glass down again, cleared his throat. "Never mind, said. "Never mind, little woman. know nothing about it."

"No," she said, and it was hard to hear her voice above a whisper. "No, I don't."

AFTER he had gone, she rang the bell again. "I want the carriage, once," she said.

And then she went upstairs to her room and out of the cedar-lined closet she took her threadbare old travel cape. The collar turned up enough to half hide her thin, suddenly very young—no, gaunt—face.

She opened a chest of carved and heavy brass, from the China Coast and from among its folds of silks to heavy piece of . . . adornment, which she slipped into her pocket.

It was a long drive out to the Sea Inn. Somewhere out there in the darkness, a few miles off the cape which the Sea Inn tipped, lay the blockading fleet. So that in that from the inn, on a clear day, heavy frigates, the gunboats and swift sloops with folded wings could be seen on the horizon.

She left the carriage a hundred yards down the road, pulled up against the blacker darkness of a hedge, and walked toward the discreetly lighted doorway of the inn. She asked for Mr. Ferrell's private rooms, and after one startled glance from the fat, dead-eyed landlord himself, he led her up the stairs to the third floor, knocked on a door—and backed a little, not looking at her, as she opened the door and walked in.

They were there, whom she expected to see.

Mr. Ferrell, twisting swiftly to his feet from his place at the table, his right hand slipping like the head of a snake toward the inside of his coat lapels. The other man stopped, and fell away limply, as he stared at her and swallowed once.

Mr. Cartret, flung back in his chair with surprise; one thick, well-kept hand covering his big chin, his small, worn lips which moved once or twice, slowly, in prim fright, before his head too, came limply away and he murmured in deep politeness:

"Mrs. Linett. As I live." He seemed to gain assurance from the sound of her own deep, rich voice, and added, "I'm delighted, madame. A profound pleasure."

She nodded once, and said dryly, "Thank you."

The women—there were two of them—were about what she had expected. Young, rather common, though trying to correct it with the most elaborate criminal lines, the most elaborate charming fawning manners. The pert one had dark hair, masses of it in a great soft knot; the languishing one had pale hair in etic clusters beside her childlike cheekbones. The sort of women she would expect a Union agent and his gold to find to use.

She thought: These pallid creatures—these weak adventuresses—they should be on the China Coast sometime, and find out what women can be like, what they have to be. But she saw how Mr. Cartret had been hooked—beginning probably, with gambling losses to Mr. Ferrell. It didn't take much of a China Coast eye to see this deal.

"We'll play," she said.

"But, Anne—my dear Mrs. Linett," Mr. Ferrell said, "we . . . we were playing tonight."

"Never mind," she said. "We'll play it all I'll deal."



the green top of the big table she  
up a new, fresh deck. The cards  
flowed like fluid between her  
fingers, and she said, "Sit down."  
by one, hesitantly, in a queer way,  
at one another, they did sit  
And she dealt, the cards whisper-  
ing an opening fan around the table.  
"No wild cards," she said. "This is a  
positional game."

they played, pretending to be ab-  
surd in the faces of the cards; and after  
a while, with brandy on the table, pre-  
tending to be gay. Twice, Mr. Ferrell  
dealt the cards, almost imperceptibly  
adapting to a practiced eye, as his deli-  
cately spidery fingers twisted to deal.  
In her, her lip curled again; but her  
face remained blank and pleasant, a  
dreamy.

After a while, she noticed that Mr.  
Ferrell was sweating: clear drops stood  
on his rather fine brow, and  
a queer look at Mr. Ferrell, he loos-  
ened his collar. But the drops gathered,  
trickled suddenly into his eyes. He  
took a fine cambric handkerchief. About  
the time Mr. Ferrell began stealing  
glances, what he thought were casual,  
glances at his watch, slipped secretly out  
of his elegant waistcoat pocket.

The two girls twittered a bit over their  
cards, looking with petulant, childlike  
jealousness toward Mr. Cartret as they  
played their cards, as if pleading charm-  
ingly for his wise advice; and they  
talked publicly, charmingly, as Anne  
did in pot after pot. And the big, oily  
revolver was heavy in Anne's  
pocket.

WAS after midnight, and Mr. Ferrell  
had glanced at his watch quite a nerv-  
ous number of times, when she saw the  
clock. Mr. Ferrell nodded, swiftly, with  
a slight sidewise jerk of his small, smooth  
head, to the red-haired girl. And with  
most charming manners, the girl got  
up and excused herself and went into an-  
other room, and closed the door. Star-  
ting at the door, Anne thought quickly,  
"ring things out. That was the sea-  
ward room, the one whose windows, of  
the inn, faced the sea."

So, she thought, it was possible that  
Mr. Cartret had spilled, finally, just last  
night, or today. It was a hunch worth  
trying.

Quietly she, too, got up, and walked to  
the door to the seaward room, and flung  
it open.

The red-haired girl was at one of the  
windows, carefully busy. For on the

broad sill of the window were three big  
lamps each with a powerful reflector  
affixed to it—two close together, and  
then another a little to the right.

And the girl had lit the first lamp, and  
was bending over the second.

Anne could imagine it, quite clearly.  
A small boat from the blockading fleet,  
standing in under the shore, watching the  
windows of the inn. The lamps, then,  
two and one; and then . . . her hand  
came out of her pocket with the heavy  
revolver. It slammed once, jumping in  
her hand, and the one lighted lamp went  
to pieces in a sheet of flame.

"And now, my dear," Anne said to the  
red-haired girl, "we'll go back in and  
sit down . . . and wait."

BECAUSE she had turned very  
quickly, with the revolver in her hand  
as she motioned the girl out, Anne caught  
the rest of them—not quite flat-footed,  
but just rising, just reaching for their pis-  
tols.

"Please," she said. "I meant it. We  
will sit down."

Again, but this time under the merci-  
less, steady O of her pistol muzzle, the  
hands fell limply away. And they did sit  
down again. There was a smell of burn-  
ing oil, and rug and varnished-wood  
smoke from the seaward room. Behind  
her back, Anne closed that door with one  
hand, and came, too, and sat down at the  
head of the table.

"So," she said, "we will wait."

It was a long time. The longest time  
she had ever known. And the weight of  
the big revolver was making the muscles  
of her wrist jump, when—

Every mortal at that table stiffened  
suddenly, staring, listening.

For, sullen with distance across the  
sea, came suddenly the tolling of great  
guns offshore.

The great guns of the blockading fleet.  
And then . . . and then, a lighter sound,  
too—the nasty, jolting cracks of smaller  
guns, coming over the sea.

Her captain was coming in.

"I think," she said quietly, "that we  
will all fold our hands on the table.  
Where I can see them."

Reluctantly, they did. Their four pairs  
of hands were clasped, before the O of  
her pistol muzzle. Clasped in queer, al-  
most prayerlike attitudes, on the table.

And the smell of burning rugs and  
varnished wood made their eyes wild  
and scared and apprehensive in the blaz-  
ing candlelight.

"That's it," she said. "And we will



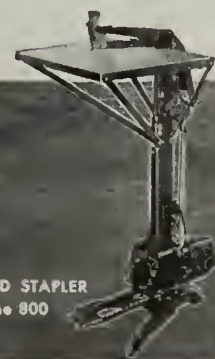
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"Did you say 'Is it cold?'?"

ED. GRAHAM



keep our hands clasped. And I think you might, you know, really pray, while you're about it." She stopped and listened. The great guns were rolling in peals—and the swift, running whacks of the smaller ones were still replying. "Because," she said, "if he doesn't get through, every soul in this room will die before I leave."

They listened, with their hands clasped, tightening. In blasting waves of sound, the frigates were firing broadsides. One after another, rolling in sullen majesty over the waters of the night. . . .

And from under the edge of the door of the seaward room, a thin page of smoke, growing thicker, began to pour upward into this room, and gather across the ceiling, dropping in swirls down toward the candle flames on the table, hurting the eyes, making the eyes of the four whom she watched widen with terror.

"We'll wait," she said. Then: "Keep your hands clasped, Mr. Ferrell."

"Anne!" he said. "Don't you remember—"

"No," she said. "A better man is coming in from sea."

And she could see him, as she held the revolver steady: a creased, partly laughing but maybe snarling face, now, above the edge of armor plate on his bridge.

Yes. Whatever he was—the swaggering, silly idiot!—he was her captain; and he was coming in from sea.

**T**HE room was thick with smoke. It was a choking smoke of wool and varnish, and tears were streaming down her cheeks. But the O of the pistol muzzle was steady as her captain's eyes.

And then, with a new authoritative blasting that jarred the dusty panes of that inn, the massive guns of the fort across the channel, opened fire. Those grinding roars shook the floor.

And running underneath them, still firing back, came the jolting cracks—the laughter—of the smaller guns.

Her captain had come in. And was running now under friendly guns that were firing over him at blockading men-of-war that had followed him in too close.

She sighed, and looked at Mr. Cartret. The door of the seaward room was in flames now, in charring, varnish-licking flames, and he was in silhouette against the swirling redness. And he looked back at her, that benevolent, big-chinned figure of respectability, through the smoke—and went for his gun.

The English revolver, that heavy oily adornment from the China Coast, whacked and bucked once more in her tired hand.

And then she got up, and went out, and turned the key in the lock of the door, and went down the stairs, and said good night with a slow, grave inclination of her head to the fat, white land-

lord, and walked down the hundred yards of road and got into her carriage under the black shadow of the hedge, under the stars, and said, "I think we will go home now," and folded her hands and closed her eyes.

**S**HE was in the drawing room when he burst open the front door and came walking swiftly in.

With her hair brushed out and newly pinned up in the most dignified fashion, she was in the drawing room, at the piano, playing a transcription of Mozart's *Eine Kleine Nachtmusik*—*A Little Night Music*—the one small and ironic comment she permitted herself.

Like a gale of wind, like a remembrance of violence and loveliness, he came through the drawing-room door . . . and stopped. Holding his peaked, his rakish cap over his heart.

"My darling," he said. "Madam! You are more lovely every time I see you."

Her fingers stopped on the keys. Her heart stopped, too. Slowly, she raised her head and looked around at him. He was laughing, that creased and red face. She wanted to share again.

She got up from the piano bench. Her knees like water. As weak as water with love. She said:

"I . . ."

"Darling!—what's the matter?"

"Nothing," she said. "I mean, I know. Not until I had nearly lost you. Never mind."

"Oh, you mean tonight? All night?" he said. "Don't worry about it. I gave as good as I took. A few patches up the holes, and I . . . D. Madame Hell. What is the matter, my lovely?"

Quietly she went to him and placed her face down on the salt-tasting white of his shirt front.

"Hush. Hush," he said. ". . . D. know, lovely, a funny thing. That night out on the South Cape, that inn, on fire as I came by, in the ch. Blazing like the very mischief."

"How . . . how odd," she said.

"Darling. Darling! Madame! Why are you crying? . . . Oh! I thought you were crying—but what the devil are you laughing about?"

Quietly, taking her face away, she said, "You."

And, picking up her skirts at the top of the dim staircase—the rich, lustrous skirts of a married gentlewoman—she bowed to him, as a great lady bows on a staircase, spreading her skirts.

She inclined her head so that he should not see her eyes. And picking up her skirts, she walked on up the stairs.

Tomorrow she would drive in her carriage again.

In time, perhaps, she hoped, she would learn the dignity and the courage of a gentlewoman.

THE END



## China Flight

Continued from page 28

grimly. Even if the Jap was lying, and ten to one he was, it would be a sheer waste to do anything here—this Jap would like to make a mess of him under her window! He looked up, but she was not there. He must hold his temper and plan something real. He walked slowly back to the Japanese compound, refusing to hasten one step, although the bayonets were at his shoulder blades all the way.

And upstairs in her room Jenny had flung herself upon the bed and was sobbing as she had not sobbed since she was a child.

**F**OR three days Shigo did not go near the hotel. Each day Daniel was called but it was only to parade him up and down the streets where the most people could gather to watch the strange sight of a white man between the shafts of a ricksha. It seemed they could never get used to it. The Japanese hooted and laughed, but the Chinese crowds followed him silently. They were the poor and the children. Well-to-do Chinese averted their heads and seemed not to see him. Sometimes an old woman put her sleeve to her eyes or an old man hid his mouth with his hand. Daniel, stalking along with his head held high, felt the infinite difference between Japanese and Chinese, between enemy and friend.

Back in the compound again, his mind

still restless with the idea of escape, he examined every face he passed as he went to his room. Was there one here who might help him? . . .

On the morning of the fourth day he was called as usual and he went out. The sky was a cold stone gray. The wind came from the sea and it crept through his cotton coolie coat. He felt bitterly depressed and helpless and he strode along, his mouth hard and his eyes on the wintry earth beneath his feet. One of these days—today, maybe—he would simply make a break for it and see what happened. He was tired of being cautious and waiting for luck. Then as he walked to the gate he felt someone trip and fall against him. Someone had darted out of the garage door with such sudden speed that it was like a catapult against him. He fell, clutching the other man, and they struck the ground together. In that instant he felt a hand thrust deep into the bosom of his coolie coat. It was only a second and they were on their feet again and he stared down into the face of the Chinese chauffeur.

"You son of a gun," Daniel said hotly, "can't you see where you are going?"

The Chinese dusted himself furiously and flung curses in stinging staccato syllables. "You turtle's egg!" he shouted. "Can you not look where you are going?"

The little fellow, whose words he could not understand, looked like an angry ban-

nam rooster. He lifted his foot, kicked Daniel's shins, and spat on the ground in front of him.

"Here, you" Daniel said slowly, "you can't act like that—you're as bad as a Jap."

"P'ei!" the little man said and strode away with large steps. But as he went, with that left eye of his which was turned away from the guards, he gave Daniel a slow American wink. No one could have guessed it who saw the angry set of his back and the strut of his walk as he went away. But to Daniel it was like a word from home. The fellow was fooling the guards! Dan put his hand into his coat quickly and touched a scrap of paper there and took his hand quickly away again. Whatever it was, it must wait until he came back and was safe in his room again. But could it be true that he had a friend?

At that moment Shigo came running lightly down the steps. He gave his customary curt nod and stepped into the ricksha and the parade began again. But it was not as it had been on other days for Daniel. Yes, he had a friend.

When he was back again and the door locked behind him, when the guards were lounging again beside the door, he got into bed and pulled the quilt over his head as though to sleep. There under the safety of his cover he reached into his breast and took out the slip of paper.

Upon it was scrawled in hit-and-run capital letters, misspelling nearly every word, this message, "Kepe up the friend Ling samsing hapen soonly."

"Keep your upper lip stiff, I am your friend Ling. Something will happen soon." It was easy enough to translate. He leaped out of bed and stood for a moment so full of joyful energy that he shouted aloud before he knew it. The guards rushed to the grille of the door and peered in. He saw their startled faces, and the impulse seized him, half of mischief, half to baffle them, to cover his involuntary shout. He pressed against the grille and distorting his face he howled like a wolf. Again and again he howled. The guards stared at him, their eyes widened and their faces blanched. Then without a word they turned and fled.

**S**HIGO in his office heard their hesitant double knock upon his door.

"Come in," he called sharply. He was impatient of interruption at this moment when as quickly as possible he must get these sheets of paper back to Jenny Bouchet's room. They were brought to him every day while she walked in the garden, and he read them swiftly and turned them. The messenger was waiting now outside in the hall.

The door opened and Daniel's two guards came in. At once he saw that





## A TRIBUTE

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FROM TIME TO TIME during recent months, we have had occasion to report to the American people on our progress in arms production.

Yet, while we in the City of Pontiac have been engaged in the thrilling task of building guns, torpedoes and other materiel that our soldiers, sailors and marines *use in actual combat*, thousands of other members of the Pontiac family have been contributing to the war effort in a degree that, as yet, is neither fully understood nor properly realized. We refer to the Pontiac dealers of America . . . some 3000 strong and scattered from Coast to Coast and from Canada to the Gulf.

Spurred by the knowledge that American industry cannot function to fullest effectiveness in war

production if the nation's automotive transportation is seriously impaired, they have "carried on" for over a year now in the face of steadily increasing difficulties.

Theirs is the important national duty of *PRESERVING AMERICA'S AUTOMOBILES* . . . of seeing that they are maintained in good, safe operating condition . . . and of keeping them running with maximum efficiency and economy until victory. And it is a matter of record that they are fulfilling that duty in a truly magnificent fashion, *despite decreasing revenues, despite the difficulties of maintaining adequate staffs of skilled mechanics, supervisors, parts managers, etc.—and in face of the countless other impediments to normal operation*

*that the war economy imposes on all business today!*

This, we hold, is a contribution to the war effort no less vital than that of direct arms production—because "*a man can't build a gun unless he can get from his home to the job*".

True, they have been able to carry on as they have largely by virtue of their management ability and their good standing in their respective communities.

But beyond that, it reflects a determination that nothing shall prevent them from keeping their facilities and specialized experience at the disposal of the civilian production army . . . *by whom they are needed now as never before!*

They call it "Doing their bit".

To which we add, "Well done!"

PONTIAC MOTOR DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION



"And can you count  
up to 60?"



**APPLICANT:** Of course! But what in the world . . .

**EMPLOYER:** A little joke of mine. I merely wanted to impress on you the fact that—in this office—we often use one sheet of carbon paper *sixty* times before throwing it away.

**APPLICANT:** My goodness! Don't the copies

get awfully blurred . . . and hard to read?

**EMPLOYER:** No, indeed. You see, we use Roytype's Park Avenue, one of the carbon papers made by the Royal Typewriter Company. And each sheet of Park Avenue can be used—not just 20—but up to 60 times, cleanly and clearly. This test copy proves it . . .

This is the sixtieth copy made with the same sheet of Park Avenue Carbon Paper, a product of the Royal Typewriter Company. This sheet of carbon paper had been used 59 times before! The test was made at the United States Testing Company, Inc., one of America's largest independent testing laboratories. See what a clear, legible copy this sixtieth one is!

Laboratory test No. 36092-NY, issued October 6, 1942

**APPLICANT:** I'd almost swear that was a first copy! How ever do they do it?

**EMPLOYER:** Their man tells me they have a special process called "deep-inking." It soaks the ink right down into the paper. Then, too, Park Avenue's extension edge lets you reverse the sheet, top to bottom, so all areas of the paper can be used.

**APPLICANT:** Gee. I bet if I'd known that much about carbon paper, you'd have hired me right off, wouldn't you?

#### Complete line of carbon papers

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something was wrong. They were very pale and disturbed.

"What now?" he exclaimed. "Has the American escaped?"

They shook their heads in unison. "He has gone mad," the elder guard said. "He is howling like a wolf."

"Stupid!" Shigo cried. "It is a trick." The two guards looked at each other helplessly. Then the younger one spoke: "I ask to be put elsewhere."

"I also," the elder said, emboldened by the younger.

For answer Shigo darted from behind the desk and slapped first one man and then the other on the face. Neither moved nor put up his hand to his cheek. "Get back to your posts," he bellowed.

THEY went out without a word. And Shigo, left alone, sat down again with a great gust of a sigh. This story that she was writing so assiduously every day, what did it mean? He had ordered that Jenny be watched night and day, and so two holes had been bored into the decorations of the wainscoting. Through them, guards watched her constantly. She did nothing but write, they told him, and here was what she wrote, a novel, a strange, meaningless novel. No, there must be a meaning in it.

But what could it mean, this fantastic tale of a man and a woman alone on an island. Why a man and a woman? They were both Icelandic—why Icelandic? He had never been to Iceland—what sort of people lived in Iceland? But these Icelanders, the woman beautiful, the man handsome, had both been driven out of Iceland because of their crimes. They had met upon the wild seas, and had gone to the North Pole. Why the North Pole?

At the extreme pole they had found a strange uninhabited country, green and full of unchanging summer. But this was absurd. At the pole there was neither summer nor green. Nevertheless—so she had written—the two had left Iceland as strangers to each other, driven out separately for different reasons. The man was a murderer, a homicidal maniac, the woman a kleptomaniac. They were not in love with each other. Then the woman having stolen all the man had except the clothes he wore, discovered that she loved the man, and there was the immense struggle of whether or not she would return his possessions. And the man who plotted only how to kill the woman, now had to struggle between his love for the woman and his wish to keep her alive, and his desire to kill her.

Shigo read of these two, each mad, and wondered why Jenny wrote thus and why he tortured himself to read meanings into what she wrote. Was there some resemblance to himself in this man, Dort? And was Keyna like Jenny herself? He was sure that Jenny had some meaning in the story. Did she suspect even that he saw these pages every day? Accustomed to plotting, he could not believe that there was not some plot in her mind, too.

He made a few careful notes of the points which might help him to decide these difficult questions and then he put the sheets together and struck the bell on his desk. The shuffling humble stenographer came in and bowed and took them, and when she was gone he sat with his head sunk in his hands. There had been a pretty scene at the end of the story—a very pretty scene, where the two mad people discovered they loved each other. He thought of it and suddenly burned with longing for Jenny. There was all this passion in her? Oh, why not for him? He sat, thinking of her intensely, and suddenly he sobbed. He rose abruptly, and banged his bell again. When the

bent figure of the secretary appeared the door, he shouted:

"My car, in five minutes!"

"So—" the figure breathed and was away.

He strode back and forth twice across the room, then stood and stared out the window. A dark flush was creeping out of his collar and suffusing his cheeks. It was time for all nonsense to stop. He would go to Jenny and tell her so—make an end of everything.

But when he came downstairs, the American car would not move. Ling, chauffeur, put his head out from underneath it and reported, "Car no go."

Shigo waited in the chill twilight, tugging up the fur collar of his coat. He was burning hot and shivering at the same time. He felt ruthless and yet timid; he was anxious to do quickly what he wanted to do. He could not endure delay. From under the car came the sound of tinkering, and he stooped and peered under it.

"So," he said in English, since he could not speak a word of Chinese, "are you mending it or not?"

Ling crawled out, a smear of oil across his face. "No can do," he said calmly. "My no savvy what for he no go. Suppose tomorrow my talkee galage."

"Tomorrow!" Shigo said impatiently. He longed to slap the Chinese across the mouth. If Ling had been Japanese, he would have done so. But the other side of him was sensitive even before a Chinese—he would not behave in ordinary ways except before Japanese.

"Call the ricksha," he said shortly to the gateman.

He waited a few moments and he saw Daniel come out of his room between his guards and he stared at him, remembering what the guards had said. "The man looks no different," he told the contemptuously in Japanese. "He looks no more of a fool than ever."

They did not answer and he said to Daniel, "What's this about your going mad?"

Daniel grinned. "Never heard of it he said."

"The guards told me you were howling like a wolf," Shigo said.

"They must have been hearing things," Daniel retorted.

He saw that little devil of a chauffeur standing there and he watched him closely out of the corner of his eye. Did the fellow want him to know something?

"Car no go," Ling said cheerfully to Daniel.

"Come, why are you stopping?" Shigo yelled at Daniel suddenly.

Daniel picked up the shafts and started at his usual steady walk.

"Faster," Shigo shouted. "I am in a hurry."

"I'm not," Daniel said shortly.

SHIGO threw a command to the guards and the bullets sprayed the slush of the road. Daniel did not look to the right or the left.

Car no go? What was up? Anyway, no use getting shot until he knew. He felt suddenly so cheerful that he broke into a lope that nearly overturned the ricksha and left the guards far behind. Shots sprayed the slush at his feet and he felt Shigo's stick in his shoulder belaboring his shoulder blades. He stopped so abruptly that Shigo fell out of the ricksha and upon him.

"You—you—idiot!" Shigo bellowed.

The guards came running up, panting and angry, and Shigo's face was twisted with rage. "I could have you shot—at this moment—" he panted.

"You told me to run," Daniel said simply.

Shigo threw him a look of bitter hate



and stepped into the ricksha again. "You know what you do," he said. "Do not do again or I warn you that I shall shoot you."

"Where are you going, anyway?" Daniel asked.

"To the Cosmopolitan," Shigo said shortly.

The word sobered Daniel in a second. That was where this rat was going—again!

SHIGO did not pause at her door. He did not knock. Instead he inserted his key, turned it and walked in. She was at the small desk, writing, writing. The sheets of paper were flung on the floor. He looked up when he came in and he saw her eyes absorbed and luminous, her lips red. But he did not hesitate. He went to her and bent over her and seized her in his arms.

She seized his head in her hands and twisted her face away from his. "Shigo—don't make me hate you—I don't want to hate you."

In her clear voice the word "hate" struck him like a sword. He dropped his arms and she leaped up and put the chair between them.

"What has happened to you?" she demanded. She was sick with disgust.

"I will not wait any longer," he said.

She did not move her eyes from his reddened face. "But you will wait," she said still in that silvery clear voice. "You will wait because you know that you can't do this sort of thing. It isn't you—Shigo."

God forgive me for a lie, she was thinking. But I'll save myself anyhow.

"When people have said the Japanese were—like this," she went on, "I have always denied it. I have thought of you, Shigo."

He stared at her blackly, the pulse in his throat beating, his eyelids thickening. Then without a word he turned and left her as she stood. She heard his footsteps harshly ringing down the flagged corridor.

She stood without moving until she could hear them no more. Then she went to the door and locked it, and sobbing and crying softly, she pulled the chairs and table against it in a fury of anger and fear.

DOWNSTAIRS Shigo leaped into his ricksha and shouted something to the guards.

"Ha," they grunted.

"You," Shigo muttered to Daniel, "go as you are told."

Daniel did not answer. He threw a sharp look at Shigo's pale face and went as the pricks of bayonets guided him, now to the right and now to the left. What had the scoundrel done to Jenny? He had only been up there a few minutes—not long enough to have harmed her. He had been just about ready to make a break for it into the hotel to find Jenny when the Jap came out. What was it all about? Why had Ling fixed it so the car wouldn't go? How could Daniel find out anything?

He went, it seemed to him, a very long way until at last the streets grew cobbled and narrow. He had never seen this part of the city before. He smelled the reek of cold canal water, and the stones were wet under his feet. Then suddenly the guards halted him before a gate. He lowered the shafts and Shigo stepped out.

"You will wait," he said brusquely.

It was a curious gate, he saw, with a Cape Cod fisherman for a knocker. Two Japanese guards stood on either side and they opened the gate obsequiously for Shigo. Daniel, following the disappearing figure, saw above the gate the letters carved in stone, Gate of Hope. They were English letters, he saw to his astonishment. Wasn't that—yes, that was where the old American woman had come from—Mrs. Shipman!

INSIDE the Gate of Hope, Leone sat with Mrs. Shipman. She had come here day after day, bringing Mrs. Shipman one day some rice, another day a bit of meat. This was a strange house now, full of prisoners. Forbidden to go outside the walls, the conglomeration of women inside grew sullen and quarrelsome.

"Tiger cats, dearie," Mrs. Shipman said sadly now to Leone. "I get them together twice a day, morning and night, for prayers, but it don't calm them. They're restless. And here I am, just tied, and I can't do a thing. I tell 'em we ought to be thankful for food. But I don't hardly put it beyond one or two of them to make up to these Jap guards, even. That sort of thing gets into the blood like opium. I watch 'em, but—" Mrs. Shipman sighed. "I kind of wish sometimes I had been put into jail with the lieutenant that day," she said.

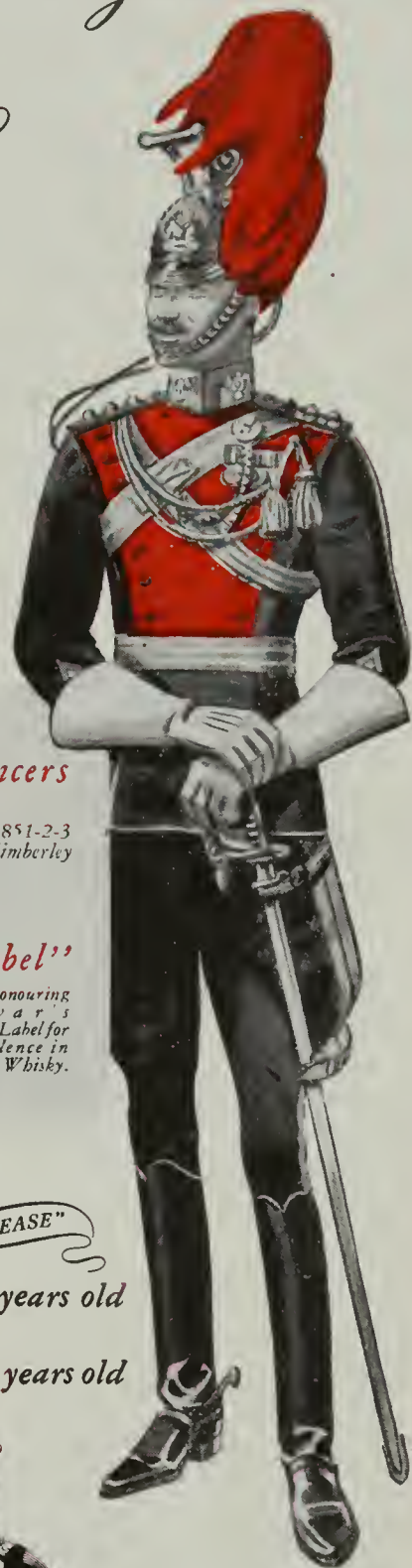
Leone lifted her head quickly. "Do you think he is still there?"

"Why not?" Mrs. Shipman asked.

They were sitting in her small ill-furnished bedroom, whose walls were crowded with cheaply framed photo-

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graphs of all the "girls" who had ever passed through her house.

"And what of the American woman?" Leone asked.

"You mean Jenny Barchet?" Mrs. Shipman asked in turn.

"If that is her name," Leone said, "the one you say is so pretty and blond, that you are afraid lest she be—"

"Dearie, I am worried to death about her," Mrs. Shipman said. "I haven't heard one word about her. I can't find out. Wang went to the hotel and he says they won't let him even inside the gate. There's Jap guards there, too. My, my, and to think I once liked the Japs because I thought they were a clean, neat kind of people! I guess only the Lord knew their black hearts. Well, I do, too, now. I'll never trust one of them again. Would you?"

Leone did not answer. Every time she came here she asked herself the same question: Should she or should she not tell Mrs. Shipman that she was in love with Daniel? But Mrs. Shipman was only so charmed to be able to talk that she sat back in the old wicker rocker, her gray worsted skirt sagging between her widespread knees, and talked on.

"Though why I should worry about any other girls than my own, dearie, and now you come home without your husband, is more than I can see sense to."

"Don't worry about me," Leone said, smiling her delicate melancholy smile. "I came home—because I could not go to Hong Kong, Mother Shipman. No, it is not easy for me to be the wife of a foreigner. And I do not love him. I think I shall never love him."

MRS. SHIPMAN'S face grew sorrowful. "Leone, don't begin on that again. You hold fast to what I told you. It isn't love that counts after a while—having your own house for shelter and a man in it that'll be kind to you. When you've seen so many poor girls as I have, going from man to man, and every man kickin' them down deeper, and hell at the end, then you know like I do, dearie, that if you can just get a man to marry you and keep you as his wife, you're wonderful lucky. It's what I always try to get for my girls, however poor the man. And Arnold isn't a poor man, dearie—he's very successful, and let me tell you it's very few white men you'll get to marry a girl that ain't all white. I know, for I've tried. 'Tisn't that they mind so much—men don't really care what color a girl is if they have a fancy for her—but it's the white women that make the men's lives miserable—their mothers and sisters and their friends, wives and all."

"I know that," Leone said in the same low voice.

"Leone, you do," Mrs. Shipman said vigorously, "for I told you before ever I let you marry Arnold Hatford. I said you weren't to get upset because those white women wouldn't come to see you. I told you just to thank your lucky stars you had a roof over your head and food to eat and clothes to wear and a good man's love. Let the other women come or not, you had all you needed."

Leone's head drooped. "I think I could—remember such things if I were a little older," she faltered. "But I am very young, Mother Shipman—I am not yet twenty-two. It is hard to think in such ways when one has never been in love—before."

She lifted her head.

"I am in love—with the American," she said simply. "You will ask—how did I meet him? He came once or twice to our house—with friends. And Arnold invited him to go on the houseboat with us, for a week end. It was the week end of Pearl Harbor."

Had she told Mrs. Shipman that she had an incurable disease she could not have caused the kind old woman more dismay. She leaned forward and seized Leone's narrow hand in her fat, wrinkled one. "Oh, dearie," she said, "it's bad, bad news. We've got these Japs and the war and it's about all I can stand. Because, dearie, when a girl thinks about love, it's unaccountable what she will do. I've seen it. There's that Meri I have now—the trouble I have with that girl! French, dear—and there's two kinds of French girls. One is the kind hard as nails that thinks only of themselves and couldn't fall in love no matter what comes their way. The other kind it seems like they feed on love like a baby on milk. When they don't have it, they die."

LEONE drooped her head. "I, also, am half French," she murmured.

Mrs. Shipman's jaw dropped. "I guess I never remember it," she said frankly. "And as for that, I guess it's the first time you ever said it yourself to me. Al-



ways insistin' that you was Chinese—"

The door opened suddenly and the girl Meri thrust in her dark saucy face.

"What is it, Meri child?" Mrs. Shipman asked. But the girl did not answer. Instead she came sidling in, a wisp of a creature with huge, tragic eyes and a mischievous mouth. Obviously there was something unbalanced in her, something mad. She came close to Leone and looked at her as a child does at a stranger, with frank and unashamed curiosity. Then suddenly she dropped at Leone's knees.

"You are so pretty," she breathed.

Leone smiled and drew back a little. This strange child!

"And who is your lover, Mademoiselle?" Meri said innocently. "For surely you are very well loved? You have on such a pretty dress—all silk."

"You see what I mean," Mrs. Shipman said sadly to Leone.

But Meri seemed not to hear. She put up her hand and touched Leone's soft pale cheek. The skin was fair, but there was the tone of ivory underneath it. "Are you not French?" Meri whispered. She spoke in French, the delicate syllables dropping from the end of her tongue. "I think you are French."

"My father was French," Leone said. In spite of herself she was speaking French, a language she had sworn she would never speak again, because her father had taught it to her, holding her on his knees and roaring with laughter at her baby talk.

"Ah, I know, I feel it," Meri said. She leaned her elbows on Leone's knees. "Shall we be sisters, you and I? See, I have no one—no mother, no father. I am very much alone. And now, no man comes here. We are not allowed lovers. She does not allow it." She threw a look of dark scorn at Mrs. Shipman. Then she laughed. "That one!" she cried and thrust out a little narrow red tongue, as quick as a snake's tongue, at Mrs. Shipman. "What does she know about love?"

Mrs. Shipman regarded Meri with eyes full of shrewd and patient common sense. "Now, Meri," she said, "you go back to your work, child. I don't believe you have got the living room all dusted. Everybody has to work around here, you know—we can't afford help now in war-time."

Meri leaped up with a whirl of skirts. "Oh, you old woman!" she shrieked and ran from the room and slammed the door.

In the silence, Leone and Mrs. Shipman looked at each other. "French,"

to his feet, he heard a girl's piteous scream. It came from inside the house. No—but was that Jenny? Had she been brought here? Quicker than he could draw his breath he had leaped up. He was inside the gate. Before the sluttish guards could wake to see what he had drawn the bar and the gate was locked and the guards were shouting outside. A startled old Chinaman looked from a room across the court. Daniel gave him no heed.

He darted across the court and into the main door opposite. Where was she? He found himself in a large empty room and for a moment he looked this way and that. Doors opened and he saw the heads of half a dozen women looking out. None of them was Jenny. Then somewhere in the back he heard the sound of a woman sobbing and he followed it. He stumbled across a high Chinese threshold in the darkness and pulled aside a curtain. There, in a room lit by a small oil lamp, he saw Shigo. He had a young girl by the arm, pulling at her and the girl was twisting and turning. But she was not Jenny. Oh, thank God, it was only a young thin creature who he had never seen before. It was she who was sobbing in childish weeping.

Then he saw Mrs. Shipman. She was pushing between Shigo and the girl as she looked up and saw Daniel. "The fellow wants a girl," she said simply. "I don't know what he comes here for—I know I don't run that kind of a place. She was so angry that she did not even wonder where Daniel had come from."

SHIGO'S handsome face was flushed. He stepped back abruptly. "I do not believe the girl is unwilling," he said coldly. "She is afraid only of you."

"This Meri," Mrs. Shipman said to Daniel, "she's crazy, poor child. Such terrible things have happened to her, she couldn't let her go—she doesn't know anything."

"The girl will come with me," Shigo said sullenly.

Daniel strode forward, fists clenched.

But with complete calmness Shigo put his hand into his hip pocket and brought out his pistol. For one second the two stood, staring into each other's eyes. Then Shigo began to back out of the room and the girl followed him.

Daniel leaped forward but Mrs. Shipman sprang at him from behind.

"Now then," she said firmly. He felt her two arms about his waist and suddenly she had jerked him across the room into another and slammed the door between and locked it.

"Save yourself," she said resolutely. "I'm going to need you a lot more than this. We'll have to let Meri go."

"I could have killed him," he said.

"So could he have killed you," Mrs. Shipman retorted. "Now quick—how many guards were at the gate?"

Before he could speak, someone came out of the shadows of the room, a slim figure in a Chinese robe, whom he did not at first recognize. "Daniel James," the girl said. He stared through the half twilight and saw Leone.

"You," he whispered, "but how did you—"

"We haven't a minute, you two," Mrs. Shipman said sharply. "That fellow will send the guards for soldiers, and the place'll be taken over. I have my other girls to think about. Leone, you go right on home this minute. I wish you hadn't been caught here by this."

"But you will come, to my grandfather's house," she pleaded, "if I go and prepare the way for you?"

"He don't want us," Mrs. Shipman said.

"I'll make him," Leone whispered and

Mrs. Shipman said sadly, "all the way through." She leaned over and patted Leone's knee. "Be glad, my dear, you're half Chinese. It gives you ballast."

"Yes, Mrs. Shipman," Leone murmured.

She rose a little wearily and buttoned her outer coat about her. "I must get home before it is too late," she said.

"That's best, my dear," Mrs. Shipman said.

OUTSIDE the gate Daniel had not moved. He was listening to every sound. He must not miss a trick. No, he would not go into the house. He would escape down the street—first escape and then? In the anxiety of his waiting, he felt himself grow tense and more tense. All the sounds of the night-muffled, captive city were magnified in his ears. He heard the low conversation of the guards and their yawns. A gate shut somewhere and there was the small screech of the iron bar being drawn. A child cried in a house across the street and was hushed.

He looked up cautiously and saw that only one guard was left at the gate. The others were tramping off down the street. Of his own two guards one was asleep and the other nodding as he leaned against the wall. Was this the moment? He remembered his afternoon's trick and how it had terrified his guards. He would pretend again and in the moment's dismay of his guards he would get away somewhere and find his luck.

And then, even as he was about to leap





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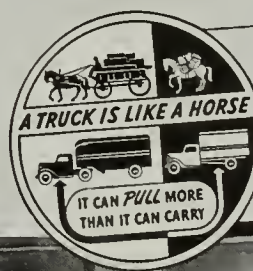
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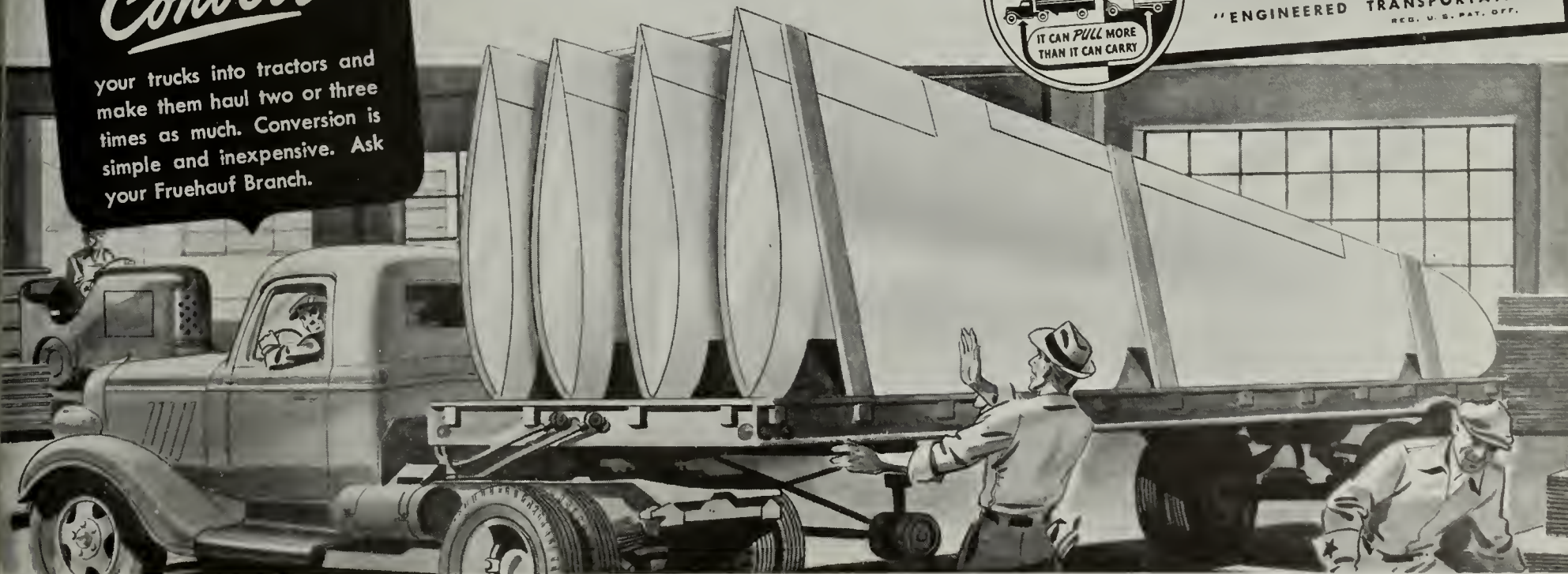
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disappeared instantly, her eyes clinging to Daniel.

Mrs. Shipman peered through a crack in the door. "He's gone," she said in a loud whisper. "But he'll be back."

She opened the door. Everywhere there was perfect silence. She stood for a second staring about her. "I guess he's taken that Meri," she said sadly. "Well, some man would have anyway, sooner or later. She was not even afraid of a Jap, poor child. It was true it was me she screamed at. I was just comin' out with Leone to see her started when I saw Meri makin' up to him. She makes up to any man, and don't know what she's doin'. I'll have to get her back as soon as I can. Come on."

And then standing beside her, he saw her, like an old general, marshal all her forces. She shouted and the girls whom he had seen came running out to her. They were all ages, all colors, but they looked at her with the same anxious eyes. She spoke in her broken Chinese, mixed with pidgin English, and he could not understand her. But they did. They listened, their eyes fixed on her face, nodding and murmuring, little bundles in their hands. In a moment they were flying toward the back gate and she was behind them. The old Chinese whom he had seen put out his head was there at the gate and one by one he thrust into each girl's hand a little money as she passed through.

"Goodby, dearies," Mrs. Shipman cried, "goodby and be good girls, every one of you, and do like I told you! Every girl go to where I told her. Mamie, you look after Dorothy like I told you because she is so little. You do what I tell you, girls!"

They cried back at her in a dozen languages and suddenly they were gone, like birds flying out of their nest. Daniel standing by Mrs. Shipman did not move in his astonishment. When they were gone he looked down at her and saw that she was weeping.

"There they go," she muttered, "and I have kind of a feeling I'll never see them under my roof again. God save the poor dears—I knew it was coming and I had old Wang ready to give them each a little something as they went. It was the last of my burial money, that Paul told me to keep."

But before she could wipe her tears they heard the sound of marching feet at the front gate. A second, and feet were marching across the court. Without another word Mrs. Shipman seized his hand and they, too, ran out of the narrow back gate.

OLD Mr. P'an sitting late in his study as he always did was astonished to see Leone push aside the curtains of his door. She who was always so neat, so beautifully dressed, looked as though she had been caught in a storm. Her hair was blown about her face and her feet were muddy.

"Grandfather!" she panted.

He looked over his spectacles at her. "Grandfather, the enemy is after Mrs. Shipman and—the American!"

Mr. P'an put down his book. The very sort of thing in which he dreaded being involved was about to happen!

"What has that to do with me?" he asked.

"Grandfather, they must come here," Leone said.

"I cannot allow it," Mr. P'an said clearly. "If I could save them, I would do so. But it would mean my death and yours and those of our innocent servants, who have devoted their years to us."

"Grandfather, it would be only for a few hours," Leone pleaded. "Until we could get them out of the city. Besides,

why should they not come here? No one would think of this house. Besides, Grandfather, think of what Mrs. Shipman did for me—and for my mother. Grandfather, you are a good Buddhist. Will you not be responsible for their deaths if you refuse to help them?"

He looked at her uneasily. It was quite true that he was a good Buddhist and that, therefore, he hated the taking of life.

"What would I do with them if I saved them?" he asked her. "It may be they are ordained to die."

"I will take care of them," she cried passionately. "If you will let them stay only a few hours, Grandfather, I will soon take them away."

"Where?" he asked.

"I have a place," she replied.

She was very beautiful, he thought sadly. She had been a beautiful little girl and he had never denied her anything. Now, poor child, why should he deny her this, although he did not believe her? After all, what did it matter if any of them got killed? He was old and what had she to hope for, with her confused blood? "Well, let them come then," he said. "But I do not wish to see them."

"You will not," she promised him.

She was gone on the words, and he sighed and took up his book again. Underneath the quiet of this room at any moment the world might come to an end! And what could he do if this were his fate?

But already Leone was holding the gate wide open in the darkness. The gatekeeper was asleep and she had not waked him. If the two whom she expected could come in without his knowing it so much the better. She would take them to her own rooms and for the night at least no one need know they were there. Before dawn she would lead them out herself, disguised in any way she could devise. It must be before dawn, before the blue of their eyes could be seen in the sunlight. But for this moment she was only straining to hear the sound of their footsteps. She clung to the gatepost, listening.

And then after a long time, so long to her that she had no idea of how long it

really was, she heard the sound of feet and the sound of Mrs. Shipman panting. A moment more and they were there. She drew them into the room soundlessly, hushing them as she so, and soundlessly she locked the door and led them toward her own room. Then only when the doors were locked and the curtains drawn did she turn the light.

Mrs. Shipman had sunk on the floor. "Oh, my," she was panting. "Oh, my, haven't run like that—since I was five."

They raised her, and she and Daniel led her to the bed and let her lie down and there she lay, her eyes closed, purple face gradually paling.

ONLY when she seemed able to breathe again did Leone turn to Daniel. She was very pale and overbeating of her heart her eyes were gray. He looked better than she had hoped could, she thought. He was not too thin. But his unshaven beard made him seem older and very haggard.

And he looked down into her pale face and knew nothing of the beating heart. "How did you come here?" he asked her wonderingly.

"There is not time for me to tell you," she said unsmiling. "I must think of one thing—how you—and she—can escape from the city."

"Escape from the city!" he echoed. She saw a strange look come over his face.

"You are in danger of your life," she said. "There is no time to lose in getting you out of the city."

He met her eyes with sudden resolution. "Thanks a lot," he said abruptly. "But I can't go out of the city yet. There's a girl I've got to get out first."

As though he had spoken her name, Jenny Barchet was there in the room before Leone's eyes. She had never seen the American girl, but she seemed to see her now, beautiful, fair-haired, blue-eyed, the girl she could never be.

Mrs. Shipman sat up suddenly. "O dearie!" she cried, in pity.

But Leone turned to her proudly. "Of course, he is right," she said. "We must find her and save her, too."

(To be continued next week)





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Red Skelton says dunking is probably the oldest form of rationing. It combines eating and drinking in one simple operation and eliminates using sugar in your coffee, provided the doughnut is sugar-coated. The only real problem, however, is: Where are you going to get the coffee?

Barbara Stanwyck's favorite salad is a combination of lettuce, tomatoes, celery, and chicken or leftover bits of meat. She says you may fill in with fish instead of the chicken or meat, if you like. Mix ingredients together with your favorite salad dressing just before serving.



Deanna Durbin recommends this sauce for spaghetti. You begin with one small onion, chopped; two garlic cloves, chopped; one half cup of salad oil. Cook together until onion is browned. Then add the following one at a time: one small can tomato paste; three and a half cups of chopped fresh tomatoes or one large can of tomatoes; three cups of hot water; three teaspoons of salt; one fourth teaspoon pepper; one fourth teaspoon cloves; one half teaspoon sage; two bay leaves; and one fourth teaspoon rosemary. Cook this mixture about one and a quarter hours over a slow fire. Don't cover, stir often. Pour over thin spaghetti which has been cooked ten minutes. This makes enough sauce for one and a half pounds uncooked spaghetti or twelve servings.

## WHAT'S COOKING IN HOLLYWOOD

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS

WITH shortages of meat, eggs, gasoline, rubber and whatnot worrying the nation, Hollywood came up with a number of bright ideas. Fortunately, indeed, each idea when properly executed is quite edible and, for a change (from the Hollywood point of view), quite economical.

Whether you are a movie star or John Citizen bucking a rivet gun in an aircraft plant, eating is pretty important, and eating well is doubly essential. With conservation a prime consideration, it isn't how much money you can spend, but what you are able to buy and what you can "stretch" that count.

Hollywood has done a complete about-face and banned the lavish, costly dish. But, of course, Hollywood wouldn't be Hollywood unless it put a few frills even on hamburger. In many of these dishes on the new "ration" menu, influences from South America and other cor-

ners of the world find their way into the kitchen.

These days when the inhabitants of Glamor Town take off their frills and sit down to dine, the taste must be varied, but every meal is economical with the full knowledge that a quarter of a pound of butter or a pound of ground round steak is just as valuable in Hollywood as in Wheeling, West Virginia. Rarer.

Lucille Ball stretches her butter by adding one fourth cup of milk, one fourth cup of sour cream, sweet cream or evaporated milk to one pound of butter. She creams the butter first, then adds milk and cream gradually and whips in an electric mixer until blended. This method makes one half to three fourths again as much butter. This "whipped butter" can't be used for baking, but is fine for vegetables, tables, and on breads, toast or rice.





men Miranda came forth with two recipes à la Brazil. They're called paxada and peadinho. Feifoada is made by soaking enough Brazilian black beans for four people overnight. Pour off the water, and add one cup of garlic, a piece of pork, two small sausages (cut in cubes). Add water, cover and cook over a slow fire for two and a half hours. Then add a chopped onion which has been browned in oil. To make peadinho, cook one pound of chopped spinach, add one half pound of chopped meat which has been fried. Then add one onion and a pound of sliced tomatoes which have been cooked slowly in drippings. Mix this sauce usually with the spinach and meat. Try these two dishes and you'll know why Brazilians dance the Samba. Both recipes will serve four people



Charlie McCarthy shows Edgar Bergen how to remove the T-bone from a sardine. Charlie explains that you throw away the meat and eat the bone. "The bone is rich in roughage, you know, old boy," he says. Disliking waste, the solicitous Charlie will eat the meat himself

Veronica Lake makes Bell Peppers by boiling one cup of rice in salted water. Drain, wash rice in cold water. Add two cans tomato sauce and half-pound of fresh mushrooms which have been sautéed in ham drippings. Stuff six peppers, top with sliced pimienta cheese. Bake for half an hour





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## Double, Double, Toil and Trouble

Continued from page 12

of Telepathy, appealed to him. He did not like to be pinned down. Yet in that dissertation—after she had been at him continually about it—he had wrung from himself some explicit conclusions. The true telepathist, he had maintained, could read the thoughts of others much more exactly and comprehensively than had been hitherto supposed. Also, this faculty was usually combined with a great power of suggestion—a good mind reader was almost always a good hypnotist. On the other hand, it was a silly superstition to assume that a gift of this kind was bound up with the power of summoning the dead, prophesying the future, or anything of that sort. Anybody who claimed to have such powers was a swindler.

"Thank you, Frau Tirschenreuth," he heard himself saying. He took her hand and pressed it. Her eyes, the practiced eyes of a sculptress, gazed at that hand and could not tear themselves away from it. She had modeled that hand, the way she had modeled his face. It was a white, well-cared-for, skillful, fleshy, brutal, violent hand.

He meanwhile was moved by the thought that she had done something for him, and not for the first time; something difficult and wearisome.

"I'm sure it wasn't easy," he asked, "to persuade Professor Hravliczek?"

"It wasn't easy," Tirschenreuth admitted without looking at him.

"What did you have to give him for it?" he asked point-blank; he wanted to know how much he was worth.

"The Philosopher," she said, with the same frankness.

THE Philosopher was a small bronze statue; Tirschenreuth had had many offers for it, but she had loved the piece and had not wanted to part with it.

"What did Hravliczek pay for the statue?" he asked; his deep tenor, usually silken and caressing, sounded constrained.

"I've had higher offers," said Frau Tirschenreuth evasively. "But he paid quite decently," she added quickly.

Anna Tirschenreuth was not miserly—Oscar knew that from repeated experience—and it would have been a little thing for her to put at his disposal a sum on which he could have lived for three or four years, comfortably and without commitments. But for that she was too strict and pedagogical. That would not be good for him, she thought. She preferred to give him a secure foothold through the job, and to reach that end she had taken the painful roundabout way of sacrificing the statue.

It warmed his heart that Anna Tirschenreuth valued him so highly. He would prove to her and to himself that she had not overestimated him. That he was at last being given a chance to devote his whole strength to his talent, he would live up to it. He would write the book. He would scribe something unique, what could experience: Possibilities falls of Telepathy.

Having formed this solemn resolution he did not hesitate to ask Anna Tirschenreuth for a loan of the strength of the contract he was to conclude with Hravliczek. If she would lend him 250 marks—which would respond to his first month's salary—he could escape the tedious conditions of living with Alois Pranner and his quiet retreat in Rumfordstrasse.

Frau Tirschenreuth gave him the money.

A FEW days later Oscar received a telegram from Berlin in which his brother Hans, or Hannsjörg as he called himself, informed him that he had been released from custody and would arrive in Munich the day after tomorrow.

Before everybody, especially Alois, Oscar had emphatically subscribed to Hans' version of the affair: he had killed his opponent during a fight, in self-defense. But in his heart Oscar had known that the position had been right: Hans had shared in Garnet Lizzy's earnings and had shot Wiedtke the painter because the latter had stood in his way.

So it was with all the more relief that he read the telegram which brought news of the happy turn of affairs. There was any being in the world he loved, then it was Hans, his brother.

On the evening of the appointed day Oscar stood on the station platform, craning his neck, while his eyes searched the cars of the Berlin train.

There he was! He was climbing the steps of a first-class compartment. He seemed slimmer than Oscar had expected, all his features sharper, his mouth narrower, his eyes more gleaming, his manner more over, cheerful, mischievous, crafty, confident, impudent.

"It's wonderful to have you again," Oscar declared vehemently several times over.

When Hans said he was going to stay at the Hotel Kaiserhof, Oscar's relief for his brother's ability to make his money increased. They covered the short



"I tried to tell the sergeant, sir. It got stuck this morning, just after breakfast"

COLLIER'S

JAY IRVING





"And he kept singing, This Is Worth Fighting For—"

COLLIER'S

BARBARA SHERMUND

re to the hotel on foot, through the  
rful noise of the city's evening  
le.

ans engaged a good room, regis-  
erl. His baggage was brought up; he  
nacked and washed. Oscar kept him  
pany; with genuine emotion he  
ed at his brother's slight frame. The  
shrimp, he thought. They chatted  
e Hans washed. Now he was talk-  
opening up more. He told how his  
ction had fluctuated as the position  
e Party, of the Nazis, had been more  
arable or less. "But even when things  
ened in a bad way," he said, "at bot-  
I never doubted that they'd turn out  
light. I knew the Party would manage  
And they did manage it."

hey ate their dinner in the room, and  
Hans went on with his report. He had  
come a hero of the Party, a great man.  
I was in Munich at the Party's expense  
for the Party's purposes. Hence the  
ed hotel and the first-class carriage.

later, Hans told him that the next day  
was going to be introduced to the  
Fehr at the big Party meeting in the  
Krone Hippodrome and receive the con-  
tulations of the Munich party mem-  
s. Manfred Proell himself was flying  
m Berlin to introduce him to the  
Fehr. Of course, Oscar must come  
k. Oscar was deeply impressed.

HE car in which the Lautensack  
brothers drove to the Krone Hippo-  
ome, to Adolf Hitler's mass meeting,  
moved forward very slowly. From all  
es people were streaming in; there  
re police everywhere. Expectation,  
ecitement, was in the air. In the last  
ections the Party had risen to the posi-  
tion of second strongest in the Reich.

Oscar had applied for membership a  
few weeks before. But he was too late,  
now everybody was begging for it, and

the Party leaders had ordered a tempo-  
rary halt.

Hans scolded his brother affectionately  
for paying so little attention to such mat-  
ters; it was important nowadays to be a  
Party member. Now, he, Hannsjörg,  
would have to spring into the breach  
again. But he'd manage it all right. He  
would get Oscar admitted to the Party.  
True, a membership number as high as  
the one Oscar would get through the  
regular channels wouldn't do him much  
good. But he would fix that and get  
Oscar a low number. And when Oscar  
just smiled, he assured him: "You can  
believe me. Your brother happens to be  
somebody in the Party."

Oscar did not contradict him; but his  
expression remained incredulous. Hans'  
smartness might get him just as far as  
it had in his best days, make him a suc-  
cessful pusher, a blackmailing journalist.  
So he might now be a well-paid political  
agent. But "a somebody in the Party"?  
No—the kid was certainly talking too  
big.

Yet when they came into the room  
where the notables of the Party were  
gathered together, Oscar realized that  
Hans had by no means exaggerated.  
With his own eyes he saw that his Hans,  
little Hansl, the son of the late city clerk,  
Ignaz Lautensack, of Deggenburg, was  
the center of this brilliant gathering. The  
leaders of the most influential political  
party in Germany thronged around him,  
they congratulated him, took pains to be  
introduced to him, asked him respect-  
fully for his opinion on political prob-  
lems. Oscar was stunned.

The person who seemed most friendly  
to Hannsjörg was a man whose face was  
known to Oscar from the newspapers:  
the chief of staff of the Party army, Man-  
fred Proell. Hannsjörg was treating him,  
for all his subservience of manner, with



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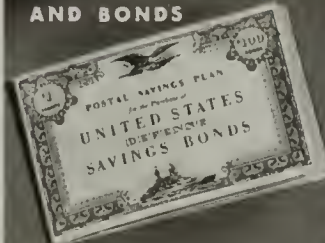
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## G&W Five Star Blended Whiskey



intimacy which the other tolerated with a smile. Proell was not very tall, but nooth, well-groomed, rosy-skinned, with a tendency to stoutness. A pair of light gray eyes were set in a round, first bald head. His uniform was not coming. He gave Oscar a white but nonetheless powerful hand.

"h, so you're our Hannsjörg's roer," he said. "Hannsjörg has told me a lot about you. You're just the way I imagined you," and he eyed Oscar with embarrassed scrutiny.

OSCAR was not sure how he should interpret Manfred Proell's words. The powerful person obviously had a more than friendly relation with Hannsjörg and was therefore showing him, in his favor. Yet in spite of his comfortable manner he had something arrogantly scornful about him. He was the center in the gathering, he felt himself as such, was treated as such, and Oscar could really smell that he was destined for greatness. Yet he also gave out a sense of foreboding, of disaster, and much as Oscar was tempted to win his friendship, his inner voice warned him not to get involved with the man.

The main reason I came to Munich," Manfred Proell told him, "was because I wanted to introduce your brother to the Führer personally. Since Hannsjörg gets it, I'll help you make the Führer's acquaintance, too, if you like." He smiled, and his light gray eyes looked almost with amusement into Oscar's dark eyes.

When they made their way into the circular hall of the circus. Oscar admired the magnificent technique with which the party got up its public exhibitions. Everything contributed to a common effect: the threateningly sinister black swastikas against the white circles on the blood-red provocative banners, the brown uniforms, the thunderous music, the yells, the fumes, the dull avidity of the crowd, the singing in front of their beer-filled mugs and waiting to roar their *Heil* and their enthusiasm at the Führer, the German Messiah.

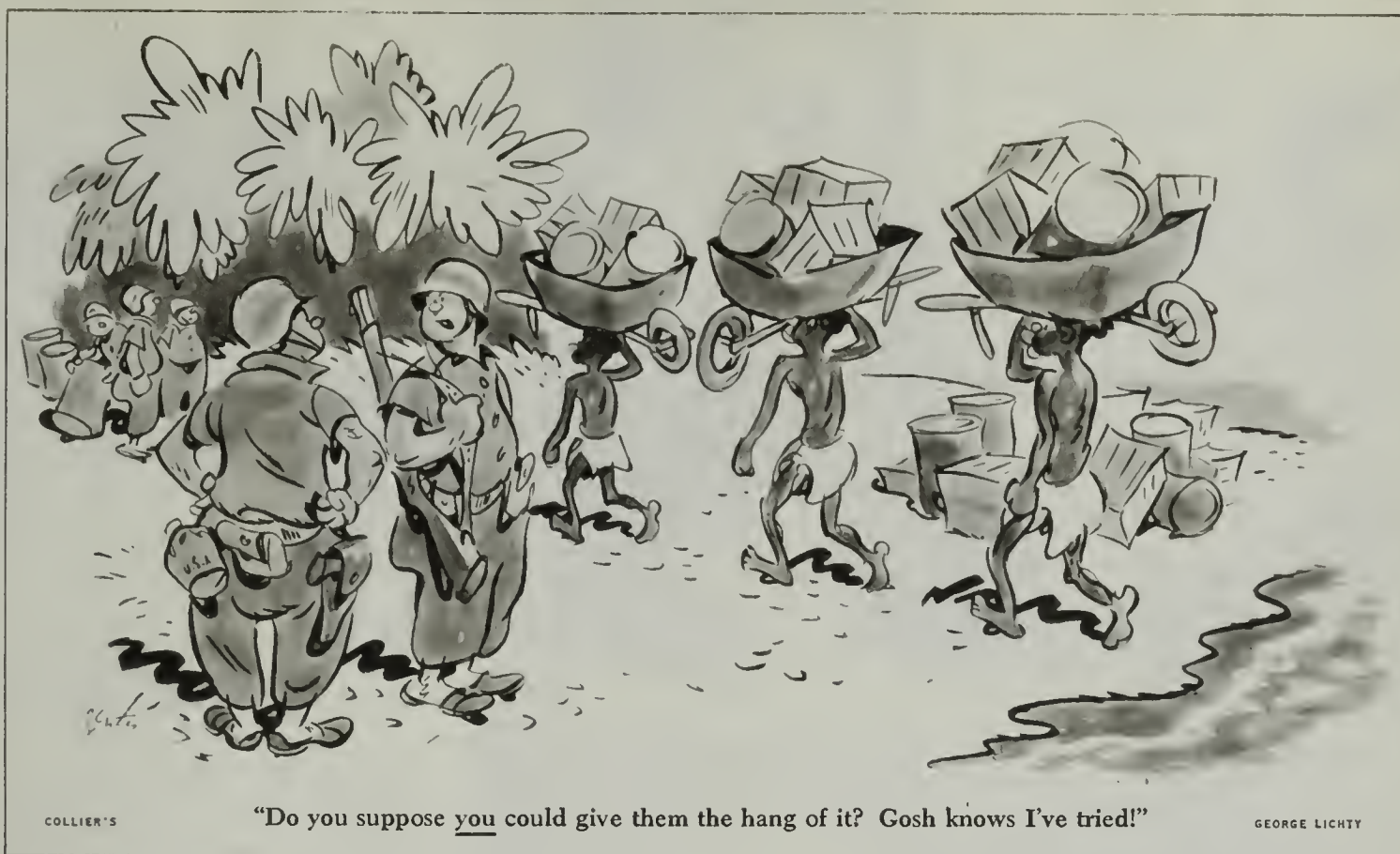
Now the Führer was coming. He walked forward and stepped onto his platform to receive, with masculine composure, the acclaim of his faithful.

Then he spoke, in his practiced voice, filling the hall and their hearts. Oscar was an expert; it was his profession also to work on the masses. With the knowledge born of his training he watched the speaker's performance. Like the Führer, he too sprang from the Bavarian-Bohemian border. Like the Führer, he too had difficulty in speaking pre German instead of his native dialect and in avoiding errors in the basic rules of German grammar; for like the Führer, he too had run away from school, trusting his intuition more than academic, scholarly training.

Oscar loved the man up there more profoundly than the others; he knew him more profoundly. He had his intuition in common with him, his "perception," his inborn knowledge of the souls of others. It made them one, the man on the platform and the man in the hall. Hitler spoke and Oscar listened, or was the other way around: was Hitler listening and Oscar speaking? Bared to Oscar lay Hitler's most secret wishes and inspirations, his obscure, passionate, ferocious will.

Hitler was better than ever today. He surpassed himself. He derided, extolled, loved, hated. He set off a magnificent display of fireworks.

And to Oscar it seemed that this was happening for him alone. For him alone that man was working himself up until the long lock of hair and the short mus-



"Do you suppose you could give them the hang of it? Gosh knows I've tried!"

tache were bathed in streaming perspiration.

Oscar was impelled to give a sign to that man up there, and receive a sign from him. The skin of his face grew taut, his pupils contracted, his fierce eyes grew more staring and at the same time more alive. He retreated into himself; he was pure will. "You, up there," his burning will commanded, "know that I am present! I understand better than all the others what inexpressibly great labor your achievement has cost, but also how exalting is its attainment. Give me a sign. Turn your glance upon me, as I turn mine upon you."

A shade of uncertainty came over Hitler; only Oscar noticed it—noticed how the man on the platform began to look for someone among the audience. With breathless suspense he followed the man's glances. Now it had happened! With almost sensual pleasure Oscar felt the Führer's gaze sink into his.

From that moment on, the eyes of the two men did not leave each other. Hitler, in a powerful crescendo, outdid himself. He foamed, slavered, trumpeted, screamed, cajoled, jeered. And Oscar's face reflected the scorn, the cajolery, the love. Hitler and Oscar gave each other a magnificent spectacle.

AFTER the performance, the leading men of the Party met with the Leader in an Italian restaurant in the Barerstrasse. Proell took the Lautensack brothers along, and there he introduced the new Party hero to the Leader.

Hitler said a few cordial, hearty words to Hannsjörg, but even while he spoke his gaze wandered over to Oscar, who stood waiting at the side.

Then Proell introduced him also. "I know your face," said Hitler, "it is a significant one." The two men shook hands. They looked deeply at each other. They made an alliance. "If you betray me," said the Führer's eyes, "you are lost. But if you cleave to me, you shall be my comrade and share in my booty."

Oscar, filled with his meeting with the Leader, accompanied his brother to his hotel. He asked if he should come upstairs with him. "Why not?" Hans replied.

He was tired and went to bed at once. He lay there in elegant, apple-green pajamas. Oscar sat beside him, as he had often done as a boy. Hannsjörg had left only one lamp on; Oscar in his chair sat

in the light, Hannsjörg's bed was in the shadow. Oscar noticed how brightly his brother's little eyes shone in the dark. Like an animal's eyes, he thought.

"This evening meant much to me," he said.

The little fellow's bright eyes seemed like a wolf's to Oscar now. "I'll provide you with evenings, my dear boy, that will mean much more to you," he said. He lighted a cigarette, got himself settled ceremoniously, and invited his brother to give him a thorough account of his circumstances.

Oscar told about the suggestions made by Alois Pranner, called Cagliostro, and how he was continually rejecting them. He told about the contract which Professor Hravliczek wanted to conclude with him, not forgetting to make a point of the fact that Tirschenreuth, in order to get him the contract, had given away The Philosopher, for less than its proper price.

"My proposal is really along the same lines," Hannsjörg said. "I also wanted to suggest to you that you should appear publicly again. But not in vaudeville. I thought you should use your gifts in the service of the Party."

So that was it. That was all. That was Hannsjörg's great project. Oscar was disappointed.

Meanwhile, Hannsjörg was explaining. He told him about a certain Hildegard, Baroness von Trettnow. This Trettnow was one of the most influential women in Berlin, very well-to-do, of an aristocracy older than the Hohenzollerns; her house was frequented by everybody who belonged to Berlin society, and she was one of the few great ladies who were on the side of the Nazis, of the Party. Moreover, it had been this Trettnow who had saved him, Hannsjörg; without her he would never have got out of that mess.

"And the very first time," he said, "when she visited me in prison, it dawned on me: 'Here's something for Oscar!'" He became animated. "Now just imagine the situation," he urged Oscar. "You're sitting in jail; your life is at stake. Then somebody comes in of whom you've been told that she's your last chance; if it doesn't work you're done for. You're standing behind the bars and waiting for your visitor; she's a woman and everything depends on how you speak to her, what kind of an impression you make on her. And what does your Hannsjörg do

in this situation? When I saw the woman—she's a smart dresser, good-looking, features a little sharp, reddish blond, with a bold nose—when I saw that woman's restless, rather crazy eyes, there, in the midst of the most extreme danger, in deadly peril, the idea came to me: 'She'll go for Oscar.' That means something, my dear brother," he said, preening himself, "that's a proof of devotion. 'The good Lord grew her just for Oscar,' I thought to myself!"

WITH cutting politeness Oscar answered: "It was very kind of you to think of me in prison. And I'm sure your suggestion's well meant. But I'm just not the kind of person—forgive me for being frank—who looks at a woman from the viewpoint of how far she can be exploited."

Hannsjörg listened amicably to his brother's outburst, a little smile around his narrow mouth. "That's just the high-sounding way Father used to talk," he answered. "But just the same, he only married our mother for her shekels. Well, well, one just doesn't get rid of the good old Deggenburg respectability so easily. All right," he broke off, suddenly very sharp, "let's not talk about it any more."

For a moment it looked as if Oscar wanted to make a forceful retort. Then he reflected and said, almost begging: "Well, go on."

Hannsjörg suppressed a smile and explained the project more clearly. He described Hildegard von Trettnow as always wanting to carry out some project. He described her house, where all the Party notables went in and out, as well as every other person whose word carried weight in Berlin. If Trettnow would arrange an evening for Oscar at her house he would be able to display his arts before all the people who mattered, he would have a real start in Berlin, an entrée.

In his imagination Oscar saw the unknown woman before him, very elegant, of very old aristocracy; he saw her house and the Berlin bigwigs who stared at him, conquered by his art. He felt the strength of the temptation. But aloud he only said: "And how do you know that your Trettnow won't just talk a lot but really do something?"

"She'll go for you, you can stake your life on that," Hannsjörg replied. "I can feel those things about a woman. She



"HE WAS SIGNING ON THE  
DOTTED LINE AND MY PEN  
QUIT COLD. SUPPOSE IT  
CAN BE FIXED?"



"I DON'T KNOW. REPAIR  
PARTS ARE FRIGHTFULLY  
SCARCE. YOU SHOULD  
HAVE USED NEW PARKER  
QUINK. THE SOLV-X IN  
IT PROTECTS METAL  
AND RUBBER."

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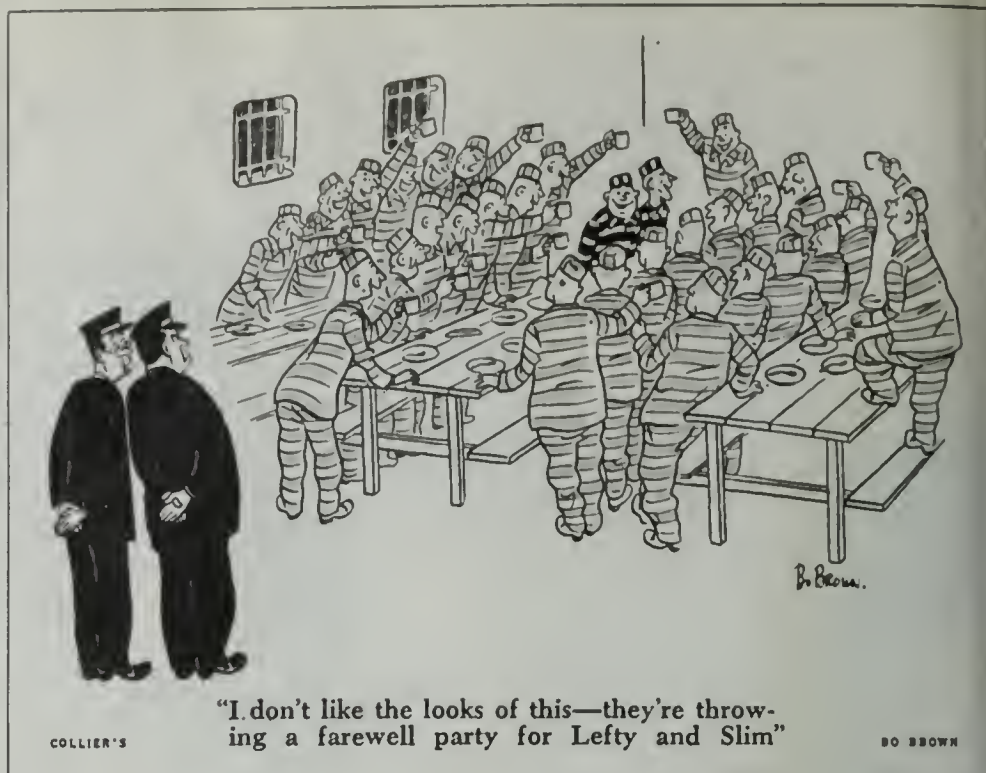
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# PARKER Quink

THE ONLY INK CONTAINING *SOLV-X*



knows your mask; she's curious about the original. I raved to her about you as an unworldly prophet. You don't have to do anything. You just have to stand there and keep your mouth shut."

"It would be kind of you," Oscar reproved him with acrid politeness, "if you'd drop your silly joking. Instead tell me in plain language what I'd have to do in your Trettnow's house. Do you really think that the Berlin notables would be interested in my manifestations?"

Hannsjörg dreamily lifted a shirt from the table, ran his hand over the silk, and laid it back. "Of course you'd have to add a little sensation," he said, "a little spiritualism, a little prophesying."

OSCAR put on his Roman look. "I'm not giving any more fraudulent performances," he declared. "I've already told you that." Hannsjörg was silent. Oscar dropped his pose and explained further: "It endangers my powers; I mustn't do it." And as Hannsjörg still said nothing he added, now quite honestly, desperately: "I can't allow myself to do it; I'd go to pieces."

Hannsjörg knew when his brother's scruples were more than affected talk, and he was careful not to react ironically. "I don't want to urge you," he said, "to do something that goes against your grain. But be clear about this, my dear Oscar, a chance like Trettnow doesn't come twice. Conquer yourself, too, Oscar. Make concessions. You simply owe it to your gift."

The words sounded sweet to Oscar. His brother believed what he was saying.

"You haven't been in Berlin for a long time," he heard his brother running on. "The city has changed a lot. The people in Berlin today don't want logic any more, or reason, or high-brow lectures. They want the irrational, they want miracles. And that's your strong point, Oscar; nobody can beat you at that. I tell you, there's never been a more receptive public for you in the whole world. You fit the Berlin of today like a glove. Be smart, Oscar. This only happens once; it won't come again."

Hannsjörg lay there in his elegant, apple-green pajamas, and his wolf's eyes were gleaming in the dusk. High society, wealth, all the riches of the world he spread before Oscar. He was the tempter, his little brother was.

"See," he said, "that's how we Nazis do business, too—by promising people miracles. You and the Party—it's a natural combination. I can see tremendous possibilities in it. The Leader is susceptible to the mystical, like all great men.

You appealed to him. If we play our game cleverly, you can become his adviser. *The adviser.*"

An enormously tempting dream of power and influence was stirring in Oscar's mind. There was music in his soul, wild, Wagnerian music. He saw himself guiding human destinies in a huge circle of influence with one soft word.

The dream was too beautiful. Suspicion seized him. "Why should the Party help me anyway?" he asked. "What do they get out of it?"

"I could imagine," Hannsjörg replied, "that Proell, for example, might strengthen his influence over the Fuehrer indirectly through you."

"Then it would be to your Proell's advantage," reflected Oscar.

"Manfred Proell is the Party," said Hannsjörg with unexpected sharpness.

Perhaps it was because he was irritated by that sharpness that Oscar's fierce, dark blue eyes became almost threatening. "And what do you get out of it, little brother," he asked, "if I and the Party join forces?"

Hannsjörg met his gaze. "Quite right. I'm not making you this proposal from pure brotherly love. I expect to get something out of the deal, too. I am convinced," he said, and his voice gained in warmth, "that the Lautensack brothers can accomplish more than Hannsjörg or Oscar Lautensack alone. The brilliance of one will reflect on the other. But the main advantage, if we combine, will be yours. Your gift is rare. That's just why it's not easy to find the right person for it. Up to now nobody's appeared who could have given it the right presentation. I'm telling you a fact. I'm the only one who can help you."

There's something to that, Oscar thought to himself. The Lautensack brothers. Joined together. In mystic union, from sources of being primordial, from the waters of the deep. "You're right," he said, deep in thought. "I shouldn't hide my light under a bushel. I should reveal it, in your interests and mine."

"Good," said Hannsjörg. "I'm glad that you don't want to be in such a daze any more."

"Wait a minute," said Oscar, "we aren't there yet."

"Now what is it?" asked Hannsjörg.

"After all it will take some time before your Berlin plans bring in something," Oscar said. "And unfortunately I can't wait. I have no money," he confessed.

"You're an idiot," Hannsjörg said amicably. "I've got money, and as long as I have it you have it too."



These simple, generous words warmed Oscar's heart. "All right," he said, "I'll do it" and he held out his hand to Hannsjörg.

Postures of that kind were not customary between the brothers; Hannsjörg smiled as he laid his small, slim hand in Oscar's large, white, brutal one. "You've been a long time," he said. "You're very slow on the uptake. Well, finally! I think," he went on to elaborate his plan, "I'll be busy here for about three years more. Then we'll go to Berlin together, and then I'll introduce you to the new."

"No, my dear brother," Oscar said emphatically. "That wasn't our agreement. I'm to go to Berlin. I'm to run it, your Trettnow woman. That's not my style; I've told you that already. I'm going to offer myself to your fine friend." He stood there looking warlike and imposing. "If she wants anything," he said, "she can be so kind as to come to me."

Hannsjörg looked his brother up and down expressively. "You're crazy," he said comfortably. "You've gone out of your mind."

But Oscar stuck to his point. "If she says as much as you say," he said firmly and stubbornly, "then she'll go. And if not, it's no loss." He turned away, and took a few steps through the room.

When something strange happened to him. Midway in his progress through the room he stood still. His eyes fastened on a spot on the wall, or perhaps only in the air, and clung to it, but not for long. On his face became empty, slack; his lips parted; his strong white teeth became visible. He walked backward with uncertain step, fell into a chair, remained there, relaxed, removed from his surroundings, looking inward, listening, with a lost, even somewhat foolish smile. Hannsjörg knew that now Oscar was having another one of his attacks.

It was a fact. Oscar had felt, in his chest—or was it his breast?—a very faint tingling, a faint noise as when one tears a piece of silk. The objects around him faded away, he felt lifted out of himself, as if he "saw." For a little while he sat there, slack and at the same time with a storklike rigidity, his face almost idiotic with inner strain. Then, as if awakening, he ran his hand over his forehead and smiled, very confidently, but in an everyday tone: "Don't worry. She'll come. I've 'seen' it."

Skeptical as Hannsjörg was, his brother's vision had impressed him. It was always like that. Something in Hannsjörg laughed at Oscar's visions, but a longer something believed in them.

While Hannsjörg was thinking this

over, his quick mind was already calculating how to persuade Trettnow to make the trip to Munich. He would write to her that same day. Would describe to her how seeing his brother again had put new life into him. Would describe how impressed the Fuehrer had been by his meeting with Oscar. "You're right," he admitted. "She must come here. I'll write her."

"I knew you'd understand me," Oscar said.

But Hannsjörg smiled: "Yes, we belong together, we Lautensack brothers."

"Then I'll be going," said Oscar. "One more thing," he added with a rush, "you were kind enough to offer me money."

"Oh, yes, of course," replied Hannsjörg, "how much do you need?" Oscar reflected. His brother seemed to be well off. So Oscar could easily ask for a large round sum, say for a hundred marks. Judging by the style in which Hans was living he could even ask him for more, two hundred. "I'd need about three hundred marks," he said; and his heart stood still at his own boldness.

Hannsjörg got up and fished three blue notes out of his wallet. "Here, take it," he said. Oscar thanked him and withdrew. I could really have asked for five hundred, he thought, as he rode down in the elevator.

THE next morning a letter from Professor Hravliczek arrived. He sent the contract and requested the return of a countersigned copy.

Oscar was sitting at breakfast when he received the letter. With a small, malicious smile, he studied the professor's clear, neat, slightly pedantic handwriting. Then he tore up the contract. And later, when Frau Lechner announced that Frau Tirschenreuth was on the telephone, he said: "Tell her I'm not in."

His understanding with Hannsjörg grew better and better. Everything was going well. The very same week that Hannsjörg had made him the proposal about Trettnow he had handed him, with a proud smile, a membership card in the National Socialist Party. It bore a low number, one of the much-coveted numbers in the first thousand, the number 667.

Perhaps Oscar would have been less happy if he had known that the former owner of Party Card 667 had met a miserable end. Condemned by one of the Party's secret courts, and foully murdered, he was now moldering away in a wood in the vicinity of Munich. But no inner voice told Oscar Lautensack about this, and so he was heartily grateful to his brother for the distinction which he had procured him.

(To be continued next week)

# LORETTA YOUNG speaking:

... lovely star of the Paramount picture "CHINA."



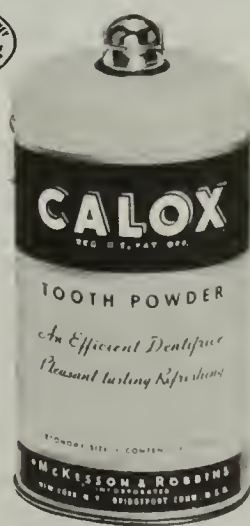
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"Well, how do you like it?"

GEORGE PRICE





A philosopher once observed that it is easier for a man to adjust himself to sudden poverty than to sudden riches. Young Phil Akers was a case in point

# Paycheck

By Ernest Haycox

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HOLMGREN

WHEN he had worked at the Save-Rite Market, they had agreed to meet at the corner drugstore, which was halfway between his house and her house; in this way they always managed to get into the neighborhood movie at the beginning of the main feature. In those days he had no car, but now he did and his new job at the shipyard gave him plenty of time. Still, the habit remained. She hadn't asked him to pick her up at her house and it never occurred to him to do it. Fifty-fifty was good enough for Phil Akers.

He came into the drugstore ten minutes late, a chunky boy with a round, solid face and gray eyes underneath eyebrows which were extraordinarily black for an eighteen-year-old. He had a little bit of a swagger to him and his hat was back on his head, signifying that he felt

good. He grinned at her and crooked his finger, not mentioning anything about being late.

They walked half a block to his car and got in. He started the motor, roared down the street in low gear, made a sudden shift into high and began to use his horn at the traffic.

She said, "You've got a new tie."

"Got it today. Genuine twill, the clerk said." Then he casually added, "Two and a half bucks."

"Oh, Phil."

It pleased him to have her be shocked. He said, "These clerks give me a pain. I walk into the store in my work clothes and they think I'm a cheap skate and let me stand around. So I got hold of a girl and I said, 'Sister, maybe you can show me some ties if you ain't going out with Gable tonight.' She picks some

funny ones at a dollar a throw, giving me the eye like she was doing me a favor. So I laid five bucks on the counter and I said, 'What you got for that money?' She pulled out this one. I guess she thought she was putting me in my place but I took it—and then I gave her somethin' to think about. When she handed me the change I said, 'Keep it for Social Security.' You should've seen the look she gave me."

SHE sat grave and still while Phil jockeyed the car in and out of traffic. She wore a brown skirt and a pink blouse that had small ruffles on its collar. She was pretty and she had used her lipstick lightly and her perfume was only a suggestion. Working at the Paris Gown Shop, she watched the customers and saw which ones had taste—and from

Phil came into the store ten minutes late. He had a little bit of a swagger to him and his hat was back on his head, signifying he felt good. He grinned at her, and crooked his f-

those she took her lessons. She was a sweet and ambitious girl and she had things to be right.

"How much did you make this week, Phil?"

"Seventy-four fifty. Remember eighteen bucks I used to get at the Save-Rite?"

"Four times as much," she murmured. "Four weeks for one week. Where you cash your check today?"

"At the beer parlor. Sure, I had a couple beers. You got to drink a couple or two for the favor of gettin' the check cashed."

"Don't they charge twenty-five cents for cashing checks?"

"What's two-bits?" he said. "Listen, Edie. You got to lift your sights. I'm making dough now. We don't have to haggle with the pennies like we used to."

"You're driving a little fast."

"Some of these dummies," he said. "I don't seem to know a war's on. They move fast."

When he crossed the bridge he turned up Broadway toward the center of town instead of going down Third Street to find a vacant place to park. She said, "I don't mind walking five blocks, Phil. We can save thirty-five cents."

"If other guys can roll up to the front door," he said, "so can I. Don't keep thinking hard times."

"All right, Phil."

THAT was one of the things he liked about her, the way she gracefully surrendered. Because she was a cashier, she thought she knew about money. In those old days when he was getting eighty dollars a week she had held him down, making him save, making him take her to places that were free. She had even figured out how long it would take them to build up four hundred dollars in the bank; and that was when they were to be married. But sometimes this was pretty slow, pretty dull; and then he had to set her right, whereupon she would smile at him and say, "All right, Phil."

He parked in a lot and went across the street with her. There was a line in front of the box office and he knew they'd have to stand up inside and wait for a seat; when his turn came he got a couple of loge seats, a dollar ten cents extra. She had drifted on to wait for him and when he came up he saw her looking at a soldier. The soldier was giving her one of those looks, just waiting for a break from her. Phil took her arm and said gruffly, "All right," and peeled his eye at the soldier as he went in. He pushed his way through the crowd with his loge ticket and flagged an usher. Edie murmured, "I wouldn't have minded waiting, Phil."

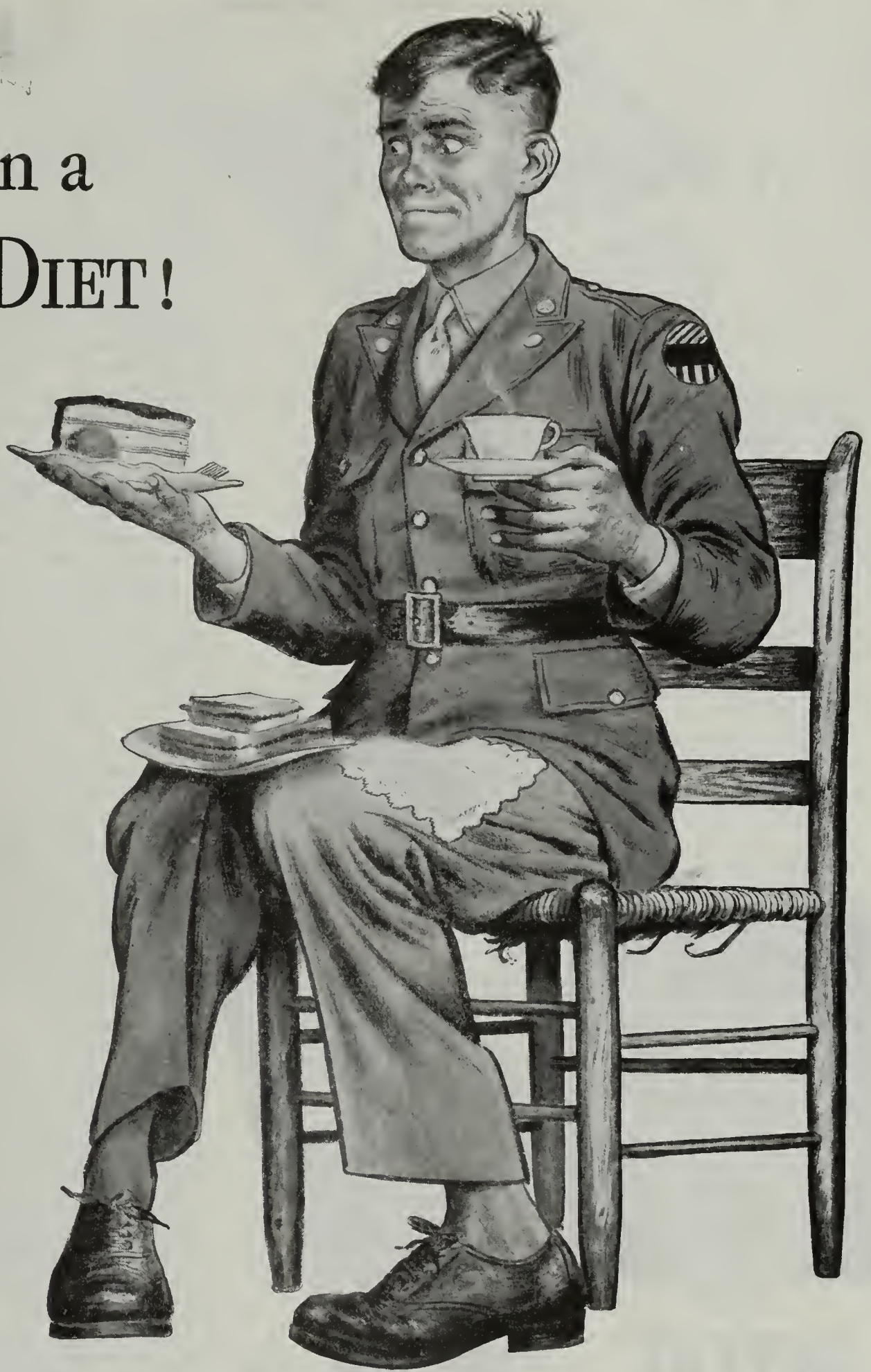
"We're entitled to the breaks."

It was another war picture and the hero was an American flier in China—one of those tall fellows with a tough face and a soft voice. He thought, irritably, "This war stuff is getting pretty thick." He got Edie's hand and held it and he bent his head to touch Edie's head. She sat still, all wrapped up in the picture.

Afterward they went to the Silver Grill and he tried to persuade Edie to have a steak. He said, "I'm always hungry these days. It's the work." But she stuck with her root beer while he had a clubhouse. She took his olive and his pickle and once she smiled at him, little lights dancing in her eyes and her



# Butch is on a BALANCED DIET!



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lips curving. It was the kind of smile that always stirred him up. They went back to the car and bucked the home-ward traffic.

In front of her house he turned off the engine and switched out the lights "Edie," he said, "everything's swell," and waited for her head to turn. But her kiss was quick and light and left him on the wrong foot. Then she slipped out of the car.

"Gladys wants us to drop in for a moment. Ben's home on leave. He's a corporal now. Come on."

"All we'll do is sit around," he said. He remained behind his wheel, expecting her to come back, but she stood on the sidewalk and waited for him until he said, "Okay," and got out.

IT WAS the house next to her house and Ben was a big blond guy who had enlisted as soon as he got out of high school. He was a sergeant instead of a corporal; women never got that stuff straight. He said, "Hiya, Ben, how's things?" He was introduced to some other Army guy, a friend of Ben's who was also a sergeant.

Except for the new guy, they were all old-time friends. Edie seemed pleased to see Ben and put both hands on his chest. She said, "Ben, you look wonderful."

"Why," he said, "they work us like dogs. I'm twenty pounds heavier."

"What's that badge on your shoulder?"

"Mountain regiment. Pack mules, skis, all that sort of stuff."

Gladys said, "Last week he marched forty miles through eight feet of snow. His captain says maybe he can take officer's training in another six months. If he were just a year older—"

Everything was Ben and this other sergeant. Phil sat in a chair with nothing much to say. This other sergeant gave Edie a look which sent its growling wake through Phil, and Edie had a smile for the sergeant. Pretty soon Phil got up and said, "I got a day's work tomorrow. Be seein' you, Ben."

"Sure," said Ben. "Sometime. But not soon. We'll be leavin'."

"You never told me that," said Gladys. "Where?"

Ben and the other sergeant swapped grins. "We wouldn't know," said Ben. "But what you suppose we've been training in snow for?"

Edie said, "When you get to Kiska, you take care of a Jap for me, Ben," and she gave him a nice light kiss. Phil was in the doorway, waiting for her, and he saw it. They walked back to her house, never saying a thing; they stopped at the steps.

"Edie," he said, "what are we waiting for? Let's get married now."

She said, "You know what we're waiting for."

"I'm making money. What's the difference whether it's in the bank or in a paycheck?"

"How much did you put away this week, Phil?"

"Well," he said, "I had a payment on the car and the old man needed something extra. But we got plenty. The foreman said I'd be a leadman in a couple of months."

"What did you put in the week before?"

"I had to get some new clothes for the job. This leather stuff comes high. Edie, I wish you'd quit thinkin' hard times. People don't pay cash for things. You can get a house full of stuff on time."

"No," she said, "that's not safe. Maybe your draft board will put you in the Army. What would I do with furniture payments then?"

"I'm in 3-A for the duration. The old man can't work. I got to support my family. You're hipped on this stuff. That was all right when I had eighteen dollars. But we don't need to be afraid any more and we don't need to do things cheap any more. I've got to take chances and step on Edie."

He waited for her to smile and say "right," but she didn't say it. He thought of the way the sergeant had looked at him and the way she had kissed Ben.

under his skin. He said, "Well, if that's the way you feel about it—"

He walked back to his car and kicked it up to fifty miles an hour. He parked in front of his house and found her sitting in the front porch shade.

His father had been night watchman until he got hurt a year ago; and his father was fat and easy and smoked his cigars all day long. The old man murmured, "Trouble? Well, we can make a man trouble. I had it when you was your age."

"She keeps putting me off," Phil said. "I'm making plenty. She's scared of everything."

"Women," said the old man, "they do things their way. They don't know. They always want to put a harness on him and a clock in front of his nose. You got to be firm about that. We are a fine thing for an old fellow like a crippled and good for nothing, to have a son to lean on. Phil, I'd like at least twenty dollars."

"I gave you twenty yesterday."

"It is for the groceries."

"Yeah, that's what I gave the twenty for."

"I had to use it on another bill, so said the old man blandly. "During my sickness I got a long way behind."

"Sure," murmured Phil. "I guess I did." He pulled his roll of bills out of his pocket and peeled off two tens and gave them to the old man. "You better go to a doctor lately to see how your back is getting along?"

"Ah, what does a doctor know? The man's the best one to judge if he's good or poor. My spine's always going to be disconnected. I can feel it grit when it's broke."

EDIE said to herself, "He's mad and was hinting that maybe I'd better do it the way he wants." She went into the house and up the stairs to her room.

It was a nice room, made over according to a picture she had seen in a magazine. She had paid for the furniture out of her own money, she had made the bedspread, she had shopped for the picture. All of this would go into the new home when she and Phil were married; she would be like a girl in France, bringing something to her husband.

The show, with the extra loges, was \$2.20, the parking lot thirty-five cents, the meal ninety cents. That was \$3.45 for the evening. "When he was working at the Save-Rite," she thought, "I never spent that much all month." She got ready for bed; she sat in the middle of the bed with her chin resting on her doubled fist. Every Saturday he had brought his check to her and she had banked it for him at the same time she banked her own money; but somebody had heard about that and had kidded him. He didn't bring her his check any more, and he didn't talk about the house and furniture any more. He was tired of it because it was too slow. That was what his new job had done.

"It made him big too soon," she thought. "He's not the same Phil and he's tired of all our plans. I thought I knew him. Maybe I don't. Something's gone away."



She turned out the light and lay we, thinking of the way he had told the story of the five-dollar tie. She hated the clerk who had sold it to her for she knew what the clerk had thought about Phil. She had thought he was a fool. She said to herself, "It started from that paycheck."

THURSDAY was a half day at the Paris Gown Shop. Directly after she took the bus to the drugstore and turned to Phil's house. Mr. Akers was on the porch, half asleep in his chair. Edie said, "Hello," and went into the house. Mrs. Akers was in the kitchen, ironing.

Edie said, "I was wondering if you could tell me how much Phil's saved?"

"His passbook is in his bureau drawer. Hundred and sixty-five dollars."

Edie said, shocked, "It was that much in April?"

"Isn't you seen it since then?"

"He doesn't bring me his check any more."

"Ah," said Mrs. Akers, "that was his father's advice. His father said to him a man shouldn't start letting a woman run things. Sit down a minute."

Mrs. Akers leaned her arms on the iron-board. She was a small woman, wiry gray; she was a soft, quiet woman. She had gray eyes and her mouth was

She looked at Edie so neat and pretty; she saw Edie with an appreciative

"Edie," she said, "you've been looking, haven't you?"

"Yes."

"He's got good in him and he's got a lot," said Mrs. Akers. "He can be a man or he can be shiftless. You know that. You been goin' with him two years. You're a smart girl. Why don't you find another boy you don't have to cry about?"

"You know why."

"You're in love. But a woman never gets so far in love she can't see ahead. What do you see ahead, Edie?"

"He doesn't care about the nice things I had planned. That was what put us together and made everything wonderful. The light just went out in

"You've made up your mind to do something?"

"Yes," said Edie, "I've got to bring him back."

"What if it doesn't work?" asked Mrs. Akers. "Will you give in and take him as he is and let him have his own way?"

"I don't know."

"Listen to me," said Mrs. Akers. "Before you start, make up your mind to lose him. Make up your mind you'll never go back. Make up your mind he's got to come to you. Not halfway, Edie. All the way. A man must come to a woman. A man must hold up a woman. It is the only way she ever knows whether he loves her or not. If he comes all the way to you, then you're sure. But if you give in and go to him, you'll never know and you'll spend the rest of your life full of doubt and regret."

"That's hard to do," said Edie and gravely watched the tips of her gloved hands.

Mrs. Akers sent her iron back and forth. Her lips were pressed together, her face was dark-set and stern. "You're thinking I'm old and have forgotten about being in love. No, I haven't. No, I haven't! Love isn't a girl giving up everything she wants to let a man grow careless and set in his ways. You have got to make a man run fast and strain his bones and rack his mind. That's the way a man becomes a man, and that is why a woman loves him. You don't want less than that, Edie."

Edie got up. Mrs. Akers, she saw, could cry; and she could cry. She said, "Goodby, Mrs. Akers."

"That's the way," said Mrs. Akers. "Goodby, daughter."

HE WAS twenty minutes late when he got to the corner drugstore. He looked around and didn't see her and he sat on the edge of a stool, kidding the counter girl for five minutes. Then he thought: If I'd gotten here on time I'd been waiting half an hour, and he felt irritated at the delay. He ordered a malted and drank it, a little at a time; at a quarter of eight the counter girl said, "You're stood up, Phil," and he grinned to cover his resentment and walked out. When he



"The same old story: He showered her with gifts—canned fruits, soups and vegetables, steaks, chops, coffee . . ."

COLLIER'S

COLIN ALLEN



## Frying Pan to Firing Line!

Count on America's mothers and daughters to do their bit. And trust them to look for *real value* in the things they buy these days. Millions *Rely on Reliance* for smart, fresh, practical Happy Home dresses—the choice of modern homemakers the country over! Distinctive in fade-proof fabrics, new colors and patterns. Priced from \$1.75 to \$2.50 at better cotton wash dress departments everywhere.

### RELIANCE MANUFACTURING COMPANY

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MAKERS OF Big Yank Shirts and Trousers

Ensenada and Miss Yank Slacks

Kay Whitney Frocks

Aywon Shirts • No-Tare Shorts

Yank Jr. Garments for Boys





# Low cost, broader Protection *for* *homes...families...everywhere*

**It's brand new!** It gives you broader protection against damage suits than ever before obtainable—it costs far less than such protection ever cost before!

It's the new HARTFORD COMPREHENSIVE PERSONAL LIABILITY POLICY—planned to meet the needs of everyone who maintains a home.

## *Why you need this protection*

You may not realize it, but you are constantly exposed to serious loss through damage suits. Someone may be injured on your premises—your dog may bite someone—you may hurt someone while playing golf, hunting or riding your bicycle. Insuring yourself against these and other risks formerly meant taking out perhaps half a dozen separate liability policies—a complicated, bothersome procedure.

## *All this in one policy—\$10*

The New Comprehensive Policy gives you protection against many risks—even covers your wife and minor children—costs only \$10 a year—\$25 for three years.\* In combination with the Automobile Liability and Property Damage policy, it provides protection against personal injury claims arising from practically any cause. In most states, if you insure your car with the Hartford, this comprehensive coverage can be added right on your automobile policy.

## *Get full details*

Your local Hartford agent (*we'll gladly send you his name*) can fit this new, broader form of protection to your requirements—or expertly advise you on any other insurance you need. Talk to him—or to your own insurance broker.

*\*\$5,000/\$10,000 limits*

## *9 reasons why you should have this Comprehensive Policy*

1. It protects against damage suits due to injury to members of the public at your home.\*
2. If you acquire an additional residence for personal use during the policy period, the insurance covers it automatically.
3. It protects you against damage suits if you injure someone while engaging in any sport.
4. It protects you against damage suits if your dog, horse or other animals should injure someone.
5. Besides yourself, this policy covers your wife, your minor children and any other relatives under the age of 21 who reside with you.
6. It covers all your activities not directly a part of your business—including activities in civilian defense.

*The following features  
involve small additional premiums:*

7. It can be extended to pay automatically the medical expenses of visitors who may be injured on your premises.
8. It can be made to cover your responsibility for injuries suffered in the course of their duties by domestic servants, with guaranteed payment of medical expenses.
9. It can be extended to cover your liability for damage to property of others.

\* Farms, business properties and premises rented to others are specially treated under other policies.

# HARTFORD INSURANCE

Hartford Fire Insurance Company • Hartford Accident and Indemnity Company

THE TWO HARTFORDS WRITE PRACTICALLY EVERY FORM OF INSURANCE EXCEPT LIFE



HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT



he sat down by the phone, but  
 "Let her call me," and went  
 porch. His father came through  
 and stopped and bent down to  
 a throwaway paper. It didn't  
 cause his broken back any trou-  
 when the old man got to the  
 he seemed to remember his injury  
 himself into the easy chair with a  
 gan.  
 "Then thinkin'," said the old man.  
 "You due for a raise pretty soon?"  
 "I got a promise as leadman."  
 "Big corporation will diddle you  
 promises. You got to watch out for  
 rights. They'll work the life out of  
 if you let 'em."  
 "I'm doing all right,"  
 "I was here this afternoon to see  
 mother."  
 "What for?" and went in-  
 his mother was in the kitchen, late  
 He said, "What did Edie want?"  
 "Nothing," said his mother. "Just to  
 as nine o'clock and he had noth-  
 do. He thought, "Funny she  
 't let me know." He went up to  
 and lay back on the bed; he  
 about his job and he thought  
 Edie and he thought about the  
 t who had looked at her. Then  
 remembered the other soldier in the  
 lobby who had looked at her.  
 clock came. He got up and went  
 phone and called.  
 "as at the drugstore," he said.  
 "asn't," she said.  
 "All," he said, "if I'd known, I'd  
 on to your house."  
 "asn't home."  
 waited a minute for an explana-  
 The silence hung on. He said,  
 "orrow night, then."  
 "be at the USO evenings."  
 Pertaining soldiers? For the love  
 e, Edie. That's for old women."  
 "Maybe they'd like to see a young  
 she said.  
 "nded like a road coming up to a  
 There wasn't anything more. He  
 "You should see the suit I bought  
 "and waited for her to say,  
 "shocked, "You shouldn't spend  
 "ch, Phil." But she didn't say it,  
 a sudden whirl of irritation he  
 "Well, good night," and hung up.  
 I WENT back to his room and  
 "ammed the door. He sat on the  
 of his bed. He thought, "Where do I  
 min? She's gone nuts about the uni-  
 or something. Well, if she wants  
 he knows where I live."  
 stayed away from the drugstore on  
 day. On Tuesday he stopped by at  
 usual hour for a malted, and made it  
 or fifteen minutes. Then he went  
 "Mom," he said, "are all women  
 ?"  
 "ook in the mirror and see who's  
 ."  
 "ust asked a civil question," he said.  
 "ent up to his room and looked in  
 mirror. "What's wrong?" he wanted  
 "ow. He lay back on his bed again  
 "die got to thinking of her down at the  
 S, dancing with some guy in a uni-  
 . It hit him across the stomach like  
 k handle and a sharp stinging broke  
 his face. He felt a great anger, a  
 ple injustice; and then he felt afraid.  
 "ently he rose and got ready for bed.  
 "left the lights on and when he heard  
 "nother go down the hall he called  
 "rn. She stood at the edge of the bed,  
 "tly watching him; it occurred to him  
 "she didn't smile much.  
 "Mom," he said, "you see anything  
 "ged in me?"  
 "No."  
 "e said, "It's tough to have things  
 "d right out from under a fellow."

"You've got everything you want.  
 You've got a job. You're making a lot  
 of money. You've got a car and plenty  
 of new clothes. You used to complain  
 about our treating you like a kid. You're  
 grown up now and you do as you  
 please."

After his mother left he thought,  
 "Edie's sore about the money. She don't  
 understand there's a difference between  
 a kid sellin' groceries at eighteen a week  
 and a fellow doin' man's work for man's  
 wages. A woman can't change her mind.  
 A woman always holds back." He  
 thought of his passbook and that made  
 him think of his old man. "Why can't  
 he work?" he thought.

HE HAD never intended this at all;  
 and he stood outside for a quarter  
 hour, looking through the USO doorway.  
 Then he went in and saw her dancing  
 with a guy in uniform, the music coming  
 from a jukebox. He watched the guy  
 hold her and talk to her, his mouth near  
 her ear. She was a keen dancer; she  
 could always follow and her body was  
 smooth under the lights, like water flow-  
 ing. By and by she saw him and came  
 over. She had been smiling but she  
 wasn't now; she looked at him as though  
 he were a stranger, and he felt foolish  
 in this place. He said, "Thought maybe  
 you'd want to go home."

"I'm on here until ten."

"I'll stick around."

She said, "This is just for soldiers,  
 Phil."

He gave her a black, astonished  
 glance. "Make it tough," he said. "Rub  
 it in."

She opened her mouth to speak; she  
 saw how badly it hurt him and the ex-  
 pression on her face softened. But a  
 soldier put a nickel in the juke box and  
 came up and asked for a dance and she  
 went away with him.

He left the USO. He walked around the  
 block and then he walked around two  
 blocks, and then around four; he stopped  
 to look into a jewelry store window but  
 he didn't see a thing. He was flat inside.  
 He went back and waited in front of the  
 USO. She came out at ten o'clock, with  
 a soldier, but she gave the soldier a little  
 smile and came on to Phil. He opened  
 the car door for her and waited until she  
 had settled herself. He swung around  
 the block, heading home. He said, "I  
 don't get it, Edie. What's in it for me?  
 Am I supposed to stick around outside  
 from now on until the war's over?"

"No, Phil. You've got other things  
 to do."

"Edie," he said, "what's happened to  
 us?"

She sat still in her corner of the seat,  
 her hands on her lap. She was a sweet  
 and warm presence in the car and it  
 made him want to stop and kiss her, but  
 something had happened and she didn't  
 want to be kissed. Edie had a way of  
 telling a man, without saying a word.  
 She said, "These boys gave up their girls.  
 They're a long way from home. Maybe  
 they won't get back."

"What about us? What about every-  
 thing we've got in mind? We ain't talked  
 about our house for a couple of weeks."

"We haven't talked about it since  
 April."

"I've had a lot of things on my mind.  
 Taking care of the old man. Buying  
 stuff. Times change."

"Times change," she said, very quietly.

"Listen, I don't mean it like that. I'm  
 just as sold on everything as I ever was.  
 But a man—"

"When you were making eighteen dol-  
 lars it was kind of important to put away  
 ten dollars a week and dream of when  
 we could buy a kitchen set. It isn't im-  
 portant any more. It's too easy to get



LT. THOMAS C. OILLARO, ARMY AIR FORCES

How they used to fill practice bombs with sand at the Midland Army Flying School, until Bruce Goode and Paul McHargue devised the faster method below



PFC. DOUGLAS MAC DONALD, FOR ARMY AIR FORCES

This machine now does the job fifty times as fast. Inventor Goode (left) and Operator H. W. Humphrey are both civilian employees at the flying school

## Anti-Japanese Sandman

ONE morning some months ago Paul McHargue and Bruce Goode of Midland, in west Texas, watched several dozen future bombardiers at the world's largest bombardier school laboriously shovel 73 pounds of sand into each of the hundreds of practice bombs used daily by the Hell From Heaven Men.

"That," observed McHargue, "is a pretty dismal waste of man-hours."

"Let's do something about it," suggested Goode.

They did, and today their Anti-Japanese Sandman—an automatic loader standing 20 feet high—is proving such a success that other bombardier colleges are interested in the blueprints.

The McHargue-Goode machine takes

processed sand from a jet-flame drier and pours it into a large bin, whence it is dropped into smaller bins holding exactly 73 pounds each. Slots are opened and in less than a minute the sand fills five bomb shells at a time. Twenty cases, mounted on a disc, rotate automatically under the bins. Later the blue eggs are charged with five pounds of powder, sufficient to provide a flash which can be photographed from the air and used as a basis for scoring target-range hits.

The Anti-Japanese Sandman can load more than 2,400 blue bombs in eight hours, giving the men who used to grunt over them with shovels an opportunity to learn more important anti-Axis tactics.

—BILL COLLYNS



# Loaded for War

Take a good look at the picture below. It shows a Santa Fe train loaded for war.

That war train is ready to roll. It is *going through*.

In railroad language, it has the right-of-way over everything else on the line.

So it must be with *all* American transportation until this war job is done.

## Victory Rides on Wheels

For this is essentially a war of rolling wheels...

Millions of men and millions of tons of vital foods, raw materials, and finished products must be moved swiftly and surely, where and when they are needed.

*Stop the wheels that move them,*

*and we stop all that floats and flies as well.*

That is why, on the Santa Fe, movements essential to the war effort are topping the greatest transportation job in all our history. They *must* come first, beyond argument or selfish interest.

★ During 1942, with 26% fewer locomotives, Santa Fe moved 122% more freight ton-miles, and 79% more military and civilian passenger-miles than in 1918, during the First World War. The Army and Navy, the ODT, and civilian shippers and travelers everywhere are cooperating 100% with the railroads of America in making records like this possible.



SERVING THE SOUTHWEST FOR 70 YEARS



now. I'm not blaming you. It's just that things change."

He didn't say anything more until he stopped the car before her house. He cut the ignition and he turned to her. This was always a nice time, this time when they sat together in the darkness. When he held her it was swell. It made him feel different, it made him grab at big things all around him. It was a nice time. But tonight she opened the door and said, "Good night, Phil."

"Wait a minute," he said. "Don't you want any of this any more? All of what we used to do. I mean, all those things."

"We don't want the same things any more. Good night, Phil."

HE WATCHED her move up the steps in her quick, light stride and go into the house. He heard the door slam. He put the car in gear and he nursed it along a little and put it in second, and jockeyed it into high. He stopped for the red light by the drugstore and the sight of the drugstore reminded him of when things had been different; it hurt him inside. He parked before his house. His father sat in the porch easy chair, smoking a cigar. Phil thought, "Ten of those things a day at a nickel a crack. He's doin' all right for a cripple."

He went on upstairs to his room and he sat down and got the passbook out of a drawer and looked at it. Then he found a pencil and a paper and got to figuring how much he had made in the ten weeks he had been at the shipyard and what he had done with the money. The list got long but it wasn't long enough to account for all he had spent and then he dropped the pencil. "What's the use of figuring it? I spent it. I haven't got any of it."

He sat back, one arm hooked over the chair and his dark hair dropped down on his forehead; and he grappled with a problem that was new and hard. "I did better than that when I was at the Save-Rite. How can a man get by on eighteen dollars and then go broke on seventy-five?" He put the passbook away and went back to the porch and sat on the steps, crouched over, and he tried to figure out just where the change had started. He said to himself, "I liked all that figuring about the house. I still do, only that ain't the point. We could have it any time without waiting." He remembered a lot of things he had said to Edie and things she had said to him; he remembered meeting her in the drugstore, he remembered kissing her good night in the car. At that point the cold, dead feeling went through him, knowing it was over.

The old man got up and moved by him to the gate; the old man stooped and picked up a throwaway and grumbled,

"I wish they wouldn't drop these things on the lawn." He had bent and lifted himself like any other man. Suddenly something went through Phil like a bullet.

"Pop," he said, "you go out this week and get yourself a job."

"Ah, son, if I didn't have a broken back—"

"Your back's all right. You just got out of the habit of workin'," said Phil as he went into the house. It made him stop to think of what had happened just the Pop had been the law for nineteen years now Pop wasn't the law. It broke something in him and it couldn't be mended. "Well," he said, "I guess that's another thing when you grow up."

He had a day off on Friday. He got his two new suits out of his closet and he took his new five-dollar ticket, and his radio and a revolver he had won on punchboard, and a pigskin traveling bag, and made the rounds of the neighborhood, peddling his possessions to fellow he knew. He sold his equity in the car to Skid Toomey and he thought, "Skid doesn't need it any more than I did, but I guess he's got to be a fool like me." He put the money in the passbook and the evening walked ten blocks to Edie's house and sat on the porch until she came home shortly after ten o'clock.

She was tired and she didn't smile at him. She stood at the foot of the steps and he looked hard at her, searching her eyes for the familiar look that was no longer in them. He stood up and handed her the passbook and the money. "Maybe," he said, "you'd like to take care of it again."

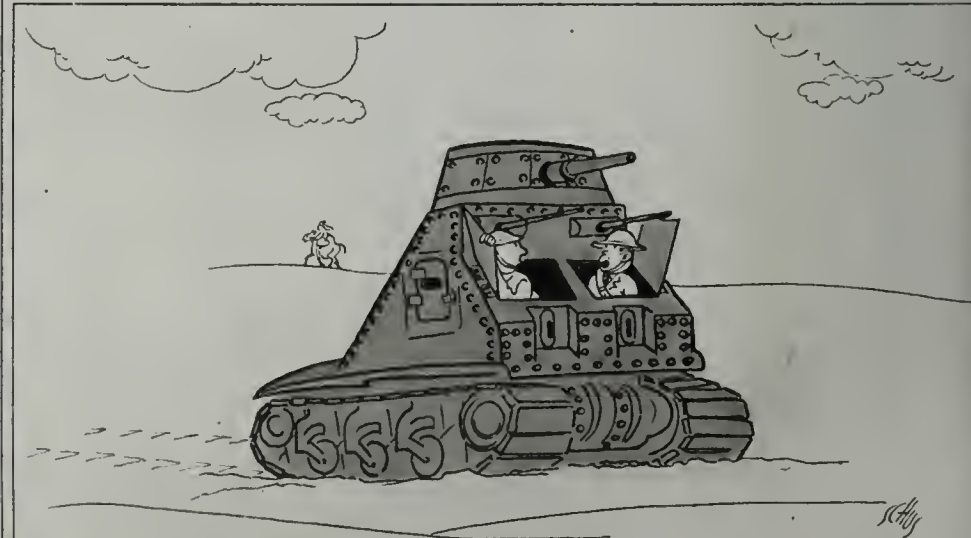
THEN he knew it wasn't the same; he knew it just couldn't be picked up and carried on. She looked at the passbook and then lifted her face and he saw a funny expression on her mouth and in her eyes, as though she were afraid. It was a bad moment; it made him cold and sick all over. He reached out and took the passbook and put it in his pocket. "Sure," he said, "I know the score."

"Phil," she murmured, "do you? Tell me what it is."

"I sort of slipped up on the deal, I guess. A couple of people have to stick together and see the same thing all the time. When one of 'em looks somewhere else it breaks up everything."

"Oh, Phil," she murmured and he knew her well enough to understand that she wanted to cry. It hurt him to stand off and see it; but it wasn't like old times. He couldn't touch her. He was a stranger, just as though he never had kissed her. He said, "Well, see you sometime, Edie," and walked down a street turned black.

She watched him until he was all the

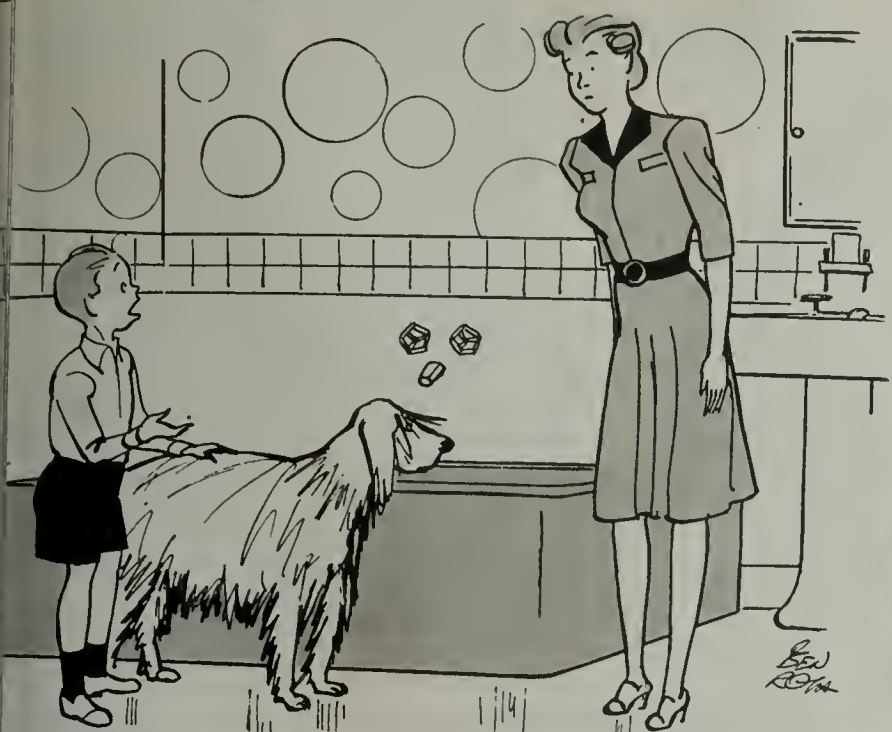


"Remember all the fun we had back home smashing through walls, and knocking down houses and trees?"

COLLIER'S

ADOLPH SCHUS





"I have to fill the tub twice. He soaks up the first tubful" BEN ROTH

the drugstore corner; and then went up to her room and sat on the edge of the bed and looked sadly at the wall. When you made up your mind to harden your heart to possible something happened to you. She was then terribly afraid of losing Phil. She had ever wanted was to bring Phil back; but when he came home he had done something to himself.

GOT up early the next morning and dressed in a good suit. His father said: "Have you changed shifts?" "No," he said, "I'm going over town." He looked at his father and he said: "I'm foolin', Pop. You better oil up your flashlight." He was gone all day and came home for dinner; but after he left again. He looked at the clock as he went by it, but he didn't see her. She wouldn't be there any more. One week she was the kind of girl to wait for him at seven o'clock on the corner; the next week she was a girl who stayed home and waited for a man to ring the door-

bell. He had only figured to walk by her house, thinking she would be at the USO; but he saw a light in her bedroom window and he went up to the porch and rang the bell one long and one short which was his signal. He stood back in the shadows, listening to the slow way she came down the stairs, not with the skipping run she once had used. He felt embarrassed when she came out on the porch; he didn't want her to think of him as a fellow hanging around after she had run out. He didn't want her to be kind to him. So he said, "I'm in particular, Edie, except for you."

His face had been quiet, a little watchful; she had been wondering what he would say and how she would answer. But he saw a queer expression tighten his lips.

"Where are you going, Phil?" "I've enlisted today."

He stood with her back to the wall, his arms behind her, tall against it. She had her legs and he remembered how well she could dance and how easily he could hear her laugh when he teased her. A sudden backfired down on the arterial system, sending a harsh sound through the quietness of this back section. Somewhere inside, Edie's mother walked back and forth and somewhere a radio made a racket. He heard these things over the silence.

She said, "Do you remember graduation day at high school, Phil?"

"Yeah."

"It was a long time ago," she murmured. "Nothing's the same. I hate the war. I hate the shipyards. I hate everything that's changed us."

"Well," he said, "it would have come. Or something else. Edie, I guess this is the last time, and maybe you won't mind—can I have a kiss?"

"Yes," she said.

He never had been so awkward, so unsure. He trembled a little when he felt her lips. It was different, it was sharper and it was something new and it hurt him with everything it did to him. He stepped away, reaching for his cigarettes. He had never remembered Edie being so beautiful, so tall and so quiet; she was a woman with lights in her eyes. She was somebody he didn't know.

"Edie," he said, "if you should get married while I'm gone, write and tell me. Because if it doesn't happen, I'd like to walk down here when I come back. I'd like to say, 'Hello, Edie,' and maybe see you smile at me."

SHE put her hand on his coat. She saw some of the old Phil there, in the way he held his head, in the way he looked so sharp and straight at her, in the way he admired her. The rest of him was new and there wasn't anything now to take them back to their little dreams, their little plans, their little world. All that was gone. He was a man looking at her and loving her; and it made her sad and excited to think of where he might go and what might happen to him. They were two new people and it was nice to have him there with all that it might some day mean, if he didn't change and if she didn't change; it was nice to think about, and suddenly it was very hard to have him go.

In the old days she would have put her arms around his neck and cried and held him back; and he would have said, casually, "Pull yourself together."

Now she said, so softly: "I'll think of you. I'll be here."

He smiled at her, made hopeful by the promise. "All right, Edie," he said. "So long till then," and moved down the steps. She heard him whistle a little bit; and suddenly cease to whistle. She stood still and watched him reach the street and go across. She watched him until his shadow moved into the shadows far down the street and she saw him no more.

THE END

# Taking the Jeeps Over the Jumps!



PRODIGIOUS jumpers that they are, our fighting Jeeps still can't jump broad rivers. So the Army's resourceful Engineers find still another job for their Evinrudes! Huge rubber rafts are bridged in tandem . . . Jeeps and troops are loaded aboard . . . husky Evinrudes sing their deep-throated song of power . . . and quickly the Jeeps are over another jump!

Giving a lift to the leaping Jeeps is but one of many wartime jobs which Evinrudes are performing today. For Evinrudes are *enlisted for the duration* . . . in the Army, the Navy, the Marine Corps. Great Evinrude "Fours" power swift assault craft, landing boats and lighters. Evinrudes help build bridges, ferry supplies, troops, equipment. Mountbatten's famed Commandos know their power, rugged reliability and trigger-quick starting ease.

All the experience gained in 33 years of building fine outboards is centered on our assignment to build Evinrudes for the armed services. Knowledge of some of the tasks these motors must perform is an ever-pressing incentive to build them finer . . . and still finer! *After Victory*, there will again be Evinrudes for all who love the water . . . sparkling new Evinrudes whose performance will ably reflect many advancements achieved in their fighting forebears!

**EVINRUDE MOTORS, Milwaukee, Wisconsin**

*Evinrude Motors of Canada, Peterboro, Canada*

★ Invest in America! Every War Bond you buy helps speed the day of Victory. Then, goad fishing to you.



**EVINRUDE OUTBOARD MOTORS**



HENRY and George won a map in a poker game. A treasure map. From two Mexicans they had never seen before, and hoped earnestly they'd never see again. In fact they were trying their best at the present moment to keep from seeing them again.

They had to win the map twice. The first time was when Henry topped the full house of one of the Mexicans with four deuces that he had been saving up. The second time was when he and George, with the map and a young Mexican who had been watching the game, got out the back door of the saloon just ahead of two thrown knives. They had the map on purpose; that they carried José along was an accident. He just happened to be in the way and they didn't have time to go around him. And he was glad enough to go along with them too. A knife sticks just as far in you if it hits you whether it was meant for you or not.

The door they came out was on the side of the saloon toward José's home, so he just kept on going the way he was headed. And Henry and George, with no particular direction in mind but only distance between themselves and the knife-throwing Mexicans desired, followed José through the breaking day.

Their pace soon slowed to a walk and they came at last to a halt before the one-room adobe house that was José's home. The sun was fifteen minutes past directly overhead.

It was ten miles to José's home from the saloon. They had plodded steadily through a small dust cloud of their own making all the morning. Henry and George were sweat-soaked and the dust had caked on their boots and clothes.

José, standing almost wholly in the shadow of his wide sombrero, was coated with dry dust. He was barefoot.

"This is it," José said, gesturing toward the closed door. "This is the hotel of my father. See?" He pointed to a sign that hung above the door. On it was RITZ HOTEL in straggly faded letters on a weathered board. Through RITZ was a wavy line in new black paint, and above it, also in new paint, was SIETE PISTOLAS.

Henry and George looked at the sign and Henry said, "Well, let's get inside out of this sun."

"We cannot enter the hotel of my father now," José said. "My father, he is taking the siesta."

"I don't see any lock on the door," George said. "How come we don't just push the door open and walk in?"

"The door, she is barred from the inside, so the siesta will not be disturbed."

"This is a lousy hotel," George said.

"Sure, she is one lousy hotel," José agreed. "Just like in the movies, with a long bar in one end and sawdust on the floor. My father, he is a smart man. He saw the movie one time in El Paso. That was the time he found the paint to paint the sign. It was in a store."

"How come him to change the name from Ritz to Seven Pistol?" George said.

"My father, he is a brave man. He got drunk on the tequila one night, and the next morning, what do you think? He has killed seven men with their own pistols . . . he thinks."

"He thinks? Didn't the men know whether they were dead or not?"

"My father does not know. He left  
(Continued on page 65)

# TREASURE TRAIN

By John Faulkner

ILLUSTRATED BY VERNON GRANT

The most formidable host on the North American continent does a piece of historic entertaining. The good-neighbor policy as interpreted at the Hotel Siete Pistolas

Seven Pistol swept his sombrero to the floor. "Ah, señores. Welcome to the humble abode of Siete Pistolas Pedro. My house is yours"



VERNON GRANT



# PERFECT FOOL, JR.

By Arthur Mann

Ed Wynn was the proudest man on Broadway as he watched his madcap son disprove, to loud applause, the ancient adage that there is no fool like an old fool

ED WYNN interrupted a comedy routine in the Passing Show of 1916, went to the wings at stage and returned with a bundle of humor only a few months old. He held a bumpy head in full view of a puzzled Winter Garden audience. "You might as well start now," he said with a beam of paternal pride, "because you'll see a lot of him from here

as he launched the stage career of his Xavier Aloysius James Jeremiah Wynn, which reached a sudden related apex on Broadway in a mad-mixture of Army decorum and ex-décolletage called Strip for Action. In "Ed Wynn's boy" held forth such skill and personal triumph that the Perfect Fool will probably be better known as "Keenan Wynn's old man." Which label would be okay with the man, for, until recently, the inane and kaleidoscopic interests of his wheeling son forced him to profess utility of fatherhood. When his undisciplined heir wasn't cracking up in air-solo flights (three crashes to date), he was inviting the undertaker in big-speedboat races with souped-up motor. At odd intervals he invited paternal bankruptcy with purchases of high-powered foreign automobiles and clashes with highway cops, as he checked the efficacy of his investments against natural and man-made laws.

## Only a Spoiled Brat

Growing up, he seemed to have less energy and purpose than many of his father's more fantastic stage contraptions, but at least Pop's contraptions cost money. Far from becoming a poor edition of his humorous father or dramatic counterpart of his celebrated paternal grandfather, Frank Keenan, the predictable youth developed into little more than a spoiled brat. Eventually the situation became tragic. "You're nothing," the despairing father announced at the dinner table. "And you'll never be anything but a comedian's son!" To an erring soothsayer was less disappointed over a cockeyed prediction than Wynn when he watched his 26-year-old headache recite 112 sides of sparkling dialogue as star of the Lindsay-Crouse hit. He recorded the incongruous tale of a lady Smith, a drafted burlesque comedian who invites his former showmates to honor the camp with an unauthorized presentation of Flugel Street comedy and

unmitigated strip tease. Keystone of the plot and two hours of uproar, the kid did it without mirrors or any of the historic Wynn hats, inane giggles or impossible inventions. The boy gave out so well with his own interpretation of haphazard thinking that the producers couldn't find a suitable understudy or top comedian to replace him when he left for Hollywood, which, of course, had "discovered" him.

"This is not surprising," said Ed Wynn, hiding his delight under a bushel of modesty, "and certainly no dependable gauge of his acting ability. My son, left-handed from birth, is merely playing a screwball character, for which he has had a lifetime of preparation."

Like all fathers, Ed felt that somewhere he had been responsible, and in this case he had something. Young Keenan was allowed all kinds of freedom backstage during the Ed Wynn musical extravaganzas at home and on tour. He enjoyed enough interest and opportunity to become a child star, but he had distorted dramatic ideas that defied regimentation. Dignity was something people mentioned when speaking of Grandpa Keenan, a fine old-school actor. It had no place in any of Pop's shows, where anything crazy or unrehearsed was preferred.

During the run of The Perfect Fool at the Globe, young Keenan decided to give Pop a chance to ad lib by letting his

PHOTOGRAPH BY  
GEORGE DE ZAYAS

Funnyman Keenan Wynn and family. His wife is Eve Abbott. Son Edmund proves that a Wynn can have a serious moment—if you catch him young enough

pet Scotty wander out from the wings. "My, my!" Ed exclaimed, welcoming the break. "Here's another critic from the New York —" as he squared accounts with the least enthusiastic of the metropolitan press.

The gag was great, but had to be abandoned suddenly when the unabashed Scotty refused to differentiate between





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stage scenery and his favorite woodland haunts in Central Park.

Another prank was quickly substituted, such as cutting the support rope of a cyclorama during a slapstick scene, or rushing across the stage as a short cut to somewhere else. But the promising career in extemporaneous abandon reached a climax during the run of The Grab Bag, which featured a stable of Ed Wynn "horses." Each was composed of a couple of humans and a comedy horse head.

One night Keenan prevailed upon Joe Schrodre, front half of the most important horse, to let him occupy the after portion. When Pop brought out the prize of his stable, the audience screamed and broke up the scene. The horse resembled a giraffe, as it should have, with a seven-year-old kid occupying the hind end.

Forthwith, the elder Wynn packed the kid off to become the youngest student in the Harvey School, a decorous little institution in Westchester which had done nothing to deserve such a hellion.

"How was I to figure it?" Keenan demands, reviewing the horror of his early incarceration. "I went from the wildest backstage freedom to a peaceful asylum I never thought existed. Because I was the only actor's child in the place, they thought I could act, and so I was rushed right into the annual production. My job was to hold an ermine-trimmed cloak, trailing from the neck of a king as he marched somewhere. The sight of an audience paralyzed me. I stopped dead in my tracks. The king toppled backward, a victim of near-strangulation."

### An Unusual Student

Denied the care and comfort of his mother, who was an invalid the greater part of his life, Keenan did just as he pleased. The Harvey School condoned his pranks for seven years, and then he was foisted upon the unsuspecting faculty of Horace Mann School, to whom he was a constant source of amazement as the only student who could average 42% for the year and turn in the highest marks for examinations.

He failed to show up for the finals in mathematics, and they didn't know what to do. He appeared two days later with an apology. There was a motorboat race, he explained, from Albany to New York.

"But examinations are more important than watching a motorboat race," the teacher gasped.

"I wasn't watching it," Keenan said. "I was in it." He paused for dramatic effect. "Not only in it, but I almost won it. I left the trophy down in the gym for the kids to see."

He had cut Saturday classes to pilot his boat to Albany for the big Sunday race down the Hudson River. It was a death-defying contraption (entered in the unlimited class), which he had put together with his mechanic, Hector Alexander. They "souped" a 400-horsepower Liberty motor to a mere 550 by inverting the cams of the intake manifolds and feeding twelve V-type cylinders not only from the outside, but from four carburetors instead of two. Exhaust manifolds were centered between the cylinders to resemble smokestacks. Competitors gasped when they heard the monster roar. Powered by a batch of six-volt batteries, there was scarcely standing room for mechanic and pilot.

They zoomed into the lead of the unlimiteds (which start last) and almost swamped the little outboard motorboats in overtaking them down the river. It was a breeze until about thirty miles from the finish when—kablooy!

Vibration from the supermotor jarred loose the assortment of heavy batteries which, placed off center because of limited space, had shifted and ripped out their connections. Becalmed, Wynn and Alexander frantically set to work replacing the batteries and rewiring connections. Minutes flew by, and so did competitors. Just how many of each, Wynn doesn't remember, but he and his partner finished the job, zoomed downriver again, past Ossining and Yonkers, and finished a close second.

With a heavy sigh, the school gave him a special exam in mathematics, which he passed quite easily, and so he graduated.

Interest in motors had long been his obsession. Less than a year before, he had fixed up another craft to compete in the Around-Manhattan race for the Hearst Trophy. He drove a Baby Gar type with the skill of Gar Wood himself. Keeping to the center of the rivers all the way, he completed the thirty-seven miles in thirty-nine minutes flat, clipping twelve minutes from the best record.

Always provided with a chauffeur and a swanky foreign car in his early youth, Keenan's idea of a swell time was to dismiss the hired man for the day and spend it in the fascinating garage of Charlie Stich, a mechanical genius who serviced foreign cars. In no time, the brat had learned every angle of internal combustion and he astounded chemistry and physics teachers with an enviable knowledge of octane gas, compression, valve-grinding, greasing, and tuning up Dusenbergs, Hispano-Suizas, Mercedes, Bentleys, Rolls-Royces, Bugattis, Invictas, or Maseratis.

"A garage mechanic," the older Wynn sighed. "A fortune spent on education, so he can be a grease monkey!"

But the auto-fixing provided a great alibi the day Keenan came home with his face and hands swathed in bandages.

"A carburetor," he explained and struggled to smile. "I... I flooded it too much, and it went kablooy!"

Pictures in the next morning's papers branded his explanation a lie. A wild kid in his 'teens was flying a plane with a 220-horsepower Hispano-Suiza motor at about 2,000 feet. A T-connection in the oil line was severed just enough to permit a drip to the hot exhaust pipe. The oil ignited and then came the trouble. The whole mess blew up in his fresh puss. The flames melted the rubber of his goggles, seared and scarred his face and hands. But he brought the plane to earth with a slight thud in the midst of the tennis courts at Jackson Heights, Long Island.

### More Knowledge Needed

As his preoccupation with motors increased, so did arguments between father and son about college, but Keenan said, "Find one where I can major in motorboating, and I'll go."

Only when Pop hinted that unlimited cash was no longer available did the kid placate the old man by attending Ned Wayburn's school.

"But even that was a mistake," Keenan admits. "At Wayburn's, all the pupils danced, tapped their brains out, and I couldn't dance on a hot stove. After four months, they had one of those show-off recitals. Everybody danced, except me. I gave out with some lines from They Shall Not Die—the defense attorney's speech in the Scottsboro case. After that, nobody could possibly claim I was Ed Wynn's son, and Pop, sitting there with Mr. Wayburn and Melville Burke, wanted to least of all."

But Burke, who ran the Lakewood

Players at Skowhegan, Maine, saw thing. "You had a lot of nerve chewing scenery like that," he said the recital. "I'll give you a job at hegan. Ten bucks a week and meals."

Playing a Princeton boy in the act of Accent On Youth was the 78 parts Keenan memorized for su theater productions. Add to this, in twenty-two Broadway shows fourteen that never reached Broa and you have a fair idea of what endured trying to convince people he is more than just Ed Wynn's son.

"I've lived a whole stage care seven years," he moans. "Money doing voices on the radio kept me reer from ending in death by starv. I've had shows close after a week after a day, and one show closed b the end of the first performance, a dernourished turkey called The Widow—full of murders and Lucille verne. About thirty people showe on opening night. Half of them le the end of the first act. During the ond act, the spectators kept sho 'No, no, don't shoot him, too!' A end of the act, they went out for a sr and failed to return. We never pl the third act."

### Boy Meets Girl Backstage

Late in this dismal apprentice came a part in Hitch Your Wagon Star and a backstage meeting with Abbott, a cute little trick who had st and serious jobs with Evans, Cor Gielgud, Meredith, Gish and the F ric Marches in such offerings as Ro and Juliet, St. Joan, The Star Wa The American Way, Key Largo, and he said, "She's for me." Miss bott didn't mind, but she insisted tha consult Pop.

She was at dinner the night the traught father staged the great denun tion scene from indignation. With t she was determined to help straight out the bewildered maverick who suddenly found himself corralled. talked Keenan Wynn to producers til both she and the producers were l in the face. But the result was be parts and a chance to do his own t of comedy, which is a smooth and bre interpretation of his hapless attitude ward life and living it.

Marriage and a son, whom he named Edmund Keenan Wynn, h made him slightly serious; just enot to work out a plan for the future. H return to Hollywood, where they th ened to bury him alive with mea parts. His best, though small, was spitting machine gunner in the Gab Turner picture, Somewhere I'll Fi You. He worked with Judy Garland For Me and My Gal, and finally in hair shirt called Gambler's Choice. I situation drove him to seek a leave absence to appear on Broadway and discovered. It worked.

Promised a raft of heavy work a heavier money by Hollywood, he w remain in pictures only long enough build a bank balance for the protecti of his wife and son. That will requi only a few months.

"Then it's the war for me," he declar without a trace of brag. "And I'll he straight for those PT boats that whisk MacArthur from Bataan to Australi I'm dying to get my paws on one of the All I'll want then is my old mechan Hector Alexander. He's flying plan now, but I'll bet he'd get transferred I asked him. Can you imagine what of those scows could do after Hecto and I got through soupin' it up?"

THE END



## Pay-as-You-Go Ruml

Continued from page 13

### GLANDULAR DISTURBANCE

**W**HILE in 21-day quarantine for mumps at Camp Hood's Tank Destroyer School in Texas, New York's Private Robert Fuller had time to figure out a dismal prospect.

If, he calculated, one man in his company broke out with mumps on the twenty-first day, the rest of his pals would go into a second three weeks' quarantine. Then, if another man came down with the disease on the last day of the second quarantine period, the gentlemen remaining would start another twenty-one-day stretch.

Well, Private Fuller estimates dolefully that if this went on to its worst possible conclusion, the last guy in the company would be cooling his heels in quarantine for no less than eighteen years.

He frankly and loudly abhors all forms of exercise, considers it worse than useless for city dwellers.

His classic remark on the subject is: "If you ever hear of me dropping dead on a tennis court, you'll know it was because I was crossing it on my way to a Scotch and soda."

Ruml, during this period, had had several offers of jobs from business firms, including a handsome proposal from Percy Straus of Macy's. But he still was wedded to the social sciences, and in 1931, when his good friend Bob Hutchins asked him to head up a bigger and better social science department at the modern-minded University of Chicago, he gladly accepted.

But all was not rosy, for once in Ruml's smooth-flowing career. He and Hutchins hoped he'd be able to integrate the various courses in his department, or, as Ruml somewhat cryptically puts it: "We wanted to achieve unity in the several disciplines included in the social science field. But I had trouble with a handful of distinguished professors, and after three years of effort, my progress was microscopic. Those professors wouldn't work together. They wouldn't even play together."

When Straus again approached him, he allowed Macy's to ensconce him and his comfortable thinking chair in a plushy office on their exclusive 13th floor.

"I guess they hired me for a counter-irritant," says Ruml.

"We hired him for his breadth of vision," says a Macy executive. "We didn't care whether he knew anything about being a treasurer or not. We knew he could learn. What we wanted was stimulation. We got it."

Ruml likes the job, but neither he nor Macy's can imagine his giving up his other interests, for they contribute to, rather than detract from, his vitality.

From the time he first journeyed down to Washington during the last war, he has had a continuing interest in governmental affairs.

He served on Hoover's Employment Commission in 1930.

"They were cagey then," he chuckles, "they didn't call it unemployment."

He had another "plan," almost as far-reaching as his current production, in 1928. It later became the agricultural domestic allotment plan, which is generally regarded as the father of the New Deal's farm program.

At present, he's adviser to the National Resources Planning Board, director of the National Board of Economic Research, a trustee of the Farm Foundation, and a problem-sharing friend to many of the men who make governmental plans. All this takes him to Washington about once a week. He gets a sitting room as well as a bedroom in his Washington hotel when he can.

"I have to pace around," he explains; "and a bed gets in my way."

#### An Unconventional Young Man

In politics, as elsewhere, he's an independent. He says he registers Republican, then votes Democrat "to even things up." He voted for Roosevelt three times.

He is able to accomplish so much because, apparently, he is engaged in purposeful thinking so long as he is awake. He requires only a stingy six hours of sleep. He never bothers with details. He'll go to an important conference, deposit a startling idea, and depart, leaving others to lengthy discussion. He works on a project only until the ball starts rolling, then moves on.

He works from the particular to the general. He may start out by worrying about the little tax problem of a friend who's going into the Army, but his expansive mind soon has encompassed the tax problems of millions, with a side glance at the economic health of the entire postwar world.

Ruml can't understand why people say you shouldn't talk shop at parties. "Why not?" he asks. "Shop's the best entertainment in a man's life. If it isn't, he's in the wrong job."

His idea of fun is to gather together a group of dinner guests who are interested in discussing the very problems he's been dealing with all day.

A Macy official said, "He forces us all to think. There you are just sitting around talking, and the first thing you know his mental gymnastics have stung you into real thought on your own account."

People who know him well describe him as "the warmest-hearted economist," "the most earthy sophisticate," "the best friend" they ever knew.

The Ruml Plan has affected the lives of many people—including Ruml. A private person heretofore, in spite of wide-ranging interests, he's a public figure now. He'd never made a public speech until the Plan forced him to. He had rarely seen his name in the newspapers. Now he's an experienced speaker and his name is known to millions.

What will he do with his sudden renown?

He could use his advantageous position to put some more of his many plans before the public, he could . . .

"Plans," says Ruml facetiously, "will be announced later."

THE END

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**Buxton**

## What Happened to Leon Henderson

Continued from page 19

Henderson log, so as to miss no word.

Even as Leon rushed forward to the fight, offering Bill and Phil the first two bites, word wafted down from the All High that wages must be excluded from any price-fixing bill. In the wake of the word, came the politicians and choice members of the palace guard, massaging Leon's shoulder blades with practiced touch, and pressing murmurous lips against his quivering eardrums.

Politics, they argued persuasively, was a game that had its roots in compromise. Give and take, while entailing some sacrifice of principle, was a fixed rule of the game, approved by experience and honored by all officeholders. They knew how he felt about wage control, and their hearts bled for him, but the Party must come first. Don't rock the boat, Leon. Be a good soldier!

Old stuff, but Master Henderson, loyal soul, fell for it with a bang that changed his voice from bass to soprano. To be sure, he did mumble something about the impossibility of curbing a price inflation "if wages or any other cost is allowed constantly to rise," but after this one rebellious squeak, he accepted wage exclusion. Straightway, the farm bloc swung into action, encouraged by the consideration shown labor, and while Leon gaped helplessly, the bill incorporated a provision that farm prices should not be set below 110 per cent of parity.

With piecemeal price fixing the order of the day, chaos followed inevitably. The Dutch boy who stopped a leak in the dike with his thumb had only one hole to plug. Starting off with a score of leaks, poor sweating Leon soon had hundreds. Wage boosts, backed by strikes and threats to strike, led to instant demand for higher farm prices, and these increases were followed no less quickly by clamor for new wage hikes.

Poisoned by fatigue, Leon now suffered an attack of Washingtonitis, a disease that manifests itself in a passion for size. The bigger the organization, the more efficient. Contemplating a force of 98,000 men, women and Phi Beta Kappas, his first request was for something like \$200,000,000, and loud were his protests when Congress cut it down to \$120,000,000. Existing divisions of the OPA doubled and trebled, and new divisions came into being overnight.

### Descent of the Parasites

Busy with his leaks, Leon had no time to pick and choose. From every nook and cranny, rushed briefless lawyers, social planners, theorists, crystal-gazers and congenital unemployables, pushing and jamming until shoehorns had to be used to get them in. Headless and footless, the jitterbug crew cried, "Good hunting!" and plunged into an orgy of directives and questionnaires that left the country a shambles.

If Mr. Brown has not already done so, it will pay him to visit the OPA Chamber of Horrors maintained by Senator Byrd in the basement of the Senate Office Building. Report 1-1071 PL OF NOBUCOS-WP. One book of regulations with 300,000 words. One questionnaire on vitamins 11 inches wide and 18 inches long, and after being filled out, four feet wide and twenty feet long. And a new report of equal size to be returned whenever the manufacturer, in response to an order from WPB, changes from cartons to bottles or from tin caps to corks. How

many times do you expect to wear your rubber boots in the next year? A statement from one firm giving \$100,000 the amount spent on questionnaires twelve months.

In the late summer of 1942, when was finally realized that an amenable price-fixing bill must be asked of Congress, Leon was given a second chance show independence and courage, and again he let himself be persuaded to play the role of "good soldier." Farm par was reduced from 110 to 100, but wages no less the cause of price leaps, were excluded as before, and no Henderson blow was raised in protest.

With Leon punch-drunk by now, who had been forcefulness degenerated in bluster and acrimony. His wrangles with Ickes reached a point where he would not sit on the same board with Harold. At his first meeting with Rubber Czar Jeffers, he pounded the table and told the big, jovial railroad president where to get off.

### Coup de Grâce for Leon

Crowning achievement of all, Leon even irritated amiable Claude Wickard by persistent attempts to evade the provision of the law that all price controls over farm products must be approved by the Secretary of Agriculture. Senators and representatives, complaining pitifully about appointments in their states, were bawled out as "patronage hounds," and public protests against questionnaires were answered by accusations of slackerism.

When, therefore, the election return convinced the alarmed politicians that a goat must be offered up, what more obvious selection than Leon Henderson the Ready Rationer and Big Questionnaire Man? Of course, it was in his power to have pointed out that actually he was not to blame. He could have shown that the real fault lay in the cowardice that exempted wages and farm prices from control in the first instance and impelled the politicians to continue purring against the legs of labor in the second instance.

And, too, he might have stressed the lack of an honest, courageous tax program for the absorption of surplus buying power, and the manner in which both agriculture and industry were drained of essential workers by draft boards under strict orders to meet their quotas. Also, the great triple transfer—Ickes to Manpower, McNutt to Labor and Madam Perkins to Federal Security—that held up organization of the Manpower Commission for weeks. Instead of that, Leon Henderson continued to be the "good soldier"; he even stuck his chin out for more punishment.

So much for the stout fellow who went down with the boat rather than rock it back to an even keel. What Washington now waits to find out is the exact goat content of Prentiss Brown. Will he have the courage to clean house, changing the Office of Price Administration from an overstuffed WPA project into a sensible, efficient working organization? Profiting by a study of the Henderson voyage, will he rear up on his hind legs and demand that a skewer be run right through the whole price structure, ending piecemeal stuff? Or will he, like poor Leon, fall for the "good soldier" line and meekly ready his back side for the boot that is bound to come?

THE END



## Treasure Trail

Continued from page 60

he found out. He is on his burro home when he wakes, and hah! do you think? He has the seven in his pants. And he has never those men since. From that day he called himself Siete Pistolas, like in movies he saw that day he found the. He is one brave man. All the people under the knuckle to him. Every-scared of Siete Pistolas Pedro. The she is named for him."

"Seven Pistol Pete," George mused. "My father, he is brave-looking with the seven pistols in his pants." "But he is," George said. "How does he keep his pants up with all that weight?"

"He has the pistols tied to his shirt with pieces of string."

"That must be some job untying all in every time he changes shirts."

"Why should he change the shirt? The one he has on is not worn out yet."

Henry had been looking about at the waste with two or three other houses scattered beside the trail. "Can't we go in one of the other houses until your father wakes from his siesta?" he asked José.

"Everyone takes the siesta," José said. "At the foot of the east wall of the hotel my father we can find the shade so as the rump of the burro." He measured a foot of space with his hands. "It should be enough."

He walked around to the east wall, and Henry and George followed him. He lay down in the narrow strip of shade with his back against the wall and wiped his serape around his shoulders and covered his face with his sombrero. Henry and George sat down against the wall and tried to pull their legs up into the shadow. They sat there waiting at sand fleas and twisting and turning until three o'clock when they yawned and grunts of awakening came inside the house. They rose and went to the front door and knocked and waited and at last heard the sounds of a door being lifted from the sockets. The door swung slowly open and Siete

Pistolas stood before them yawning. His mustache, long and greasy, curled fiercely upward above his gaping mouth like the horns of a Texas steer above the open end of a nail keg. His pants sagged with the seven pistols. His sombrero was still tilted over his eyes but on seeing the two strangers in the door he closed his mouth with a snap, pushed his sombrero back, and glared at them.

"Gosh!" George said, staring at the pistols, thinking until now that José had made up the story about his father. Henry spoke quickly, eyeing the pistols too, "Siete Pistolas Pedro?"

"Who seeks Siete Pistolas Pedro?" Seven Pistol demanded.

José came around the corner of the house just then, stretching. Seeing his father glaring at Henry and George he called, without quickening his pace, "Father, these are two friends of mine that I have offered the hospitality of the Hotel Siete Pistolas."

SEVEN PISTOL relaxed his fierce stance, the thunder cleared from his brow. He bowed.

"Ah, señores. Welcome to the humble abode of Siete Pistolas Pedro. The friends of the son of Siete Pistolas are welcome at the Hotel Siete Pistolas. My house is yours."

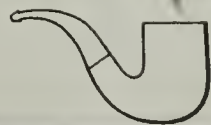
Seven Pistol swept his sombrero to the floor. He moved aside, bowed again, and swept Henry and George inside and up to the bar. José came in the door behind them and moved, still stretching and yawning, around the end of the bar and set a stone jug before them. Seven Pistol swept his sombrero back on his head and removed the corncob stopper from the jug with a flourish. He extended the jug to Henry. Henry took it, sniffed the open neck, shuddered, then turned and braced his shoulders against the bar and closed his eyes tightly and drank. He passed the jug, sputtering and gasping, to George.

George drank and handed the jug to Seven Pistol. Seven Pistol wet his lips, sniffed the mouth of the jug and rolled

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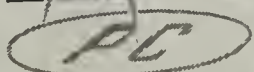
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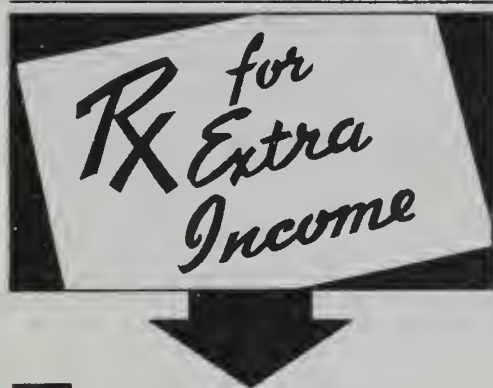
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his eyes upward, then raised the jug and drank slowly, and smacked his lips. Henry held to the edge of the bar and coughed, and George said, "Whush. Ain't that stuff hot?" José drank after his father.

They spent the rest of the afternoon drinking and by nightfall they were all pretty drunk. Seven Pistol roared toward a door in the back of the room for food and soon his wife came in with a platter of tortillas and beans and set it on the bar. She withdrew and the men closed in on the platter and scooped beans into their mouths with broken-off pieces of tortilla and washed it down with tequila. After a while they set the platter on the floor and sat down in a ring around it. This was more comfortable than standing, and too, their legs were beginning to get tired. Seven Pistol made José bring the jug so they wouldn't have to get up to get a drink.

About nine o'clock Henry said, "Siete Pistolas, we would like to stay at your hotel for a while."

"Certainly," Seven Pistol said. "You will remain as my guests until our grandchildren and our grandchildren's children are as numerous as the fleas in the sand."

"We only want to stay a few days," Henry said.

"What! Only a few days? You think then the hotel of Siete Pistolas is not good enough for you, what?" Seven Pistol roared out, pushing his sombrero off on the floor and trying to get to his feet. He got to his knees, then fell forward on his hands with one of them in the now empty platter. Several of his pistols had worked out of his belt and hung suspended from his shirt by the strings. They swung together with flat metallic clanks and Seven Pistol reached for one of them. With all his weight on the hand in the greasy platter it slipped, and Seven Pistol plunged forward on his face.

HENRY and George and José picked up Seven Pistol out of the platter and seated him in his former place and José wiped the grease off his face with a handful of sawdust. He got some of this in Seven Pistol's mouth and when Seven Pistol began spluttering and blowing the sawdust out, José handed him the jug. A good drink washed the sawdust down and restored Seven Pistol's humor. He passed the jug and they all drank.

A pencil had fallen out of Henry's pocket. Seven Pistol saw it and focused his eyes on it, and thought for a while and said to José, "Get the book. It is time for our guests to sign their names in the book. Bring the pen and ink."

José got to his feet and, staggering slightly, went around behind the bar. They heard him moving bottles and boxes about under the counter and he returned at last with the book and a pen and ink. The book was a leather-bound ledger with gold writing on the back. The pen had a rusty nib in it, and the ink bottle was dust-coated and half full. He placed these on the floor, with the ledger in the platter, and Seven Pistol said to Henry, "You will please to sign the name in the book of the hotel. Everyone signs the names in the book. Observe."

He opened the ledger, wet his thumb and tried to turn the first page. His thumb slipped, leaving a smear across the page and ripping it part way loose from the binding. He ripped it all the way loose and threw it aside. The page now showing had several wavery marks across it, and some blots. Seven Pistol slapped it lightly with the flat of his hand. "Observe," he said again. "Everyone signs the names in the book. We keep the record."

Henry had the pen in his hand and now he dipped it in the bottle of ink that José held open. Then he bent over the ledger.

"What is that on the page?" he said, looking at the marks and blots.

"That is where the other guests have signed the names in the book. Cannot you read the English?"

"That's not English. That's not anything but some crooked lines and a couple of big blots. Whoever did that must have been drunk."

"What? You think that the guests of the Hotel Siete Pistolas cannot write the English? You think that drunkenness is allowed in the hotel of Siete Pistolas Pedro?"

Seven Pistol tried to get to his feet again but this time he only managed to raise himself a few inches from the floor, then his hands gave out and he dropped back with a soft thud. His loose pistols clanked, and he fumbled at them with his hands, pulling one of them loose when the string ripped out of his shirt. The pistol fell to the floor and when he felt for it with his hand, he covered it with sawdust. He turned to look for it and fell over on his face.

This time Henry brushed his face off when José righted him. George staggered over with the jug and kicked the ink over where José had set it on the floor, and stepped in it. Then he stepped on the open page of the ledger and after Seven Pistol's mouth was washed free of the sawdust this time and they all had a drink around, José happened to look down at the outline of the foot on the page. There were flecks of ink-soaked sawdust stuck to it, and the cracks in the soles of George's boot made trails across the outline.

"Look," José said, pointing. "We have another treasure map."

They all looked, and George said, "It's a plainer one than the one we already have."

Seven Pistol leaned forward. "What is this about the map of the treasure?" he asked.

"Gimme that map, George," Henry said.

George felt around in his pockets, found the map, and handed it to Henry. He opened it and they seated themselves around the platter again and compared the map with the footprint in the ledger.

"The marks are about gone from that one," José said, pointing a finger to the map in Henry's hand. "The one in the

book though, she is good an

Where did you get that one, Fat

"I am undecided," Seven Pis

"Where did you get the other o

"George, he won it in a gam

poker last night. That is why v

here for the few days. We are

those he won it from in the gam

poker might try to win it bac

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hurry until those we won it fr

sure they have lost it."

"You did right, José," Seven

said. "Siete Pistolas will see that

wins the map of the treasure fro

with the knife." He patted himse

the waist and the guns clanked.

Pistolas will go with you to the t

to protect you from those who

yet know they have lost. No one

dare take the map of the treasur

the hand of Siete Pistolas."

H E REACHED over and to

map from Henry's hand. He

straighten up. His head dipped

and lower. He began to sag to o

and Henry reached across the ledg

gave him a shove backward. Sev

tol toppled over without waking

in the sawdust on his back, snoring

map slid from his hand to the flo

lay in spilt tequila and ink and

sawdust beside him.

"I believe I'll turn in too," C

said.

"The sawdust, she is thicker i

corner where my father takes the s

José said.

George looked over at the corne

ain't thick enough to be worth

that far just to sleep in," he said

lay back on the floor and close

eyes.

Henry got up and went over t

thick sawdust in the corner and

down. José set the jug on the bar,

out the one light, and went throug

back door into the lean-to behind

room.

They woke about nine o'clock

next morning when José came in

another platter of tortillas and b

They got up and George and Sever

tol both went to the jug on the cou

but Henry shuddered and turned

back.

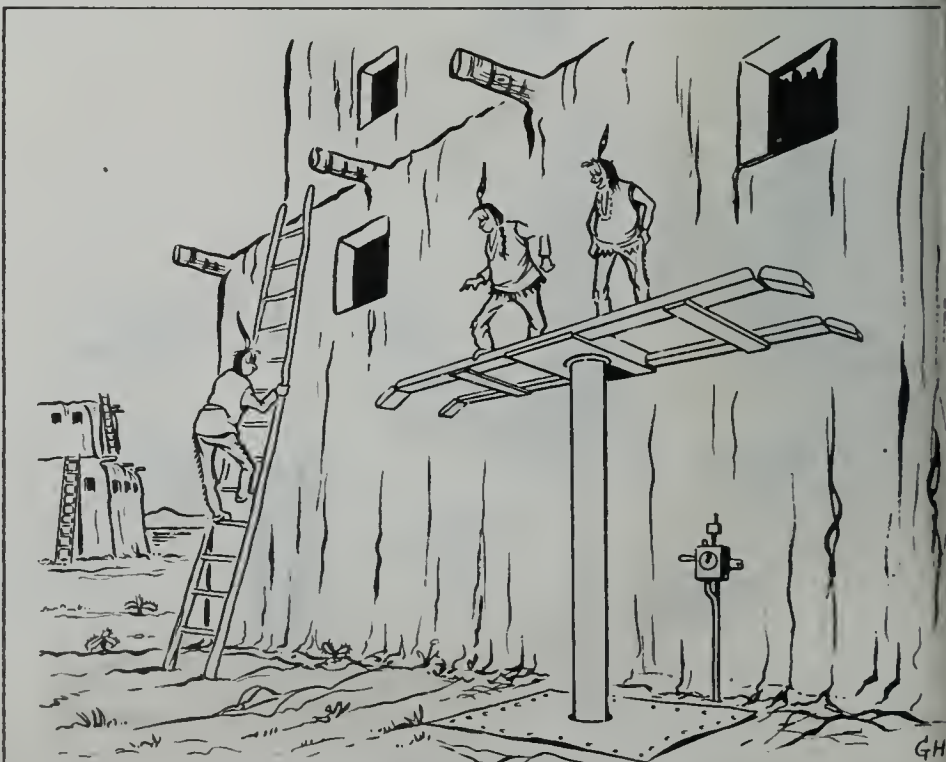
After breakfast Seven Pistol ki

his toe against the pistol he had lo

the sawdust. When he saw what it

he remembered he had lost it. He

splinter from the bar and punched



"I bought it from a service station that went out of business last month"

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holes in his shirt and tied the pistol to him again.

They were ready to leave for the treasure hunt now and José went out and brought a burro around to the front. He had already packed it when Seven Pistol made him take the pack off so he could put in two jugs of tequila. That made the pack too heavy so they left out a sack of flour and one canteen of water.

"It is bad to be lost in the mountains and be thirsty," Seven Pistol said, "but it must be horrible to be lost in the desert and be thirsty and not have the drink to quench the thirst."

"We won't get lost with this map to follow," Henry said.

"Where is this map?" Seven Pistol asked.

"George has got it. It's his map."

"George," Seven Pistol said, "where is this map?"

"You had it last night," George said.

"You said you would protect it for us."

"What! You tell Siete Pistolas he has the map? Phwaw. What do you think Siete Pistolas is? A thief in his own hotel?"

"Here," Henry said, reaching last night's jug from the counter and thrusting it at Seven Pistol. "Drink this and see if you can remember what you did with it last night."

Seven Pistol took the jug and tilted it to his lips. He drank, lowered the jug and wiped his mouth with the back of his hand and absent-mindedly passed it to George. George drank and handed the jug to Henry. Just as Henry was about to tilt the jug to his lips, Seven Pistol grabbed it from him.

"Quick," he said. "I almost have the idea. One drink and I think I have it." He drank and let the jug down at arm's length by his side as he stared at the floor with a frown of concentration on his face. "One more," he said after a moment. "I get it this time." He tilted the jug but it was dry. "Quick," he said to José, dropping the empty jug to the floor. "Get one of the jugs from the burro before I lose the thought." He stood with his eyes shut and one hand over them, the other hand outstretched. José had to take the pack off to get the jug of tequila, and as soon as the burro felt itself relieved of the weight of the pack, it wandered off.

When he came back in with the jug, Seven Pistol took several drinks, then George took the jug from his hand and drank and passed it around. When noon came they had both jugs with them, one

on the floor by Seven Pistol, who could think easier when he didn't have to stand, and the other on the counter in front of George and Henry and José.

At last Seven Pistol looked up at José. "Go out and see how close the shadow is to the wall," he said.

José went out the front door and soon returned. "She is about like the burro across the rump," he said.

"Close the door and drop the bar in the sockets," Seven Pistol said as he got up from the floor and, taking the jug with him, staggered over to the corner where the sawdust was thickest.

"What the devil?" Henry said.

"It is the siesta," José said. "We rest, then we think about finding the map some more. My father, he thinks better when he is rested."

José went through the door at the back of the room, and Henry and George looked at Seven Pistol in the corner, his serape wrapped around his shoulders, his sombrero over his face, and the pistols tied to his shirt lying about him in the sawdust. They sat down on the floor with their backs against the counter and their jug between them.

**PROMPTLY** at three o'clock Seven Pistol awoke. He yawned, sat up, and took a drink from his jug. He rose, and with the jug hooked onto one finger, crossed to the door.

"I have the fresh mind now," he said as he lifted the bar down. "With a few of the drinks, I will have the idea surely."

He set the bar to one side and swung the door open. Standing in the door were the two men George had won the map from. Seven Pistol looked at them in surprise, then bristled as he swept his hand across his mustache and then patted the guns dangling about his waist.

"Who is this that confronts Siete Pistolas?" he said.

"We wish to come into the hotel, Señor Siete Pistolas," one of the men said. "We follow the gringo whom we have tracked here. We did not disturb the siesta. Now the siesta is over. We have come for the gringo."

"Say—it's the ones we won the map from," said George, rising.

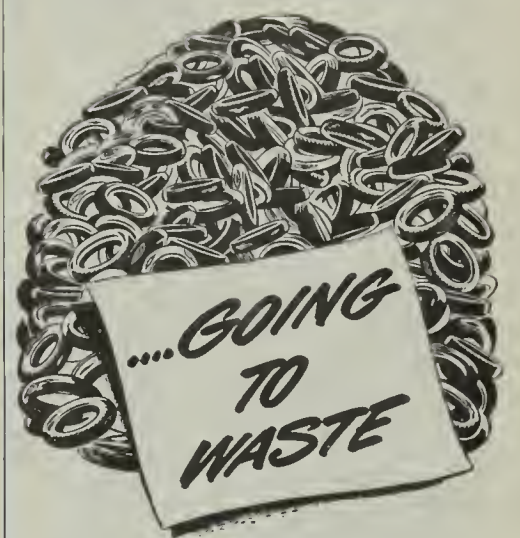
"So it is," said Henry, coming to his feet beside him. "Let 'em in, Seven Pistol. Let's see if they can take us."

"I wish they would find the map," George said. "It's more than we can do."

"What?" said one of the newcomers. "You have lost the map?"

Siete Pistolas swelled his cheeks out

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until the ends of his mustache jumped up and down. "What do you mean, lost?" he bellowed. "You insult the house of Siete Pistolas when you think one of his guests have lost something." Seven Pistol's face flushed darkly as he raised both hands, one with the jug still hooked to the finger, and waved them in the faces of the newcomers. The newcomers' eyes followed the waving jug and they swallowed thirstily.

"The journey here has been long and hot, Siete Pistolas," one of them said. "The mouth gets dry like the desert sand, and the spit is like the cotton."

"Give 'em a drink, Seven Pistol," Henry said. "You don't aim to turn a thirsty stranger away from the house of Seven Pistol with his thirst unquenched, do you? Anyhow, they can't take the map if we haven't got it, can they?"

"That is so," Seven Pistol said, his cheeks deflating and his face returning to normal color. "Come in," he said to the two men, bowing and motioning to the inside of the house. "Welcome to the house of Siete Pistolas. What is his yours."

The two men came in with a wary eye on George and Henry and sidled up to the bar. Seven Pistol set his jug on the counter before them and they drank thirstily. Seven Pistol roared toward the back door and soon José came bringing the platter with more tortillas and beans.

BY THE time the food was eaten the jug was about half empty and everyone was on friendly terms. One of the newcomers turned to Henry and said, "Where do you think this map disappeared to?"

"Durned if I know," Henry said. "Seven Pistol had it last."

"So!" said the newcomer, whirling on Seven Pistol. "You have made the map to disappear, hah?"

"Who dares to say Siete Pistolas has made anything to disappear? You insult the house of Siete Pistolas."

"This for the house of Siete Pistolas," the newcomer said, crossing his fingers and drawing them across his throat as he made a spewing noise with the side of his mouth.

Seven Pistol swelled. Foam appeared on his lips. Sputtering words tumbled through the foam in an incoherent jumble. He clawed at the pistols dangling from his shirt, and the newcomer whipped a knife from his sleeve and let fly with it. The blade nicked Siete Pistolas' throat on the side, and in surprise he stumbled backward and went down, hitting his head on the corner of the bar as he fell and knocking himself out. They all stared openmouthed as he failed to rise from the floor, then crowded around and looked down at the blood oozing from the side of his neck.

"My father, he is dead," José pronounced finally.

"That is very sad," the stranger who had thrown the knife said. Then, "Let us then offer felicitations to the new head of the House of Siete Pistolas." He took his sombrero off and bowed to José, and the other stranger followed suit, and Henry and George took their hats off too.

They picked the unconscious Pedro up and laid him on the bar and placed candles at his head and feet, then drank to his departure and to a long and prosperous future for José. Seven Pistol's wife came in and sat in the corner where the sawdust was thickest and threw her apron over her head and wailed. George placed the platter on the floor, since the bar was now crowded, and the men all sat around it with the two jugs in easy reach. In deference to José, as the new head of the house, the others waited until he had scooped beans into his mouth on a piece of tortilla and washed it down

with tequila before they began to eat. Seven Pistol's wife watched the platter from under the edge of her apron so that she could refill it each time it became empty.

The men did not have much to say at first, but when the platter was empty, José said, "My father was a brave man."

The stranger who had cut Seven Pistol's throat said, "He was a good man. He was a friend to everyone."

"I'll miss old Seven Pistol," Henry said.

"The place won't seem the same without him," George said.

"I wish now we had not killed him," the second stranger said. "Now, we will never find the treasure."

Seven Pistol's wife saw the platter was empty and dropped her apron from her face and came across the room and got it. She took it into the lean-to and refilled it and brought it back, then she went back to her corner and put her apron over her head and began wailing again.

After they had eaten some from the platter and drunk some from the jug, George said, "I reckon it's about time to sign the book again, ain't it?"

"What book is this?"

"The hotel register where Seven Pistol keeps the record of who comes here. Where is it, José?"

"The book, it must be on the floor somewhere where we put it away last night."

They looked about for the ledger and Henry found the map.

"What do you know about that?" he said as he held it out for them to see. "Here's the map."

One of the strangers took the map from his hand and his companion peered over his shoulder at it.

"This is no map," the first stranger said. "It is all of a color. There is nothing on it but some—some—" He raised it to his nose and sniffed. "Something very damp and strange. The paper has swelled. It comes to pieces in my hand."

"Seven Pistol must have dropped it when he went to sleep last night and it's been lying in tequila and ink ever since. No wonder they ain't no marks left on it."

"That Siete Pistolas. I wish his throat was not cut, so that I could cut it again," the first stranger said.

"No one could cut the throat of my father two times," José said, glaring at the stranger and trying to get to his feet. "He was a brave man. He was Siete

Pistolas Pedro. He killed seven men last night . . . he thought."

"Here. Drink up," Henry said, bringing José back to the floor and putting the jugs around.

They all drank, ate some more and drank again. The one who had cut Pistol's throat said, "Siete Pistolas was a brave man. It is too bad he is dead. This is the way of things."

At this last mention of his name Siete Pistolas came to. He sat up on the floor and swung his legs off the edge and said, "Who is this that calls the name of Pistolas?"

THE men on the floor whirled to the voice and the one who had cut Seven Pistol said, "Madre de Dios has risen from the dead." He scrambled to his feet and, followed by his companion, fled out into the night.

Siete Pistolas slid from the bar, winced as the jar of his movement ried to the lump on his head. Raising his head with one hand he clanked to the jug of tequila and raised it to his lips and drank. George and Henry and stared up at him as he lowered the jug and smacked his lips and said, "I am even to see Siete Pistolas is to make them run. You know those under Siete Pistolas' protection are safe from those who would harm them?"

"My father," José said as Seven Pistol took his seat on the floor and scooped a mouthful of beans from the platter. "He is a brave man. You see?"

Siete Pistolas' wife stopped wailing and dropped her apron from her head and went to the kitchen to prepare beans.

"Your father didn't do much of a job of protecting that map," Henry minded José.

"What is that of the map?" Seven Pistol said.

"Here's the map you were going to look after for us," Henry said, scooping the sodden pieces from the floor and handing them to Seven Pistol.

Seven Pistol took them, stared at them a moment then let them fall from his hands to the sawdust, and brushed his hands.

"Ah well," he said as he reached for the jug. "This treasure. What if we not find it? We did not lose it in this place."

He drank and passed the jug around. THE END



"After five years, I've finally landed the Aphorhp Stores account! They just ordered 100,000 cans of corned beef, 65,000 cans of sardines, and 745,653 cans of assorted soups"

COLLIER'S

JACK MARKOW



# The Winning of the West

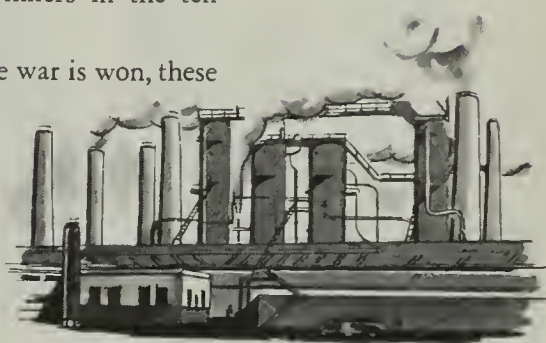


Sons and grandsons of the men who won the West are helping win the war today. Wherever Freedom's battle is being fought, its champions place their trust in the production of Western industry.

Standard of California is proud of the Army-Navy "E" Award to the employees of its Richmond Refinery, and prouder still to join the ranks of its distinguished Western neighbors and friends who also have received this high award. That you may know how the West

is doing its part in the national war effort, we publish here the list of "E" Award winners in the ten Western states.

And we promise you that, when the war is won, these and other Western industries will contribute their resources, strength and skill to the winning of the peace. The promise of the West, America's land of opportunity, shall be fulfilled.



These are the "E" Award winners in the ten Western states:



## MANUFACTURING

Electric Steel Foundry Co.  
Portland, Oregon  
General Metals Corporation  
Oakland, California  
Grove Regulator Company  
Oakland, California  
Willamette Iron and Steel Corp.  
Portland, Oregon

## SHIPBUILDING

Boina Engine & Machine Works  
& Shipyards  
Portland, Oregon  
Basalt Rock Company, Inc.  
Napa, California  
Bellingham Marine Railway  
& Boatbuilding Co.  
Bellingham, Washington  
Fulton Shipyard  
Antioch, California  
Mare Island Navy Yard  
Mare Island, California  
Oregon Shipbuilding Corporation  
St. Johns, Oregon  
Puget Sound Navy Yard  
Bremerton, Washington

## OTHER ORGANIZATIONS

Naval Ammunition Depot  
Mare Island, California  
Naval Ammunition Depot  
Puget Sound, Washington



## AVIATION

Aerco Corporation  
Hollydale, California  
Boeing Aircraft Company  
Seattle, Washington  
Consolidated Aircraft Corp.  
San Diego, California  
North American Aviation, Inc.  
Inglewood, California  
Solar Aircraft Company  
San Diego, California  
Vega Aircraft Corporation  
Burbank, California  
Vultee Aircraft, Inc.  
Vultee Field, California

## CONSTRUCTION

Guy F. Atkinson Co.-George Pollock Co.  
Long Beach, California  
The Austin Company  
Seattle, Washington  
Barrett & Hilp  
Mare Island, California  
Ben C. Gerwick, Inc.  
San Francisco, California  
Macco Construction Company  
Clearwater, California

## MANUFACTURING

W. R. Ames Company  
San Francisco, California  
Automatic Screw Machine Company  
Los Angeles, California  
Axelson Manufacturing Company  
Los Angeles, California  
Bakewell Manufacturing Company  
Los Angeles, California

Byron Jackson Co.  
Los Angeles, California  
Chemurgic Corporation  
Turlock, California  
Clayton Manufacturing Company  
Alhambra, California  
Columbia Steel Company  
Pittsburg, California  
Consolidated Steel Corporation, Ltd.  
(Naval Ordnance Division)  
Los Angeles, California  
Eitel-McCullough, Inc.  
San Bruno, California  
General Electric Company  
Ontario Works  
Ontario, California  
Gilfillan Brothers, Inc.  
Los Angeles, California  
Hall-Scott Motor Car Company  
Berkeley, California  
Hubbard & Company  
Emeryville, California  
Isaacson Iron Works  
Seattle, Washington  
Joshua Hendy Iron Works, Plant No. 2  
Sunnyvale, California  
Lights, Inc.  
Alhambra, California  
Marchant Calculating Machine Company  
Oakland, California  
Markey Machinery Company, Inc.  
Seattle, Washington  
McDonald Manufacturing Company  
Los Angeles, California  
Norris Stamping & Manufacturing Co.  
Vernon, California  
Oregon Brass Company  
Portland, Oregon  
Poulsen & Nardon, Inc.  
Los Angeles, California  
Remler Company, Ltd.  
San Francisco, California  
Rheem Manufacturing Company  
Richmond, California  
Sacramento Engineering & Machine Works  
Sacramento, California  
Star Iron & Steel Company  
Tacoma, Washington  
Thermador Electrical Manufacturing Co.  
Los Angeles, California

Vard, Inc.  
Pasadena, California  
Victor Equipment Company  
San Francisco, California  
Weber Showcase & Fixture Co., Inc.  
Los Angeles, California  
Webster-Brinkley Co.  
Seattle, Washington  
Western Gear Works  
Seattle, Washington  
Western Stove Co., Inc.  
San Bernardino, California

## PETROLEUM

Standard Oil Company of California,  
Richmond Refinery  
Richmond, California

## SHIPBUILDING

Bethlehem Steel Company Shipbuilding  
Division, San Pedro Yard  
Terminal Island, California  
Bethlehem Steel Company Shipbuilding  
Division  
San Francisco, California  
Harbor Boat Building Company  
Terminal Island, California  
Hubbard's South Coast Co.  
Newport Beach, California  
Tacoma Boat Building Company  
Tacoma, Washington

## OTHER ORGANIZATIONS

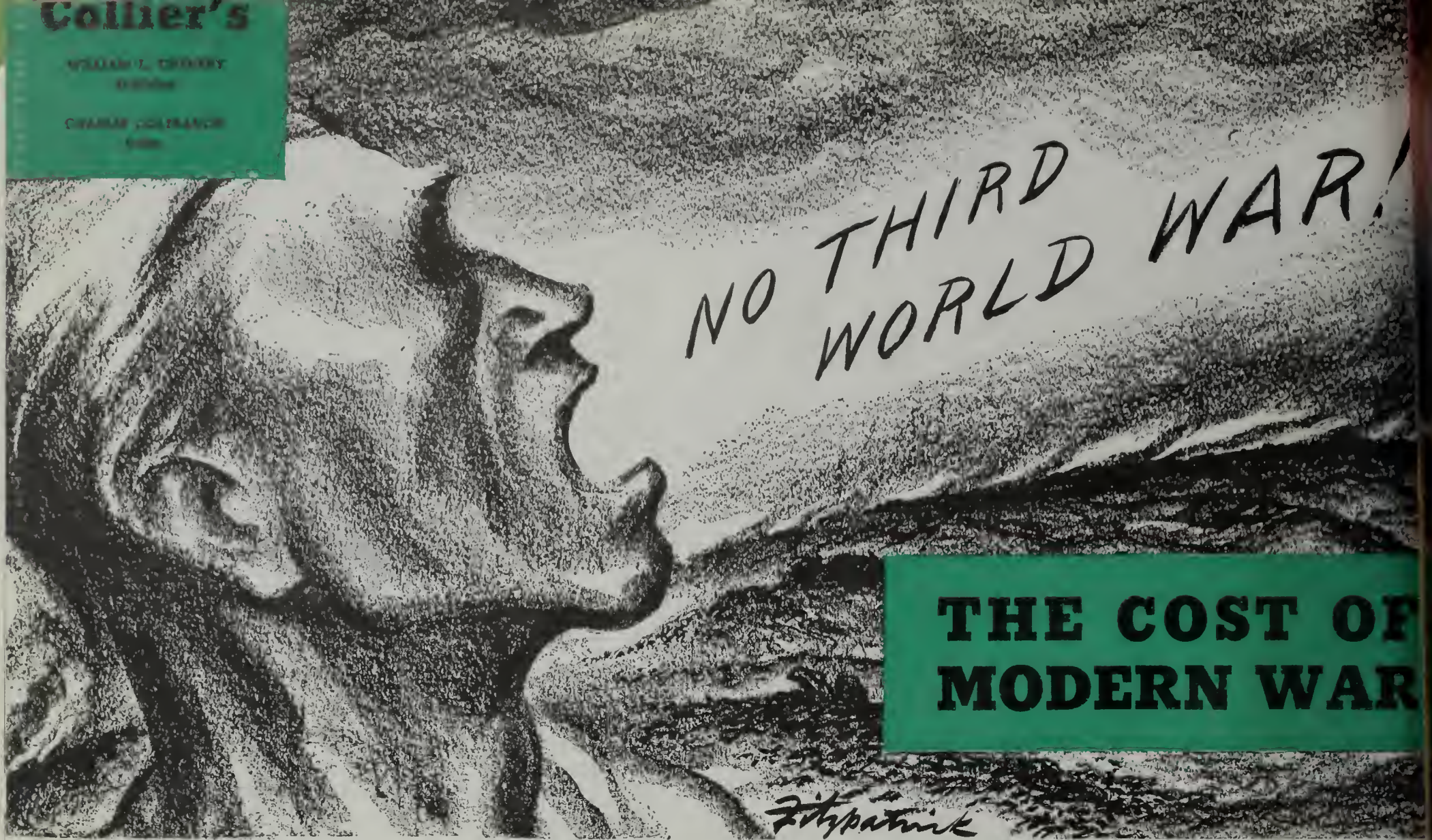
Climax Molybdenum Company  
Climax, Colorado  
Naval Ammunition Depot  
Hawthorne, Nevada  
Portland Woolen Mills  
Portland, Oregon  
Red Cross Blood Donor Service  
San Francisco, California



The names in this list were obtained from Public Relations Offices of the Navy and every effort has been made to make it complete.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA





NO THIRD  
WORLD WAR!

## THE COST OF MODERN WAR

*Fitzpatrick*

THE President rang in 1943 by asking Congress for 100 billion dollars to spend on war during the fiscal year beginning July 1, 1943. As the request is argued in the press, and as Congressional committees behind closed doors give the gimlet eye to the proposed expenditures, we take it that Americans are gradually realizing just what modern war costs.

Not that anybody can visualize a billion units of anything, let alone 100 billions. Various illustrations, though, can be cited.

For one, this amount which the President proposes to spend in one year for war is one third of the United States' estimated total gross value, as real estate plus its numerous improvements, of 300 billions.

For another illustration, the entire national income of the United States for the year in question is expected to come to 145 billions. Of this amount, it is suggested that we toss 100 billions, or 68.96 per cent of 145 billions, into the war—into the destruction of human life, the smashing of cities, the extermination of real wealth.

This program would be colossal enough if only the United States were involved in it. But in addition to our 100 billions for war, other warring nations are expected, during that same year beginning next July 1st, to spend for war as follows: Germany, 35 billions; Great Britain, 21; Russia, 15; Italy, 8; Japan, 7; Canada, 3. Total: 189 billions.

We shan't pay all of our 100 billions in cash. Much of it will be borrowed. If the President gets from Congress all the additional taxes he wants (which is doubtful), this budget nevertheless anticipates a national debt of 210 billions by July 1, 1944. Should the national debt eventually reach 300 billions, as it may, then the United States will be comparable to a house mortgaged for 100 per cent of its value, if you can imagine such a thing. A banker can't.

That all this will mean staggering taxes, we are all aware. And if we don't tax ourselves heavily,

we shall run into an inflation that will prove more ruinous than the prospective taxation.

When it is all over, and we have won the war—as now seems assured, though it will probably take quite a while—what shall we have to show for our money that will have vanished?

We'll have casualty totals probably exceeding those on both sides in the Civil War, our bloodiest war prior to this one. We'll have a ruined, wrecked, starving and bankrupt Europe calling on us for help of all kinds. Large parts of the rest of the world will be in like straits. Americans themselves can expect to be eating more sparingly than now, to be wearing clothes of lower quality, to be colder in winter.

We shall still, however, have our independence as a nation; and that is worth any price. Our enemies will take that away from us if they win, and will turn us all into slaves. It is worth any effort, any price, to prevent that.

### How Much is the Future Worth?

Congress should scrutinize every item of the Administration's proposed war expenditures, and should mercilessly cut out every threat of waste. But Congress also should vote every dime that will be needed to carry us successfully through the budget year.

This question, though, keeps clanging in our minds: How many more of these holocausts can the world stand? This one is vastly worse than the first World War. What will the third one be, if there is a third one? What will it cost in blood, heartbreak and money?

It looks to us as if the civilized world's main job, for the rest of this war and the years just after it, is to strive to work out some way of insuring mankind against future world wars.

We are not trying to talk like idealists or dreamers. It makes more sense, we believe, and it certainly appeals to American common sense, to put the discussion on a cold-fact basis. The es-

sential cold fact in this case is that modern costs too much; too ruinously much.

If another world war can be averted, we see that it matters how the result is accomplished. If an improved and implemented League of Nations will do it, let's have the improved and implemented league. If a United States armed to the teeth will do it, let's stay armed to the teeth for an indefinite period after this war. Let's have anything that holds out a fair hope of sidetracking another of these horrors 20 or 30 years hence.

We don't agree with those who see no hope. We do not think, with some super-pessimists, that the race of man is fated to wreck itself and ruin the running of the world to the rats, the foxes, the tigers or the insects.

There is at least this ground for hope: The present world debacle, by its very magnitude and immensity of the ruin it will leave behind it, will make the postwar world climate more favorable to some workable plan for insuring peace.

That adjustment of the world's mental and spiritual climate was not accomplished by World War I. The first World War's devastation was not great enough to bring about such a result in Europe. To many people, especially in the allied countries, that war was more a grand, intoxicating adventure than it was a tragedy.

The present war may blow such delusions out of most minds on blasts of sulphur smoke blended with minute drops of blood. If most of us are ripe after this war for any proposal that seems to carry a fair promise of lasting peace, then the human race would seem to deserve to be killed by its own folly.

Let us, then, keep our minds and ears open to all the plans for organizing the peace that are now in circulation and that will be offered in future. One of these, or a combination of several of them, may contain the answer.

If we don't find the answer—well, paint your own picture of the ultimate consequences. You can hardly paint the picture too dark.



# Collier's

MARCH 13, 1943

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## THE NAVY OF THE FUTURE

FIVE PAGES OF DRAWINGS OF TOMORROW

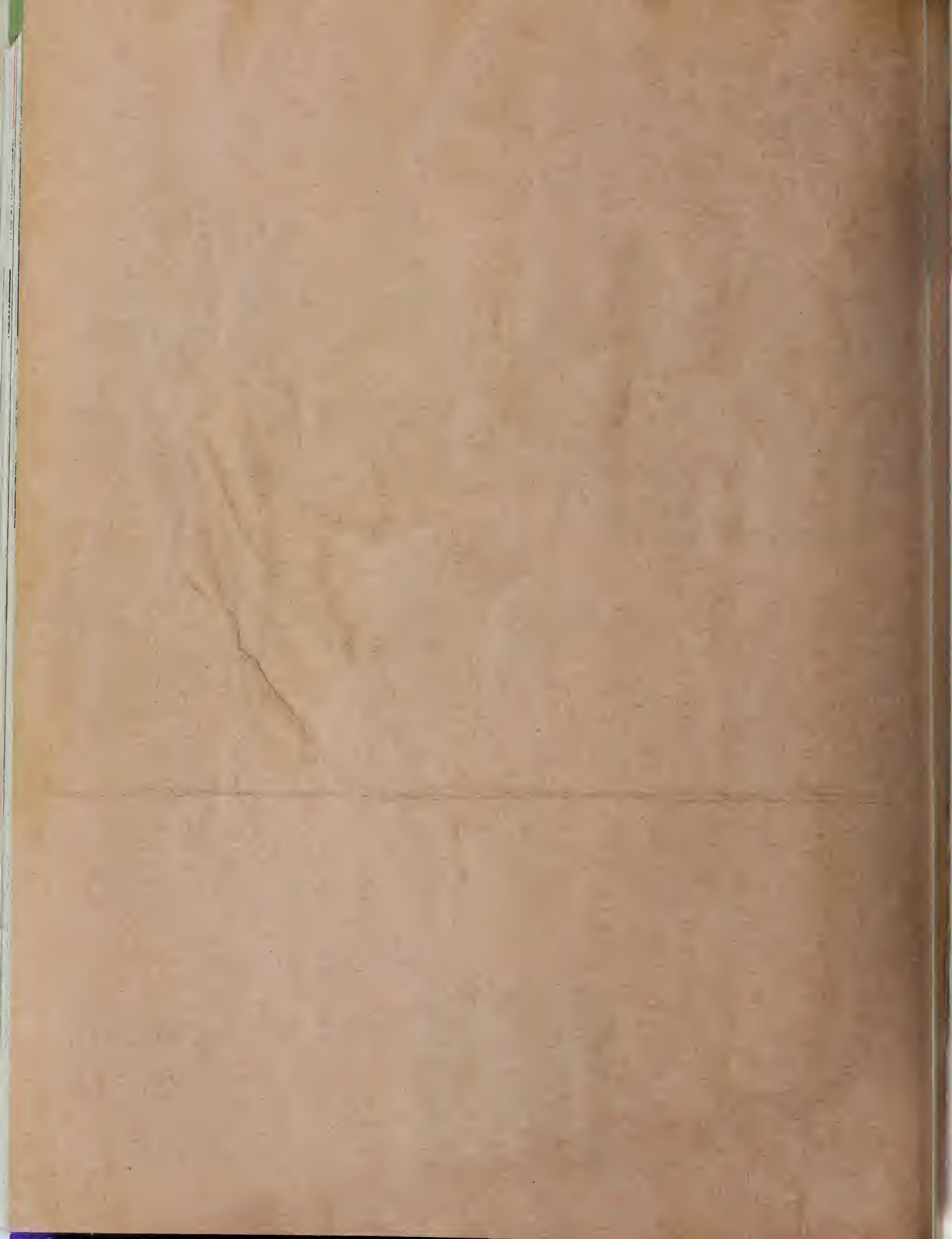
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**DO YOUR BEST...AND**

# *Be at your Best*

**T**HESE are simple obligations, to our country, to our men at the front, and to ourselves.

No matter what your job—housewife, office employee, war worker—give it all you've got . . . do your best all of the time.

That means keeping strong, keeping healthy. This job's going to take every bit of stamina we can muster. And health is your greatest asset.

But as you work, don't forget to play. Play is the great equalizer. Make it part of your life also. Step forth. Go places. Meet people. Cultivate old friends and make new ones—lots of them. And try to be at your best always. Look your neatest. Be your sweetest. Swap a smile for a tear. Trade a laugh for a frown. Don't let down. Keep smiling. Keep going. That's the way the boys at the front would like it.

As a safe, efficient household antiseptic for use in a thousand little emergencies, Listerine Antiseptic has stood pre-eminent for

more than half a century. In the later years it has established a truly impressive test record against America's No. 1 health problem, the ordinary cold, and its frequent attribute, sore throat.

It is hardly necessary to add that, because of its germicidal action which halts bacterial fermentation in the mouth, Listerine Antiseptic is the social standby of millions who do not wish to offend needlessly in the matter of halitosis (unpleasant breath).

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, St. Louis, Mo.



**LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC**

*for Oral Hygiene*

**ATTENTION PLEASE:** If you haven't tried Listerine Tooth Paste you're missing something!





## .. AND THERE'S A Motorola Radio In This Car

We know that Group-Riding is now an indispensable part of the war effort on the home front. We must save rubber! We must ease the extraordinary pressure on our public transportation facilities. As you drive to and from work... keep yourself and your passengers informed and relaxed with "Spot News" and the finest in Radio Entertainment.

**YOU CAN GET A MOTOROLA TO  
FIT and MATCH  
YOUR CAR, OLD OR NEW!**

No matter what car you drive, you can get an on-the-spot, custom-fitted installation of America's Finest Auto Radio. Do it now!

**SEE A MOTOROLA DEALER TODAY!**



The Army-Navy "E" for excellence in production of Communication Equipment for our Armed Forces.

# Motorola Radio

AMERICA'S FINEST  
FOR CAR AND HOME

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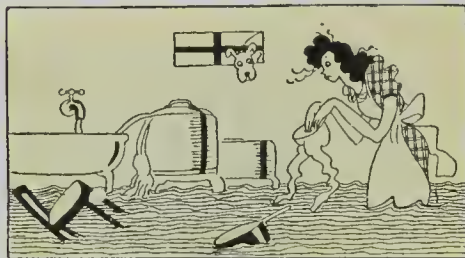
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# Collier's

WILLIAM L. CHENERY Publisher  
CHARLES COLEBAUGH Editor

## ANY WEEK

IT SEEMS that William T. Knight of Lincoln, Nebraska, is so bored with talk about taxes that he has a solution for this vexatious problem: "Let the government take over all our wages or salary and then feed and clothe us and pay our rent and give us Army pay of \$12 a week for the duration. That would free about half the government employees for war work and cure a million headaches. Most workers never have as much as \$12 a week left anyhow, after paying those above-mentioned bills."



IF MR. KNIGHT thinks he's going to get by with anything as subversive as that, he's crazy and may be inviting a visit from the F.B.I. If he considers he has troubles, he is only pampering himself. From Alva Adams of Madison, Wisconsin, we learn of real tragedy: "Because of the war, we have a fuel-oil shortage; because of fuel-oil shortage, we're cold; because we're cold, I purchased outing flannel pajamas for the family. Outing flannel consists of one tenth outing and nine tenths fuzz. Said fuzz does not remain with garment but sneaks out of it, creeps downstairs, lurks in corners, garnishes family roast (when we can find a roast). I tried washing the offending garments in the family washer. Result: Clogged up that little sieve where water runs out; removed sieve, let water run on floor. Result: Basement drain clogged; shortage of men, can't get a plumber anywhere. I hope they boil Shicklgruber in oil—preferably fuel oil!"

AND according to one of our most faithful correspondents on the Coast Mr. Sam Goldwyn has just finished a picture starring Bob Hope, and he thought it would be a good idea to get some information on what Hope's last previous effort had done for Paramount. The film was Road to Morocco, and the reports ran something like this—Boston: "They tore the roof off for this one." Chicago: "They ripped the seats up in their enthusiasm." Memphis: "Hope really burned the place down this time." Sam Goldwyn read these raves with something approaching terror. "It beats me," he said worriedly, "how they're able to stand up under that boy."

BUT if Paramount is having trouble with Bob Hope, we're being harassed by A. M. Jackson, editor-publisher-handy man of the Slaton (Texas) Slatonite, who writes, "If your column needs some original ideas from a real man instead of these imaginary characters you claim you hear from in all parts of the world, I can turn out some high-grade baloney (for a price) from a place in Texas where cowpunchers raise cotton and where we build sand fences instead of snow fences." If Jackson thought he was going to break our heart by spoiling our last illusion, he is mistaken; nobody is ever going to make us believe that Texas cowpunchers are anything but BIG, BRAVE, BULLDOGGERS.

AND while we're all (in the East, at least) sitting around in freezing rooms like characters in a play entitled The Last Days of St. Petersburg, Headlee Lee Howard, now in training at Nashville, Tennessee, has the effrontery to be sore because we printed an article on the making of the picture Air Force, in which we said that the motion-picture crews almost died of the heat around Tampa, Florida. Insisting that Tampa never in its life had a temperature over 100, Mr. Howard seems to suggest that the whole thing may have been a plot by the movie people from California. We investigated and found that the crew returned from Tampa looking like baked apples, but that may merely have been make-up. We must insist, however, that Mr. Howard keep a civil tongue in his cheek on the subject of heat. We burn a chair in the middle of our living room every night and are not too amiable with people complaining about sunburn.



OUR anger is relieved somewhat by finding a touch of pathos in a communication from R. D. Wullschleger of Frankfort, Kansas, who asks indulgence for those who brew a crock of the flowing grape for their own pleasure. It wouldn't happen, he says, if the government would be content with lower taxes on liquor, but since they won't be content, and loose fruit will persist in lying around, a man can hardly help making a little wine. "He gives his friends some," says Mr. Wullschleger, (Continued on page 68)

## THIS WEEK

MARCH 13, 1943

### SHORT STORIES

#### GEORGE F. WORTS

Johnny - Quick - on - the Down  
The melody was straight  
heart.

#### ELIZABETH FOSTER

I'll See You Again. A woman  
that faith is stronger than

#### HARRY SYLVESTER

Journey to the Sea. The  
makes a date ahead of time.

#### VEREEN BELL

Mortgage on a Dog. Even  
bird dogs have their off days.

### THE SHORT SHORT STORIES

The Clark and the Clurkey  
Schisgall.

### SERIAL STORIES

#### LION FEUCHTWANGER

Double, Double, Toil and Trouble  
The second of eight parts

#### PEARL S. BUCK

China Flight. The sixth chapter

### ARTICLES

THE SHAPE OF SHIPS TO COME  
glimpse of our Navy of the future

#### GEORGE CREEL

Dark and Bloody Ground. Old  
your scalps—Washington

#### BILL DAVIDSON

Big Freeze. Arthur Wirtz  
and empty seats into money

#### ELLA WINTER

Are Children Worse in War?  
Parents take note: Juvenile  
quency is on the increase

#### FRELING FOSTER

Keep Up with the World.

#### WING TALK.

### EDITORIALS

Our Road to War.  
The Day of Glory.

COVER WALTER FRANK

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## Tough? These new **SYNTHETIC RUBBER** soles wear twice as long as leather!

EVERY general knows that a soldier is no tougher than his feet. That is why, back before the war, both the Army and Marine Corps made rubber soles and heels "regulation" on field shoes—because tests proved good rubber long outwore any other material on the march. And it is easier on the feet than old-style hobnails.

But when Uncle Sam began calling millions of men to the colors, Goodyear foresaw that our troops might eventually be deprived of these longer-wearing, foot-cushioning soles as the nation's rubber reserve dwindled. So many months ago we set our Research Department the task of developing comparable soles and heels from Chemi-

gum, Goodyear's own synthetic rubber.

Now after many trials Goodyear is ready with Chemigum soles and heels that not only wear as long as natural rubber—*more than twice as long as the best*



*leather*—but possess a plus advantage not found in either rubber or leather. This is Chemigum's impermeability to acids, oils and greases that cause both leather and rubber to soften and swell.

As a result, Chemigum soles and heels are definitely superior for wear in engine rooms, auto repair shops, gasoline stations, oil fields, barnyards and in many industries.

Thus once again Goodyear has anticipated an emergency and is ready with the answer. Should the rubber shortage force the Army to give up its present shoe construction, Chemigum soles and heels can be produced as rapidly as adequate quantities of this synthetic rubber can be made available. And with the expanding output of new synthetic plants, built as part of the government's rubber program, these better shoe products will ultimately be available to all.

# GOOD YEAR

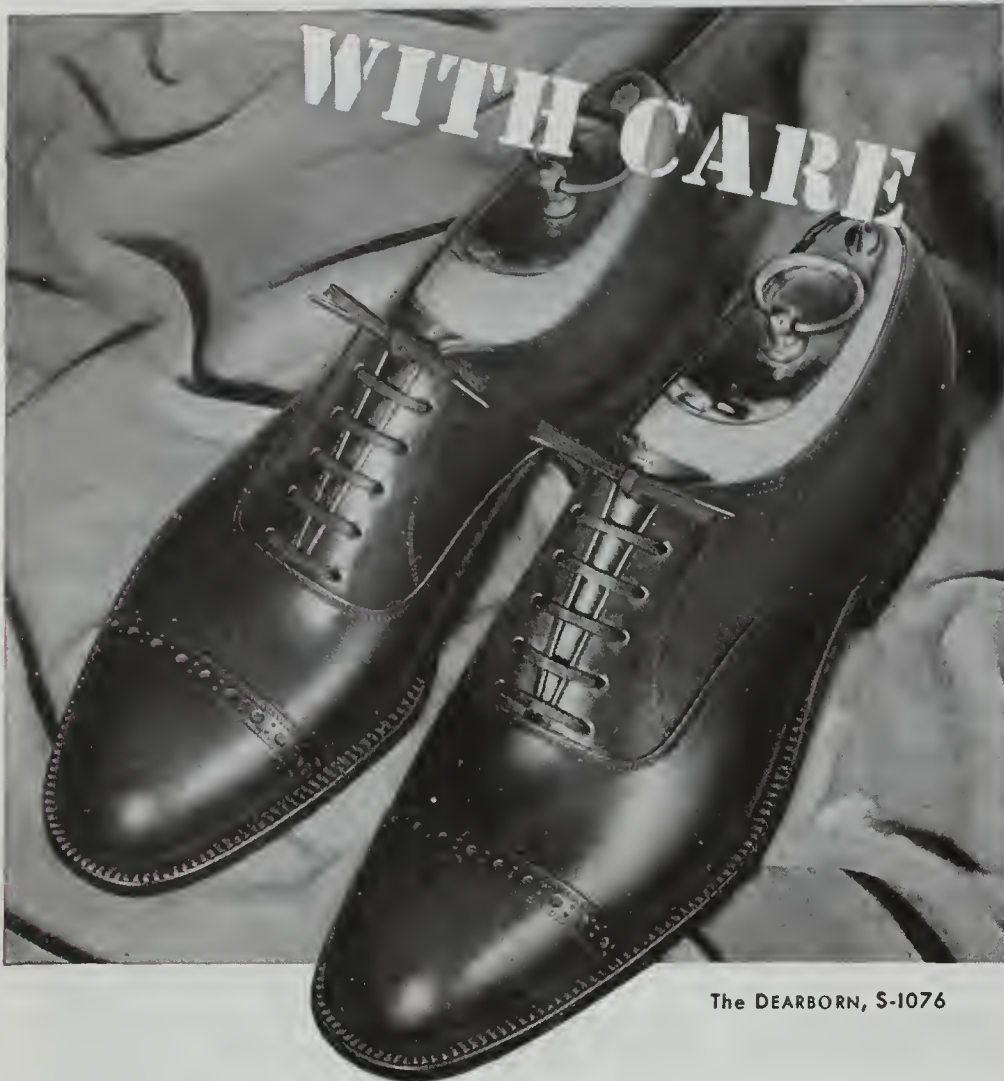
THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

Chemigum - T.M. The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company



HANDLE

WITH CARE



The DEARBORN, S-1076

AMERICA WILL MARCH TO VICTORY

ON THE LEATHER YOU SAVE

The Florsheim Shoes you own, the pair you plan to buy, are valued possessions, for they represent the finest in fine shoemaking. Wear them with care — conserve them so they'll deliver the extra months and miles Florsheim quality builds into them. America's fighting men need leather; they're hard on shoes; you can't afford to be.

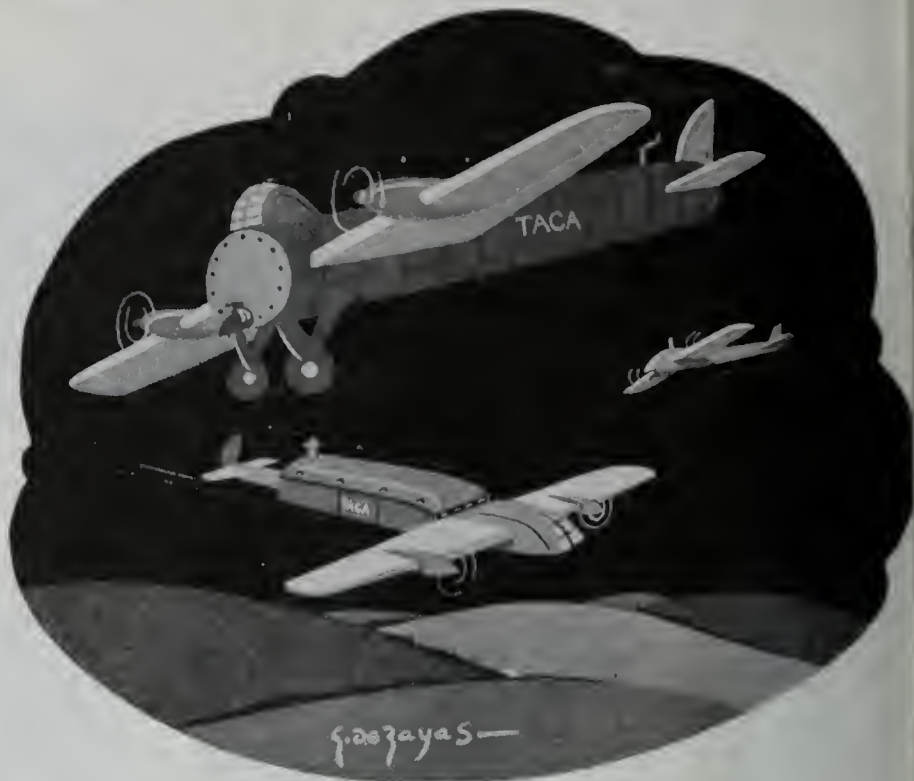
Most Styles  
\$10.50 and \$11

Florsheim



Shoes

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY • CHICAGO • MAKERS OF FINE SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN



## KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

The world's largest carrier of aerial freight is the TACA line (Transportes Aereos Centro-Americanos), which serves the seven countries of Central America with 56 planes, 30 radio stations, 126 offices and 200 airports. Each day over its 7,000 miles of scheduled routes, are carried such articles as dynamite, chicle, mahogany, foods, heavy machinery, household goods and work and meat animals. Incidentally, it is the only airline in existence that owns a flying oil tanker.

In its study of the possibility of the transmission of breast cancer of mice through milk, the National Cancer Institute in Bethesda, Maryland, uses a machine to milk its laboratory mice. No one has hands small enough to relieve these little rodents of their milk which amounts to about one quarter of a thimbleful taken at each milking.—By S. G. Collier, Edmonton, Alberta, Canada.

Amatol, an explosive used in shells and bombs, requires a heavy charge of another high explosive to set it off. This "booster" is usually the more sensitive TNT which, in turn, is detonated by the still more sensitive mercury fulminate.

A package addressed to a soldier overseas can no longer be accepted by a post office unless the sender produces a request for the specific articles in it, written by the soldier and approved by his commanding officer. Moreover, the package cannot be mailed if it is more than five pounds in weight, fifteen inches in length or if it is thirty-six inches in combined length and circumference.

During the entire seventeen months' siege of Leningrad, broken on January 18, 1943, most factories, schools and churches continued to function and four theaters and twenty-three motion-picture houses did not close their doors even for one day.

A new treatment for burns is the spraying of the injured skin with a melted mixture of paraffin wax, sulfanilamide, cod-liver oil, vaseline camphor, menthol, and oil of eucalyptus. The advantages claimed for this new spray treatment include instant relief from pain, elimination of bandages and time saved, as twelve men can be cared for while one man is being treated by any other method.

Many psychologists believe that everything we have heard, said or experienced in our lives is retained in the subconscious mind, but that most of these details rarely return except under exceptional circumstances. Classic case cited is that of an illiterate servant girl who, while delirious, repeated numerous passages in Hebrew, Greek and Latin which she had overheard a former employer recite in his study.

On December 8, 1941, the Jockey Club of New York received a great many letters from racing stables requesting the official registration of the name "Pearl Harbor" for one of their horses. On the following day the name was given to a bay gelding formerly known as "Two," which was owned by the Bedford Stock Farm near Fort Worth, Texas.—By E. A. Maker, Swansea, Massachusetts.

When an American soldier is captured, his pay is continued and the accumulated amount given to him upon his return, minus such deductions as insurance premiums and allotments made to dependents. When a man is reported missing in action and his fate is unknown, he remains on a pay status for at least a year.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher.



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**JOEL**  
means  
"he who commands"



**SIMON**  
means  
"hearing and obeying"

**MEREDITH**  
means  
"an admiral"

**UNDINE**  
means  
"of the waves"



**HECTOR**  
means  
"an anchor"



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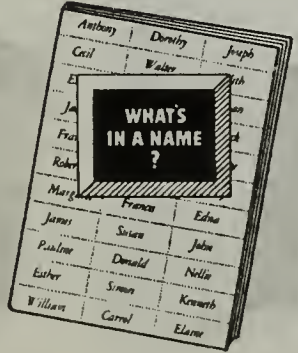
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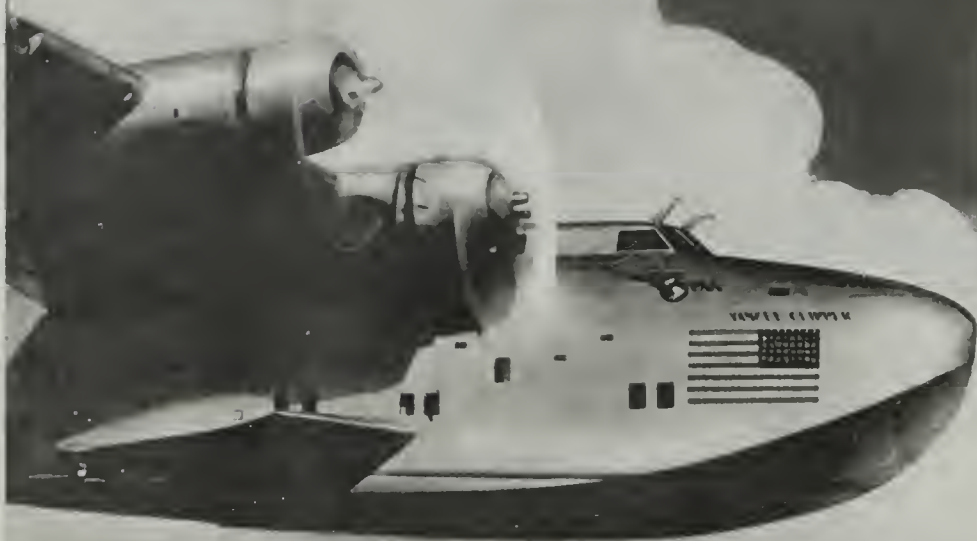


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Col. R. L. Scott, Jr. (right) and Col. R. H. Carmichael tell of their experiences on the sky battle fronts of the Far East

TAKE it from one who should know, America's fighter pilots and bomber-plane gunners are better shots than their opponents in the Jap air force—and for a sound reason. Colonel Robert L. Scott, Jr., Army Air Corps, says that when an American airman pulls the trigger on his machine guns, he's usually on the mark, but that Jap pilots and gunners always shoot behind their target.

Scott has just returned from China where he headed the fighter group of Brigadier General Claire Chennault's air force, and personally shot down at least thirteen Nipponese planes. American aerial gunnery is top-notch, he declares, largely because most of our airmen learned to shoot at an early age. The average American boy—at least outside our big cities—owned a BB gun at eight and went hunting with his daddy at twelve. The art of leading a moving target, learned from shooting on the wing, is what makes our men good aerial gunners, Scott says. On the other hand, few Japanese airmen ever went “duckin'” as boys and never developed the knack of leading a moving object.

Drawling Colonel Scott, a thirty-five-year-old Georgian, is mighty proud of the fact that his American Army Air Force fighter pilots took over from the famed Flying Tigers and kept up the destructive record of the AVG soldiers of fortune.

“The Japs,” he says, “sorta figured they'd have an easy time of it when the veteran Tigers moved out, and we stepped in. But we got nineteen Zeros the first day without losing a plane and have got ten or twelve to one ever since.”

In attacking a Zero, Scott advises, get on his tail and aim for the point where the wing joins the fuselage, and give him a few bursts.

“If you've hit where you aimed,” he says, “at first it seems as though you've missed. Nothing happens immediately, but then a tongue of flame appears and slowly spreads. Then he blows up and you fly right through the pieces.”

When Colonel Scott flew home from China recently, to teach his hard-won knowledge of killing Japs to our fledgling fliers, he passed a flight of American bombing planes over the Atlantic midway between South America and Africa. The lead plane of the group en route to the fighting front had been

named “Georgia Jerk,” by its crew noted. On arrival at the American in Brazil, Scott inquired who was manding the Georgia Jerk, saying he must have been a cracker like him.

“Yep,” came the reply, “he's a Georgia boy. Came from your home and he says you taught him to Name's Scott, Lieutenant Roland Scott. Yep, that's right; your brother. Said he hoped to take place at the front so you could home for a while.”

FOR many decades, military w have vied in thinking up me which declared either: (1) infant the decisive factor in land warfare, artillery dominates battlefields. general, it seems, once wrote that “i try is the queen of battle.” It was c tered by another who said, “Art conquers, infantry occupies.” He a that, if infantry was the queen, lery was king.

German Stukas appeared for a ti have permanently banished these pretenders, although they later back into the lists. Now another tender has put in his bid for the th

This writer recently asked Major eral A. A. (“Archie”) Vandegrift, led the Marines into the Solomon August and commanded our forces during the heavy fighting last fall, caused the most casualties among Japs—infantry machine-gun and fire, artillery fire or dive bombing.

“We haven't any official statis Vandegrift said, then turned to his of staff, Colonel Gerald Thomas asked, “But how about it, Gerry?”

“I'd say, definitely, Chief, that gr strafing by airplanes killed the Japs,” Thomas replied.

American planes, firing both .50 ber machine guns and 37-mill cannon, accounted for many of the ponese killed at Guadalcanal by air fire, while attacking landing barges. same destructive fire killed many dreds and probably thousands of in New Guinea, particularly when tried his ill-fated offensive on Moresby over the Owen Stanley M tains. In that rugged terrain, the had to stick to the single mountai where they were fair targets for th lied airmen. . . .

JOHN G. N.





## "Damn the Torpedoes!" —we'll grow our own palm trees

IT was a matter of convenience to let Nature grow the palm trees in Africa. Palm oil was then extracted from the pulp of the palm fruit, and American manufacturers used it—among other ways—in tin plating.

When the torpedoes began to cut into the cargo space for palm oil, scientists at the "University of Petroleum," Shell's research laboratories, made a study of its chemical structure. Tin plating is always important. Right now it is critical.

The result was that Shell scientists

produced an oil from petroleum which, by every laboratory test, fulfills the functions of palm oil, insofar as it enters the process of plating tin over other metal. They did better than that:

Shell's substitute "palm oil" from our own oil derricks hasn't the shortcomings of natural palm oil: it is more oxidation-stable, and does not thicken, or become inflammable. . . .

War pressure is hastening realization of the wealth we have at hand in petroleum, and the science which

puts it to work in wholly unexpected ways. When we could get palm oil and rubber from trees, and silk from the silk worm, it was natural to take what Nature provided. We won't do that any longer. Shell Research is helping write a new Charter of Freedom . . .

This Freedom will prove as stimulating in peace as in war. To our everyday lives in the peaceful world to come, it will bring new strength, self-reliance, and abundance.

Shell Research:

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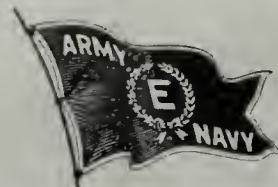
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# Let's Live a Little Longer

By J. D. Ratcliff

**COLLIER'S**

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY  
FOR MARCH 13, 1943



On man's useful, productive life be prolonged though what are now his declining years? Can he learn how to live longer? The answer in both cases is "Perhaps." A most promising start has already been made on the biggest of all medicine's problems

DOCTOR OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES had stock advice for people who wanted to live for a long time: "Sometime before birth, advise for a couple of parents belonging to long-lived families."

Modern research men are laying down more practicable rules. For the first time in history, they have demonstrated that life can be prolonged. In dramatic experiments with rats they have more than doubled the normal life span—from 600 to 1,400 days. This is the equivalent of 140 years in a man's life. Furthermore, the facts they have found have numerous human applications—as we shall presently.

The idea of living to a tremendous age has always been fascinating. Men have always sought fountains of youth and elixirs of life. The only sound advances have been made by medical research men. By whipping one plague after another, they have extended life from 25 years in Roman times to 64 years today. But the researchers realize that they are facing a blank wall. Even if they whipped all remaining diseases, men still wouldn't live to a very great age. Solution of the cancer riddle, for

example, would add but one year to the average life. Whipping the problem of heart disease—the greatest killer of all—would add another year. Where then?

What was needed was a fundamental attack on the reason for aging, an explanation for the fact that we start dying the moment we are born. No one understands why we grow old. The chemistry involved is altogether too subtle.

This brings us up to the significant work of a man named Clive Maine McCay. Doctor McCay, 44, is a chemist at Cornell University, a specialist in nutrition. He was born at Logansport, Indiana, the son of a country school-teacher. He went to the University of Illinois in 1916 to study journalism but got more interested in chemistry. When he graduated, he taught at Texas A. & M. for a year to get money for more education—at Iowa State, the University of California, Yale and Oxford. At Yale he began his research career.

The Connecticut Conservation Department wanted some work done with fish. The state hatcheries wanted someone to work out a cheaper diet. McCay drew the problem.

In the past, hatchery fish had always been fed meat. McCay started feeding them dried milk, vegetables and a variety of other things. None of this was particularly interesting, but while he was on this work, he ran across a striking fact. He noted that if fish were kept on a semistarvation diet their growth was stunted. He also noted that these stunted fish lived considerably longer than the ones which grew normally. Why?

In any case, both these pieces of work fascinated the energetic, wiry-haired young research man, McCay. He announced to his superiors that he was go-

ing to devote his life to studying the problem of aging. They smiled indulgently. Better get started, they said, while you are still young. McCay did.

In 1927, he got a job in the College of Agriculture at Cornell as an assistant professor. He kept thinking of his fish back in Connecticut, and how they were alive and kicking long after they should have been dead. Finally, he saw an opportunity to start work. There was a research grant of \$1,000 which no one had claimed. McCay outlined the project he had in mind. He wanted to take some living creature and see if he could radically prolong this creature's life.

Insects were out; too little was known about their food requirements. Mice were too small to provide adequate autopsy material. Dogs lived too long. But rats seemed to fill the bill. Another point in the rat's favor: It is astonishingly like a man, subject to the same chronic ailments, the same infectious diseases. McCay got the \$1,000. This was in 1930.

## Two Different Diets

He bought 106 white rats and laid out his experiment. Half of them would get all the food they wanted. The other half would get a diet perfectly balanced so far as vitamins and minerals were concerned, but a diet limited in calories. In other words, the retarded group would get a diet which provided all essentials except the surplus energy needed to grow.

After a year, the rats that got all the food they wanted began to grow old. Ten days in a rat's life, remember, equals a year in a man's life. Therefore, at the end of a year, they had achieved a state of maturity equal to that of a man at

The fat rat near Dr. Clyde McCay's right hand is 420 days old and shows signs of advanced age. The thin rat is 1,400 days old and is still spry and lively—thanks to the restriction of its diet

thirty-six years. At this point, fur was beginning to ruffle and eyes to cloud, and they had lost much of their youthful activity. But the retarded group? They were much smaller than the others, but they were youthful, full of vitality.

Things were going along in this fashion when calamity struck. The heat controls in the animal room at the Dairy Building—McCay's headquarters—broke. During the night, the temperature soared to 130 degrees Fahrenheit. When McCay arrived in the morning, a large part of his animals were dead. Instead of junking the experiment, he went on with the rats that survived.

At the end of 900 days, there were only a couple of survivors in the group that got all the food they wanted. They were ancient, slow moving. But the retarded group was still full of vigor. At this point, they were, for our purposes, 90 years old.

What would happen if the retarded rats got all they wanted to eat? McCay decided to see. To his complete surprise, the 90-year-old animals started to grow. In the course of a few weeks, they were within 10% of normal size. It was like a frail, shrunken Civil War veteran suddenly shooting up like a 15-year-old-boy. Doctor McCay was "amazed by the fact that animals retained the power to resume growth long after they should have been dead."

Things still harder to believe were waiting. At 1,200 days, there were several

(Continued on page 72)

PHOTOGRAPH BY IFOR THOMAS



# THE SHAPE OF SHIPS TO COME

DRAWINGS BY LOGAN U. REAVIS



1. Triple-mount 18-in. guns in stepped turrets
2. Barbette
3. 4.9-in. guns
4. 6-in. guns
5. Smoke vent
6. Access to hangar
7. Retractable catapult
8. Searchlight on retractable arm
9. High observation posts and gun positions
10. Retractable range finder
11. Quick-firing antiaircraft guns
12. Bridge and main control
13. Breakwater
14. Hollow steel masts, ladders inside
15. Underwater torpedo protection





## THE COASTAL BATTLESHIP

New, special-purpose ship, designed to aid in amphibian operations—with gun power intended to assist a way for invasion forces. Tonnage is smaller than in the heavy battleship, armor is unusually heavy, main battery is adequate but not superlength—this ship is built for “infighting.” Draft

is kept to a minimum, to permit shallow-water work. The antiaircraft battery is one of the ship’s most important features, since it must shield other vessels of the invasion convoy as well as itself. Displacement, 25,000 tons; length, 600 ft.; beam, 108 ft.; speed, 20-22 knots.

1. Triple-mount 15-in. guns, retractable, in separated turrets
2. Principal range finder
3. Narrowed superstructure
4. Catapult for seaplanes
5. 6-in. guns
6. Access for tanks

7. Antiaircraft armament
8. Low-elevation 15-in. guns
9. Quadruple group of 6-in. guns
10. Aft-venting stack
11. 15-in. deck armor
12. Fire control posts
13. Hangar

## THE BATTLESHIP

This is the evolution of the gun-fighting ship. It stands for the smashing power of its fifteen 18-inch guns—each salvo dumps a total of 22 tons of metal explosive at ranges far over the horizon, to hit with an impact velocity of 1,800 miles per hour. The guns are mounted in domed turrets, and are retractable—for bomb-defense they can be pulled out inside the turrets. Above water the ship is streamlined and turtle-backed, protected by heavy bombproof horizontal armor. Even the stack is armored for added bombproof protection by turning it upon its side and armor-plating its construction—accidentally, the stack becomes the foundation for a catapult, and beneath the stack there is a protected hangar, for this ship carries scouting aircraft as battleships do today. For antiaircraft defense, the ship bristles with quick-firing batteries of secondary and machine guns—these batteries can be used against torpedo craft and submarines. Important gun and ship control towers are retractable. Below-water compartmentation is greatly increased, and the hull has antitorpedo guards and construction. Displacement, 65,000 tons; length, 800 ft.; beam, 126 ft.; speed, 30 knots.

HERE is a look into the not-too-distant future, a future in which the airplane has driven the navies of today from the seas, just as the coming of the heavy gun ended the sailing-ship era.

Neither the gun nor the airplane put an end to sea power—to navies, to the importance of ships. On the contrary, the gun ushered in an era of swift naval evolution, and now the airplane has speeded up the process. Never before have navies grown so fast, or changed their shapes more swiftly.

Navies of tomorrow will be larger, more complex, more powerful than ever before. In appearance they will be vastly different from the navies of today, just as today’s navies differ vastly from the sailing-ship navies of the last century.

The drawings on these pages are not intended as “blueprints” of tomorrow’s navies. They are not rigid plans that Collier’s believes must be followed. They are not intended to represent any specific navy—neither our own, nor the British, nor any other.

Collier’s, following the swift progress of naval evolution, asked the artist, Logan U. Reavis, to do these

imaginative sketches. Mr. Reavis is a member of the United States Naval Institute. His sketches represent the trend of naval development as it appears today to naval designers and naval builders.

You will notice several broad principles underlying these pictures. Hull shapes do not change greatly since they are fixed by the inherent nature of ships.

But defensively all ships will change their above-water shapes—are changing them now—as horizontal armor is introduced for protection against bombs. These ships will use the principle of retractability—they will pull masts, range finders, even guns down inside the armor when they are not in use.

Offensively you will notice that all things now strong tend to grow stronger. Guns become larger and more numerous—they hit harder. Ships carrying aircraft carry many more aircraft than they do at present, and they hit harder with them at longer distance.

The Navy of tomorrow promises to be fantastic in its war-making power, swift, hard-hitting and tougher in defense than anything now dreamed of. This is what it will, in all probability, be like.

## THE ARMORED CRUISER

This is the logical evolution of today’s heavy cruiser, a fighting companion to the aircraft carrier for removing “task force” duties. She is large and fast. Much-improved horizontal armor makes her able to resist air attack far better than any cruiser at sea in 1943. Because of her probable

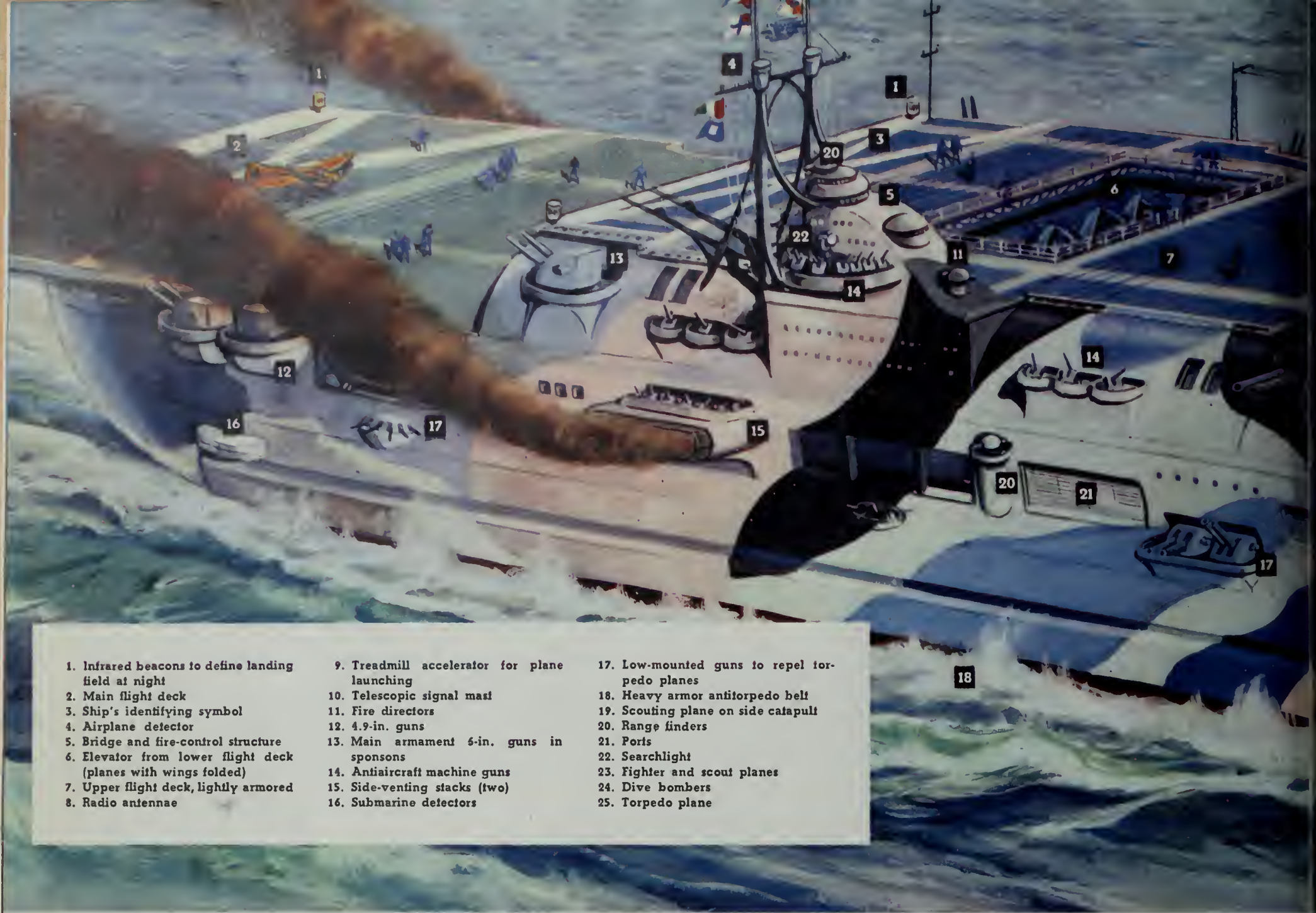
duties, the antiaircraft battery is able to throw a veritable umbrella of steel into the air. The ship represents highly mobile gun power—her streamlining may well be an accurate forecast of the “shape of ships to come.” Displacement, 20,000 tons; length, 655 ft.; beam, 84 ft.; speed, 28 knots.

1. Dual-mount 11-in. guns in separated turrets
2. Scouting seaplane on retractable catapult
3. Retractable range finders
4. Narrowed superstructure
5. Armored hatch covers

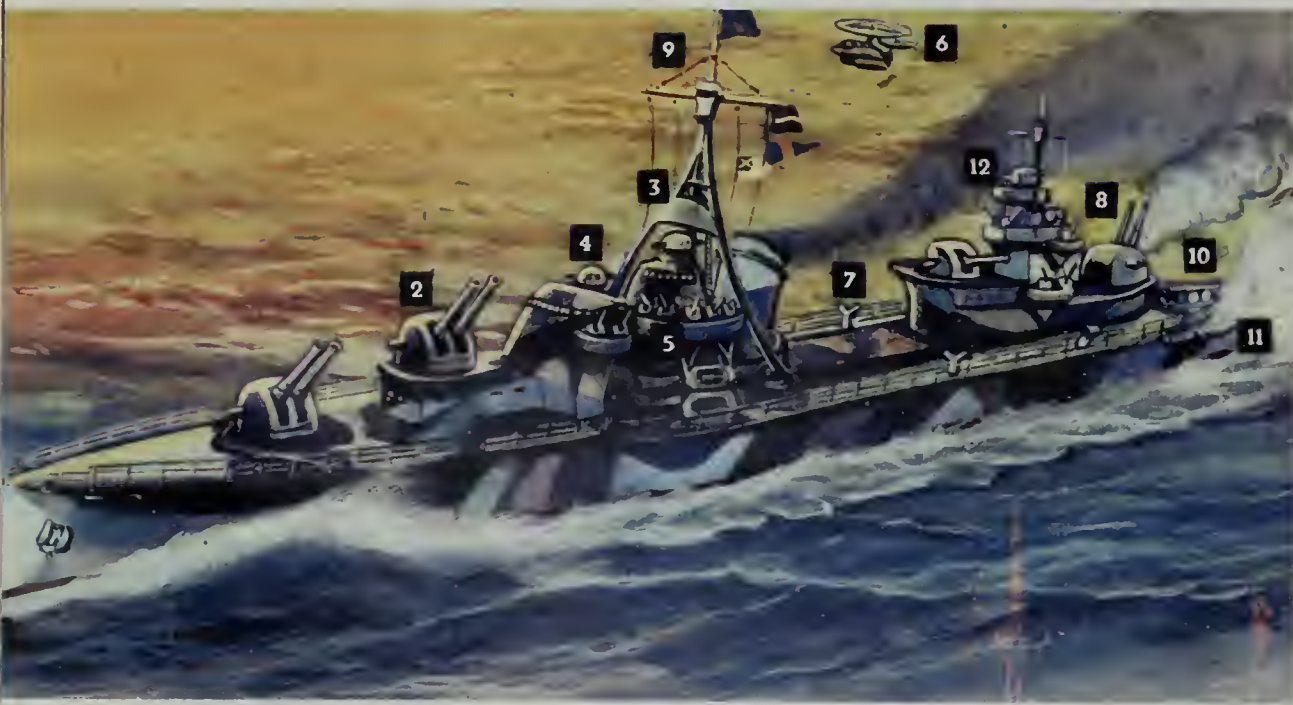
6. Hangar
7. Dual-purpose 6-in. guns
8. Quick-firing AA armament
9. 8-in. deck armor
10. Crane
11. Fire directors
12. Side smoke vent







- |   |  |  |
|---|--|--|
| 1. Infrared beacons to define landing field at night          | 9. Treadmill accelerator for plane launching | 17. Low-mounted guns to repel torpedo planes |
| 2. Main flight deck   | 10. Telescopic signal mast                   | 18. Heavy armor antitorpedo belt             |
| 3. Ship's identifying symbol                                  | 11. Fire directors                           | 19. Scouting plane on side catapult          |
| 4. Airplane detector  | 12. 4.9-in. guns                             | 20. Range finders                            |
| 5. Bridge and fire-control structure                          | 13. Main armament 6-in. guns in sponsons     | 21. Ports                                    |
| 6. Elevator from lower flight deck (planes with wings folded) | 14. Antiaircraft machine guns                | 22. Searchlight                              |
| 7. Upper flight deck, lightly armored                         | 15. Side-venting stacks (two)                | 23. Fighter and scout planes                 |
| 8. Radio antennae   | 16. Submarine detectors                      | 24. Dive bombers                             |
|   |  | 25. Torpedo plane                            |



## THE ESCORT VESSEL

This special-purpose ship first appeared as the "sloop" of World War I, reappeared as the "corvette" of World War II, and is here shown in an eminently practical evolution—stout, seaworthy, the ideal convoy escort. These ships are intended almost solely for antisubmarine work (the working running-mates are escort aircraft carriers, who take care of the antiaircraft part of the job). In this evolution, the ram reappears and the helicopter goes to sea. Displacement, 2,000 tons; length, 325 ft.; beam, 40 ft.; speed, 22 knots.

- |  |                               |
|--|-------------------------------|
| 1. Ram   | 6. Helicopter                 |
| 2. Dual-purpose 6-in. guns                                     | 7. Y-guns for depth charges   |
| 3. Bulletproof shield to protect range finder against strafing | 8. Aft 6-in. guns             |
| 4. Range finder  | 9. High observation post      |
| 5. Antiaircraft machine guns                                   | 10. Depth charges             |
|  | 11. Smoke-screen ejector      |
|  | 12. Secondary control station |



## THE DESTROYER

No longer a torpedo 'craft, the destroyer is now a "marine destroyer"—it is the antisubmarine escort of moving naval vessels, the "screen" of naval movements. It has a seaplane and catapult for scouting purposes, enough gun power to fight surface ships its own size, has evolved into highly specialized detection, location and destruction of the submarine, with all the tools of trade. Displacement, 2,500 tons; length, 430 ft.; beam, 40 ft.; speed, 38-40 knots.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| 1. Dual-purpose 6-in. guns                                     | 5. Quick-firing AA guns                                  |
| 2. Narrowed fire-control structure to permit wider arc of fire | 6. Depth charges   |
| 3. Main range finder   | 7. Seaplane (with folding wings on retractable catapult) |
| 4. Antiaircraft guns   | 8. Ram   |





## THE AIRCRAFT CARRIER

The Aircraft Carrier is a mobile home. Putting planes into the air is only the beginning of its job. It must recover those planes, refuel them, and carry reserve aircraft to replace combat losses. Carrier operations are a problem in getting the planes out of a limited runway. Future carriers may have multiple flight decks, one superimposed upon the other. This carrier is in every way a ship of aerial warfare, intended to project air power at long range in the form of dive-bomber and torpedo-plane striking groups. For defense, she has very heavy

antiaircraft batteries and carries her own quota of defensive fighter planes. She has no offensive gun battery and is not meant to stand up in a gun fight—that part of the job goes to the heavy cruisers which are her constant companions. A new feature is the accelerating moving runway to facilitate take-offs. But many of the most important revolutionary developments of these ships are inside the hulls and cannot be shown: automatic fire-quenching devices, improved gasoline stowage, improved lifts and hangars. Displacement, 22,000 tons; length, 750 ft.; beam, 95 ft.; speed, 32 knots.

## THE CARRIER-CRUISER

The large, fast type is a newcomer to the fleet, a "one-ship task force" able to fight hard with aircraft or with surface ships. She has 11-inch guns, though limited striking power. She is intended for offensive sorties (with destroyers and destroyers in company) that are not important enough to warrant the use of a

full task force but are beyond the capacities of an unaccompanied cruiser group. She would be very useful as an escort for valuable convoys, such as the deep-sea portion of a ship-borne troop movement for invasion. Displacement, 12,000 tons; length, 650 ft.; beam, 75 ft.; speed, 35 knots.



Forward 11-in. guns, triple mount  
Side stack  
11-in. guns  
11-in. guns with full 180-degree arc of fire

4. Retractable fire control station  
5. Side stack  
6. Aft 11-in. guns, triple mount

7. Elevator for planes  
8. Radio masts and antennae  
9. Retractable range finders  
10. Treadmill accelerator  
11. Medium bombers





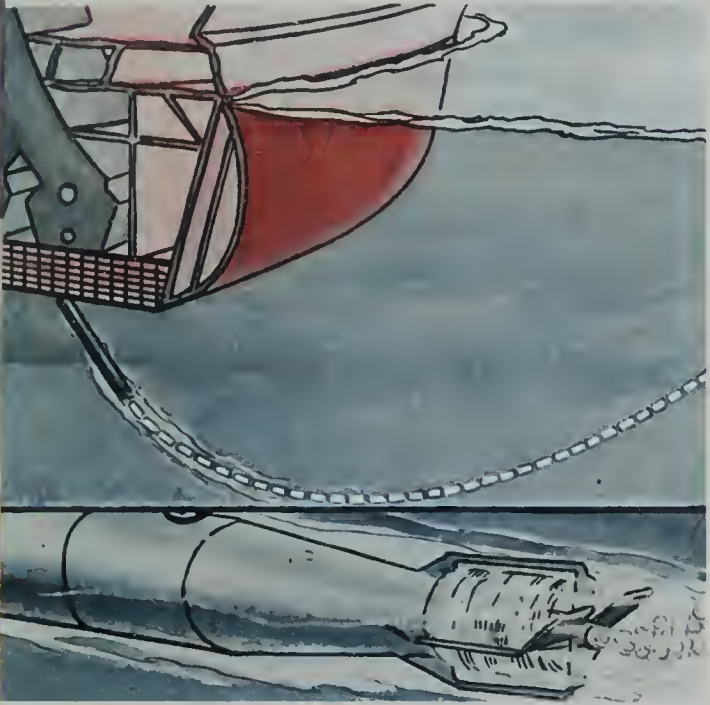
Torpedo damage to rudder and propellers may impair maneuverability of ships during battle or even disable ships otherwise fit to fight, as in the case of the Bismarck. Tomorrow's ships may utilize emergency jet propulsion in such contingencies (below) ejecting high-pressure streams of water astern to steer and move ship.



## MOTOR TORPEDO BOAT

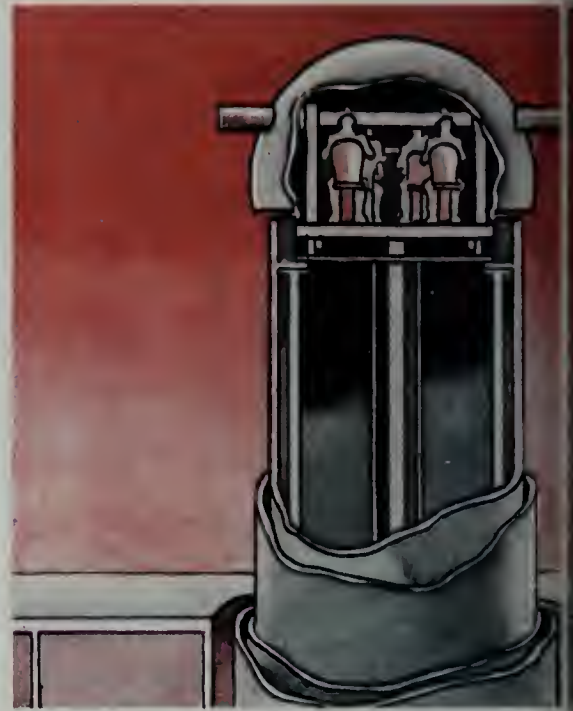
This speedy hornet of the seas has become a permanent and valued offensive component of the modern navy—its special job is the fast night attack close inshore. Its weapon is the torpedo—here at last the "torpedo boat" comes into its own. The motor

torpedo boat of today, the most ultramodern naval ships, undergoes little evolution, is faster, carries more torpedo tubes and heavier offensive armament. It fires torpedoes both forward and aft. But it is still a frail hull. Function: Hit and



Increased below-water protection against torpedoes—antitorpedo bulges, guards, nets, etc.—will probably be followed by development of torpedoes that dive, through automatic rudder controls, to come up to blast ship's bottom. Such torpedoes could not be completely offset by use of heavier armor on bottoms. Answer will probably be greatly increased compartmentation.

Blast and splinter damage to range finders and fire control can be a tremendous handicap to a fighting ship in action. Trend is toward more protection. Result will in all probability be better armoring and (see right) elevator mountings that will permit these sensitive installations to be retracted when not actually in use.



## ANTIAIRCRAFT DESTROYER

Already developing, this ship is intended to provide heavy defensive antiaircraft fire for units naturally weak in such fire, notably for convoys of merchant ships. Effective antiaircraft gunnery demands not only special guns, but highly special-

ized control instruments. The antiaircraft destroyer has enough horizontal armor to stop light bombs, and carries an aircraft of her own for scouting and fighter purposes. Displacement, 5,000 tons; length, 475 ft.; beam, 45 ft.; speed, 35 knots.

1. Whaleback-type armored deck
2. Countersunk antibomber machine guns
3. 4.9-in. guns
4. Main battery of 6-in. guns
5. Bridge and fire control
6. Retractable range finder
7. Retractable catapult seaplane
8. Quick-firing AA gun





# Double, Double, Toil and Trouble

by **Lion Feuchtwanger**

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD

## The Story Thus Far:

WHILE censoring mail in the German army, during the first World War, Alois Pranner, a magician, learns much about his comrades-in-arms. Unaware of this, the soldiers are astounded by an act that Pranner and Oscar Lautensack, a mind reader and clairvoyant, stage; and soon the two fellows are entertaining audiences, far behind the lines.

Sixteen years later—in 1931—both of the actors are living in Munich. Alois is fairly prosperous, but Oscar is in straitened circumstances. Liking the clairvoyant and knowing that he has no money, Anna Tirschenreuth, a sculptress who has made a bronze mask of Hitler, gets him an assignment to write a book on the subject of telepathy; she also lends him two hundred and fifty marks.

While Oscar—awaiting the contract for his writing job—is living on the loan, his brother, Hans, comes to Munich. Hans, a thoroughgoing scoundrel, has just been released from prison, where he had been held for the murder of a man.

Hans informs his brother that he has become a member of the National Socialist Party; and a short time later the fellow takes him to a meeting where Adolf Hitler is the principal speaker. Listening to the Nazi leader, studying him closely, Oscar sees in him—or thinks he sees—a kindred spirit. After the meeting, he meets Hitler, who seems strongly drawn to him.

A short time later, Hans tells Oscar that a powerful woman—Hildegard, Baroness von Trettnow, who lives in Berlin—had obtained his release from prison. He suggests that Oscar go to Berlin, meet her, win her friendship—then, working with her, exploit her, use her to their own ends! He suggests, furthermore, that Oscar (in whose powerful, hypnotic personality she has great faith) win Hitler's friendship, become his leading adviser!

Oscar listens. Then he goes into a trance. When he comes out of it, he tells Hans that he has "seen" the baroness coming to Munich! He promises to co-operate with Hans. . . . The contract arrives. Oscar does not sign it—he tears it up. . . . Hans gives his brother a membership card in the Party. The card is No. 667. Its former owner has been foully murdered by his brother Nazis.

## II

IN ORDER to carry on his business in Berlin, Oscar had to have a partner who would be devoted to him heart and soul. Almost everybody who worked with tricks had been betrayed sooner or later by his assistants. There was only one possible person for Oscar—his old friend, Alois Pranner, the magician, called Cagliostro.

Oscar had left him on that former occasion without thanks or farewell, and had not called on him since. Yet he now made his way to Gabelsbergerstrasse without any feeling of guilt; he was sure that his friend would rejoin him without hesitation.

And sure enough Alois' long, furrowed face wrinkled with pleasure. Tenderness and a slightly malicious glee expressed themselves in his grin; he assumed that Oscar was coming to him because he had hit rock bottom again and couldn't find shelter anywhere else. "Haven't seen you for a long time," he greeted him in his rasping voice, patted him on the back with his long, lean,

white hand, and asked: "You're staying for supper, of course?"

"Yes, I'll stay," Oscar said grandly, "but don't get the idea that I'm going to live with you. I'm very well off."

Then he talked about himself. About his brother Hans, or Hannsjörg, about the Party, about any number of things. Finally he made his proposal.

Alois sat listening—lean and bent over; he kept his long, bald head with the high forehead bowed; he stroked his chin in thought. Then, more sadly than aggressively, he said no, that he hadn't imagined working together with his friend like this. He had thought of a real vaudeville theater for a real public. But Hans and the Nazis—no, that was not for Alois Pranner. It smelled fishy.

Oscar then spoke about the fascinating technical problems which the prospective undertaking would present. Since the Berlin project had come up he had been planning the execution of certain complicated tricks. Instead of the obvious mirror and projection tricks of former years, there were now the most delicate electrical machines to materialize things from out of the spirit world. He appealed to the professional in Alois. And Alois, a passionate conjurer, resisted at first, then allowed himself to be infected by Oscar's enthusiasm. He elaborated Oscar's ideas, thought up things himself; they worked together splendidly.

After much argument they reached a kind of agreement. Alois was modest. he said, he demanded a monthly guarantee of only a thousand marks, and that for only six months.

A thousand marks and for six months! Oscar had no idea where he or Hannsjörg could find anybody who would guarantee Alois such fantastic sums. But he did not hesitate an instant. "It's a deal," he said.

He spoke to Hannsjörg about Alois' conditions. Hannsjörg replied that it would be possible to procure the contract if Trettnow came. Oscar was annoyed by that "if." He was sure of himself and didn't allow his brother any doubts either.

A WEEK passed, then another. Oscar asked casually: "Have you heard from Trettnow?"

"Not yet," Hannsjörg replied just as casually.

Oscar had only three short weeks left now; then the term Alois had set would be over. He was just as sure as ever that Trettnow would come. But now he began to sleep badly.

Once, during those weeks of expectation, Hannsjörg gave him a ticket to the opera, to a performance of Tannhäuser at the National Theater. Oscar loved music. Whenever great things stirred in him, when he "saw," music sprang to life in his soul, especially Wagnerian music.

It was a ticket for a box seat, and Oscar dressed with care. He chose a long, black coat which he had inherited from his father, a Prince Albert, an article of apparel that was slowly going out of fashion; it was something between an officer's uniform and a priest's cassock, severe,

(Continued on page 75)

Oscar leaned back, closing his eyes. "Now I see across the years," he prophesied. "I see stones here and there. They are gravestones"







ILLUSTRATED BY  
MARIO COOPER

## Johnny-Quick-on-the-Downbeat

By George F. Worts

The strange case of Miss Sally Evans. She wouldn't admit she loved her man until time proved him a fake

IT WAS siesta time at Malibu when Johnny Hale crawled out of the restless blue sea like an exhausted seal and flopped down in the sand beside the girl in the white bathing suit. She was lying on her stomach. Her face was tucked into a folded arm, but he would have recognized that rippling fair hair, that slim and glorious figure anywhere.

"It's a very patriotic little number," he said judiciously, "but where's the hat?"

The girl asked, "What hat?" in a sleepy murmur.

"The way I figure it," Johnny Hale answered, "if you made the sun suit out of the material the Navy wastes in cutting

out, say, a pair of sailor pants, there should have been enough left over for a hat."

Sally Evans turned her head and opened one large liquid blue eye. It was an extremely beautiful eye. She gasped. She pushed her shoulders up and opened the other eye, which was also blue and equally beautiful, and stared at the young man stretched out beside her, presenting to her a wet, sun-browned countenance of winning amiability. Her face had lighted with a glow of delight, but this was gone now.

"Johnny!" she cried. "Where did you come from?"

He waved a hand feebly in the direction of China. "I rode in on a tuna."

Disapproval gathered as a cloud in Sally Evans' face. Judged by any man's standards, it was a singularly beautiful face. When it was registering anger, annoyance, distaste or any of the other destructive emotions, it was a fas-

cinating face. Johnny Hale had never seen it more fascinating than it was now, as it tried to register them all.

"The man at the gate wouldn't let me in," Johnny quickly explained, "so I parked down the road, got into my trunks and swam around that point. I'm sorry I'm late for tea but I was caught in a riptide."

"You are not staying for tea," Sally said. Her eyes were large with unhappiness. "I thought you understood that I didn't want to see you again, Johnny."

"I'm not hungry, really," Johnny Hale compromised. "I just had breakfast. I had to see you. Maybe I've got a song in my heart for you."

"Now, really," said Sally Evans. She arose with decision and brushed sand from her long golden legs with a pale-blue bath towel six feet long. "I don't want to hear a song. I don't want to talk to you, Johnny. You are a terrific disappointment and I want you to stop

Johnny, smilingly, began to sing in a whisper—"Oh, yesterday's tears are tomorrow's laughter. Each time—" . . . "Stop!" Sally cried. "It's a quickie. I don't want to hear any more of it

bothering me. My agent wants you to stop bothering him. We do not like your songs any more—or your antics. I don't want to sound cruel, but you are out of my life, Johnny, professionally and personally, and I want you to stay out."

She walked into the blue cottage, which was her cottage, leased by her and furnished by her, as he had learned by diligent inquiry. Before the screen door could slam in his face, Johnny was inside too. Sally stopped at the end of the room and turned halfway to face him.

It was a charming room. It had not only good taste but happiness. So few women take time to give happiness to anything, Johnny reflected. If they aren't busy stabbing a knife into your back, they are busy twisting it in your heart.

As his eyes adjusted themselves to the pleasing gloom, he saw her etched against a dark green background—her slim young waist, her snug little hips, her high full bosom which was that of a singer. She always carried herself beautifully, with her breast high, her chin up as if she were utterly unafraid.

The top of a grand piano gleamed softly in the dusk.

Johnny Hale was gazing at her thoughtfully. "I don't know what good it does me, your being so beautiful. All I can use your face for is to kiss and look at. A third of the time, I'll admit, it really inspires me. Another third of the time it upsets my calculations and warps my judgment. The final third of the time it's nothing but wolf bait."

"I'll just leave the room," said Sally.

"No. We're in the inspirational department. I swam to you because I hoped you'd inspire a song and, sure enough, one's beginning to bubble up in me.

He took the enormous bath towel off her hand, folded it on the piano bench and sat on it.

"I imagine," said Sally, "this will simply dazzle me."

"I think," he said dreamily, "I'll call Tomorrow's Laughter. Yesterday's tears are tomorrow's laughter."

"You mean," said Sally, "yesterday heartaches are today's wisecracks. Don't you just make that up?"

"On the moment's shining spur Johnny Hale said modestly. "My genius never fails me."

"So I hear. Music and lyrics on tap any hour of the day or night. At the drop of a hat, you'll whip out a song to fit any occasion. Johnny-Quick-on-the-Downbeat!"

He ran his fingers along the keys. "Never use that name without my written consent. It's copyrighted."

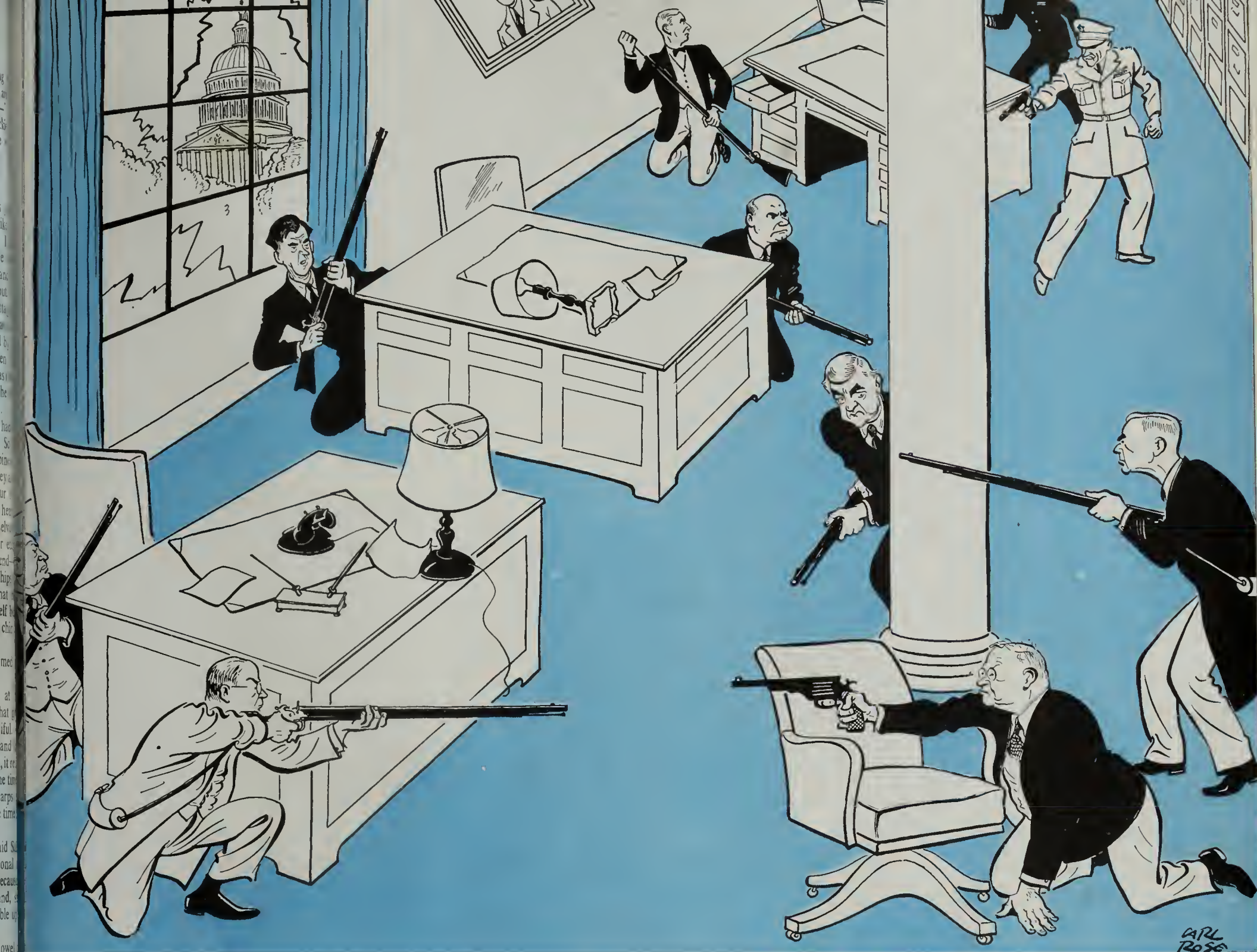
"Anybody want a nice fresh song today?" Sally caroled. "It may not be as good, but it's hot off the griddle, folks. Just think! Sitting down there like this and pulling a lovely song out of the nowhere right into the here!"

"Comes your song," said Johnny with his dreamy smile. He played a succession of bright and whimsical arpeggios, the struck a wry minor chord. He began to sing in a whisper:

*Back in the days of the Depression—  
If you'll pardon this digression—  
This land of liberty was sad—so sad—  
Each day the tidings were so bad—  
All men wore gloom upon their faces—  
It was the end of human races.*

(Continued on page 46)





Battle scene along the Potomac: Foreground Nelson and Jeffers behind the desk keep an eye on indomitable Ickes firing from the security of a chair. He is threatened by Jones, sheltered by column, who in turn is covered by Wallace and wary Hull at right. New-to-the-struggle Lehman holds his own on his knees while Davis loads his musket to resist the brass hats. It's all very confusing and someone is liable to get hurt

## DARK AND BLOODY GROUND

BY GEORGE CREEL

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL ROSE

THE Hatfields and McCoys may have thought they set an all-time high in feuds, but those bushwhacking mountaineers were really good neighbors compared to the heads of President Roosevelt's war agencies. Due to overlapping, duplication and utter confusion as to authority and jurisdiction, Washington is a Dark and Bloody ground where every man is forced to wage a daily battle for place and power. When he turns his back for so much as a second, and nothing is more likely than a knife between the shoulder blades. A total war and then some. Things have reached a point where even mild, peace-loving Cordell Hull never fares without Old Betsy snuggled under his arm, all cocked and ready to shoot at any rustle in the underbrush. As might be imagined, Harold Ickes, the Human Porcupine, is the feudin'ist

of them all. Every morning at sunup, he dons his coonskin cap, pours a handful of slugs into his muzzle-loader and hides near the salt lick for a pot shot at such as may draw nigh. It doesn't matter who, for Harold's grudges take in everybody. No one denies that the Secretary of the Interior is a highly competent official and honest until it hurts. The trouble is that he does not credit anyone else with equal competence, and even when admitting that an associate has honesty, he usually manages to slip in a qualification of some sort.

### The Suspicious Mr. Ickes

At the present moment, his chief feuds are with Jesse Jones and Donald Nelson; he is supremely convinced that both are parties to a dastardly conspiracy to reduce him to a second-rate

power. Through his Bureau of Mines, Harold claims to have located millions of tons of iron, tungsten, manganese, bauxite, chromite, mercury, and aluminum clay, all right here in the United States and just begging to be dug up. Not only does he want to develop these deposits, but it is also his burning desire to build fabricating plants close to the raw materials. Still another passionate wish is for millions with which to buy power plants that can be tied in with Bonneville and other dams.

Jesse Jones, however, as head of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, holds the purse strings, and up to date, at least, has shown an irritating unwillingness to let Mr. Ickes play tunes on the cash register. To be sure, Mr. Jones points out certain restrictions in the law, but Harold angrily sweeps that aside as so much camouflage. Accord-

ing to his contention, Jesse has "the banker's idea of security of investment and rate of return," and going still further, he even hints at a plot to protect big corporations against postwar competition. Mr. Jones, in reply, uses language that he learned before he was saved, and when particularly heated, dares Harold to take off his glasses.

The Ickes feud with Nelson is no less bitter and also has its base in frustration. Having started one pipe line on its way to completion, Harold now wants seamless steel tubing for another that will bring petroleum products from West to East. Instead of handing over the necessary priorities cheerfully and without question, the boss of WPB answers with mumbles about escort vessels, merchant ships and high-octane gas. More than that, Donald has dared to appoint a Power Director with orders to



take Harold's application, along with others, and "fit all of them into an orderly and integrated program."

Sensible enough on its face, but Mr. Ickes still burns so furiously that his flames light up the countryside for miles around. Who, he asks of one and all, is Donald Nelson to tell him—the Secretary of the Interior and the Petroleum Administrator—what he can or cannot do? And for that matter, why should he have to go to Jesse Jones, hat in hand, and beg money for projects that hold the promise of America's salvation? What he wants, quite openly, is the right to function independently, free from the RFC and the WPB, and such is his wrath at being thwarted that Jesse and Donald have been seen pricing false whiskers and dark glasses.

Incredibly enough, Henry Wallace, Vice-President, and chairman of the Board of Economic Warfare, is almost as much of a feudist as Honest Harold, a change that has Washington gasping. Only a few short years ago, Wallace was a bashful man, even diffident, happy with his boomerangs and horoscopes, and seemingly devoid of any lust for power. Now he is a two-gun man and lightning on the draw. The one explanation offered so far (and it comes from Republican sources) is that Milo Perkins dunks tiger bones in Henry's daily quart of milk.

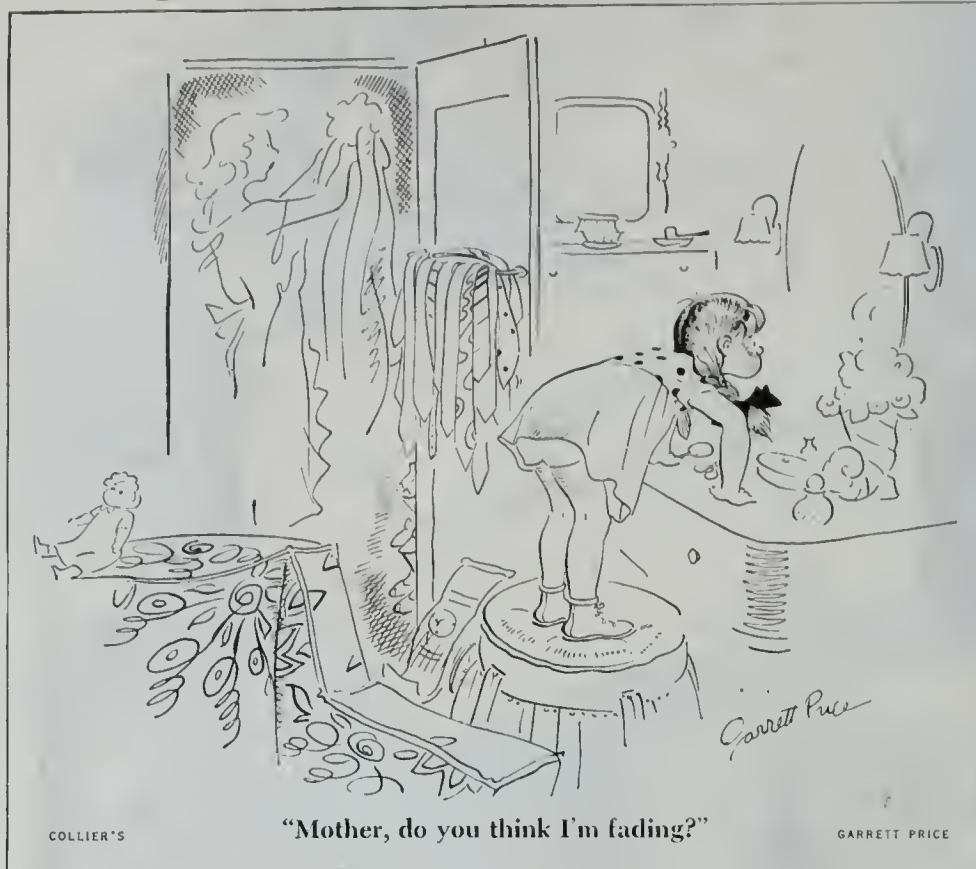
The Wallace change first became evident a year ago when Henry edged into the White House and induced the President to sign an executive order that took vital powers away from the State Department and the RFC, transferring them bodily to the Board of Economic Warfare. Not that it was difficult, for there is nothing the President loves more than to sign executive orders.

About all left to Jesse Jones was his fig leaf, for by that one stroke of the pen, Henry Wallace—and Henry alone—was given the right to obtain from foreign sources such strategic and critical materials as might be needed for our own stock piles or to keep them from falling into the hands of the enemy. In plain words, Jesse was reduced to the status of a BEW cashier and forced to sign checks for anything that Henry might choose to buy, regardless of price or conditions of sale. Not only this, but the sweeping order curtailed Cordell Hull's right to formulate fundamental foreign policy.

### That Busy BEW

The BEW and not the State Department was to represent the United States in dealing with the economic agencies of the United Nations; the BEW was empowered to send abroad its own economic representatives; the BEW was to "determine the policies, plans, procedures and methods of the several federal departments" in these import matters; the BEW was to "advise the State Department with respect to the terms and conditions to be included in the master agreement with each nation receiving Lend-Lease aid," and just to make sure that nothing was overlooked, the BEW was authorized "to take other such action as may be deemed necessary to facilitate the war effort and strengthen the international economic relations of the United States."

Several days passed before either Cordell Hull or Jesse Jones learned of the order, and then both hit the White House all spraddled out. Mr. Hull must have been more than ordinarily impressive, for on the heels of his visit came an "interpretation," explaining that the order was not meant to interfere in any particular with the constitutional and tra-



ditional duty of the State Department to determine foreign policy.

Massa Jones, however, must have been less forceful, for in everything that concerned him, the order stood. It is also the case that Henry Wallace's purchases in foreign countries have not contributed to better feeling, for every contract negotiated by BEW brings a scream of anguish from the very depths of Jesse's tortured soul—not so much because of prices as the "social welfare" clauses by means of which Henry seeks to establish the New Deal in Latin America.

It was at this point that Mr. Jeffers, the Rubber Czar, catapulted himself into the feud. Evidently disliking the Wallace way of doing things, he came out with an overnight order of his own that returned to Jesse Jones the authority to negotiate contracts abroad for the purchase and cultivation of natural rubber—a shot in the rear that must have been a painful surprise. But Henry, counter-attacking swiftly, reached out and took over four of Jesse Jones' pet agencies, transferring them to BEW.

As for "Big Bill" Jeffers, the change in him is almost as surprising as that in Henry Wallace, for when he first appeared upon the scene, fairly radiating sunshine and good will, all Washington agreed that here at last was a man who couldn't be dragged into any of the feuds that tore the town apart. Unfortunately, Mr. Jeffers took his instructions from the President with appalling literalness. Having been appointed to carry out the synthetic-rubber recommendations of the Baruch committee, he set about it with a grim determination that took no account of anybody else's needs or of the supply problem as a whole.

Like Harold Ickes, Mr. Jeffers wants what he wants when he wants it, and has no patience with Donald Nelson's frenzied efforts to make a fair division of dwindling stock piles. Along with indulging in public criticism of the WPB for holding up his synthetic-rubber plants, the bluff railroader has found time to feud with the Army and Navy. The Armed Forces may refer to their uniformed plant representatives as "ex-

peditors," but Mr. Jeffers calls them "loafers." True or untrue, it is anything but a contribution to team play.

Even amiable, conciliatory Elmer Davis, head of the Office of War Information, has his feuds. As if it were not woe enough to have the Army, the Navy and the State Department maintain their own information services, Col. William J. Donovan is making nightly raids on poor OWI. Nobody has any idea what the colonel is supposed to do.

He first came into the picture when Frank Knox sent him on a mysterious tour through Europe, Asia, Africa and all points south. After losing his pocket-book and passports, the colonel returned and next bobbed up as Co-ordinator of Information, another of those fantastic creations that the Master Magician loves to pull out of his hat. Skidded out of that eventually and seemingly headed for the junk pile, what does the colonel do but reappear as director of the Office of Strategic Services, whatever that is. Anyway, he is now out to control "psychological warfare" and is fighting tooth and nail to grab short-wave broadcasts from the beleaguered OWI.

Feuds, feuds! Nothing but feuds! Old ones growing in bitterness and new ones brewing steadily! Never think for a moment that shrewd, forceful Lieutenant General Brehon Somervell, head of the Army's Service of Supplies, is not continuing his fight to overthrow Donald Nelson and regain control of priorities; or that the State Department is not on guard against any raids by ex-Governor Herbert Lehman, empowered to rehabilitate the broken peoples of the world. Already the two are at grips in North Africa.

### The Woodrow Wilson Method

It may be useless to mention it, for every Washington official is under oath not to profit from any lesson taught by the other World War, but Woodrow Wilson had a very effective method for dealing with departmental wrangles. At a time when bickering, backbiting and jurisdictional disputes made a joke of team play, he formed a War Cabinet composed of these men: the Secretary of War; the Secretary of the Navy; William G. McAdoo, Railroad Administrator; Bernard Baruch of the War Industries Board; Vance McCormick of the War Trade Board; Herbert Hoover, Food Administrator; Edward N. Hurley of the Shipping Board, and Harry Garfield, Fuel Administrator. In addition, as occasion arose, the heads of other agencies were brought in.

Once a week President Wilson called this War Cabinet together for a whole afternoon, and every problem and every quarrel was laid on the table for all to see. No long-distance wrangling, but face-to-face presentations of differences. Did one official think that another was treating him unfairly? Was this man encroaching on the powers and duties of that man? Were certain rules and regulations of one agency making it impossible for another agency to do its job? If so, the whole matter was spread out and fought out behind closed doors and not in the newspapers.

No man was permitted to run to the White House with his side of the story. All grievances had to be aired in open meeting, with the President as referee. It saved his time and it saved their time and, best of all, it made for team play. Each man gained better and more friendly understanding of the problems of his associates and got the picture as a whole instead of just his own particular part of it. As simple as that!

THE END







## It's no use, Mr. Photographer—pack up your camera!

NO, NO, it's not because the picture is upside down. We know a picture always looks that way in the back of a camera.

It's because even you, with all your skill, can't possibly take a picture that does justice to a Four Roses Whiskey Sour. In fact, we've never seen a picture that looked half as engaging as this grand drink really tastes.

So we suggest you forget the picture—pack up your camera—and, you guessed it, enjoy one of those fine drinks yourself!

### How to make the world's finest Whiskey Sour

*First, make certain that you have some Four Roses on hand—for only a whiskey that is perfection itself can impart true magnificence to this glorious drink.*

*Then, put one part lemon juice and three parts Four Roses into a cocktail shaker. Add sugar to taste.*

*Shake well with cracked ice, strain into glasses and then, if you wish, decorate each drink with a cherry and slice of orange.*

*And now let your palate luxuriate in the sparkling flavor of one of the world's greatest mixed drinks—a Four Roses Whiskey Sour!*

## FOUR ROSES

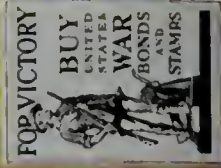


*Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskeys—90 proof. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.*



# LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO!

"Getting ready for auction day." Painted from life on a Southern farm by Aaron Bohrod.







She stood there in front of Shigo, her white hair straggling from under the old hat. "You're drunk," she said

## CHINA FLIGHT

By Pearl S. Buck

### VI

#### Story Thus Far:

WHILE houseboating in China with two of his friends—Arnold Hatford and his fascinating Eurasian wife, Leone—Lieutenant Daniel James, of the U. S. Marines, hears that the Japanese have bombed Pearl Harbor. Following the Hatfords (who set out for Hong Kong) he goes to Shanghai, where he is arrested. Detained by Shigo Kuyoshi, a Japanese official, he is sent to prison. With him, when sentenced, are two women—Jenny Barchet, an American newspaper correspondent, and Mrs. Shipman, a kindly woman who runs the Gate of Hope, a home for unfortunate girls. He interns the two women. . . . Arnold Hatford is in love with Dan James. Eager to see him again, she gives her husband the slip and makes her way to Shanghai. There she finds refuge in the home of her grandfather, P'an Lao-yeh. Meanwhile, Shigo Kuyoshi has fallen in love with Jenny Barchet; and the girl, parrying his advances, is terrified. Divining the truth—that he is interested in Daniel James—Shigo the Marine a job pulling his ricksha! . . . Realizing that he cannot win Jenny's love,

Shigo is desperate, unhappy. In an evil mood, he goes to the Gate of Hope, seizes one of the youthful inmates—a girl known as Meri—and takes her away. James, who is near by at the time, tries to protect the girl; but the Japanese guards overpower him.

With the abduction of Meri, Mrs. Shipman gives up. She releases her girls, telling them where they should go to be safe. Learning of this and aware that Dan James and Mrs. Shipman are in peril, Leone asks her grandfather if he will permit them to come to him for refuge. He says he will do what he can for the foreigners.

Mrs. Shipman and Dan find their way to P'an Lao-yeh's home. Leone meets Dan, tells him that he must get out of the city. "I can't go yet," he argues. "There's a girl I have to get out first."

Leone knows about Jenny Barchet. She strongly suspects that Dan and the American girl are in love. But, curbing her emotions, she says quietly, "Of course. We must find her and save her, too."

GET out of my sight," Shigo said. The girl Meri did not move. He turned and struck her and the mark of his fist was left on her cheek, like a bruise on a peach. She backed away from him slowly, her great eyes darkening.

"And where shall I go, monsieur?" she asked. "This is a strange house to me."

"I do not care where you go," Shigo said.

He moved to the window, put aside the curtain and gazed out into the morning sun. Yes, it was morning again. The insanity of the night was over. He felt cold as stone and as hard.

Without looking at the girl he turned and struck a bell on the table. A second later an old Japanese woman came in and he threw a command at her:

"Take this girl away."

The woman took a gingerly hold upon Meri's sleeve, as though she were a filthy child, and led her away. And when they were gone, Shigo, as though he could not bear himself, disrobed again, and bathed and shaved and put on fresh garments. When this was done he went into the next room and ate the food that was waiting there on a lacquered tray on a table. All the time his eyes were brooding, his face set and he ate with haste. When he was finished he rang the bell, and again the old woman came in.

"Where is the girl?" he asked.

"I put her outside the gate," the woman said. She paused a moment and then went on: "But she was not pleased, honorable. She fought and scratched me." She pushed up the sleeve of her kimono and he saw on her yellow skin three deep, red scratches.

(Continued on page 26)

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTHA SAWYERS





"I found a sailor there with a severe case of burns. His face was swathed in bandages, but he could talk"

They told her Toby would not be coming back. But she was a woman, and in love, and her heart told her they were wrong

## *I'll See You Again*

BY ELIZABETH FOSTER

ILLUSTRATED BY WENDELL KLING

THE port had no name. It was simply a port of embarkation. You knew where it was, but you didn't put it at the head of a story. You let the public guess where you were, which pointed up the drama nicely. Gerry Potter was exhilarated at the prospect.

"I'm sure you can do it," the boss had said in parting. "I'm perfectly sure, in spite of your modesty, which doesn't fool me a bit, that you can do a swell job."

"Thanks."

"Yeah, I know you can," he went on, "because you don't care *how* or *where* you get a story. You stop at nothing. You have no respect for human feelings."

"The end," Gerry Potter said coolly, "justifies the means."

"You must be a pain in the neck to some men," he added pleasantly.

Gerry laughed. She'd stopped worrying about what the men thought of her long ago. It was three years since Bill Wickard had given her the brush-off. After she came to her senses, she had written even better than before, and now she was so good that they were sending her to England. She was on the staff of the magazine, with her name on the masthead. She was all set.

"I am sitting in the hotel," she wrote, "waiting for the order to sail. The town is completely blacked out, and there is a feeling of tension in the air. Everybody is waiting for the curtain to go up on the big scene. Maybe it's going up tonight—maybe tomorrow. Nobody knows. You're not told until the last minute

when a convoy is going to sail. The town is thick with uniforms. The boys who are going to get us across are a swell lot. There's a story behind every one of them, a story of heroism and sacrifice."

Gerry paused. It might be a good idea to go and interview one of them right now. Once aboard the freighter she wouldn't have a chance to talk to boys on the destroyers. "Better do it, Geraldine," she decided, locking her machine; "this may be your chance."

She went out into the darkness. It seemed black after the toy dimout in New York. She stubbed her toe, and then ran smack into a portly individual carrying some bottles. There were no bars in the door. If you wanted anything stronger than beer, you bought a bottle and drank it out of (Continued on page



# Men Who Plan beyond Tomorrow Like CANADIAN Whisky at its Glorious Best!



High-speed, amphibious motors will whisk along the highways or skim across the waterways with equal ease. Your own car will do a smooth, safe 100 miles per hour on land — and fifty on the water. Sky-scrapers will rise from spacious lawns . . . when Health Authorities abolish over-crowding of buildings . . . Fantastic? Not at all! These things are being developed today by Men Who Plan Beyond Tomorrow.

SEAGRAM, too, plans beyond Tomorrow—*always*. The rare selected whiskies in Seagram's V.O. CANADIAN were carefully laid away to mellow years ago. Since "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" first appeared on the screen . . . since the International Paris Exposition opened . . . these fine whiskies have been treasured for Tomorrow—so the V.O. of *today* will always be gracious and smooth—preferred FOR THE WORLD'S LIGHTEST HIGHBALL.



## Seagram's V.O. CANADIAN

CANADIAN WHISKY • A BLEND OF RARE SELECTED WHISKIES

Six Years Old—86.8 Proof. Seagram-Distillers Corporation, New York



## China Flight

Continued from page 23



**The cola drink with  
Canada Dry quality**

Bottled and Distributed by Licensees of  
Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc., New York, N. Y.

"She is insane, that girl," he said, and threw her a coin.

"So she behaved," the woman replied. She bowed and picked up the coin, and put it in her obi.

"What I rang for was to order my car," he remarked, "not to inquire of the girl. If the car is not mended, one is to be hired."

She bowed again and went out, and he put on his coat and hat and selected a special Malacca cane. The head of this cane was gold, and he unscrewed it and drew out a narrow sword scarcely thicker than a hatpin. He tested the point and the edge, replaced it and fastened the cap again. Then he went outside. The car was there and Ling stood, holding open the door.

"It is mended?" he asked briefly.

"Can do," Ling replied.

BY THE mysterious mouth-to-ear wireless of his people, Ling knew nearly all that had happened. Old Wang had told his cousin, whose son had told another, whose tale had been carried by another and another, until the elderly Chinese cook, buying food at the early marketplace for the Japanese compound, had heard that the house of refuge had been seized but all the women had escaped. Even Mrs. Shipman, whom the Chinese city called the Old Foreign Mother, had escaped.

But more than that, the American had somehow escaped. That, Ling had already known, for this morning Daniel James was not in his room, and the guards were in terror, awaiting punishment.

"To the hotel," Shigo said sharply.

It was for this escape, indeed, that Ling had removed a screw from the vitals of the car. Obviously it was too difficult for the American to escape from this overguarded compound. Then he must have as many opportunities as possible to get outside. The American had made good use of his chance, Ling thought, grinning to himself. But Americans were clever, once they knew their danger.

He enjoyed the misery of the guards as they contemplated their prisoner's empty room, and their agitation as they waited for arrest.

But thus far Shigo Kuyoshi had paid them no heed. All the neighborhood knew that he had brought back with him last night a pretty foreign girl with wild eyes. An hour ago this girl had been thrust outside the gate, and a neighbor had taken her in because she belonged to the Old Foreign Mother and must be returned to her.

The elderly Chinese bringing his tale to Ling had told him all he knew and with what Ling knew, it made a whole. Therefore Ling quickly replaced the screw which yesterday he had removed. Now that his purpose was accomplished, he was curious to know where his Japanese master wished to go so early in the morning.

Inside the car Shigo sat with his eyes fixed unblinkingly on nothing. He was strengthening himself in arrogance. The dispatches which he had read as he ate his breakfast were all good. In the South Seas, Japanese forces were steadily winning against the Americans. It could not be doubted that before long the Philippines would belong to Japan. Thailand had submitted, and Burma was an over-ripe fruit.

He lifted his head suddenly and his face assumed the arrogant lines of a proud priest. Yes, the Japanese—were

they not destined to rule over the world? And he was a Japanese. As he thus made himself large, he saw Jenny smaller and smaller. A helpless American girl—why should he be afraid of her? Why even did he want her, except for a moment? An hour or two—a day at most—it would be enough. He would throw her out as he had the girl this morning. It would be his pride to be as careless of her life.

"Wait here," he told Ling haughtily at the hotel door. "I shall be only a short while. When I come out, there will be a woman with me. You are to help me put her in the car. Then drive back quickly."

Ling did not answer and he turned away to hide his curling lip.

In a frenzy of arrogance Shigo went upstairs and to her door. She opened it, ready, he saw, to go out for her walk.

He did not smile, "You are to come with me," he said.

"Where?" she asked. His eyes were strange and glazed, and she was suddenly terrified.

"You are going with me to my house," he said. "I have so decided."

He came near as he spoke, and with a great gesture he unsheathed his narrow sword. She stepped back. But as she retreated he came forward, inexorably following her.

They did not speak a word in that insane pursuit. Step by step he pressed her back. Suddenly without warning she turned and before he could imagine it she had run to the window.

He shouted aloud but it was too late. She had flung the window wide and at the sound of his voice she leaped. He ran to save her if he could. He could do nothing. The hotel was only three stories high, but he saw her flying body strike a sharp cornice heavily. He saw her crumple on the pavement below.

He was downstairs himself in less than a moment, pushing back the crowds with his cane, striking at them, and cursing them.

"Lift her into the car," he commanded Ling. He took her wrist. "No, she is not dead."

He stepped into the car with a strange sense of triumph. He had her absolutely in his power. . . .

In his own corner of the servants' quarters Ling was seemingly only smoking after his dinner. Actually he was

sorting out a tangle of threads in his mind. The American girl was now upstairs in a bedroom. She was still unconscious—that, he knew from the tale that came down out of the kitchen. For she had been taken up to her but she had not been able to eat. She knew nothing. The Japanese doctor had been called and he was still there.

Meanwhile soldiers were searching the city for the escaped American man. Ling had not been found, neither he nor the old American woman. Ling squatted comfortably on his heels, and closed his eyes in pleasure. Would the Japanese find the car again today or not? Obviously he would not, because he would not leave the American girl. Everybody knew he was infatuated with her.

Ling had felt great pity for her this morning as she lay in the car, her long fair hair streaming down over the seat. Certainly he would like to help her against his enemy. But how could he? If he could find the escaped American, that one could perhaps do something. Americans always thought of ways to what they wanted.

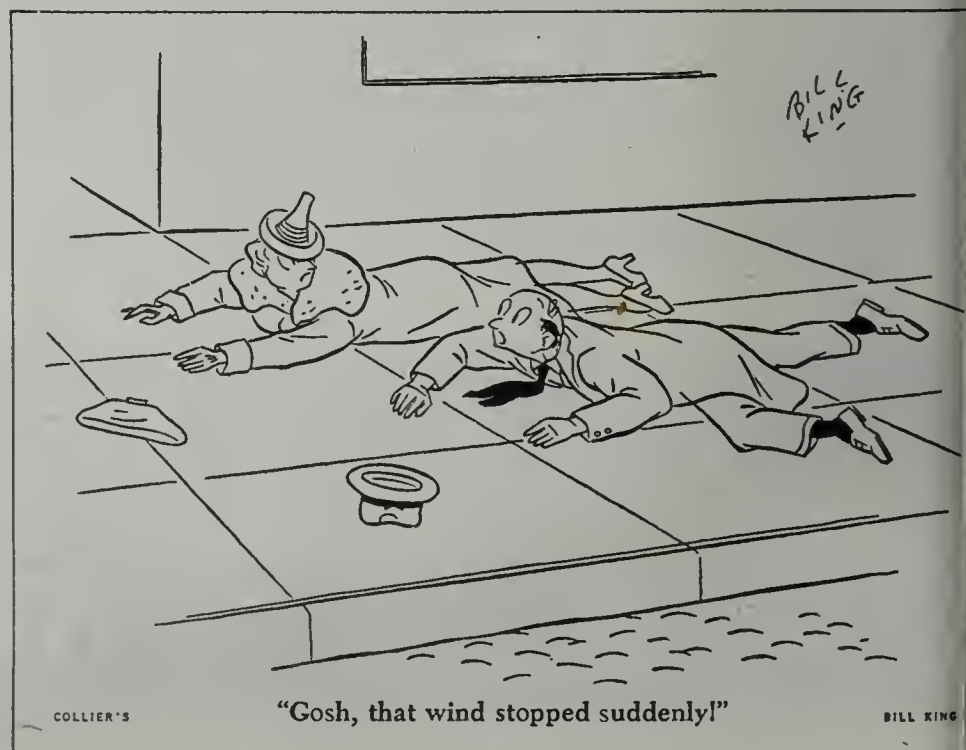
"I had better find the American," he thought.

HE ROSE and knocked the ash out of his pipe and stuck it in his belt and dusted himself off. He left the servants' quarters and went with his leisurely loose step in the direction of the Gate of Hope.

There at first he found no one. The house had been looted and was in great disorder. He knew, looking at it, exactly what had happened here because it had happened anywhere. The soldiers had flung open all they wanted and then had taken the doors open for the poor on the streets, who take whatever they can. On the floors there were scattered the pictures of many girls. He picked up one or two idly and stared at them. The American woman was a good-looking woman, working her way to heaven by saving these who were not worth saving.

"Some people go on pilgrimages," he mused, "and some do such good work."

There was much to be said in praise of the white foreigners, he thought, instead of these Japs, who neither went on pilgrimages nor did good works. In his soul rose in loathing of the enemy and suddenly he determined that he would



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do all that he could to help the Americans.

Now suddenly, having made up his mind, he smelled the odors of cooking food and guided by his nose he came to a kitchen. There in the midst of all the wreckage of the looted house he found an old manservant cooking rice and cabbage on the earthen cooking stove. He knew him because he had seen him sometimes following the Old Foreign Mother, but they had never spoken.

He greeted him: "You are eating?"

"I am about to eat," old Wang replied.

"It is very sensible of you," Ling said courteously. "To continue life in the midst of death shows a wise man."

"What is done is done," old Wang replied. He dipped up a bowl of the fragrant rice and cabbage stew, and offered it to Ling.

Ling was too polite to accept it. "I have eaten—I have eaten," he said.

"A man can always eat again unless he is ill," old Wang said with equal courtesy. So the end of it was that they sat down together on their heels and supped up the good food, and then by skillful questions Ling followed his thread.

"Alas that this should have happened," he remarked, looking about at the waste everywhere. "And your mistress such a good old white woman in spite of her foreigners! All respected her. May I ask—was she killed?"

"No, she was not," Wang replied.

"I am glad of that," Ling said.

He noticed now a dawning look of recognition in the old man's eyes and he met it firmly. "I hire myself to the Japanese head-devil," he said. "I drive his car. What would you have? I must eat. But he is my enemy."

"If you understand that, there is no reason why you should not eat his food," Wang replied.

Ling leaned nearer to him. "There is a young American who has been imprisoned this last month in the same house where I sleep. He has escaped."

"I know that," Wang said calmly.

"Can you tell me if he is safe?"

THE two of them looked at each other, and Ling smiling made the sign of secret brotherhood. Now this sign, wherever it was made, was the token of those who served the guerrillas, and Wang knew it, too, for he also was of the brotherhood. They grasped each other's hands and laughed.

"Why did you not tell me at once?" Wang exclaimed. "I know where the Americans are—yours and mine." He leaned over and whispered into Ling's ear. "They are hidden in the House of P'an."

Ling gave himself a blow on the side of his head with his right palm. "How stupid I am," he remarked. "Why did I not think of that? It was the Old Foreign Mother who made the match between the P'an granddaughter and the Englishman, and I have driven the head-devil's car there more than once to drink tea, and I knew the whole matter and never tied the ends of threads together."

"There they are," old Wang said gravely. "But the question is: What shall be done with them? Their fat cook tells me that old Mr. P'an cannot eat because he is so anxious lest they be found and the whole house put to death."

"Ah," said Ling, "there is that danger." He reflected a moment and then he rose. "I will walk past the house and talk to that cook," he said. "It may be I can think of a way or two."

"If you can, I will help you," old Wang said. "After all, the Old Foreign Mother is my rice bowl. And, besides, I promised her husband to see that she

died in peace and was buried in a real coffin. She has no one but me."

"I will call upon you," Ling promised.

Thus following his thread, he came in the late afternoon to the house of the P'an family. He knew it as all knew it, for it was a rich house.

When he got to the great gate, however, it was not so easy to enter. It was locked and when he pounded on it with both hands, only a wicket opened and the gateman put his head out.

"Who are you, you son of a turtle, to pound on our gate as if it were your own?" he shouted.

"I come with a message," Ling replied.

"Who sent you?" the gateman inquired. By now everyone in the house knew that two foreigners were being

ny's name, she had only wanted to be alone. She had fulfilled every courtesy, it is true. Mrs. Shipman she had put into her mother's room, and Daniel had been given a room used for guests. She had seen to their welfare, and she had called the servants together and told them that the visit was only for a little while and yet so long as it lasted they must all be silent for their lives.

"We must remember," she told the group of simple, anxious faces, "that these are Americans, and that Americans are fighting our enemies, too. In the South Seas this very day there are Americans losing their lives to fight these enemies of ours, and in our way we help them when we take care of these Americans in our house until they can escape."

dark hair, who pulled the ricksha for head-devil, and escaped last night," Leone said rapidly.

"What makes you think he is her?" Leone asked next.

At this Ling grinned. "I know him here," he whispered, "and so is the Foreign Mother. What I have to tell about the American girl. I know who she is, too. That is what I must tell white man."

Then Leone opened the gate. If indeed this man knew what he said, she must let him in and bring him before Daniel. So without a word she barred the gate behind him, and the gateman stared, his jaw ajar, and led him toward Mrs. Shipman's room.

She found Mrs. Shipman asleep in chair and woke her, and Ling stood before the two women and told the story of how Jenny had leaped from the window and had struck the cornice and fallen to the street.

"Oh, my soul and body!" Mrs. Shipman whispered. She was in her stocking feet and now she began quickly to put on her stout leather shoes. "Of course Dan'l has got to know, but what will do? What can any of us do?"

She hurried ahead of them to Daniel's room. "You let me go in first," she told Leone. They waited outside the door of the small court of his room. Then in a moment she came out beckoning and they went into the court.

DANIEL had been watching a column of ants. That is, he had been sitting absorbed for half an hour, watching them struggle against a bit of brick that had fallen over their hole, but actually he had been restlessly wondering what he could do next, planning how he might get to the hotel somehow and find Jenny. "Dan'l!" Mrs. Shipman said abruptly. He looked up and there she was. Something in her face made him get to his feet.

"What's wrong?" he demanded.

"News from Jenny," she said. "The chauffeur's here. At least he says he is the chauffeur."

"Ling?" Dan asked.

"How did you know?" Mrs. Shipman asked in turn.

He felt into his bosom and brought out the bit of paper he had never dared to take out. "The fellow wrote this," he said.

She looked at it. "I reckon he's your friend," she said. "But Dan'l, there's bad news."

"She's not—"

"Not dead, no," Mrs. Shipman said. "But she's hurt and in that Jap's house. Yes, that's where she is, Dan, and now what are we going to do?" Leaving her with the question she had gone to the door and motioned to Leone and Ling, and they came in.

"You translate, dearie," Mrs. Shipman said to Leone, and Ling stood before them and told his story and Leone translated.

Daniel looked at Leone. "He says she is now upstairs?"

"On the second floor," Leone translated, "in a room which opens to the north. The old Japanese woman is taking care of her."

"Can the woman be bribed?" Daniel asked.

She met his eyes, full of trouble, and knowing that they did not see her. "Leone has never tried to bribe her but he fears not," she translated.

"Just how badly hurt is Jenny?" Daniel asked.

Again there was the murmured Chinese.

"She is very badly hurt," Leone translated. "Her head was bleeding and

## BUTCH

by CPL. LARRY REYNOLDS



hidden in an inner court and all were terrified at any strange face.

At this Ling stepped boldly forward and whispered in the gateman's ear. "It is for the male foreigner."

The man's face went green and he shut the wicket quickly and rushed to the back of the house to find Mr. P'an. He burst into the court where his master was walking back and forth. It was impossible for Mr. P'an now to continue the quiet study of old books, since at any moment he expected to have enemy soldiers raid the house.

"Master!" the gateman cried without courtesy of any kind, "there is a man at the gate who wants the white man."

MR. P'AN'S pale face turned the color of soapstone. "Now this is what comes of mixing up with foreigners," he groaned. "Foreigners have brought me nothing but sorrow and I shall die because of them. Call my granddaughter."

The man ran on until he came upon Leone's old nurse and she took the message to Leone, who sat alone in her own room. Ever since Daniel had spoken Jen-

This they understood very well, and when she went on to tell them that Daniel was a soldier who belonged to a ship of war, they swore that they would help her and say nothing.

But none of this eased for a moment her own heart. It was not she whom he loved or could love, she told herself sadly. That she loved him, he must never know.

Upon this sorrowful reverie her old nurse now intruded. She came near, her dim eyes anxious. "There is one at the gate who wants the white man," she whispered to Leone.

Leone rose at once. "Who is he?"

The old woman shook her head. "That I was not told," she said. But she ran to fetch the gateman, and the gateman had to confess that in his fright he had not asked the man who he was, and so in impatience and fear, Leone herself went to the gate and opened the wicket.

"Why have you come?" Leone asked, seeing the man was but a servant. "I have a message for the white man," Ling said in a low voice.

"What white man?" Leone asked.

"The tall one with the dark eyes and





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thinks her arm was broken. But it is certain that she is unconscious."

Dan leaped to his feet. "Of course I shall simply go there myself," he said. "I must get hold of a pistol somehow. I can't go with only my fists. But with a pistol I'd be a match for a dozen or so of the Japs. If Ling could have the car ready—why not? I believe I could do it."

She translated again in her rapid soft voice. But Ling shook his head.

"He says it would be folly," she said. "He says that he feels it would not be fair to his old parents to take so sure a chance of his death."

"Then I'll go alone," Dan said grimly.

All this time Mrs. Shipman had said not a word. Now she spoke. "No, you won't," she said. "I'll go. I've been plenty of times to see that wicked man." "You can't go!" Daniel cried.

"I can and will," Mrs. Shipman said firmly. "I'll go and ask the wretch what he did with my poor crazy Meri, and I'll just go quietly by myself tonight, when nobody is expecting me, and Ling can open the gate and let me in."

"But what good will it do?" Dan demanded. "You can't get her out, Mrs. Shipman—you can't carry her."

"Dan'l, he'll keep me there, too—I'll maneuver it so," she retorted. "I been thinkin' it all out while you talked. I'll fix it. And one step at a time, my dears, I'll think of something and Ling will be our go-between. I can get word to him and he can get word to you."

LEONE poured out the liquid rush of Chinese and Ling nodded and nodded again.

"He says this is possible," Leone translated. "He says he will help."

Ling's calm voice began again and Leone turned to him.

"Tell the old Foreign Mother that I will help when she needs me," he said. "Tell her that there must be a signal—let it be this, that she is to put a light in the window at midnight and if she opens and closes the curtains three times I shall be under her window ready for anything—a message she drops down, or whatever she sends down."

This Leone translated for Daniel while Mrs. Shipman listened, and nodded.

"I'd rather do it my way," Daniel broke in stubbornly.

But Leone smiled her melancholy smile. "He says he'll open the gate to Mrs. Shipman tonight when the moon touches the tip of the Silver Pagoda," she said.

At midnight Mrs. Shipman pulled her old fedora from under the mat where she kept it and put it on her head. Dan watched her with troubled eyes.

"It's all wrong for you to be doing this instead of me," he said. "If it were not that you know this town better than I do, I wouldn't let you. I'm swallowing my pride—thinking of Jenny."

"We're all thinkin' of Jenny, I guess," Mrs. Shipman said. She went over to Leone and took the girl in her arms with meaningful warmth. "Now don't worry," she said loudly. "Everything's goin' to be all right and I mean all right for you, dearie, or I won't count it's right."

She kissed Leone soundly on both cheeks, buttoned about her the old garment which had once been Paul's overcoat, smiled at them, and trudged away.

IN THE room she had just left, Leone and Daniel looked at each other. It was the first time they had been alone since they had parted on the houseboat. Now she divined in him a deep and embarrassing and with angelic patience she set herself to dispel it. They had been very near love, she knew, on that day when they had parted. She had known it but he had not. He did know it now as the cause of his embarrassment before her. But she comprehended very well that it was she who had first stirred his imagination and heart, and irony of ironies, had made him ready to love Jenny twice as easily as he might have loved her, if he had met Leone first.

For he had resisted Leone, who was his host's wife, and he had resisted himself the very idea of loving her, even while he felt so clearly her beauty and her charm. Had they been together a little longer he might have yielded against his will. But they were parted and he had left her stirred and yet yielding. When upon that softness of his heart there fell the image of Jenny Barchet, a woman so different and free, all the impeded possibility of love poured out.

She put out her hand and took Leone's. "You must believe I am very happy that you are in love," she said gently. "I'm glad that you have found her, though such strange circumstances, in such a sorrowful time."

Her pretty, formal English sounded like a foreign language to him, and he was grateful, for it removed her from him still further.



"And, Doctor, on your way here, would you pick up these groceries for me?"

COLLIER'S

ADOLPH SCHUS





"We decided not to build just at this time"

GEORGE LICHTY

Appreciate that, Leone—and a lot," said simply.

Embarrassment left him, as she said it should, and he sat down at a distance from her.

She looked at him with grave eyes, standing there in the middle of the room. "I left Arnold," she said.

"I'm sorry for that," he cried. "I am sorry for that. A decent fellow."

"Very decent," she said gently. "So decent." Her accent, half-French, half-Chinese, made her infinitely foreign. "But I cannot love him. So his home is not my home. No—never! It is better for me to come back here. They will think me dead and then he will marry again an English lady."

She shrank from this intimate talk and was so grateful to her that he did not want her to know he did. But with delicate antennae of her instincts she felt his withdrawal and nothing moved to her the hopelessness of her position for him as this. For with her beauty and her loneliness would he not have found her some affection and some sympathy, had he not met Jenny? But now she was so deeply in love with Jenny that she was insulated against all other men. She smiled a slight and wistful

"You are only thinking of your own," she said softly. "Is it not so?" "I am afraid it is," he said honestly. "I can't forget her for a moment—lying in that house."

"No," she sighed. "No, of course you can't. Well, if I promise you shall have

"Can you promise?" he countered. "I promise," she said. "I promise at any cost."

"Do you know the cost?" he asked. She shook her lovely head. "I do not know what it is," she said, "if it will make me happy."

And then having revealed her heart she turned and fled. . . .

He was at the gate. The two night guards leaned against the wall half asleep. They stirred when he came near and made automatic motions to lift their rifles. Then seeing that it was only he, they leaned their heads against the wall. He made a great noise of opening the gate to look out and then barring it again. The night. When the guards heard that they would relax themselves and go to bed. Actually he let the strong iron bar drop outside its hasp, so that the gate was open, and when the Old Foreign soldier pushed the gate she would find so. He made more great noise of go-

ing to his room across the compound, and then having banged his own door, he crept through the high shrubs around the wall until he was near the gate again. If the Old Foreign Mother waked the guards by chance, he would be there to help her.

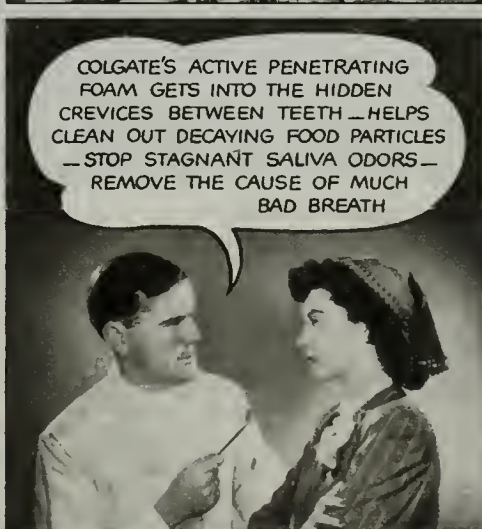
But she did not wake them. She had trudged silently through the night-black streets and no one had challenged her. In these times people did not loiter in the dark streets. There was always the chance of drunken Japanese soldiers roistering homeward and making a joke of anyone they found alone on their way. But she passed no one and after the half-hour's walk, she came near to the gate she knew so well. It was very dark—even the lamp above it had been put out. She softened her footsteps and felt for the gate and pushed it gently. It moved beneath her touch, and she knew that Ling had prepared it.

"Good fellow," she thought, "and thank Thee, God, for having sent him to me."

SHE slipped through the gate and a dim inner light fell on the guards. She hesitated a moment when she saw them, but they did not move. One was squatting on his heels, the other sitting with his back against the wall, their guns in their listless hands. She crept by them as softly as an old cat and walked on the dead grass of the lawn around toward the front of the house. Upstairs a bright light burned in the northwest corner, and downstairs there was another. She walked up the steps and tried the door. It, too, was unlocked and she went in. The light was in the hall. The stairs lay ahead.

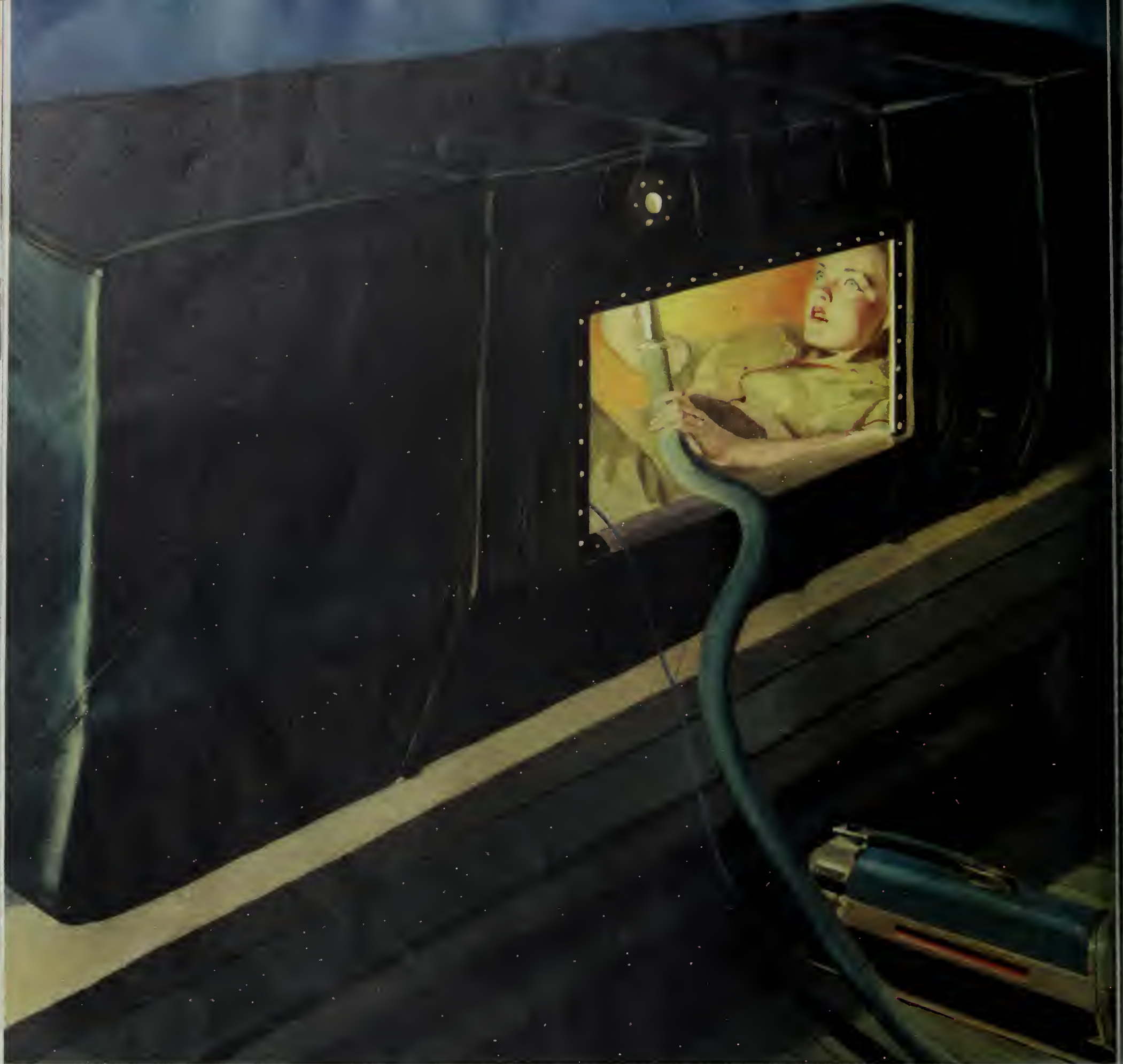
She looked to right and left and saw no one. She stepped forward as lightly as she could, keeping on the heavy Chinese rugs, and so reached the stairs. They were carpeted as well and still her feet made no noise. So step by step, too easily, dangerously easily, she thought, "except that God has prepared my way," she went upstairs, opened the door of the room in the northwest corner, and found herself face to face with Shigo. . . .

He had been restless and troubled all day. Instead of working he had wandered from room to room, impatient for Jenny's waking. Still she had not waked. He had sent for the doctor twice, each time sure that some change for the worse had come over the beautiful pale girl lying on the big bed. Each time the young Japanese surgeon, whose work it was to care for the wounded in battle, examined the girl with cautious care and



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in a silence. He did not ask who she was for he knew. He knew, but even had he not known, he would not have asked Shigo a word concerning her.

There was a look of complacency upon his smooth young face. His superior, Shio Kuyoshi, had been so unwise as to become infatuated with a prisoner of war. He had kept her interned, it was true, as all Americans were interned, but he had visited her daily. Now he had brought her here. Why had she not been taken to a hospital? If his superior had been with further unwisdom, it would be easy to make certain demands upon him, as for instance, a share in profits of local taxes or in the illicit sale of opium to the Chinese guerrillas. Surges had little chance for such profits. After all, they were not so lucrative, the Chinese were too ignorant to know how to use them, and they always died they were poison. Then, too, he expected Shigo of a large share in the profits of the city. These must be enormous. Why should he not share them? Such future possibilities made him now very courteous to Shigo, though not.

"Do not think she is likely to die," he said to Shigo. "There is no definite conclusion. I see no sign of internal bleeding. The arm is only sprained." "Then why does she lie there like that?" Shigo demanded.

THE doctor turned up the palms of his hands. "The nervous system of American females is very ill-balanced," he said.

"They have been severely spoiled. A Japanese woman could be forced to consciousness. Indeed, she would force herself, for she would feel it necessary to struggle back to her duty to her family and so on. But this girl is simply not going to live."

"Is she really unconscious?" Shigo asked. Several times during the day he suspected Jenny of pretending.

"She is unconscious," the doctor replied, "but it may be partly voluntary. If it is, she may not wish to wake."

Shigo had thanked the doctor and allowed him to go away. But the curious thought that Jenny might be in a trance from which she did not wish to waken made

him determined to test her for himself.

Therefore when he had eaten his dinner and had drunk his usual fill of wine, had sat a while in his study pretending to work and actually in an inner quiver of excitement, he went upstairs to the room where Jenny lay. The old Japanese woman was there, sitting on the floor beside the bed. He dismissed her with a few curt words:

"You may go. I wish to watch this patient for a while myself, to discern the state of her illness."

The old woman obeyed him as always, without hesitation or question.

So it was that he had sat down beside the bed and allowed himself to look at her lovely sleeping face. He did not move to touch her. He only gazed at her face for a long time, hypnotizing himself with its stillness. He did not want to touch her. She was too beautiful to be touched.

"You are a goddess," he murmured fervently, "carved out of ivory, carved out of marble. I have carved you—perhaps only I can bring you to life again." He remembered some old story he had read in Western mythology of the beautiful statue which a sculptor had loved and brought to life. The strange mystic side of him exulted in making a mystery now of this woman whom in so absolute a fashion he possessed. "I do possess you," he murmured. "I have the power over you. No one can take you from me."

For hours he sat, motionless and unknowing, his eyes never moving from her face. Now and again a bell from a temple near by rolled its solemn note into the night and died away. He heard the sound and it became part of the mystery. Slowly he felt something gathering in himself, a force like the tide, against which he would not struggle. When it rose to its height, he would let his love seize hold of this woman, and then she would wake—she would wake!

It was when the temple bell had rolled out for the seventh time that he heard a noise at the door. He tore his eyes away from that face and saw Mrs. Shipman.

She stood there, her hands deep in the huge pockets of Paul's old coat, her

white hair straggling from under his old hat.

"You're drunk," she said calmly.

He brought himself back with an effort from his own trance. "I am not," he said thickly.

"You look drunk," she said. She took off her hat and put it on a chair and began unbuttoning the coat. The room was hot and perfumed with some sort of sickly smell.

He sprang to his feet and stared at her wildly, "What are you doing here?" he cried. "Do not think you will be allowed to stay."

"God sent me here," she said in her loud flat voice. "And as long as I'm here I'll open the window. The air is terrible." She padded heavily across the floor. She was very tired but she put weariness away from her. It was no time for her to be tired now when she had this fellow to cope with. She threw open the window and a rush of cold air came in and she felt better. When she turned he was standing there as though he did not know what to do with her.

"What I really come for," she remarked, "was to know what you did with my poor Meri, you bad man."

"She is not here," he said. He watched her warily. If he dared leave for a moment he would go and call the guards. But he did not want to leave her with Jenny. How did she know Jenny was here? She was a clever old woman and she was not here without a purpose.

"I could have got away," Mrs. Shipman said without paying the slightest apparent attention to him, "except that I kept thinking of that poor Meri of mine. I told you she was crazy, you wicked soul. A man that'll take away a poor demented girl—"

"Do not speak of her!" Shigo suddenly screamed.

"You tell me where she is, then," Mrs. Shipman retorted.

"She is out on the streets," Shigo said sullenly, "where she belongs!"

"You're lying, probably," Mrs. Shipman said. She ambled over to the bed and stood looking down on Jenny. "What have you done to this poor child?" she inquired severely. "I don't put anything beyond you. Have you drugged her?"

"She had an accident when she was being transferred to another place of internment," Shigo replied with dignity. "I had her brought here until she recovers."

MRS. SHIPMAN seemed not to hear him. She leaned over Jenny and touched her cheeks with a tender hand. "Wake up, my dearie," she said coaxingly. "It's only old Mother Shipman. I've come to take care of you, child. Mother Shipman is not going to leave you, neither. I'm going to stay right here and look after you, dearie, if it has to be until the end of this cruel war."

Shigo did not speak. Watching that sleeping face, he saw a quiver of the long lashes and he stepped forward noiselessly. At that moment Jenny opened her eyes full upon him. For one dazed second her eyes clung to him. Then they closed again.

"Jenny, Jenny!" Mrs. Shipman cried. "Oh, Jenny child!" But Jenny had gone back into her trance. There was no waking her.

"There!" Mrs. Shipman said angrily to Shigo. "you see what you have done. She's afraid to come to, after what you've done to her, you scoundrel!"

"But I have done nothing," Shigo said. "I have done nothing at all but what has been good!"

Like a petulant child he turned and rushed from the room.

(To be continued next week)

NICK



PICK



SLICK

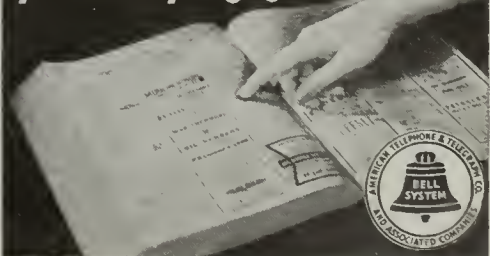


**MORAL:** Always let the Classified section of your Telephone Directory help you straighten things out!

The Classified is a short cut in many ways. It tells what tradespeople in your town specialize in the services or products you want. It often gives detailed information that helps in choosing a dealer who can serve you especially well.

Refer to the Classified often and save time. It's a mighty good habit the year around.

**Make the Classified your buying guide**



"I just called the coal man and told him we converted to coal. He suggests converting to wood"

JOHN KAY KARAFFA

JOHN KAY KARAFFA



# BIG FREEZE

BY BILL DAVIDSON

Consider the strange case of Arthur Wirtz, whose hobby became Big Business because he knew a frozen asset when he saw one

BACK in 1931, when Arthur Wirtz was a prosperous young businessman quietly making a tidy fortune out of Chicago real estate, his wife caught him one Friday morning staring at sleet-covered Lake Shore Drive, watching little children gaily wending their way to a near-by frozen pond with skates under their arms. Mr. Wirtz was tapping the window sill with his large forefinger and saying "H'mm."

Saturday morning he was gone. On the breakfast table was a historic note reading: "Flying to Detroit to buy a bankrupt hockey stadium to play around with. Will be back tonight. Please have roast beef for dinner."

Wirtz has never been the same since. Because he gave way to that one little impulse, he now finds himself indulging in a hobby in which he owns or controls the Detroit Olympia, the Detroit Red Wings hockey team, the Indianapolis Capitols hockey team, the Omaha Knights hockey team, the Chicago Stadium, the Indianapolis Coliseum, the Omaha Coliseum, the Broadway hit, Stars on Ice, Sonja Henie's Hollywood Ice Review of 1943 and Sonja Henie.

This is without a doubt one of the most prosperous collections of sports

bric-a-brac in history. It brings in well over \$4,000,000 a year. It puts the incredible Mr. Wirtz, a rank amateur, in the same promotorial bracket with Samuel Goldwyn and Mike Jacobs. It has opened up a spectacular new entertainment medium that has Broadway, Hollywood and the sports world all gnashing their teeth in helpless rage.

"It is," as Mike Jacobs put it, after reading that the Sonja Henie show had grossed \$400,000 in thirteen rent-free days at Wirtz's own Chicago Stadium, with a sell-out Wirtz hockey game sandwiched in between, "blitzkrieg!"

Last year, Wirtz came within a game of making a clean sweep of hockey when his Indianapolis and Omaha teams won the championships of their respective leagues, and the first-place Detroit Red Wings won the first three games of the Stanley Cup play-offs.

This year, a few more of his hockey holdings have come to light. When the Brooklyn Americans disbanded at the start of the season, it was discovered that several of the players were Wirtz property, lent to the faltering team to keep it from falling on its face last year. And when the Rangers went crazy at the beginning of the current campaign trying to find a goalie who could prevent the opposition from scoring less than ten goals per game, they finally came up with Jim Franks, a Wirtz chattel out of Omaha. This, too, was in the form of a magnanimous loan.

"We were afraid to dig further," said the late Frank Calder, president of the National Hockey League, "lest we find that the hydrogen and oxygen compris-

ing the water which makes our ice were also obtained from Mr. Wirtz on a lend-lease basis."

Brother Wirtz has been so secretive about himself that he deliberately uses Sonja Henie's name in advertising all his ice productions. Even many of the performers have never even heard of him, and the huge, boyish, 6-foot-4-inch, 220-pound giant takes great delight in wandering around incognito backstage, watching the rehearsals with open-mouthed wonder and listening to the gripes of the chorus girls.

When Mr. Wirtz says hobby, he means hobby. He is president of the property management firm of Wirtz, Haynie & Ehrat, Inc., in Chicago; president of the Chicago Mortgage and Realty Co., the \$10,000,000 Forman Realty Trust, and several lesser corporations. He is also a power in Illinois politics and a personal friend of several high-ranking members of both the Republican party and the current national administration.

## Caught with the Loot

Wirtz was born in Chicago on June 23, 1901. His father, Frederick Wirtz, was also a real-estate operator. The family lived moderately in a small house on the North Side. Young Arthur had a normal childhood, interrupted only by occasional episodes in which he nearly drove his mother to distraction by coming home with live goats obtained in trading expeditions on the West Side. Mrs. Wirtz never quite understood where the unusual prizes came from until one day she caught 12-year-old Arthur heading westward in the van of a picked neighborhood baseball team. Under his arm was one of her best silver vegetable dishes.

"Where are you going with that?" asked Mrs. Wirtz.

"Well, you see, Mom, this is our share of the purse. The Thunderbolt Terrors are putting up a basket of eels, winner take all. But don't worry, Mom, we can't lose. I got Joe Thomas of Lake Forest Academy to pitch for us."

The game was canceled.

Young Arthur went to Evanston Academy and then to Northwestern University. At Evanston, he suddenly shot up to the startling height of 6 feet 3 inches and filled out to 170 pounds. He hit Northwestern in the war year 1918, and because of the suspension of eligibility rules, became one of the few freshmen to play varsity football at that institution. By this time he was 6 feet 4 and well over 200 pounds.

According to George Halas, coach of the Chicago Bears, who played against him that year, "The kid was potentially one of the toughest tackles I have ever seen."

Wirtz played in the historic 1918 game against the great Naval Training Station team from Great Lakes.

Great Lakes started that game by pushing the Wildcats all over the field. Something was wrong. Every time Northwestern tried a play, there would be three Great Lakes men to drop the ball carrier behind the line of scrimmage. Then, in the second quarter, Wirtz noticed something. He rushed back into the huddle.

"For crying out loud!" he said. "It's Bob Kohler and Paddy Driscoll. They

Not too long ago all those spectator-filled seats in the mural behind Arthur Wirtz were empty. Due to his shrewd showmanship, three hockey teams and a \$1,000,000 touring ice show, his four arenas are usually jammed to the hilt

both played with us before they enlisted in the Navy. They know our signals by heart."

With Wirtz doing some rapid mental calculation, the Wildcats changed their signals right then and there on the field. The game ended in a 0 to 0 tie.

That was the end of college athletics for Wirtz. He transferred to Michigan in his sophomore year, and before residence and eligibility rules allowed him to play again, he had graduated. He went into the real-estate business, got married, and began amassing the above-mentioned tidy fortune.

Then, in 1931, Wirtz met Old Jim Norris, the millionaire grain operator. The two began talking sports. Wirtz was a former football player, Norris had played hockey as a kid and was crazy about the game. Soon he had Wirtz going to hockey matches.

One day Norris said, "I understand the Detroit Olympia hockey stadium is bankrupt, and the receivers are selling it for a song. It's a good piece of real estate, and maybe we can have some fun with it."

"I'll go home and think it over," said Wirtz.

That was Thursday. On Saturday, the Olympia was theirs.

On Monday, Wirtz phoned Norris. "I have just discovered," he said, "that we are also the owners of a hockey team—the Detroit Cougars in the National League. This team was the property of the arena, and went along as part of the deal."

"I am busier than you are," said Norris. "From now on, you are the active partner of this outfit. I will furnish capital and keep my mouth shut."

So Wirtz took command, with Old Jim Norris and Young Jim Norris (now a lieutenant in the Navy) hovering in the background. That's the way it's been ever since.

## Putting White Elephants to Work

Wirtz did all right, too. First, he changed the name of the team from the Cougars to the Red Wings, for unexplained artistic reasons. Then he merged the team with the Chicago Shamrocks a bit of Norris property in the old American League and went out and bought a few new players. Before any one knew what had happened, Detroit climbed from last place in the National League in 1931 to first in 1932. More over, the Olympia was out of the red for the first time in its history.

No sooner was this news announced than the receivers of the bankrupt \$5,500,000 Chicago Stadium came to Wirtz "Please," they begged, "please take this white elephant off our hands."

Wirtz couldn't resist. But when the next hockey season was over, he found himself with not one but two of the largest indoor arenas in the country—standing idle and empty until the following winter. For months, Wirtz tried to figure out what to do, while the hockey profits slipped away.

The situation in the meantime became even more acute. The Detroit team needed young players, so Wirtz had to buy a couple of farm teams, the Indianapolis Capitols and the Omaha Knights. But in order to purchase these two teams he also had to lease the two arenas that went with them. So there he was with more empty stadiums to worry about.

His single original holding, the Olympia, had now multiplied to three hockey teams and four arenas.

One night while watching a small skating exhibition at the College Inn in

(Continued on page 68)





Convert your  
car into a -

# VICTORY CAR!

**TUNE ENGINE**  
for smoother  
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for greater  
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for today's  
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**ALIGN WHEELS**  
to avoid  
"grinding off"  
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**SET UP  
CHARGING  
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to prevent a run-  
down battery

**CHANGE  
LUBRICANTS**  
to protect vital  
parts at today's  
low speeds

**EQUALIZE  
BRAKES**  
to prevent  
excessive  
tire wear

**SWITCH TIRES**  
to distribute  
wear equally

ALL CARS WERE ENGINEERED FOR PRE-WAR DRIVING...THEY SHOULD BE RE-TUNED AND RE-ADJUSTED TO PROVIDE LONG-LASTING, THRIFTY WARTIME TRANSPORTATION

THE car you drive today has *two* jobs to do. First, it must meet your own essential driving needs. Second, it must help meet the vital transportation needs of America. It's doubly important, then, that your car be kept in perfect shape...conditioned to do those jobs right. You may not be eligible to buy a new car...but everybody is eligible to have his present car converted to a "Victory Model." It's just as easy as it ever was to go to your Oldsmobile dealer for a tune-up. He tunes your car for *today's* new type of driving. He adjusts it for

maximum efficiency at "35 and under." He tunes it for maximum economy on today's lower-octane gasoline. And he helps you protect it against the ill effects of low speeds and limited driving—such as run-down battery, neglected tires, diluted lubricants, sticky valves. Drive in to your Oldsmobile dealer's today...whatever make of car you own...and drive out a "Victory Car."

Convert your dollars to Victory dollars—Buy War Bonds and Stamps



THIS IS WHAT WE MEAN  
BY A  
"VICTORY CAR"

IT'S ANY MAKE OF CAR—  
WAR-CONDITIONED TO GIVE YOU—

MAXIMUM ECONOMY

LONGER TIRE LIFE

SMOOTHER PERFORMANCE  
at wartime driving speeds

GREATER DEPENDABILITY  
for essential driving needs

LONGER CAR LIFE  
so that it will be serving you and your  
country for the duration!

## OLDSMOBILE DEALERS OF AMERICA

☆ IN SERVICE FOR THE NATION ☆



## I'll See You Again

Continued from page 24

# "FIRSTS"

## A ZENITH HABIT

A GOVERNMENT official was being shown a new idea in the Zenith laboratories. In passing, he commented upon the outstanding manner in which the radio industry was effecting the rapid and continuous changes necessitated by war requirements. A Zenith official replied—he said:

"... the answer is easy. Radio and Radionics represent a trigger-quick, fast moving business. Concerns that couldn't 'change overnight' are out. In this industry, we're used to fighting with new ideas—only—now we're 'fighting' Japs and Germans instead of each other."

In that statement is evidenced the condition that made possible Zenith's attainment of industry leadership. Ever increasing public acceptance of Zenith name and product resulted from a never ceasing stream of Zenith "firsts"—new features—new devices and new sets which enabled us to truthfully say to the public:

# "ONLY ZENITH HAS THIS"

Today you find as commonplaces—essentials—of most radio sets—features first introduced to the public by Zenith—such as—

## "FIRST"

### Push Button Tuning

Years—yes, years ahead of the industry—(1928) a Zenith set embodied push button selection of the station desired. Our slogan in 1928 was "Push the button—there's your station."

For over seven years, Zenith Radio Corporation has advertised on our short wave sets—"Europe, South America or the Orient Every Day or your money back." It has never been called upon for a refund.

## "FIRST"

### House Current Sets

"Way back when" (1926) all home radios were operated from storage batteries until Zenith offered the first set run by house current.

BELOW—A FEW NEW ZENITH "FIRSTS"—"FROZEN" BY ZENITH CHANGEOVER TO WAR PRODUCTION

## "FIRST"

### Long Distance Push Button Portable

1942 saw the national introduction of a revolutionary new portable—the Zenith Trans-Oceanic. Without increase in size or weight it gave push button operation for foreign and U. S. short wave stations—tuned in the same way as locals—and standard broadcasts too. It contained a disappearing fish pole antenna plus dual Wavemagnets—operated from battery or house current—was born of Zenith pioneering in LONG DISTANCE RADIO RECEPTION.

—AND THESE ARE JUST A FEW OF THE MANY ZENITH "FIRSTS"—

## "MILITARY SECRET"

Today all Zenith production centers on war needs. What we are making is a military secret. But three things we can tell you. First... we are dealing with the thing we know—Radio—and Radionics exclusively. Second... we are learning every day—gaining new knowledge which will reflect itself in Zenith civilian products when the time

arrives. Third... we now know—by first hand experience—that our Army and Navy are more than "up-to-date"—they are alert and progressive in thought and action—almost unbelievably so. This fact is a great reassurance to us here as citizens—it commands our complete confidence as it would yours if you knew what we know.

## RADIONICS

### the New Miracle Industry

Four great industries are destined to lead this country back to normalcy after victory is won.

Planes and Radionics are two of the four. Radio—never a necessity on ship or train—is as essential as the engine itself to that great new form of individual and mass transportation—the airplane.

—a Zenith Radio Dealer near you is giving reliable service on all radios—regardless of make.

ZENITH RADIO CORPORATION — CHICAGO

## BETTER THAN CASH

U. S. War Savings Stamps & Bonds

1917 WAR  
RUN BY TELEPHONE

1943 WAR  
RUN BY RADIO

ZENITH  
LONG DISTANCE RADIO  
RADIONIC PRODUCTS EXCLUSIVELY—  
WORLD'S LEADING MANUFACTURER

the tooth mug in your bedroom. Gerry recognized Joe Billings, one of her fellow correspondents.

"Where are you off to, Geraldine?" he asked.

"I'm on my way to the canteen to get a story."

"Come back with me and have a drink. I've got a couple of bottles of usquebaugh."

"No, thanks, Joe. I'm working."

Joe sighed. "Oh, Gerry! You're all story and no girl. Why don't you think about something besides work once in a while?"

"Yes. Why don't I?" replied Gerry, knowing the answer. She went off in the general direction of the harbor, trusting to luck to see her through the black-out and the unfamiliar streets.

THE canteen was blue with smoke. It was a democratic affair, patronized by officers and men alike. You could get soft drinks and beer, and there was a juke box that played the latest hits from Broadway and Piccadilly. Women were allowed, but only on sufferance. It was a man's place, where they came to pretend for a few hours that all was well with the world.

Gerry ordered a beer at a table by herself.

Somebody dropped a nickel in the juke box, and a polka rent the air. A few couples got up and danced, but it was hard work because people kept milling around. The room was very full.

"I say!" exclaimed a young voice in the accents of Oxford and Cambridge. "Aren't you Miss Geraldine Potter?"

Gerry was a little surprised at being recognized here, but she looked up at him composedly enough. He had darkish red hair and a lean face set with blue eyes. Her glance fell on the gold braid on his sleeve. There was lots of it.

"Why, yes," she answered quietly, "I'm Gerry Potter."

"I recognized you from your pictures," he said. "They're like you, but they don't do you justice, you know."

"Don't they?" said Gerry.

"You're being sent to England, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"To write some articles on Englishwomen."

"That was the idea," she replied.

He sat down without asking permission, offered her a cigarette, and ordered two more beers. "I read your magazine

whenever I can get it," he went on. "We have several copies in the wardroom of my ship, and they're thumbed to pieces. We all liked your stories about America and the war. Give us some more, will you?"

"I can't," she said. "I'm on assignment. I've got to write about England."

"I expect you'll do a gorgeous job," he went on.

Gerry was pleased by his compliments but she knew she must get down to work. Here was something made to order, a nugget dropped right into her lap.

"Look here," she began, "never mind about me. I want to know about you—what goes on in your life."

"No," he said; "I'm a frightfully dull subject."

"Yes, please! I want you to tell me what it's like to be torpedoed."

"I can't," he said, "because I've never been torpedoed. When it comes to drama, the other boys have all the luck. I just lead a humdrum life—back and forth, back and forth across the Atlantic. I might as well be the skipper of a ferry boat. I'm bored as the devil."

"I don't believe you," she said. "I don't believe you at all."

Her voice implied that he knew a lot if he would only tell her. His expression changed slightly. He leaned his arms on the table and looked at her.

"I'd rather not talk shop—do you mind?" he said.

She knew that he had to be handled differently: questioning would not draw anything out of him.

"I get frightfully sick of it," he added. "I'd much rather talk about something else."

They had finished their beers.

"Where shall we go now?" he asked.

Gerry was a little baffled because he was taking it for granted she was spending the evening with him. "No place," she said evenly. "I've got to stay here. I've got to get a story from somebody. I can't get one from you."

"We can go to the movies," he went on, "or we can go back to my digging in the hotel. I left my second-in-command asleep there, but we can wake him up. He won't mind, if we bring along a bottle of whisky."

There was no pleading in his voice. He was merely telling her what she was going to do for the rest of the evening. Ordering her around, as from a bridge.

She opened her mouth to protest and then closed it again. Perhaps, after



Rodney de Sarro

"I wish you weren't so darned anxious to be the first robin sighted!"

COLLIER'S

RODNEY DE SARRO





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## PASSING ALL TESTS WITH FLYING COLORS!

**M**EN WHO demand perfection itself are getting it—in Mallory! To them the Mallory label in a hat is as much an "O. K." as an Identification Badge in a war plant—and is equally necessary!

The "production secret" behind THE STERLING (\$6.50, at right) is the 'Cravenette' process—exclusively Mallory's in hatmaking. 'Cravenette' means that THE STERLING is *style-protected*: dampness won't dim its original luxury. It fairly "sings through showers" and that means

it holds longer-lasting smartness for you.

THE DEFENDER (\$10, at left) is of *Pliafelt*—another Mallory exclusive improvement in hatmaking. Its resiliency laughs at outrageous treatment; preserves this hat's fresh style lines and makes it "grow to your head." Wear THE DEFENDER with brim snapped down in front, or "off the face." Worn either way it's an eye-catcher!

Any Mallory, though, will brighten your looks (and the looks *she* gives you). What's more, you can enjoy Mallory prestige at prices as "gentle to the touch" as these fine hats themselves. *Other Mallory styles from Five Dollars to Ten Dollars.*



*Buy War Bonds and War Stamps to help keep this hat in its rightful place, on top!*

**MALLORY**  
*hats*





SCENE FROM THE WARNER BROS. MOTION PICTURE, "AIR FORCE"

## There's a new glamour girl in Hollywood

She doesn't wear sweaters, or pose for glamour photographs. She's never seen at night clubs. And though her autograph is well-known in certain French and German cities, nobody has ever asked her for it.

Yet Mary Ann — star of Warner Brothers' new picture, "Air Force" — passed every screen test with flying colors. And that's no more than you'd expect from a Boeing Flying Fortress!\*

"Air Force" is the story of a Boeing B-17, and the gallant hell-for-leather crew that flew her to glory... via Pearl Harbor, Wake Island, Manila,

the Coral Sea and Australia. Made in collaboration with the Army Air Forces, it's a picture to make your heart skip a beat... then beat faster.

What the camera *doesn't* show is an invisible supporting cast: the Boeing designers and engineers, the technicians and researchers, the craftsmen and workmen who originated the Flying Fortress and now keep a steady stream of B-17's and other war planes flowing from Boeing plants — in Seattle, Wichita and Canada.

More than twenty-five different kinds of engineering know-how are represented by several

thousand Boeing engineers. Daily they challenge the word "impossible," in a relentless, 'round-the-clock effort to do the job *better*, and do it in *less time*.

*Some day this effort will be applied to making life richer and happier, in a peaceful world. For Boeing engineering talent and experience, while devoted primarily to the continued advancement of aeronautics, also encompass resources which are relevant to almost every phase of civilized life.*

DESIGNERS OF THE FLYING FORTRESS • THE STRATOLINER • PAN AMERICAN CLIPPERS

\*THE TERMS "FLYING FORTRESS" AND "STRATOLINER" ARE REGISTERED BOEING TRADE-MARKS

**BOEING**





"I don't suppose madam would care to return later, when madam is in a different mood?"

COLLIER'S

GARDNER REA

ple of drinks, he'd loosen up and talk. "You haven't told me your name," she said. "Haven't I? Awfully sorry! My name is Toby Fentress." Gerry wondered what his rank was. He hadn't had time to learn the insignia of British naval uniforms. But she knew he was pretty high up. He had a disarmingly easy way with him. There was something childish and appealing about Toby Fentress, in spite of the amount of gold braid on his sleeve. He looked at her and smiled, and she smiled back. "Come on," he said, "I'm bored with this place. I want to get out of here."

HE PILOTED her away into the blackout. She did not ask where they were going. It was better to be pliant with a man like this, especially if he wanted something. They went to his hotel. The second-in-command turned out to be a pink-cheeked boy named Alwyn. He looked too young to be in command of anything. Toby introduced him briefly as Miss Geraldine Potter. "You're kidding," said the boy. "No, I'm not. Ask her! Look at her!" Alwyn said shyly, "You wrote those articles about American shipyards. We all read them and thought they were splendid. We also liked another one, about bomber pilots. Jolly good!" Gerry felt pleasantly warm inside. Praise from these boys meant something. Toby found two glasses and a tooth mug

and poured the drinks. Then he came and sat down beside her on the bed.

"Isn't this much nicer," he asked, "than talking shop in that ghastly canteen?"

"Yes," said Gerry, remembering how she'd spurned another invitation that evening to drink whisky in a hotel bedroom. But the story she was after was on her mind. All she'd needed was one British naval officer, and now she had two of them.

"Look," she said to Alwyn, "tell me something about life on a destroyer—something I can use in an article I'm writing."

Alwyn grinned at Toby. "I don't think we'd better tell her about life on board the Ariadne, do you, Toby?"

"No, Alwyn, I don't," replied Toby, seriously.

Then they both broke into roars of laughter, as though the subject was unfit for feminine ears. They made it sound like a naughty picnic.

Gerry felt a little exasperated, but she laughed. She wondered fleetingly what the rest of the staff would think if they could see her now, frustrated by a couple of British officers.

Toby took her hand. "Listen, Geraldine!" he said. "We want to have a good time. It's so long since we saw a nice girl! I know it isn't frightfully exciting, talking to us in this ghastly bedroom, but it's about all we have to offer. You don't know what it means to talk to a woman."



"Then go to the wardens' meeting! Don't prance around here in it!"

COLLIER'S

GEO. PRICE

From a long way off came a voice, saying, "I know you can get a story, because you have no respect for human feelings."

Gerry's chin went up with a little jerk. "Of course I know," she said to Toby, "and I'll be quiet from now on."

THE next morning while she was at work the door opened and Toby walked in.

"Well," he said, "are we all set?"

"All set for what? I told you last night I had to work this morning."

"You can do that when you're on board ship. Come on, get ready!"

"I am not," replied Gerry primly, "a bosun's mate, neither am I a second-class seaman. I do not choose to be ordered around by you or any part of the British navy."

"You may not be capable of piping me over the side, darling," he retorted, "but you're as necessary to me as a bosun. I need you, Gerry!"

"Is this a proposition?" she asked and then regretted it. His eyes looked hurt.

"No," he said quietly, "I don't want anything like that. I'm most awfully fond of you, Gerry."

Gerry was silent.

"Come on—I've got a taxi waiting outside."

She put the cover on her typewriter automatically and went. Why she was going with him, or why she was letting him order her around this way, she did not know.

They got into the taxi, and Toby drew her arm possessively through his. "I thought we'd go down to the harbor," he said, "and have a look at the Ariadne. I want you to see her."

The destroyer was lying out in the harbor like a long, gray seal. There was something lithe and darting about her that made Gerry shiver. She longed for a pencil to write down her first impression, but she was enough of a reporter to take in certain details without it. The number on the Ariadne's bows—H-48—the slight difference in build and tonnage which differentiated her from the other destroyers lying in the harbor—the little row of flags dripping from her mast. They spelled something, she didn't know what. She'd remember them, though.

"Nice ship, that," said Toby calmly, but he didn't fool her.

She knew what it meant to him—his own command—his little world. She was touched that he had wanted her to share it with him.

They had lunch and then went to the movies. Toby held her hand all through the picture, and she wondered what had happened to the old Gerry Potter, who never held hands with anybody, or wasted afternoons looking at B pictures.

WHEN the movie was over he said, "Now what shall we do?"

"I must go back to the hotel," she said firmly, thinking of the unfinished article, the article which had to be sent to New York right away.

"No, you're not going back to the hotel," he said. "You're spending the evening with me."

They found a small restaurant near the docks where the lobster stew was good and the ale strong and bitter. The ale made him slightly talkative.

But it wasn't the story she'd hoped for. It had nothing to do with the Ariadne. He told her about his mother and father, and his dog and his home in Devonshire. He talked about England. She couldn't possibly use any of it, but she found she was intensely interested in what he was saying.

Toby smiled across the table. "Now

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tell me something about yourself, Gerry."

"There's not much to tell," she said. "I was born in New Jersey, and I went to Wellesley, and I got a job on a newspaper after I left college. I have a couple of parents, and a brother who's in the Marines."

Toby paused, and then asked her why she wasn't married. "What's the matter with the men?" he said. "An attractive girl like you ought to have been snapped up long ago!"

"It's a long story, Toby," she replied. "Not now—some other time." But she knew she'd never tell him.

He paid the check and they left the restaurant.

"Let's take a walk," he said. "There's a small park on the other side of town and it ought to be fairly empty at this hour."

They found a bench under a pine tree, and sat down. Below them lay the huge harbor, masked in darkness. You couldn't see a thing, but you knew it was teeming with life. Gerry shivered and Toby put his arm around her. He drew her toward him and her heart turned over.

"Gerry!"

"Yes, Toby?"

"Love me a little?"

There was a long silence. Love was a dangerous word. You didn't fool around with it; not any more. It could make you lie awake night after night staring into the dark with your eyes burning with unshed tears. It could make you do foolish things and ruin your self-confidence. It could destroy you inside.

Her eyes were growing used to the blackout. She could see the expression on his face as he bent over her. There wasn't anything light about it; he was very serious.

"Gerry, darling! From the first moment I saw you sitting there in the canteen—"

"No, Toby, no!" There was panic in her voice.

"Yes," he said quietly.

His lips closed over hers. She knew how it felt to be drowning in a dark sea, unable to help herself. And as the almost forgotten sweetness swept over her, she thought: I can't bear this again. I can't bear it!

"Say you love me, Gerry!" he commanded gently.

"Yes," she answered. "Yes, I'll say it. I'm afraid to, but I think it's true."

THE next day was Alwyn's turn on shore. Toby had to stay on board the Ariadne until evening. Gerry was disappointed in one way, but relieved in another, because it meant temptation was out of reach. He was coming for her at six-thirty. It was now two-forty-five, and she had three hours in which to finish her article. She got out her typewriter again, digging sentences out of her mind with a pickax.

The door opened while she was trying to describe the harbor without giving information to the enemy, and Joe Billings walked in.

"Heavens, girl!" he greeted her. "Don't you ever stop work?"

"No," said Gerry.

"Well, you've got to stop now. I've brought you some news, sweetheart. We're sailing."

The typewriter ceased firing, and there was a dead silence.

"Well," said Gerry at last, her voice sounding queer in her own ears, "what time?"

"We have to be on board at four o'clock. That's all I know."

"Four o'clock!"

That meant she wouldn't see him again. Unless she could find Alwyn and



get a message out to the ship, she'd be gone before Toby arrived on shore.

She had one hour and fifteen minutes in which to finish her article, do her packing, and find Alwyn. But she had them in the wrong order; she must find Alwyn first.

"Where are you going?" asked Joe.

"I have errands to do," she said.

TOBY jumped out of the Ariadne's gig and came toward her along the windy dock.

"Don't say anything now," he said briefly, walking her past the crowd of sailors and civilians on the dock. "Wait!"

They went to the hotel, and she felt a childish desire to cry with rage, although this was the moment she had looked forward to for weeks. They went up to her room, and she sat down on the

bed and looked at Toby. He began to pack up her things. He got order out of the chaos on the floor, put the half-written pages with the finished stuff on the table, and shoved the whole manuscript into her dispatch case. Then he helped her pack her clothes and her toilet articles, and locked her typewriter.

"You haven't got much time, Gerry," he said.

She put her head down on his shoulder for a moment and was comforted. Then Toby handed her her purse and gloves, and she put on her hat. When she had paid for the room, they left the hotel together. There was a cold September wind blowing in from the harbor.

"I've got to leave you now," Toby said, as they reached the gangplank. "I can't go on board with you."

"Oh, Toby! Toby!" she said softly.



"Why does it have to end so soon? Why couldn't they have waited, so we could have had just one more evening together?"

He didn't answer her. He put his arms around her and held her close without speaking. Then he kissed her the way he had the night before, and her eyes filled with tears.

"Don't, Gerry!" he said. "I'll see you again! I'll see you again, darling, very soon!"

He gave her another kiss, and she walked up the gangplank with a feeling of loss that was terrible. When she looked back, he was smiling at her. She wondered how he could smile.

THERE were only eight passengers on board the freighter: Joe Billings, herself, a man who was on the War Production Board, three WRNS who had been giving pointers to the WAVES, and an Englishwoman with tired eyes who was going home after leaving her children in Montreal. The cabins were small but comfortable, and the food was excellent. They dined with the officers and then went to bed.

Gerry could not sleep. She was awake at two in the morning when the engines began to throb. She could feel the ship slide through the water, turn on her heel, and make for the open sea. When morning finally came, Gerry put on her clothes and went up on deck.

The sea was covered with gray ships. It was a large convoy, well supplied with destroyers. She looked at them and thought of the Ariadne lying in harbor far astern. The freighters were plowing through the water at a snail's pace, for the faster ships had to reduce their speed to the common denominator of the slowest one. The destroyers, however, moved at will under their own rpm. They went speeding up and down the long line of freighters, making S-turns through the convoy and leaving a trail of foam in their wake. Planes occasionally flew over the ship like gulls, dipping and swinging their wings in the sunshine and then zooming away again.

Gerry hung over the rail. She was staring blankly at the blue-gray sea when another destroyer took shape out of the morning mist—a long, lean form crowned with spray. The destroyer came hurtling down the convoy, full steam ahead, and as she drew nearer, Gerry saw the number on her bows.

It was the Ariadne.

"Oh, Toby!" she said with a catch in her breath. "No wonder you said, 'I'll see you again!' Oh, darling, no wonder you could smile at me!"

SHE wanted to laugh and cry at the same time but she did neither. She took out her handkerchief and waved at the destroyer as it went by, and she thought she saw an answering flicker from the bridge. She watched the destroyer disappear into the mist. He hadn't told her, because he couldn't.

A few days later, Joe Billings wanted to know why she spent so much time at the rail, gazing into space.

Gerry's first impulse was to make some flippant reply, and then she thought she'd tell him the truth. She had to tell someone or she would go crazy, and Joe was an old friend.

"There's a man out there," she said, "on one of those destroyers."

"Gosh!" said Joe. "What a story! And the trouble is, you can't write it."

"He's in command of the H-48."

"You mean that tin can that went by half an hour ago?"

"Yes. His name is Fentress—Toby Fentress."

Joe said she had certainly changed her



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**4. THAT BARE BULB** is doing little good for anyone. Glares in Dad's eyes, doesn't help Mother's sewing. Better turn it out.

**3. NO LAMP!** That's bad. Mother would strain her eyes less with table-lamp (lower right) beside her. Sewing calls for plenty of glareless light.

**5. DON'T BE A LIGHT-MONOPOLIST!** If Dad moved floor lamp to right of his chair, Junior could sit beside him and share good light.

**6. FLOOR IS BAD PLACE** to read. Why not move that chair closer to Dad and make the floor lamp do double duty between them.

**7. LAMP IS POORLY PLACED.** Better move it to that table where Mother is sewing.

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type if she could fall in love while on assignment.

"It's all right," said Gerry. "I'm still functioning."

The days passed in slow succession until they were off the Grand Banks. The sky and the sea and the ships were blended into the same dull gray, and occasional flakes of snow flickered through the air. The sea had an evil look, as though God-knows-what was lurking under the surface. Everybody slept fully clothed, and the captain never came off the bridge. Gerry would have been more frightened if she hadn't had implicit faith in Toby's ability to keep the Germans away. She was sleeping peacefully the night the ship's whistle went off.

The sharp blasts that meant "We are in danger!" tore the air like the wail of a banshee, and Gerry was out of her berth almost before she was awake. The whole ship was awake and quivering. She could hear running feet everywhere, but the sound was orderly; there was no sign of panic.

Gerry's cabinmate was calmly putting on her life belt. "Well," she said briefly, "I guess we're for it."

"Yes," said Gerry, "I guess we are."

A trickle of fear ran down her spine; it was over as quickly as it had come. Toby was out there; he'd take care of her somehow.

The deck was crowded with dark forms. Just as she reached her boat station, there was an explosion on the starboard bow, and a column of flame rose into the sky.

"They got her that time," said somebody. "She's hit amidships."

There was another roar as the magazines went up; and then the ship broke in two and disappeared.

A bulky form struggled through the crowd around Gerry's lifeboat. It was Joe; his face looked ashen white in the darkness. He took Gerry by the arm and led her behind a ventilator, away from her fellow passengers.

"Listen, kid," he said.

"Yes, Joe?" she answered, wondering why his voice was so thick and uneven.

"That ship out there," he said, "that tin can that just went down—"

"Was it a tin can?" she said. "I heard somebody say it was a corvette."

"No, Gerry, it was a destroyer. It was the H-48."

She swayed toward him, and he caught her.

"Steady, old girl!" he murmured. "I'm sorry, kid! I'm sorry."

She pulled herself out of his arms and went to the rail. The place where the destroyer had vanished was off the stern now, for the convoy couldn't stop to help the survivors. The freighters had to keep moving. She could see dark forms struggling in the water, and hear faint cries for help. She put her head down on the rail and everything went black; when she came to again, it was dawn, and she was sitting under the lee of the ventilator with her head pillowed on Joe's broad shoulder.

JOE'S office in London was on the Haymarket. It should have been in Fleet Street, but a bomb had removed all traces of the original office long ago. Joe was sitting in his shirt sleeves, pounding out a story, when Gerry walked in. It was the morning after their arrival. She looked at him enviously because he wasn't having any trouble with his story at all. Words were flowing out of him like a river in flood. He glanced up and saw her and stopped work.

Gerry laid a manuscript down upon his desk. "There's the stuff I wrote on board ship," she said. "Read it, Joe, because I'm not sure it's any good. I've got to cable it to New York, if you think it gets by."

"What makes you think it isn't any good?"

"Because it was so hard to write. I can't write any more, Joe! I can't write a word."

"Sit down, kid," said Joe. "I'm sure it's swell, but I'll look it over."

Gerry smoked a cigarette and then powdered her wan face. Joe read fast; it wasn't long before he was through.

"That's all right, Gerry," he said. "But I notice you haven't said a word about the sinking. The boss may kill it."

"I know. But I couldn't write it—I couldn't put it into words."

"I don't blame you."

"A correspondent worth his salt," she added, "would have turned in a good story about it, no matter how he felt."

"No, I don't think so," said Joe. "I don't think so at all." He put the manuscript back in its manila envelope. "You've got to take this stuff over to the



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BEN ROTH





"When I said, 'We wouldn't be eating if it wasn't for a horse,' I meant I went shopping in a buggy!"

COLLIER'S

FRITZ WILKINSON

admiralty and have it censored before you cable it," he reminded her. "They'll run a blue pencil through most of it, but don't get sore."

"The admiralty!" said Gerry. "Isn't that where you go to find out about people?"

"Yes, it is. You go to the admiralty annex on the Haymarket."

Her face was a study in hope. Joe looked at her, and he felt a little sick.

"If you need me," he said, "I'll be right here."

She was back within the hour. She sat down quietly and asked for a cigarette.

"Well, Gerry?" he said.

"Missing," she answered.

It was better than knowing the fellow was dead, Joe reflected. There was at least a grain of hope for her to live on. He told her so, and she nodded.

"I feel sure he's alive," she said. "I may be crazy, but I know he's not dead. The next thing is: How am I going to find him?"

Joe frowned.

"The admiralty wasn't much help, either," she added. "They just said they were doing all they could."

"You'll find him some day," said Joe. "Keep your chin up."

GERRY went out into the Haymarket again and spoke to the first sailor she met. He was a little surprised, but eager to help when she explained.

"What would you do if you were trying to find someone who'd been torpedoed?"

"I'd go to the admiralty—"

"I know—I've done that."

"Try the canteen, miss. The sailors who go there sometimes know more than the admiralty."

Gerry pulled wires and became a canteen hostess, working there on Saturday nights, serving coffee and sand-

wiches, and dancing to the strains of a juke box. She was disappointed when she found she was not allowed to question the sailors about their ships, but then the admiralty released the story of the sinking of the *Ariadne*, and she was allowed more latitude. You could talk discreetly about a dead ship.

Every sailor she met was asked the same question, but the answer was always the same, too: "No, miss, I never 'eard of the *Ariadne*."

"It's very strange," she said bitterly one night when she was unusually tired and discouraged, "that no one has! She was on the regular convoy route. She used to go back and forth, back and forth, just like a ferryboat."

Toby's words, but she had used them unconsciously! They came back to her now with a shock.

"Don't give up, miss," advised the sailor whom she had just questioned, as though he had read her thoughts. "You'll find a lad who's been on the *Ariadne*. Everybody comes in 'ere sooner or later."

"No, I won't give up," she replied, ashamed of her outburst. "Not ever."

Joe called for her one night at the canteen. This was odd, because he was usually in the office at that hour. He took her by the arm and walked her across Berkeley Square to the Ritz, and they sat down in the bar. He ordered two double Scotches, and she thought he looked a little queer.

"What's the matter?" she asked.

"I'm tired," he replied. "I had to go down to the naval hospital at Greenwich this morning. Royalty was inspecting, and the office wanted me to do a story because some of our boys are down there."

"Well, go on!" said Gerry, as he paused.

Joe did not look at her. "I found a



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sailor down there with a severe case of burns. His face was swathed in bandages, but he could talk. He was on the Ariadne, Gerry."

Her heart stopped beating altogether. "What did he say?"

"I think you'd better go and talk to him. Tomorrow. I've made all the arrangements for you to go down there."

"No, I don't want to talk to him," said Gerry, "because I know. I can tell from your expression, Joe, just what he said to you."

Joe was silent. From Piccadilly came the wail of a siren, but neither of them paid any attention to it.

Gerry looked at him with a white face. "Tell me, Joe! Tell me all the details!"

"Nobody on the bridge was saved. All the officers were killed when the magazines blew up. He explained why, but by that time I was so sick—for you, Gerry—that I wasn't listening."

"It's all right, Joe," she said. "Really, it's all right."

Joe thought the way she took it was extraordinary and said so.

THE next morning she went back to work and wrote a story that was one of her best and when they dined together a few nights later, he told her she was all wool and a yard wide.

"Well, what else can I do?" she asked. "I have a job to do. I can't lie down on it now. Besides, writing keeps me from remembering all the time."

The only concession she made was to give up the canteen. She told the senior hostess that she was too busy to work there any longer, but she told Joe the real reason:

"The canteen reminds me too much of the night I met Toby. I just can't take it."

"That's all right, Gerry," he said, "don't worry about it. You're doing enough as it is. You ought to rest nights, anyway. You look as though you'd lost ten pounds."

"Make it fifteen," said Gerry, "and you'll be nearer the truth. Here's a small remembrance for the boy in Greenwich Hospital," she added, handing him a

sizable check. "You needn't tell him where it comes from. He doesn't know the skipper had a girl."

The days passed into weeks, and the weeks became a month. One night as she was walking home, she passed the canteen. It was a Saturday, and she could hear the strains of dance music. She walked on a few paces and then turned back. She stood there on the sidewalk, listening. The juke box was playing a polka.

She could hear laughter and the shuffle of dancing feet. And suddenly she wanted to go inside. She wanted to ask questions again, ask the boys in there if they knew anything about Toby. It was a feeling that came from nowhere, but it was irresistible.

She opened the door of the canteen. It was all just the same. The air was blue with smoke and naval uniforms, and the floor was crowded with dancing couples.

"I'm crazy!" she thought as she put on her apron. "That boy in the Greenwich Hospital—he knew! He was there—he saw it all. Toby's dead—he died when the magazines blew up."

She would have gone if somebody hadn't dropped another sixpence in the juke box. She recognized the melody vaguely, but she couldn't remember the words until somebody began to sing:

"I'll see you again, whenever spring breaks through again..."

You could hear the words and music plainly above the laughter in the room. Who had said those words to her? Toby! He had said them to her instead of goodbye. He was sure he was going to live, that he would see her again. The tune was an omen. She knew she had come in here tonight because hope had never really died, and now she must have faith, too.

She walked out on the floor, and a sailor asked her to dance.

"Look," she said, "did you ever hear of a ship called the Ariadne?"

"Yes," he answered.

"Were you on board her, by any chance?"

"No. But there's a man in here who was. Want to meet him?"

"Yes, if you don't mind," she said, her lips dry.

A moment later she was face to face with the gunner's mate of the Ariadne.

"What—what happened to the skipper?" she asked.

"I don't know, miss," he replied. "The last time I saw 'im, he was swimmin' for a raft."

"Do you mean," she said slowly, "that you saw him after the magazines blew up?"

"Yes, miss. When the bridge went up, he was thrown clear. I saw him swimmin' near me."

"But do you know whether he was saved?"

"He must 'ave been. There was a trawler about, pickin' up survivors. I'm sure he's alive, miss."

"And what about the exec?" added Gerry, wondering what had happened to Alwyn.

The sailor confirmed her fears: "Lieutenant Thomas was killed. That I do know, miss."

SHE finished out the evening and left. Outside in Berkeley Square, the stars were very bright. She walked swiftly up Hay Hill and turned down Piccadilly. The darkness seemed strangely peaceful, strangely beautiful. She entered the hotel and went up in the lift. She was going to call Joe. She could hardly wait to speak to him.

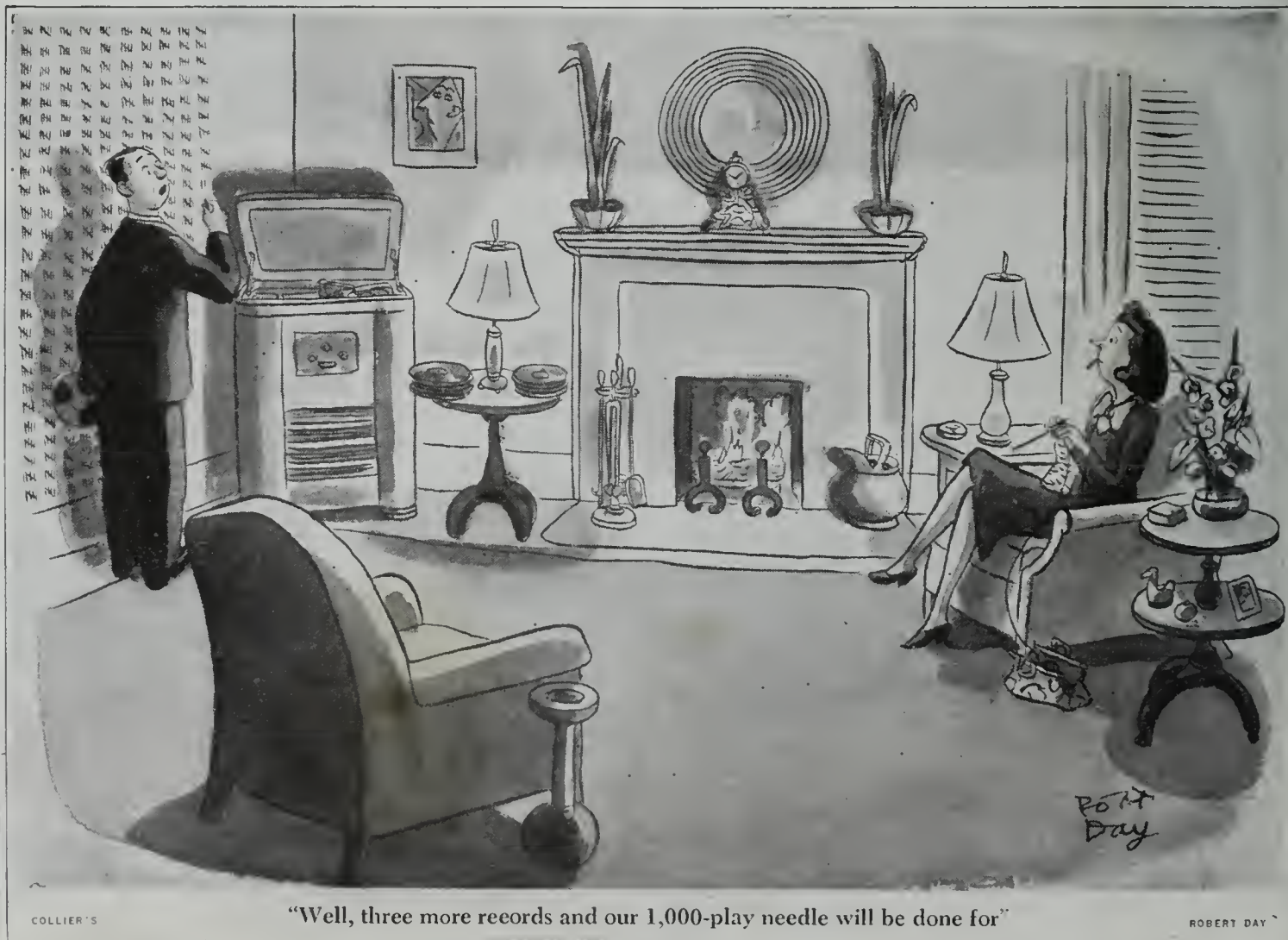
She opened the door of her room and switched on the light.

There was a form lying on the bed—the form of a man in a navy-blue uniform with gold braid on his sleeve. His dark red hair was in need of a haircut, and his breathing was deep and regular, as though it came from utter exhaustion. She crossed the room and knelt down beside the bed.

"Toby!" she said, but he didn't wake up. He was too far gone from weariness to know she was there.

She laid her hand on his cheek for a moment and then put her head down beside him. When he waked, her face would be the first thing he'd see.

THE END



"Well, three more records and our 1,000-play needle will be done for"

ROBERT DAY





## Who is this man the Crawfords didn't want to see?

The Crawfords weren't friendly when he called. They had already made up their minds on the matter.

"I'm not driving my car much," Dick Crawford said. Just to and from the plant. Besides, we can't drive over 35 any more. So why should I need insurance?"

Then the man the Crawfords didn't want to see did some explaining. He called attention to authoritative figures which show that *most* auto accidents actually happen at speeds *under* 35 miles an hour!

Finally it was Mrs. Crawford who decided. She saw that no family could risk the expense of an accident, especially now. So she insisted that Dick insure their car. Now he realizes it was the smartest thing they ever did.

Dick Crawford *did* have an accident—on his way to work. And the other driver was badly hurt.

There was a heavy judgment—far more than Dick could have paid. And if the man the Crawfords didn't want to see hadn't called—if he hadn't convinced them they needed insurance—it would have been disastrous.

Who was this man? He was a representative of the State Farm Mutual Automobile Insurance Company.

*There are 7,000 men like him—ready to advise you about auto insurance in wartime . . .*



They are the 7,000 State Farm representatives in the United States and Canada. Their responsibility is to help save *you* from accident loss.

They are backed by the largest automobile casualty insurance company in the world, one which has saved its policyholders over

\$50,000,000 in the cost of their insurance. They offer insurance protection so reasonable in cost no driver need be without it.

They offer insurance, too, that's geared to wartime conditions. State Farm insurance rates, for example, are adjusted to the type of gas ration card you have. Another example is State Farm's special coverage for pool car drivers. And at all times it is important to know that State Farm auto insurance is non-assessable.

They offer a new type of collision insurance that does a lot to help offset rising repair costs. It is State Farm's unique 80% *Collision Plan* which pays 80% of the cost of repairing collision damage to your car, whether it's just a dented fender or a costly accident. This plan pays 80% of every collision repair bill on your car up to \$250, and 100% of any bill over \$250!

Also important in wartime are State Farm's other automobile insurance coverages. State Farm's Medical Payment Plan pays medical expenses of members of your family and passengers injured in your car, at the lowest cost in history—less than 1c a day. Comprehensive Insurance protects you against loss from fire, theft, and most of the other hazards that threaten your car. Emergency Road Service and Bail Bond Insurance pays 80% of the expenses incurred on a public highway for mechanical first aid, towing, and a number of other services, and reimburses you for 80% of any premium or fee paid for a bail bond. A State Farm representative will be glad to tell you about the advantages of State Farm's life and fire in-

surance, too. (For obvious reasons, the names in this advertisement are fictitious.)

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Address.....

City..... State.....



G-33



# "See-ability" tells the tale...



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It provides the *See-ability* needed to keep young eyes bright. Further suggestions are included in a new booklet: "How to Get More Light for Your Money." Write to the Westinghouse Electric & Mfg. Co., Lamp Division, Dept. R-2, Bloomfield, New Jersey.

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**Westinghouse**  
\* MAZDA LAMPS \*  
FOR GREATER "SEE-ABILITY"



## Johnny-Quick-on-the-Downbeat

Continued from page 18

*We look back now—our smiles are rueful—*

*By contrast, those old days were booful.*

*Oh, yesterday's tears are tomorrow's laughter.*

*Each time—*

"Stop!" Sally cried.

He stopped. He glanced at her inquiringly. "Too many anapaests?"

"I don't want to hear any more of it," said Sally.

Johnny's face was growing red. "Will you kindly give with reasons?" he asked softly.

"It's a quickie and I don't like quickies."

JOHNNY got up from the bench. His face had a wooden look. "Sally, I've just found out who has been picked to write the music for your picture. If I may speak frankly and dispassionately, those two tin-pan-alley cats haven't come up with anything worthy of the juke-box trade since Heigh, Ho, I Wanna Go Back to Tasco. I am here strictly from altruism. You need something like Tomorrow's Laughter to give your picture class. What's the matter with it?"

Sally shrugged. "Oh, it's not bad. Thirty-two-bar chorus. AABA pattern. Built to the title idea. Faintly reminiscent, of—what was that thing Crosby used to sing a couple of years ago? Not too reminiscent, of course."

"Oh, no," Johnny quickly agreed, "it would never do to have it too reminiscent."

"Just enough so that it will be easy to learn and remember," Sally elaborated. "Then the triplets on the release—just to be a little different. All the tricks, Johnny. You know so many tricks. It's too easy for you. But there isn't a real, a fresh melodic phrase in it."

"Really?" said Johnny, as if he were grateful for every word of it.

"And you," Sally said bitterly, "are the Johnny Hale who wrote Breakfast in Heaven and Clouds Against the Moon! You can write heartbreakingly lovely tunes—and you ask me how I like a fast hack job like this!"

"You really," said Johnny in admiring tones, "sound as if you know what you're talking about. I hate to argue with anyone as beautiful and clever as you are, but, Sally, you do not know songs. You can sing them, you can put them over on the screen, over a mike, or across the footlights, but, baby, you cannot pick them."

"I am going to shower and dress now," Sally said with the serenity that was such an attractive part of her. "I'm expecting some people. Yesterday's laughter is today's tears for both of us, so let's accept it. Goodby, Johnny, and good luck!"

"I have a skin thicker than an armadillo's," said Johnny, "but my nerve ends seem to detect the presence of whisk-broom bristles. Before I go, will you tell me why? You know you're still in love with me."

"That doesn't make any diff—" Sally began. "I am not!" she indignantly corrected herself. She was blushing. "That's all in the past. You are nothing but another tall, tanned man with snowy teeth when you smile."

"In New York," said Johnny in a slightly shaken voice, as he crossed the index and middle fingers of his right hand, "we are like this. You love me. You say so. I love you. I say so. We are nuts about each other, simply nuts. So what happens? With your knowledge and consent, I come to Hollywood to do something about the low blood count of my finances."

"Johnny—"

"You do so nicely on Broadway," he went on, "that you are invited to Hollywood to make a picture. We knew that that was in the cards. We agreed harmoniously that if or when that happened I would write your songs."

"Johnny, please!"

"Because I've always written your songs, because I know your moods and what you can sing and what you can't."

"Johnny, it's no good."

"Isn't it? Even murderers are given a trial before you hang them. So what happens when you come to Hollywood? You refuse to see me. Your agent refuses to let me see you or him. You hang up when I telephone. You throw



"Secin' another car on the road must have got them both excited"

COLLIER'S

DAVE GERARD



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IN SERVICE AT HOME AND ON EVERY FRONT



"Gran'maw—c'mere—the Army wants ter know if Willy is six feet tall!"

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Few of us on the Home Front can measure up to the job being done by our men in the Armed Forces. But we can try. Things like building increasingly better, the armaments those men need. Even little things like keeping our cars up to snuff—so they stretch every gallon of gasoline miles farther. That's the job Auto-Lite Spark Plug Dealers can help you do with their

"Plug-Chek" Inspection Service. Actual tests by the American Automobile Association show this new spark plug service can help increase gas mileage as much as 12%.

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IN ITS 26 GREAT MANUFACTURING DIVISIONS, AUTO-LITE IS PRODUCING A LONG LIST OF ITEMS FOR AMERICA'S ARMED FORCES ON LAND, SEA AND IN THE AIR





*"But think of the rubber  
you're saving," urged Elsie*

"DRAT THE RUBBER I'M SAVING!" bellowed Elmer, the bull. "I've been sabotaged. These infernal skates deliberately tripped me!"

"Nonsense," said Elsie, the Borden Cow. "It was just your own clumsiness. Now stop complaining. In times like these, we must all sacrifice till it hurts."

"It isn't the sacrifice that hurts," moaned Elmer, "it's the sitting down."

"What's wrong with sitting down?" asked Elsie. "People just love to sit down to a glass of my rich, creamy Borden's Milk. They show good judgment, too. Milk and milk products rank so high on Uncle Sam's National Nutrition Program that just going around telling people about them makes me feel like Paul Revere."

"I wish I felt like Paul Revere," grumbled Elmer,



feeling his bruises gingerly. "He was lucky . . . he had a horse."

"Speaking of horses," beamed Elsie, "cheese lovers everywhere tell me that wild horses couldn't drag them away from Borden's Liederkranz. And I don't wonder. This tawny-crust, creamy-centered treat is the one American-made dessert cheese that's famous the world over. Of course, it's only one of more than 20 Borden's Fine Cheeses, but . . ."

"Woman," snarled Elmer, "if you ever stop talking, take a few minutes off and help me pick up these papers!"

"If it's picking up, you want," smiled Elsie, bending over to help Elmer, "most folks say there's no pick-up like a glass of Borden's Hemo. It's the new way to drink



your vitamins and like 'em, you know. And it tastes like the grandest malted milk, only more so."

"Very interesting," mumbled Elmer, dusting himself hastily, "but I must be off to the office . . . oof!"

"Oh dear, down you go again," sighed Elsie. "If I fell

down on my job as often as you do just getting to my velvety smooth Borden's Ice Cream would



half as luscious to taste, nor nearly as nourishing.

"And that, I suppose," sneered Elmer, "would panic the entire country into a panic, including the and Navy."

"Nothing could panic those boys," said Elsie. "But both our fighting forces and our allies do on me for plenty of Borden's Evaporated Milk. It



only irradiated with Vitamin D, but it makes scrumptious creamed soups and mashed potatoes.

"Don't say *mashed* so casually, ple-a-se," groaned Elmer. "Unfortunately, it reminds me of the way I

"One way to make a man feel just grand," giggled Elsie, "is to serve him a hearty slice of mince pie with Borden's None-Such Mince Meat, the eatin



spiciest mince meat ever. Won't you agree?"

"Just help me get these blasted skates off my feet and into the Scrap Drive," yelled Elmer, "and I'll do anything."

"Yes," snickered Elsie, "big folks and little folks agree that . . . if it's Borden's, it's got to be good!"



Elsie says: "To stretch the rubber on your car, stretch your legs...don't drive if you can walk."



ny letters in the wastebasket unopened. My name is suddenly hay fever. Why?"

Sally walked to the end of the room. She looked out at the ocean, then turned and came back. She sat down on the olded towel on the piano bench and looked up at the tall, sun-browned young man with the aggrieved blue eyes.

"The night I met you," she said, "was at a cocktail party at the Countess di Maille's. Remember?"

"Yes. I saw you across the room and gave you my assembly-line smile."

"You took me home in a taxi. You were the first man I'd met in New York who didn't, the minute I got into a cab with him, try to give me an osteopathic treatment. It was an amazing experience. You were kind and thoughtful and considerate. I'd been working hard and I was very tired that night. I had never felt so grateful. I liked you immediately."

"Better men than I am," Johnny murmured, "have had both hands paralyzed by love at first sight."

"The more I knew you," Sally went on, "the more I liked and admired you. You weren't Johnny-Quick-on-the-Downbeat then. You were thoughtful and studious and quite serious. It's the way I was brought up, Johnny. That's the type I like. I can't take the quickie type seriously."

"Wait a minute," Johnny broke in.

"You weren't doing so well in New York. You—"

"I went into a horrible slump."

"Yes," she agreed. "We're pretty young. It was probably your first serious slump. All creative people have slumps. Those with real character fight through them and come out on top. They've not only licked the slump but themselves."

JOHNNY was gazing vaguely at her nose. "If—"

"Soon after you came out here," Sally purposefully went on, "these incredible reports began coming east. You had completely changed. You weren't going with your kind of people."

"If you mean Judy Carver—" Johnny began doggedly.

"I don't," Sally lied. She was determined not to let him know how much it had hurt when those rumors linking him and that blond, beautiful, husky-voiced glamor girl had reached her. It wouldn't have hurt quite so much if Judy Carver had been a really nice person, but she wasn't a really nice person. She was tawdry.

"I can explain Judy Carver," Johnny said. "I can explain everything."

"It isn't important. She's only a part of the picture."

Sally hadn't meant to sound bitter. She wasn't jealous of Judy Carver's meteoric rise from a Brooklyn grocery store, or her beautiful friendship with Johnny. She did not consume without salt the witches' brew of the gossip columnists, yet she believed that the existence of smoke usually indicates the presence of fire. Judy Carver was, Sally argued in her realistic way, merely a straw in the ill wind that would soon blow down Johnny's castle of cards.

"What is important?" Johnny plaintively asked.

"The way you went quickie!" Sally cried. "The boy who plucks songs out of thin air for anybody at a moment's notice! Writing Love Isn't That Way in a rowdy night club with Judy Carver's lipstick on Buzz Barkley's dress-shirt bosom!"

"It's a good song," Johnny said dully. "Next you wrote Bright China Skies, likewise on the spur of the moment, for Dorothy Lee Wang on a pari-mutuel ticket at a race track."

"What's wrong with Bright China

Skies?" Johnny asked. "The proceeds are buying rice for China, aren't they? It's a hit, isn't it?"

"Then," Sally proceeded, "in Jimmy Quigley's column about a month ago—Here. I saved it." She found the clipping in her desk. She read: "Johnny Hale has come up with another tuneful flash song. It happened in a Beverly Hills poker game. The stakes were astronomical. Johnny needed \$2,500 to call a bet, but he didn't have \$2,500. Producer Amos Jacoby offered him \$2,500 for an on-the-spot song for his new picture Dancing in the Dawn, and Johnny went into one of his famous fifteen-second trances and came up with I've Got the Symptoms, But Is It Love?"

"It's a neat little number," Johnny defended himself.

"It's a quickie," Sally said. "And—"

"If a song is good," Johnny broke in, "what difference does it make whether it was ground out in six months or whipped out in six seconds."

Looking at Johnny, so tall and brown

memory of me will be quickly removed."

The door closed solidly behind him.

Sally, contending with an impulse to burst into tears, realized she had ruined her last chance to patch things up with Johnny. She wasn't really sorry, she told herself as she walked into a chair that she thought was her bedroom doorway.

IT WASN'T that she had stopped loving him. She would always love him, but she knew what happens to romance when respect flies out the window.

And it wasn't that she wasn't grateful for his generosity in offering to do the songs for her picture. But the picture must be a success and she dared not jeopardize it with those flashy, spur-of-the-moment songs of his.

And it wasn't jealousy. It was simply that his choice of a girl like Judy Carver proved what kind of man he really was.

In a night club a few evenings later she heard Dinah Waverly sing the song she had spurned. A week later you couldn't turn your radio dial through its range

## MR. FALA OF THE WHITE HOUSE

by ALAN FOSTER



"He's a reticent little fellow when you get him alone"

and nice-looking, Sally felt herself weakening. Often in the recent past, when he had tried so ingeniously and so relentlessly to see her, she had almost weakened. She would not weaken!

"The six-second song," she answered, "can't help being flashy and cheap."

"There is a word," said Johnny, "called 'faith.' You might look it up in the dictionary."

"There is also," retorted Sally, "a word called 'character.' You'll find it plainly printed on the faces of people who have courage and integrity."

"Oh, nuts," said Johnny, knowing full well that when a man says, "Oh, nuts," in an argument with a woman, reason leaves the room.

"I wish I could make you understand—" Sally began in a whimper.

"I do understand," Johnny said savagely. "Thank you, glamor puss, for both barrels." He strode to the front door. He turned. His white teeth flashed in his most attractive smile. "If you will open all the doors and windows, all

without hearing Tomorrow's Laughter a dozen times. It made the hit parade in a month.

"All right, I was wrong," Sally admitted to her most private self. "It's clever and it's awfully catchy." It must have been. Everybody on the street was whistling it. "Johnny was right. I can sing them but I can't pick them. But in the long run, I'll be right."

A few days later at a Santa Monica Beach club she saw him for the first time since their quarrel. She and her producer were having a luncheon conference on the tiled terrace close to the ocean, and she suddenly saw Johnny's handsome curly head and his shoulders, burned by the sun a rich butternut, among the many bathers. She singled him out with the ease of a mother identifying the cry of her child among dozens.

He was frolicking in the water with a girl in a green swim suit. Her slimly sumptuous figure and her incredible daffodil-yellow hair made her easy to recognize.

They were playing with a large blue rubber duck with a red bill. They were laughing uproariously. Watching them play, Sally felt a sharp stab of unhappiness.

Suddenly, Johnny seized the rubber duck and carried it to shore. He borrowed a pencil from a man. When he dropped to the sand, he was less than a dozen feet from Sally.

Judy Carver followed him out of the surf and dropped down beside him. "Well," she said breathlessly, "have you got it?"

"Why," Johnny answered, "does a baby duck walk softly?"

"I don't know," the husky voice of Judy Carver said. "Why?"

"Because it can't walk, hardly." Johnny looked up at the cloudless California sky and began to hum a tune. Some men with cameras were strolling in that direction. "I think," Johnny said, "this may be that gay little swimming-pool number, Judy."

Sally realized that she was witnessing the painless birth of another of Johnny's spur-of-the-moment songs.

As he hummed, he began to write rapidly on the stomach of the rubber duck.

When Sally saw the photographs of Johnny, Judy and the inspirational duck—they appeared next day in all the morning and afternoon papers—she told herself that the entire episode was degrading. She experienced not only a feeling of revulsion but a feeling of desperation. She resolutely denied that it was jealousy.

When Sally heard the song, she did not change her opinion. It was gay and it was facile. It was catchy, as all of Johnny Hale's songs were; but it was, as was the duck episode itself, cheap and tawdry—a shining example of the expediency that would soon ruin Johnny Hale.

IN THE next few weeks Sally was too busy with troubles of her own to give much thought to the tragedy that loomed ahead for Johnny Hale. The studio was having casting trouble, story trouble, director trouble and music trouble with her picture. There were even times when the songs they were giving Sally to sing did not seem right to her; but she was not sure. When the thought occurred to her, she stoutly denied that she wished Johnny Hale were around to pass judgment on these songs, and she frequently assured herself that she did not miss him and was lucky to have got rid of him.

Sally let herself into her apartment one evening, so tired, so battered in spirit, that she could think of nothing but a long warm bubble bath and bed. She was so tired that the very thought of a cocktail was distasteful and the thought of food, abhorrent.

With the door half-opened, she stopped and listened. Someone in her living room was playing a familiar gay little melody on her piano. It was Why Do Baby Ducks Walk Softly? She closed the door and placed her back against it.

The unseen pianist began playing Tomorrow's Laughter. He played one chorus of that, then drifted into Bright China Skies and from that to I've Got the Symptoms.

Sally walked into her living room. Johnny Hale, looking very cool and self-possessed and handsome, was seated at her piano.

He saw her and stopped playing. He lifted one hand high over his head and held its palm toward her.

"How!" he said in a deep American Indian voice.

"How," Sally responded in a small, tremulous shriek, "did you get in here?"

"What a silly question," Johnny answered amiably. "I could have bribed





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can't get a  
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your maid. I could have climbed the fire escape. I could have picked a lock. The thing is, I'm here."

"The next thing is, you're going!" Sally panted. She was trying to compose herself. She was on the verge of tears, anyway. She had done only a sketchy job of removing her make-up and she looked a wreck. Not that the impression she made on Johnny mattered. It was simply that a woman always likes to look her best when she confronts the man she has jilted.

She was trembling with anger. She wanted desperately to be alone.

"Some people are dropping in in a few minutes," she said coolly. "I have to bathe and dress and—and—"

The affectionate gleam in Johnny's blue eyes made her falter.

"I am awfully busy," she said firmly. "This was a cute stunt, Johnny, but I must ask you to go."

He was watching her attempts at calming herself with sympathetic interest.

"I know what you mean," said Johnny. "'Sighted song writer; sank same.' But I've just heard the music for your picture. To be perfectly frank and dispassionate, it stinks."

SALLY seated herself on the edge of the nearest chair. "So you broke into my apartment like a common burglar—"

"—To come to your rescue."

She clapped her hands. "And write a little number for me on the back of a rubber duck!" she caroled. "What a pity! I gave my entire fleet of rubber ducks to the rubber drive."

"The last song I swam to your rescue with—" he began.

"Ah, yes! You told me I couldn't pick them. Remember? And now it's Number Three on the Hit Parade. Proving that if I don't follow your advice, I'm a Hollywood has-been before I even begin."

Johnny pursed his lips judicially, but he raised only one eyebrow. "Perhaps we shouldn't put it quite so strongly."

Sally jumped up. "Get out of here!" she cried. "I don't want your quickies!"

"That," said Johnny calmly, "comes under the category of sticks and stones. The Navy is allowing me about two weeks to clean up all my unfinished business. Let's finish this now. Let's be honest, Sal. Let's face the facts."

Sally slowly sank down on the edge of the chair. "What facts?"

"That you're going to be the face on the film vault shelf if you don't get one good romantic song to hang that picture on."

"Goody!" Sally cried. "You're going to take it out of a silk hat before my unblinking eyes!"

He gravely shook his head. "I don't seem to be in the mood, Sally. But I'll try."

He swung around to the keyboard. He played some experimental phrases. The notes were like rippling liquid. He tried some chords. He played a few of his favorite whimsical arpeggios.

"This may be it," he said dreamily. "I think—I think the title of it will be *Deep In This Lonely Heart*."

With her eyes closed, Sally listened. His fingers were finding a melody that was wistful and might readily become haunting. He began to sing:

*Deep in this lonely heart a song lies  
dreaming,  
Waiting for the magic of a word—  
A word as gentle as the murmur of awaken-  
ing spring.  
It dreams and awaits the little whis-  
per. I have heard  
Upon the night mocking laughter. I can-  
not sing*

*This love song, my song of life, until  
your lips,  
So cruelly silent, waken it from its  
dreaming.*

*Beloved, return soon to my side and  
whisper the word  
That will give to both of us our mean-  
ing.*

Sally jumped up. "No!" she wailed. Johnny swung about. He looked shocked. "What's the matter?"

"The same thing!" she said hysterically. "It's just too quick! It's just another song on a rubber duck!"

He got up. "Sally," he said in a shaken voice, "do you really feel that?"

"I don't trust it! You say I can't pick them. Maybe I can't. All I know is that one of these times one of these quickies of yours will be a dud. This may be the one."

"No," said Johnny, "this isn't it. This song has a heart. This is your love song."

Sally was shaking her head. "No! No! It isn't it!" She gulped. "I asked you to stop bothering me. I meant it."

Johnny stared at her as if he were amazed, then he walked rapidly to the doorway. He turned and gave her a long look from blue eyes that had turned black and bleak.

"Good luck, glamor puss," he said.

She heard the door close. She sat down and put her face in her hands. Her face was hot. She was shaking.

She jumped up. She ran to the door and let herself out. She rang for the elevator, then ran to the stairs.

Johnny Hale was climbing into his roadster when she ran into the street.

"Johnny! Wait!" she cried. She ran to the car, opened the door and climbed in beside him.

She panted, "I'm sorry I was so rude. I can't let you go thinking I'm ungrateful and hateful. The whole thing is, I can't help feeling the way I do any more than you can help the way you've changed."

"Is that the whole thing?" Johnny asked quietly.

"But I am grateful!" she said breathlessly. "You were so sweet to go to all this trouble. I realize you're only trying to help me. I—I think it's the nicest song you've ever made up on the spur of the moment."

"Can I drop you off some place?" Johnny asked calmly.

SHE felt weak and sick and thoroughly miserable. She suddenly felt terribly alone and lost.

"Johnny—" she whimpered, and stopped.

Along the quiet, dimly lighted street someone still invisible was walking toward them, whistling. It was a sweet, wistful, eerie melody.

"I've really got to be going," Johnny said. He started the engine.

"Just a moment," Sally said. She was suddenly alert and mystified and very calm. "Turn off that engine."

When he did not obey her, she turned it off herself.

She heard again the wistful melody. It was closer.

"Johnny!" she whispered. "Do you hear that? It's the song you just composed! It is!"

"I've got to be getting along," Johnny said.

Sally could now see the whistler as he came down the sidewalk under the pepper trees. She softly picked up the words.

"Beloved, return soon to my side and whisper— Hey!" she called.

He was a tall, thin mulatto boy in an apartment-house uniform.

He hesitated, peered, came over. He



looked in and said, "Oof! Evenin', Mr. Hale."

"Hullo, Harry," Johnny said dully. "That," said Sally, "was a lovely song you were whistling, Harry. What is it?" Harry looked frightened. "I—I don't rightly know, ma'am."

"But where did you ever hear it?" "Mebby you better ask Mr. Hale." "No. I'm asking you," Sally said. "And Johnny—I'll do the talking." With one hand, Johnny made a limp gesture equivalent of a shrug.

"Do you work for Mr. Hale?" Sally asked.

"No, ma'am. I just run the elevator in this building."

"And you heard him playing that song?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"How long?"

"You mean, how long I been hearing him play it?"

"Yes."

HARRY'S face became thoughtful. "Two months. Yes, ma'am. Any two months." The whites of Harry's eyes became prominent. "But it wasn't always like the way I was whistling it, ma'am!"

"No?" said Sally.

"Oh, no, ma'am. It's just like the way he does all his songs. It starts off one way, then he changes it and changes it's you hardly know it, and finally he gets it right."

"That," said Sally, "is terribly interesting, Harry. Give me five dollars," she said to Johnny. He gave her a five-dollar bill. She gave it to Harry. He clutched it and gazed at her dumbly.

"Thank you so much, Harry," Sally said. "It's awfully interesting, the way song writers work, isn't it?"

"Yes, ma'am," Harry agreed in a dazed voice. "It sure is." He resumed his walk under the pepper trees.

"Step up, folks," Sally said softly, and watch the pretty gentleman go into a trance for fifteen seconds and come up with a lovely song."

"This is where I came in," Johnny muttered.

"How beautifully you did it!" Sally

marvelled. "Especially the rubber duck—with all those publicity department photographers so handy!" She was half laughing, half crying. "Darling, you did it beautifully!"

"The pretty gentleman will now roll his hoop," Johnny muttered.

"I can guess all of it! You were deep in that slump and desperate when you came to Hollywood. Isn't it true that you fell into the hands of a smart press agent and did everything he told you to do?"

"Yeah," said Johnny.

"Wasn't his first suggestion that you go home and compose a piece and then create it spontaneously on Buzz Barkley's dress-shirt bosom—using Judy Carver's lipstick?"

"Yes," said Johnny.

"Is your press agent by any chance Judy Carver's press agent, too?"

Johnny hesitated. "Yes," he said.

Sally held her breath a moment. "He arranged that Hollywood romance because she's been slipping! There wasn't ever anything between you—was there?"

"Certainly not," said Johnny. "I kept reminding her that she was dangerous, so it wasn't necessary for her to demonstrate it."

"Why," Sally wailed, "didn't it occur to you to tell me your dreadful secret that day at Malibu when—"

"Occur to me!" Johnny said indignantly. "You wouldn't listen to me! You were too busy giving my character a total blackout!"

"Johnny!" Sally said. "My poor darling." She put her arms about his neck, pulled down his head and kissed him. "Johnny," she said tremulously, "I'll never doubt you again. Oh, darling, how I've missed you! Will you forgive me?"

"What is there to forgive?" Johnny asked. "I wouldn't have any respect for a girl who had any respect for what I've been these past few months."

Sally sighed with contentment. "I should have known," she said. "A really nice man never changes."

"Give me fifteen seconds," said Johnny, "and I'll have the music, two verses and a chorus to fit that."

THE END

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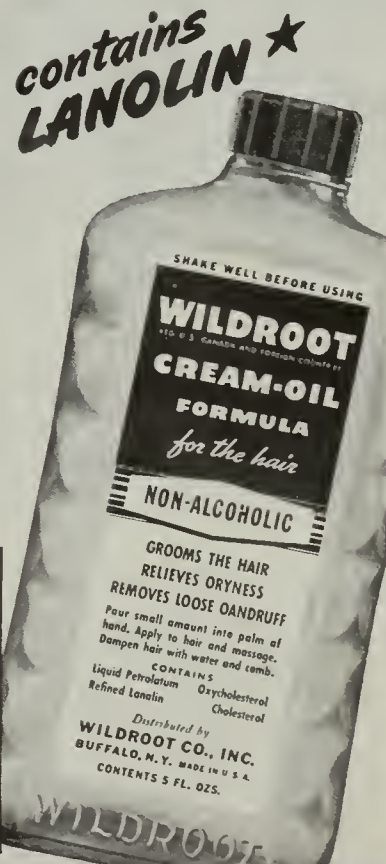
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COLLIER'S

CARL ROSE





Robert Williams, 16, of Chicago, held with 15-year-old Rita Mizgask for shooting a taxi driver

# Are Children Worse in Wartime?

By Ella Winter

Charles Ross Heath, 16, comes before Justice Siegel of Marquette, Mich., for kidnaping two-months-old Gloria Nault, whose body was found in a truck. His mother is standing behind him



Juvenile delinquency is on a rampage. It is convenient to blame the war but the cause goes much deeper than that. Parents and responsible government agencies please read—and blush

**D**ID you drink the beer?" "Naw!"

The little Spanish boy did all the answering; he looked friendly, roguish, warm-eyed—and sharp-witted. You could see he was a city kid.

The two little boys of twelve stood before the judge in Children's Court; behind them were an angry truck driver, a policeman and two weeping mothers. They had been caught on a beer truck, each with a stolen bottle of ale.

"What did you take it for, Sonny?"

"You can turn 'em in for a nickel."

"What would you want a nickel for?" The judge speaks to them in a quiet, confidential voice.

"T" buy candy."

The driver was sore. They were the eighteenth and nineteenth bottles he'd lost that day and the company held him responsible for every bottle. When a radio patrolman had come by, he had turned the kids in.

"Ever stolen before?"

The brown-eyed boy winced. His mother was sobbing loudly. It wasn't fair to call that stealing! But the judge is probing, to find out what kind of kids they are.

"Naw!" The judge believes the little, friendly, Spanish boy. He sends the two of them upstairs to wait. They will wait several hours, scared out of their wits. Then they will hear the judge's decision.

For stealing, hundreds of thousands of boys, the country over, are haled before children's courts, psychiatric clinics, juvenile aid bureaus, adult courts. They swipe stuff from hucksters' barrows, trucks, candy stores, warehouses, drugstores, from parked automobiles, shops, the five-and-ten: candy, a sweater, a shirt, chewing gum, penknives. In Hartford, Conn., a war-production center, they have been specializing in stealing nickels from parking meters.

You are sitting behind the kindly voiced judge and

asking yourself guiltily: How many boys do you know who've taken things? Nice boys, of good family; perhaps even your own boys—candy, apples, chewing gum, change from your pocketbook. The shopkeeper will call you up (or the teacher will), and ask you to "take care of" it at home. And you do, at home. Never a policeman; never a court.

Five boys were caught stealing autos. I found them at the out-patient department of the mental-hygiene clinic. They had already been arrested and arraigned. They had admitted stealing cars for rides and saw nothing wrong in it. Hadn't the cars been standing at the curb with their keys in them? The fact that they were using another person's property, that they were using gas that wasn't theirs meant nothing to them. They wanted to drive, so they got into the first car they saw, and drove. What else was there for them to do at night anyway?

Again you think of your own boy, who loves driving. What might he not have done had you not given him his opportunity legitimately? But these boys were not as fortunate; they are arrested, fingerprinted, sent to jail. They start on their long downhill career.

Among girls the largest number of delinquencies are sex offenses. There are girls who become pregnant at twelve—girls who accompany a man who offers them candy and friendship. There are little girls who play out on the streets at night, and go along with a truck driver for a nickel or a dime. That is the sum.

Now, since the war, many girls go out with soldiers and sailors, partly for the fun and the proud display of their "feller" in uniform, partly because the servicemen are lonely in a big, strange town and the kids feel they are doing something patriotic. They want to give something, so they give themselves. They're called "Victory Girls." Many are between twelve and fifteen; most have no idea of the consequences. Venereal diseases have risen alarmingly. Some girls, of course, have no objection to the money in it. One child of sixteen came to Juvenile Court with thirty offenses in one night to her credit, at \$1.00 each. I asked if they ever went after the man.

"We can't do much about them," the judge said. "The men all give the girls the same name—Tex—or Boston."

## War Increases Juvenile Delinquency

Juvenile delinquency had been on the downgrade before the war. In New York City there had been 56% less court intake of allegedly delinquent white children between 7 and 15 per 1,000 population; 10% less Negro children. With the outbreak of war, it rose immediately. In the first six months of 1942 there was an increase of 14%, in New York City, in the number brought to court; the most spectacular rise was in youngsters between 10 and 13. In girls of 13-15, the rise was 33½%. In Detroit, girl delinquency is up 43%; in the Niagara Falls area, a new war-production center, it has jumped 58%. Hartford, Conn., another large and quickly expanded defense center, has doubled its number of truants and more than doubled its number of missing young people in 6 months. In Los Angeles, arrests of youngsters rose 35% in the first three months after Pearl Harbor.

Actual commitments of delinquent children to institutions in New York City—and they are a small fraction of the cases brought into court—increased 20% in the first six months of 1942 compared to the same period in 1941; what is more striking, the rise in April, May and June, 1942, compared to January, February and March, of the same year, was 18.6%. The problem is thus intensifying rapidly. J. Edgar Hoover, head of the F.B.I., who must judge from the most flagrant cases only, says all juvenile delinquency has increased at least 20% the country over, that it is "mounting rapidly," and "unless something is done," we "can expect another era of lawlessness such as swept the country after the last war."

Does this mean our children have all suddenly grown worse?

In Los Angeles, a Mexican boy was shot and killed. Police investigated and came upon a huge, organized gang of boys and girls involved in every kind of crime—holdups, robberies, shootings, murder, attempted kidnaping. None could join the gang who hadn't committed robbery or seduced a girl. All smoked marijuana. By August last, 400 boys were in custody, twenty-eight were indicted for murder, and their "girl friends" were held as accomplices.

In Detroit, a juvenile mob of over 100 boys and girls invaded night clubs, theater lobbies, movies, bars;



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smashed windows and furniture, tore down displays, threw stones and terrorized patrons and passers-by.

In New York City schools, the subject has become a grotesque nightmare. Two Brooklyn boys of 16 and 19 shot and killed their mathematics teacher. The papers were full of their brazenness, their zoot suits, their cold-blooded unconcern for any human values. The boys had objected to being reprimanded by the teacher. They are in Sing Sing for fifty years. A "reign of terror" has actually grown up in the city schools. Teachers are beaten by their students; students are beaten by their teachers. The teachers, through their guild, have appealed to the city police to protect them from bodily harm.

Some people blame Negro children; others blame foreign races. Most recent investigators say the picture includes all races, all religions, colors and creeds, and is worse only in the most overcrowded districts and in the underprivileged areas.

### Broken Homes Break Lives

Overcrowding of understaffed schools is blamed, where attendance in classes has risen to sixty pupils. Trailer towns in the new production centers have no room or facilities for the children to entertain their friends. The kids meet in taverns, at rinks, in roadhouses and stay out till 3 and 4 A. M. Mothers tired from a day in the factory don't even want them around—in the one crowded room.

It may seem a new problem.

"Tension—due to the war," is the main diagnosis. Police say: "Wartime tends to create a lawless spirit." Social workers say: "Fear of bombings, black-outs and air-raid drills are too strong an emotional stimulus for children." Boys have grown more restless; it is hard to put in those two years between 16 and 18 when they will go in the Army, hard under such conditions to keep the mind on steady, settled work. Youngsters are earning relatively high wages due to defense work and shortage of adults in civilian occupations. They grow cocky. Fathers are in the Army, mothers in the factories; families are split up; the home is no longer a home. Discipline has weakened, supervision of children has dwindled. There are too few social workers, too few supervisors, too few probation officers, teachers or welfare workers.

But is it a new problem?

True, there are new conflicts and new anxieties. True, violence and aggressiveness, normally frowned on and discouraged in the young, have become heroic virtues. Flash Gordon and Superman are childhood idols. The Russian gangster who killed 309 Germans is a heroine. Standards are topsy-turvy.

Didn't a lot of it happen before? Hasn't what is taking place now to the accompaniment of such a chorus of amazement and outrage been occurring for a long time? Before the zoot-suit slayers, wasn't there the bobbed-haired bandit? Before the Mexican gang, wasn't there Al Capone and his racketeer? Before the SS, didn't the Black Legion terrorize Detroit? There are some new causes; pressures are heightened. But let us face it: the seed fell on fertile ground.

Juvenile delinquency, as a social and legal phenomenon, hasn't had a long history. American law and treatment based themselves on English experience. England, children were subject to Poor Law tradition; and English Poor Law practice is something difficult to read about even in these days of mass slaughter. The kids were treated as "mature adults," segregated, humiliated, degraded, put to work at hard labor.

A hundred years later, in a new, rich country, young delinquents are still herded with adult criminals in state prisons; in reformatories, boys are thrown together, the normal and healthy with the sick, the feeble-minded, the defective, the psychopathic. It has become a truism that if a child is sent to a reformatory he is inevitably started on a life of crime.

At Whittier, one of California's two industrial schools, two boys committed suicide by hanging themselves with the leather belts. In the ensuing outcry it was discovered that the most brutal regime held sway, with guards beating and torturing the boys. There was no segregation between the abnormal and the normal, and California is not the only guilty state, either.

That's the picture—in outline. What to do? Not tomorrow, or when it gets worse, or after the war is over. Now. In all the honest investigations and all the same reports, the same causes for child delinquency are always found: poverty, neglect, lack of community facilities, lack of provision for children's energy and activity, no thought for outlets for the



"I'm mad at you, Mr. Schmidt—you still have plenty of everything I hoarded last summer!"

COLLIER'S

REAMER KELLER





"What I can't understand is: how come we talk so little about what we're doing, and those guys talk so much about what they did"

COLLIER'S

COLIN ALLEN

agination, for their need of attention, understanding, friendship.

The individual and the community have both failed the child. Astonishing facts and figures greet the inquirer. There is full agreement on the housing shortage, on the difficulty of life in the new trailer or prefabricated towns. Yet in this situation the city administration of New York cut park appropriations nearly \$2,000,000, closed schools, boys' clubs, health and recreation centers, swimming pools and summer playgrounds; sliced \$900,000 from the education appropriation (and the state sliced another \$2,000,000). Over a thousand jobs in the Welfare Department have been eliminated or left unfilled. The best agency dealing with delinquents, the Juvenile Aid Bureau, has been closed.

England learned a costly lesson from this war. In its first year, 1939, England sharply cut welfare services and social agencies, as well as schools. Almost immediately juvenile delinquency rose by a third, in the first four months of war; by 62% in the second as compared with 1938. Children and adults became infected with diseases to an alarming extent.

#### Action on the Home Front

But seeing all this, England corrected her mistakes. Closed schools were reopened, health and recreational services were not only put back but extended, skilled workers were called back to welfare work. Evacuated children were housed in children's shelters or in foster homes, their loneliness, anxiety and tension dealt with—a little. Hundreds of new nursery schools were opened. It was impressed on everyone that care for children in wartime was front-line service on the home front.

Or take another country. In Russia, when war and invasion broke up thousands of homes, all kinds of institutions, trade unions, state farms and factories set up new kindergartens and nurseries, homes and shelters and orphanages. The slogan raised was: "No orphans in the U.S.S.R." Foster parents offered their homes, their care and their love. And all this in a relatively poor country whose land is invaded and where fifty million people have been moved from their homes. The community in Russia does more, wherever feasible. In new factory towns, or old villages, in besieged cities, in guerrilla-administered districts, on the farms, there are theaters for children, circuses, puppet shows, museums, concerts, exhibitions, clubs, playgrounds, "parks of culture and rest." The children themselves, the country over, have organized in "gangs," but the gangs have as their objective the helping of Red Army fami-

lies, salvaging scrap, gathering the harvest, dragging wood to where it is needed, in factory or home. They use up all the surplus energy of the children.

No child lives in a vacuum. Children will take out in concrete behavior against other human beings hurt that has been done to them. When they are "bad," the temptation for adults is to bear down on them, exercise authority, punish, repress. Almost half of America's twelve-year-olds still get whipped or spanked at home; three quarters get slapped; a third have said they are afraid of their parents. This is how they put it: "When I get whipped or slapped I get mad and want to do something else bad. It makes me do worse things than I did before." Mothers drag their own children to juvenile court and ask the judge to "put the fear of God into them." Fathers insist on their rights, in complete disregard of the child's welfare; parents can be cold, selfish, jealous, unseeing or simply uninterested. A child is quick to know when it is not wanted.

Dr. Miriam Van Waters, an experienced and far-seeing Children's Court judge from Los Angeles, has listed nineteen ways of being a bad parent. Her opinion is that juvenile delinquency could more properly be called parental delinquency. Modern psychiatry has added to our knowledge of the endless ways in which unhappy or harassed parents take their tensions and anxieties out on their children. The child may break the china, torture the cat, stay out all night, and the reason is to be sought in what is happening to the parents' lives.

But in addition to the conditions or treatment that leads the child in juvenile court to say, "I would rather die than go home," there is a vast new social problem we have hardly faced. The family is changing, the role of the modern state is being transformed. Philosophies, relationships, spiritual values, our fundamental ethics are shifting so rapidly that it is difficult for the most enlightened parents to know where they stand or where their children stand. The family is weakening, as former President Herbert Hoover's Report on Social Trends pointed out. The community has not caught up. Juvenile delinquency is one result of these changes.

The answer must not be more repression. No child is a born criminal. No child is an "icy-hearted killer." Every child needs someone to go to, in or out of trouble. We have got to be honest with ourselves before we can help a child.

Juvenile delinquency does not have to be the nation's growing Number One problem.

THE END



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# Journey to the Sea

By Harry Sylvester

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

Some things, when refused, can never be had again. A woman's heart is not necessarily one of these things

HE SAID goodbye to Twining and Varsadi—no longer even annoyed with the former—when he left the Sick Officers' Quarters of the Base Hospital that last morning and went to the office where he signed papers he never read, and to the paymaster's, where they gave him money he never counted—a large, folding wad of it—and he was free. The orders said he was to travel out of uniform, but as he was leaving the reservation, the Marine at the gate recognized him in the civilian clothes and saluted; so that, nodding in return, with a diffidence that came on him as suddenly as passion might, Camoens felt better because of the salute.

He took a cab to the station and picked up his reservation. After checking his bags he went to a bar for the first drink in months. Standing there, the rye whisky and water in his hand, he seemed to have lost his taste for it, but he could feel it working in him, so that he drank it all, feeling it let loose the things he had not been going to think of now that he was going to sea again.

Most of all he thought of The Patriots. He had christened them that himself, although other men had other names for them, and they existed in the secret world of his mind forever as they had once existed in fact, each one young and terrible, coming unwillingly to the hospital and fiercely to the door of the S.O.Q., where the others stared at him curiously or indifferently.

Camoens supposed that he had once been a Patriot himself, and part of him was proud that now he was something harder and less self-deceiving, something without a name, perhaps, but of value for the time they lived in. He thought of Twining, short, hard and barrel-chested, coming that first time to the door of the S.O.Q., fierce as only short men can be fierce. Twining had never been to sea. They had taken him out of training school with some kind of rash and sent him to the base hospital, where, for the first forty-eight hours, he had told the others what the United Nations were fighting for.

No one had said or done anything, except to look at Twining tolerantly. They knew that the casual talk that came out nights after the lights were out in the ward would silence Twining as it had the others before him. Camoens remembered now the nurse coming in with the final medicines for the day, and Garber on his cot making his usual pass, trying to put his arm around the nurse, and the nurse finally saying what the others had begun to know, with pity and amusement, was true about Garber. She said, "You're not kidding anyone, Garber. You've been too sick to be really tough. It's become a convention with you."

And all of them laughing, even Gar-

ber, but not Twining. Twining saying, just before the lights went out, "You guys are certainly worried about the war," and no one making a direct reply, but in the darkness someone asking the Scotsman from the Royal Navy what it was like when the planes came down shooting at your ship. And the little man, getting over pneumonia brought on by hours in the water, saying in a heavy burr, "It's no so bad after the fir-rst time. The fir-rst time, you want to jump overboard, whut wi' the noise of the plane and it cooming doon. But then you notice the machine guns are missing you by plenty—oh, say ten or twelve feet. It's no so bad."

Camoens supposed now that if Twining hadn't been so young he would have known enough to shut up, but he had said, "Darned if we're afraid, Scotty."

And the silence, with someone finally saying, someone never identified, "When was your last sea duty, Twining?"

And again the silence, which they mercifully didn't let be too long, before someone said to Varsadi, "What was it like there, Joe, off the Russian coast in the small boats?"

"Oh," Varsadi said, "I guess it was the

cold mostly. We figured to make it to the coast if it didn't get too cold. We did, and all most of us got out of it was the bad feet. I guess it was really worse when we were in Archangel. We were out of uniform and standing in line for food every day for weeks, and one day we heard of the British and American sailors fighting, and we went over to see what we could do, but we couldn't do much because we were out of uniform. And some Russian said, 'We fight the Germans—and the English and Americans fight each other.'"

So Twining had finally kept quiet and they knew he had learned, too; the thing they all learned, after the enthusiasm of ignorance and inexperience had left them: that it was a hard job, to be done coldly and with what he supposed the intellectuals would call objectivity.

IT SEEMED to Camoens now that his own experience had not been bad: Circling a small coastwise convoy and dropping depth charges rhythmically and seeing the oil rise, but the exultation brief as the torpedo (that none of them saw and a few of them never felt) hit. What had been bad was getting through the surf off the North Carolina reefs; but the Coast Guard had come out into the surf and led them through.

He finished his drink and went outside. Walking through the dusk of the city, he was glad to be on the way again. He had no time to see his parents, and the mine sweeper he was going on was no safer than most mine sweepers. But neither bothered him. He was preoccupied

with a nostalgia for the girls he had known. Only a little later—two or three days—the nostalgia would be something else, he knew. Now, it was vague and even impersonal and he could be glad—with the same objectivity they all acquired, willy-nilly—that it was impersonal. No one to worry over, whether for her own concern or her infidelity.

He ate in a quiet restaurant near the station, smiling inwardly and ironically as he waited for the young women to look at him; and when they passed, unheeding, he glanced at a mirror and saw he was not in uniform. Once it hadn't mattered to them whether he had been in uniform or not, and he wondered if it were the hospital pallor but knew it was not that. He smiled again, thinking that the best of the things the war had brought to him was the capacity to quickly, almost automatically, disillusion himself.

On the train, the berths were made up and he saw none of the people he was to travel with. He sat on the edge of his berth, more tired than he had thought to be. The train was moving slowly when she came into the aisle between the berths, a tall girl who moved with grace. Her head was over Camoens as she passed and he knew she had not seen him. The scent she used seemed to linger with him longer than it should have. Something to go to sleep on, he thought, with the new and almost continual irony.

But he was more tired than he knew and was grateful for it. In the morning he was the last one up in the car and, when he was dressed, saw that the girl was talking to a second lieutenant. There



The customs inspector closed the bag and grinned, calling him Captain. Camoens could feel the girl staring at him



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**BUDGET FEATURE!**  
THIS WEEK—**PEAS**  
MARCH 8-13



you are, George, he told himself, that's what you get for being out of uniform.

From where he sat he could see them talking, the man uncertain, the girl bright and assured, but hanging on the man's words. Camoens stared at her and she grew annoyed. When the two walked past him on the way to lunch, he saw that the girl was slightly taller than the lieutenant. A little later, at Indianapolis, Camoens was amused to see the lieutenant dash back into the car to pick up his cap and luggage and get off. You will talk to pretty girls, Camoens thought. You should develop the ascetic principle: The less you want or have, the less you can be hurt or disturbed. So should we all, he thought, all develop it.

The girl returned to the car and became severely engrossed in her knitting. The light leveled over the Illinois plains and farms, and George Camoens, more uncertain than he had been in years, made the first, desperate attempt of that day toward serenity. He asked the girl if she would like to read one of his books or the paper. No, she told him, she would not. She looked severely at his civilian suit. One of The Patriots, he thought, and turned away.

**I**N ST. LOUIS he wandered aimlessly around the station, waiting for the train south. The Navy grapevine at the hospital had it that his new ship was going to be in the middle of things. It probably wasn't true, he considered; the grapevine was frequently wrong. But this time he would be just as pleased if it were right. He wondered what the girl was like. Even discounting his stay in the hospital, she seemed pretty special. He supposed he had been too resigned, had let her get away too easily. He should have turned on the charm, like water in a tap. His own thoughts annoyed him and he told himself that a sinking and less than three days in an open boat should not have affected him so. He was seeing things, too, for as he walked toward the train, he saw her again. There was only one porter in sight and Camoens gave the man his bags before the porter could reach the girl. He went toward her.

"Those are kind of heavy, aren't they?" he said.

"Oh, I can manage, thank you." But she let him take the bags.

"You're on the Mexico train, too?" he said.

"Yes."

"It's a long ride," he said, aimlessly.

"I've never seen the country," she said.

"I thought it would be better to ride than fly this time."

"I wanted to come down leisurely, too," he said.

"For your health, I suppose?" It was only a moment later that he realized she had given the words a double meaning. He looked at her, erasing carefully even the weariness from his face, and said, gravely, "That's right."

There was only one Pullman for Mexico. The girl knitted while Camoens sat next to her and talked, her answers in studied monosyllables. It had become quickly dark outside and they could no longer see the land. It swept by them in a long, unending shadow and Camoens stared at it across the girl, seeing in it some sort of vague symbolism. Against its dark, swiftly moving shape, he saw the girl as if for the first time, the profile white and clear. He caught himself and thought of the charm, which someone had said he could turn on and off like water in a tap. He said, "The darkness is a very effective background for your face."

"In New England, on the shore lines, I wouldn't have it, because we pull down

all the shades on the seaward side of the trains when it grows dark."

"Oh, to be in New England, now that November's there," he parodied. The charm wasn't working very well, he considered. The girl continued to knit. A Patriot, he thought. The dull blond hair curled once where it touched her shoulders. She could get away with it, too, he decided. The train whistle blew in the night and he said, "That sound is supposed to be a lonely one, but no one seems to know why."

"I've never thought much about it," she said.

"You are difficult," he told her, half to himself, then added, in the same half-pensive tone, "Certain sounds or sight or odors remind us of unrelated things for no apparent reason." He went on half-weary, more sincere than he knew. "Your face against the land rushing by made me think of women that lived a long time ago, whose beauty became legends."

Her gasp was almost imperceptible but her face had only the appearance of humor as she said, "Do you tell that to all your stray female acquaintances?"

"I don't know," he said, now not looking at her. "I really don't. I don't think so. It's been a long time—" The self-pity he hated rose in him and he almost told her who and what he was. Such as it is, he thought, and shook the temptation away. He said, "Dinner. I mean would you like to? Camoens is my name George Camoens."

She looked at him. "Another gag too?"

"No," he said. "Sorry, though. Had a Spanish grandfather. No relation to any one famous of the name. Maybe just a drink?"

"I'm not drinking," she said.

"You Patriots," he almost said, but didn't.

"But I'll have dinner with you if I can pay my own check."

"As you wish," he said. "Any concession for the pleasure of your company."

Rising, he swayed, walking with the motion of the train, and the illusion of drunkenness was strong in him. He supposed the crusher would be when they opened the bags at the customs. How modest he would seem or something.

**H**ER name was Elaine Hammel, she told him, when they were in the diner. She said that the weather had been very bad in Connecticut. He was not surprised, he told her gravely, wondering why good-looking girls could not also be intelligent ones.

"I suppose you're going to Mexico or business?" she said.

"I suppose it could be called that," he said. "And you are on vacation, of course?"

"Not entirely," she said. "I have a brother in the Navy, and I'm going to see him at one of the West Coast ports before he sails."

Camoens looked over her head. "Mazatlán?" he said.

"How did you know?"

"Guaymas is pretty far north and not handy. It's either Mazatlán or Acapulco. You'll fly from Monterrey west."

"No," she said. "I couldn't get plane reservations. I have to go down to Querétaro and then up the West Coast."

"That's right," he said. "Those little planes west from Monterrey can only carry a few passengers."

She said, "You must be married or you'd be in the service."

"No," he said. It was not often, he considered, that a Patriot was delivered into his hands. If, by chance, he and her brother should be on the same danger-



ous boat and if she could be made to like him. He said, "I'm amazed you aren't married yourself. What with your brother in the Navy. What's his rank?" "He's an ensign, just out of college last spring."

He wanted to ask her if the brother was sailing on the Sheldrake, too, but made himself wait. The timing must be perfect. "But that doesn't explain your not being married," he said, gently.

"Oh, that will come in time," she said, not displeased.

"Meantime," he said, "there are any number of second lieutenants!"

The words and their nuances were exact, he told himself with something like pride. They gave her the chance to refuse to be needled and also complimented her, a kind of double flattery. "And why not?" she said, smiling, but not looking at him.

"Exactly," he said. "Why not. 'Who has beheld fair Venus in her pride...'"

"Oh, do finish it," she said.

"No—I don't know you well enough and you mightn't like it. Next time you get hold of a volume of George Peele, you can look it up." He moved his chair back slightly from the table. "Shall we join the ladies?" he said.

"Ah," she said, "a card."

"I hope not." He knew now what she liked and what she disliked.

BACK in the Pullman they did not talk long. The tiredness behind the eyes that came frequently since he had left the hospital was there sharply tonight and he thought: I must be hollow-eyed enough to look like a hero. His berth was one of the first made up. She said, as he left her, "You can tell me about Mexico tomorrow. I've never been there."

"A pleasure," he said. It was a good omen and he supposed he should feel pleasure, a sense of triumph, but he was too tired. He slept heavily, waking into the half-light of the berth. He pulled the shade open a little and the Texas sun blinded him.

Everyone else in the car was up before him, the girl at her knitting again. He saw her face, intent, the head bent, as he walked toward the diner and before she saw him. He felt a kind of sorrow for her, nameless, which he did not allow to remain long. "I suppose you've had breakfast," he said.

"A long time ago." Her face was quite bright as she looked up at him, longer than courtesy required, he noted. He said, "I'll be right back."

It was almost noon when he returned and sat by her side.

"What's Querétaro like?" she said. "I'll have to wait there for a train."

"It's a quiet city," Camoens said. "Very Mexican, like Guadalajara and all Mexican cities except Mexico City itself, which is like Paris or Brooklyn or Boston."

"You mustn't have seen much of Paris," she said.

"No," he said. "I was a kid, then, a long time ago."

"And what else about Querétaro?"

"Oh, Maximilian was shot there, with a general on each side of him... It's a good town to walk in. The buildings are very old and you get a strong sense of antiquity there... I wish I could walk in it with you."

"I wish you could, too," she said. He looked quickly at her, seeing now the attention too close to the knitting, the head turned too definitely away. The charm, he thought, like water in a tap, but felt uneasy and without pride. He did not press her, as much because of his own inner embarrassment as from a feeling that silence was indicated at the moment. He said after a while, "We're late and we'll probably be late at the border. You'll have to get up in the middle of the night for the customs and immigration inspection. Or stay up. You ought to try to nap this afternoon."

She was trying to knit faster, he saw. He felt embarrassed himself and would not look at her face. Her voice was uneven as she said, "Sometimes things seem

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to happen very fast. Has it ever been that way with you?"

"No," George Camoens said, "not in a long time." Without any feeling of triumph, and knowing that the coincidence would not be much of a one, he followed the pattern the processes of his mind had indicated at the beginning of this. He said, "What ship is your brother on?"

"The Sheldrake," she said. "I imagine, from what he wrote, it's going to be risky."

"Most mine sweepers are," Camoens said.

"How did you know it was that?"

He drew a breath, sighed, and said, "They're all named for birds." He had almost said it then, but didn't. He would let it follow the original pattern. He said, "Maybe the boat will be gone when you get there." It would be, he knew.

"I know. I'm just taking the chance."

He could look at the good face now. The certainty was back in it. He touched her hand lightly and she stopped knitting. "You're a fine girl."

"It doesn't make much sense, does it?" she said. Her voice had changed again: "You must think I'm crazy. I think I'm crazy, myself."

Camoens could not speak. The charm would not function. He felt dull and stupid and concluded that maybe that was the way he was. She said, the voice only partly controlled, "You'll have to excuse me," and rose.

"How about lunch?" he said.

"No. Thanks." She shook her head and was gone. He went to the diner again and sat there and then sat in the observation car a long time. The sun was setting when he went back to the Pullman and the train had made up a lot of time and was coming into San Antonio. The girl was not in the car and her bags were gone. With something like concern, but for which he had no name, Camoens asked the porter if Miss Hammel had gotten off the train. The porter said she had rented a vacant compartment.

Camoens was going to knock on the door of the compartment but didn't. He went back to the observation car, picked up the Railroad Guide and began to read it.

**I**T WAS very dark when they got out at the station in Nuevo Laredo, and *cargadors* carried their bags into the Mexican customs room and laid them on the polished granite tables. The girl was the last one into the big room and when Camoens greeted her, her *cargador* carried her bags over to the table and put them beside Camoens. "They believe, judging by the tables," Camoens said, "that taxes are among the more permanent features of civilization. The tables look like something out of a Roman bath."

He noticed her pallor as she smiled. It became her, even in the thin, uneven light of the place. "A terrible time to get up, isn't it?" she said. She was going to try to keep the conversation on an impersonal level, Camoens saw. Her *cargador* spoke to him in Spanish and Camoens replied.

"What did he say?" the girl asked.

"Apparently he's worried about his tip after he takes the bags back to the car. He asked if you were my wife."

"And you replied?"

"I said, 'Alas, no.'"

She turned away, sober and tender and unsmiling. So now it was all set up, Camoens told himself. The customs inspectors were working toward them along the table. The man started to open Camoens' bag, and the fat woman in black opened the girl's. The man lifted Camoens' raincoat and there, just underneath it, were the uniforms, with one

sleeve showing the gold star and the gold stripe-and-a-half. The inspector closed the bag and grinned, calling him captain Camoens smiled thinly back and said "Solo teniente." He could feel the girl staring. The silence was the feel. The inspector said, "Mucho gusto," and moved on.

On the way back to the cars, the girl said, "Why didn't you tell me what you were?"

"I told you my right name," he said.

"I see what you mean," she said, after a moment. "But shouldn't you be wearing it?"

"Coming down here into another country, I was told not to."

"I suppose I should apologize."

"No." He watched the *cargador* put the bags on the car platform and then he walked back to the observation car with the girl and got on. It was empty now, a three in the morning. The train started without warning and she was thrown against him. It was almost as though he had ordained that, too, he thought, and laughed inwardly as he kissed her. She stayed close to him, awkwardly turned and he realized that she was either younger or more innocent than he had thought her to be.

"It's crazy for anything to happen as fast as this and then to think that it matters, isn't it?" She sounded very young.

"Yes, I think so." He felt it was the first truthful thing he had said that day. He kissed her again, less hard than before, and said, "Love should come out of something of longer duration than this." What else, professor? he mocked himself.

**T**HE train moved very fast over the plains of Tamaulipas and in a little while they could see the mountains of Nuevo Leon come up into the heavens. The mountains rose up against the starlight of the clear and moonless sky and Camoens told himself that it had gone far enough. He had planned the end, his small and somewhat grim satisfaction for Monterrey, when she, now caring would know he was going on the same ship as her brother, the ship she did not yet know she would never see. Camoens' mind was troubled and he bent and kissed her again rather than seek the cause.

She said, "Do you think that sometime, when things are better, and when I've grown up more, you'll maybe love me?"

He didn't know why it had to be like this, he told himself, and said, "I don't love anyone. I think it's a lucky way to be in a war."

She put her arms around his chest, under his arms, so that it hurt him where the rib had been broken as he jumped for the last boat clearing the falls. "You're very wise," she said. "I like you for that."

"You're a very fine girl," he said, "as I told you before. I hope you don't get hurt."

"What do you mean?"

"Only that."

It was colder as the train climbed up into the mountains through the high pass. He didn't have to tell her where he was going, he told himself. He would just get off at Monterrey and make his plane connection. She was a good kid. He thought, with the irony which now gave him no pleasure, that it was curious he should be so relatively calm. In the beginning between them it had not been that way. He could see, over her shoulder, the first light coming up through the saw-toothed mountains to the south and east. She said, "After I see my brother in Mazatlán, I could come back to Mexico City. Maybe you'll be there, attached to the embassy?"



ishful thinking, he told himself; that another thing he had gotten over. said, slowly, so as not to give any away, "No. I'm getting off in a while at Monterrey."

hen there won't be any chance of eg you again?"

he hesitated without meaning to. "I ot it."

Vell, anyhow," she said, "I'm glad aren't going to be on the same boat y brother. It's bad enough having on that kind of a boat. I'll tell him but you when I see him. I ought to be uerétaro tomorrow night and then in atlán a few days. I'll tell him, then."

moens didn't speak for a long time. hi he asked her if there was something portant she had to tell her brother.

don't know whether anyone else d think it was important or not. You he and I are orphans and we're the close relatives left to each other.

es," Camoens said. *Yes, George, are certainly a smooth article. You it on and off like water in a tap.* He osed it was better to do what he d. So he told her what he had ned to tell her now, but muting and ging it as best he could, to not hurt s originally he had planned to hurt

ook," he said, "I expect to see your ner . . . and I don't think you'll get e him. We sail tonight. I'm flying through Torreón." He heard her and he said quickly, "I wouldn't y too much if I were you. There's ing extraordinarily dangerous about e we're going," he lied. "He prob- just heard some grapevine rumors hey're mostly wrong. Honestly. I'll him your love and tell him anything you want me to. Why, we'll all be ng a drink in Acapulco maybe in a le months."

er face changed. In the changing gher face was incredibly mobile algh the features seemed hardly to ce. "Oh, you're good," she said.

he shook his head involuntarily and as gh to clear it from a blow. Patting oulder, he said, "You go write him te and by that time, we'll be in terrey. Hurry, now."

She moved ahead of him through the cars, her grace restored to her. He did not find credible his memory of her young awkwardness against him.

The train was in the station by the time he had gathered his belongings. In its cup of mountains, Monterrey was still hidden from the sun, but a pale, clear and washing light lay on the station, the train and all the city. Camoens waited patiently outside the cars. The porters got on the train and as it started to move, the girl came to the still open doorway of their car. Camoens took the envelope of expensive paper from her hand, smelling the delicate scent in the still, clear mountain air. "Thank you," she said, "a great deal. You can write to me care of the embassy down here. I'll be down a couple of months. You—" he missed the last words. She blew him a kiss and Camoens smiled at the youngness of the gesture in that place and that time.

HE TOLD the *cargador* to take his luggage to a cab and he told the cab driver to go to the airport. It was not until they were on the edge of the city that the sense of loss came to him. He gasped at the sudden and unexpected agony of it and, in something that might have been anger, hit the shatterproof glass with his fist. A small, unsatisfactory crack appeared in it. The driver looked back and said respectfully, in bad English, "Sir, that is much valuable and you have lost it."

"I know," George Camoens said in Spanish; "and I will pay for it. I am always losing valuable things. Do me the favor to drive on."

"Yes, sir," the driver said.

They went on and when they could see the field, there was the old-style mono-plane, trimotored, waiting, its propeller idling in the new sun, and near it a few people looking anxiously toward where the late cab was now finally approaching.

The anger, or the thing that was like anger, had almost gone. Incredibly, he believed that he would see her again. He even saw the place; in April, in some Southern garden. He got out of the cab, and the pilot, knowing who Camoens was, saluted him.

THE END



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# Mortgage on a Dog

By Vereen Bell

ILLUSTRATED BY  
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The deputy folded the mattress with Jud's bird dog, Fred, inside, and stumbled out with it.

The trouble with Old Fred is he's just too good for these here field trials. He's just as apt as not to point a judge that's had birds for breakfast

JUD LEE lay hiding underneath the elderberry bush chewing contentedly on a sweet-gum stem when his small son came and said, "Pa! It ain't that little old fool from the bank this time. It's a big old fool with a revolver in his belt, and he's gittin' ready to load our stuff on his truck."

Jud stared incredulously. "If that bank has set the sheriff onto me just because I owe three years of rent," he said ominously, "I just be durn if I ain't goan git mad! They just keep worrying me and worrying me about that old money, and I ain't goan put up with it much longer."

The sheriff spoke to him pleasantly and the deputy nodded as he brought out a chair and put it in the truck.

"Sheriff," Jud said, "let's talk this over. If you put me out of here, my little fambly won't have nowheres to go at."

"You had the money after your dog won them trials, and you spent it, and the bank says for me to turn you out and that's all there is to it." He spoke to his deputy. "Keep the stuff coming, Alwin."

Jud watched his meager belongings being loaded. They were *really* going to throw him out.

From the interior the deputy called, "Sheriff, he's got a right nice bed in here, but there's a dog laying on it and he keeps growling at me when I try to git him off."

"Bring the bed on out, dog and all."

The deputy folded the mattress with Jud's bird dog, Fred, inside, and came stumbling out with it. He opened it up on the truck, and Fred looked around and then went back to sleep.

"Sheriff," Jud said, suddenly, "I've thought up sump'm. There's a doctor in town, and he's stuck on that durn dog yonder, and I bet I could git him to make me a loan on Fred!"

The sheriff motioned to his deputy. "Just wait, Alwin." He said to Jud, "The bank said that I wasn't to listen to nothing you said, unless you happened to mention selling a valuable dog you had. They never spoke of mortgaging no dog, but if they git the money that's all they care about. Come on and we'll go to town. I'll go, and we'll take the dog."

THE receptionist in Doctor Ingram's office told Jud that the doctor was in but busy.

Jud said, "Shuh, he'll drop whatever he's doing when he hears it's about my old dog Fred." And without waiting, he pushed through the door to the doctor's office before the receptionist could get up to stop him.

The doctor was examining a woman patient when Jud burst in. The woman gave a horrified scream. The startled doctor pushed Jud outside and shut the door.

"You idiot, you shouldn't have come bursting in there like that!" the doctor said angrily.

"Shuh, Doc, don't worry none. Stuff like that don't embarrass me. Let me tel you my proposition."

"If you've got a proposition, tell it to me quickly."

Jud's face saddened. "Well, the sheriff's out at my place a-fixing to turn my little fambly out into the cold."

"That's exactly what he should do Goodby."

"Wait. You've always had a hankering to buy my dog Fred."

The doctor's interest quickened. "You mean you're actually willing to sell Fred to save your farm?"

"Not exactly. I figured to mortgage him to you until another one them trials and then I would win the money to pay you back."

The doctor's eyes gleamed briefly. "Jud, the only reason I would consider such a proposition is because it may end in my owning the dog. I warn you about that. Now there's an open trial at Spencer this week end. I'll pay the bank sixty dollars—one year's rent, enough to stal them off for several months—and I'll pu





## Hitler came the closest . . . by using the air

Recurring attempts to conquer the world bloody the pages of history. Let us tabloid the tale: When the ancient *flat* world bordered the middle ocean, the Mediterranean, conspicuous contenders were the Carthaginians and Romans. With the discovery that the earth is *round*, attempts at world-conquest grew in intensity on a widening scale: Philip II, Louis XIV, Napoleon, William of Hohenzollern! Until World War I, battles were confined to the earth's *surface*. Then came the dress rehearsal, in Spain, for World War II, with

aviation the dominant factor. "It was the handwriting, not on the wall of Belshazzar's Palace, but upon the universal sky for all mankind to read." This, the first global-war, is the birth pain of the human race entering its greatest era, the Air Age. To hasten victory, our entire aviation industry continues to perform miracles of war-plane production. But the ocean-of-air will remain after this war, *and we must remain dominant in it*. To that end too Vultee labors, because the Air Age has just begun.



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*The Progressive*

### UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD

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up the forty-dollar entry fee at Spencer, and I'll give you thirty dollars for transportation and expenses. Miss Monroc, please go with Mr. Lee to my lawyer's office and have him draw up an airtight lien on his dog Fred for the sum of one hundred and thirty dollars. I'll keep the dog here until you get back. Remember, Jud, next week bring either a hundred and thirty dollars or my dog Fred."

WITH thirty dollars cash money in his pocket and the bird dog Fred at his heels, Jud had started to the bus station to learn the bus schedule when he passed a used-car lot. At once it occurred to him that, if he was going to be traveling here and there following field trials, it would really be better to have his own car to drive. He got into conversation with the salesman, and went from one car to another, and finally, in the absolute back of the lot, they came to the vehicle the salesman was willing to let go for a cash down payment of twenty-five dollars.

The car did run pretty good, for the shape it was in, and Jud drove around town a couple of times, with Fred holding his head out the back window and prining into the breeze. When he stopped, Clem Frisby, who had come to town to get some new calendars, approached him.

"Well, Jud, you acting mighty biggity, now that you got a car. Passed me right y while ago without a lift of a finger." "I swear I never seen you, Clem, er I'd shore retched out and wove to you. Me and my money-making dog is all set to go win a field trial. Git in and go. We'll be back Monday er so."

"I'd shore like to see old Fred out-unt them city dogs," Clem said, "but ght here at the end of the physical year when the stores is giving out new calendars, I ought to stay on the job."

"Git in. You got enough calendars." Clem hesitated another moment, and finally unloaded his armful of rolled-up calendars on the floor of the back seat and got in. "Okay," he said with an excited grin, "let 'er go."

Spencer was a hundred and fifty miles away, and after a while the novelty of the ride began to wear off, and as night came Clem and Fred went to sleep. The car rocketed through the darkness, its light blinking occasionally. For an hour the motor ran as smoothly as could be expected, and then suddenly began a rapid, hammering knock that grew in intensity until Clem roused up and Fred shook his head inquiringly. Jud kept the accelerator pedal on the floor.

Finally Clem shouted, "Don't it sound to you like one them bearings is burnt out a little bit?"

"Yep. Sounds like it."

Clem went back to sleep. The knocking grew still louder. Clem woke up and said, "If that thing's going to keep up ch-ch-all a rackët as that, let's stop and fix it."

The next town was fairly large. They were reluctant to slow down for fear the car wouldn't crank again, so they leaned out and yelled, "Where's a garage at?" but the few passersby who were able to understand them above the clatter were so astonished to answer in time, so Clem said, "I'll hop out and git the inflammation and catch you coming round the block." Jud circled the block. Clem was waiting but missed him on the first round, and Jud had to circle again.

Clem directed him to the garage, and they drove in the whole night shift of mechanics came near and regarded the car interestedly.

"We want to git a bearing fixed, and we're in sort of a hurry," Jud said. "How much will it cost?"



"Can't tell, offhand," said the foreman. "Maybe you've busted a piston too. We'll take a look."

A half-hour later he said, "This repair job will cost you about fifteen dollars."

Jud said, "Fifteen dollars! You must think I'm made of money! Can't you fix up a bearing out of a piece of old shoe leather?"

"Not hardly," he answered. "Might as well git it fixed. You can't run like that—the burnt-out bearing driving the piston will wear your crankshaft down, and then you'll really be into it."

"Tell you what," Jud said. "Just take the durned old piston plumb out."

"You can't do that. There's another piston has to operate in rhythm with it. They'll be out of balance and she'll go to pieces."

"Then take the other piston out, too," Jud instructed.

THE garageman argued, but Jud insisted. So they took out two pistons, crammed cardboard into the empty cylinders to keep any stray raw gas from leaking into the crankcase, and the job was done. When time came to crank up all the garage employees retreated to the other end. Clem stood down, too.

The motor started all right, and the four cylinders that had pistons fired fine; but there was a break in the roar when time came for the empty cylinders to fire. This caused the car to shake. Fred, in the back, held his seat with difficulty, and his face took on an apprehensive look.

Jud cut the motor, and Fred, having momentary purchase for his feet, sprang through the window and ran to the other end of the garage, where he hid beneath a disabled car.

"You come here, sah!" Jud called. But Fred didn't come until Jud crawled underneath and got him.

Again he cranked up, and someone got in beside him, but the vibration of the car was such that his companion was just a blur.

"That you, Clem?" Jud shouted.

"Yep. That you, Jud?" Clem shouted.

"Yep."

Out on the road again, the tailpipe shook loose from the muffler so that part of the exhaust gas seeped up through the floorboards, and Fred presently sank to the seat in a grateful semicoma.

Jud said, "What's that clicking noise I keep hearing?"

"It's my false teeth hitting together," Clem complained. "I shore hate fer them to git all chipped up."

"Here," Jud said. "Just hold this old croker sack between your teeth."

Clem bit down on the croker sack and it worked fine. The next thing that bothered him was the heat that threatened to scald his feet.

"Suppose she catches afire?" Clem shouted suddenly.

Jud thought a moment, and then his face lit up. "She's insured, so the man says. Just before we git to Spencer, if she'd catch and burn up, it would be right nice. We'd be there, and git our money back too. Now if she catches, you grab your calendars, and I'll grab old Fred, and we'll git out and let 'er burn up."

"Reckon we hadn't ought to have a little fire drill?" Clem suggested. "I'd hate to forget to save my calendars."

"Ain't a bad idea," Jud said. "After while, now, I'll make out she's afire, and we'll practice up."

"That's it, do it when I ain't expectant."

Presently Jud slammed on the brakes and shouted, "She's afire!" Clem grabbed his calendars, and Jud dragged out the torpid bird dog.

"We got it down pat," Clem said with

satisfaction. "What's the matter with Fred? He looks sorta sick."

"Just sulling," Jud said. "He'll be all right when he sees we're a-going bird-hunting."

Just before dawn, with the croker sack in his mouth straining Clem's snores, the car really did catch fire. Jud slammed on brakes and cried, "Clem, she's afire shore enough!"

Clem stumbled out, still holding the sack between his teeth. Jud, dragging Fred out, didn't see that Clem had opened the hood, and in his half-sleep state was throwing sand on the blazing motor. The fire quickly smothered.

"Well, I'll just be durned," Jud said in disgust. "Look what you went and done. You act to me like you ain't never had nothing insured before!"

With Clem chewing apologetically on the sack, Jud cranked up angrily and they drove on.

THE field trial assembly was waiting impatiently when Jud's car drove up, stopped and backfired, causing Judge Rice's horse to rear. The field-trial judge was angry even before that.

"Is that the post entry Dr. Ingram phoned in last night?" he asked Jud, when Fred staggered shakily out.

"Yep," Jud said. "His name is Fred and he's raring to go."

Judge Rice bit off his words. "So are we, Mr. Lee. We've been waiting here ten minutes. You're in the first brace. Next time, be here when you're supposed to."

Jud said to Clem, "He sounds like somebody with a guvment job."

The judges rode out to the front of the gallery, and the secretary of the club announced, "First brace, Wildwood Jack and Fred. Bring your dogs forward."

Wildwood Jack was eager, jumping about and straining in the grasp of his handler. Fred trotted alongside Jud with a fatuous grin on his face. When they were out front, the big judge glanced at his watch. He started to say, "Are you ready, gentlemen?" but then looked at Jud and said, "Are you ready, men?"

Wildwood Jack broke away in quick jumps the instant of release. Fred strolled forward a few steps, then lay down and panted contentedly. The gallery, already impatient to get started, was forced to draw up to prevent running over Fred.

"Your dog," Judge Rice said elaborately, "doesn't quite show the drive we like to see in a class dog."

"Judge," Jud said worriedly, "somebody has tampered with that dog. Fred, you git going, sah!"

Fred wagged his tail briefly, and put his head on his legs.

"That dog ain't at hisself. He don't belong to lay there like that," Jud said, "and he don't belong to wag his tail."

Clem had gone back to the car, intending to follow in it as best he could, in company with the dog wagons and a spectator truck. Finally he got it cranked and underway. Fred, hearing the unmistakable racking noise of the motor, lifted his head in alarm. As the sound drew nearer, Fred got his feet up and started running.

With Fred on his way, Jud steered his horse to the rear of the gallery where Clem followed in the car.

"Something bad ails old Fred. Maybe I should have give him a thorough of medicine before we come," Jud said. "But it's too late now. Listen to me, Clem. If we can keep him out yonder in front, maybe he'll git back at hisself. He's took it into his head that he don't like our car, so if he tries to quit again, I'll raise up my hand and you race the motor to beat all hell, so he can hear it."

Clem accepted this responsibility with





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pride. "We'll work in co-ornication and keep old Fred a-going," he said.

Wildwood Jack found birds. It was a small covey huddled in a hawthorne thicket, and when they burst out the other side, the dog was steady to wing and shot, and the gallery murmured in approval. Jack was sent away, and he raced along the fringe of a cornfield.

Fred had not been seen since the initial sprint which carried him over the hill and out of sight. On the right side of the course was a creek swamp, on the left beyond the broad and varying avenue of fields, a body of shortleaf pine woods. Jud began to wonder, worriedly, if Fred had taken it into his head to run away.

But presently, after galloping his horse hard, he found him. Fred was asleep in a patch of sunlight in the woods.

"I'm plumb disgusted at you," Jud said angrily. "Git up and go to work. Er do you want to do your hunting from now on with an old fool doctor that smells like sheep-dip?"

**F**RED made no effort to get going, but lay there looking up at Jud lazily. Presently, however, the gallery drew near. Jud moved his horse out into the clear and held up his hand to Clem. Quickly there came the racing and badly broken rhythm of the old car. Fred lifted his head in sudden alarm, and the next instant he sprang away and headed across the cornfield.

This second sprint cleared Fred's lungs somewhat of the gas, and instead of disappearing into the woods on the other side for another nap, he swung back out in front, far ahead of the gallery and gave the appearance of hunting. In fact, when Wildwood Jack found his third covey, Fred was in the vicinity and seeing his brace mate on birds, honored the point.

"Well, I'm glad to find out the old fool will back," Jud said. "First time another dog ever found a covey in front of him."

Mrs. Terrill, who owned the hunting preserve the trials were being run on, drew her frothing horse alongside Jud and said, "Is that really so, Mr. Lee?"

"It's the truth, ma'am, and you know the truth will go from here to heaven."

"I do hope your dog is feeling well," she said.

"No'm, he ain't." He leaned slightly toward her and whispered, "I'm thinking he's been messed with."

Her eyes opened wide in horror. "Why, the poor thing! How terrible!"

But Fred was doing better now. He was covering his ground nicely, and Jud figured that if he could get him on birds a couple of times he might have a chance to be called back in the second series, even though Wildwood Jack had him beat on finds. But whereas Fred was now willing to hunt, his nose was badly off, and was proved a few minutes later.

Fred was seen to strike scent near a gallberry clump, then to turn, draw a few steps and point in fine style. Jud shouted, "He's got 'em, Judge, shore'n hell," and they rode to the place.

Jud dismounted, and with his gun in hand walked toward the pointing dog. Just as he got there, however, a sow with eight little pigs, to Fred's astonishment, emerged from the gallberry clump and with offended dignity, walked away.

"Did you ever see the beat of that?" Jud demanded in amazement.

"I certainly did not," said Judge Rice coldly.

With ten minutes left to run, Jud became desperate. *I'm shore about to lose my old dog to that doctor.* Then Fred came in from a long swing out to one side, and just as he was about to pass the front of the gallery he wheeled and

pointed. Every horse was drawn to quick stop.

"Your dog is pointing straight toward me," Judge Rice said puzzled.

"You must be standing right spang the middle of the covey," Jud said. "Back up real easy like and maybe they won't flush."

The judge backed his horse, then drew him around to one side. But strangely, Fred slowly turned with the man, still pointing. The judge, perceiving this, moved all the way around the dog, and Fred kept moving with him, pointing.

"Lee," Judge Rice shouted, furiously, "your dog is pointing me."

"I'll be darn if he ain't! First a sow and then you," Jud said. "Judge, you didn't eat quail for breakfast, did you?"

"No, I did not!"

"Judge, you right sure you ain't et no quail today?"

"I have not!" roared the judge. "Make that dog stop pointing me, Lee, and furthermore, don't ever run him in another field I'm judging, you understand?" He rode off.

After another brace had been put down and the gallery moved on, Clem and Jud were sitting on the running board, with Fred tied to keep him from running away from the old car.

"Well, I guess I've lost my old dog sure enough," Jud said, and tears rose in his eyes.

"I ain't never seen him zibit so many idiocentricities," Clem said. "It turned out to be a pretty good deal for that doctor."

Jud straightened. "Clem, listen here. When I went up to see that lawyer, that doctor made me leave the dog in his office! You know what he done? He gave Fred a dose of some kind of pizen, to make him act like that so I couldn't win!"

Clem ejaculated, "I just be darn!"

At this moment portly Mrs. Terrill rode back. "I couldn't go away without telling you how sorry I am that you lost Mr. Lee," she said. "But I'm sure you must be wrong when you say someone tampered with your dog."

"No, I ain't wrong," Jud shouted, "and I've done figured out the very scoun'l what done it!"

**T**HAT afternoon Mrs. Terrill's big car stopped in front of Doctor Ingram's building, and out got Jud and Clem and the dog Fred, and Mrs. Terrill, and an officer of the S.P.C.A. and a policeman. They went inside.

Doctor Ingram, in a bright herringbone suit, looked at the assembly in amazement.

Jud spoke. "First thing is to give you your old money back. Here she is, a hundred and thirty dollars. Now you ain't got no more mortgage on my dog."

"Congratulations!" the doctor said. "Fred must have won!"

"You ain't fooling nobody with that made-up friendship. This fat lady here give me the money and took over the mortgage. Fred never won that field trial and you know how come!"

"What on earth are you talking about?"

The S.P.C.A. officer said gently, "Let us handle this from here, Mr. Lee."

The outraged protests of the doctor got pretty loud, so Jud and Clem slipped out the door for quieter surroundings.

"It just goes to show you," Jud said darkly, "that you can't tell who to trust in this world. I shore wouldn't a-thought it of that doctor."

"He shore turned out to be a wolf in cheap clothing," Clem said.

They walked on. Finally Jud said, "You know, Clem, I still think that judge had et quail for breakfast."

THE END



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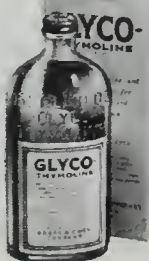


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"and they like it so well they buy some more, and then the man is called a bootlegger." Not called a bootlegger, Mr. Wullschleger; is a bootlegger.

ONE of our authors, James Street, is hurt because in his story called All Out With Sherman, we cut out an incident which he treasured. What Mr. Street was particularly intent on stressing was the origin of the phrase "War is hell." According to the version still current in Mississippi, Sherman was not filled with dark and philosophical views when he uttered the famous words. They came after he had been dumped out of a wagon in a swamp. "The day was hot and Sherman had a hang-over," Mr. Street relates, "and when the wagon turned over, it got him, so he said, bitterly, 'War is hell.'"

FROM Miss Grace E. Ray of Norman, Oklahoma, the seat of the University of Oklahoma, where, doubtless, democracy is considered an important study as well as a priceless boon, we learn that the Navy personnel in that area includes Negroes. "But," explains Miss Ray, "Norman has been declared out of bounds for them, since by tradition Norman has never permitted a Negro to remain in town overnight. Some of the construction workers are Negroes and they may be seen in the Norman streets in the evening but never remain in town overnight; and no Norman woman may have a Negro servant in her employ. The neighbors simply call on the person importing one and ask that the Negro be sent out of town. And the Negro is sent out."

HAPPILY, Mrs. Mildred P. Scott, of Brooklyn, New York, finds this magazine an educational institution of great worth. She bases this on the fact that her son Carl, "who is completely allergic to school, studying, or even reading books (other than the horror 'comic books'), accidentally read a few lines of your issue of January 16th and thinks he has caught you in an error." According

to Carl, a picture we labeled as a Jap Zero is actually a U. S. Republic P-47. He gives quite learned and convincing reasons for his belief, but what interests his mother is another matter. "How all this information got inside him, I don't know; but try to make some mention of it for my sake. Maybe it will encourage him to read a couple more lines some day."

WE ARE grateful to Mrs. Scott for bringing up the subject of reading, because it gives us a chance to comment upon government questionnaires, a question that has been agitating various humorists, stray congressmen and

harassed manufacturers. F. X. Neuhau of Grand Rapids, Michigan, has forwarded us a burlesque questionnaire whose high light seems to be a line that reads: "If you have no color or creed check here." But we have come up with another bit of literature—this time the real thing—that intrigues us even more. It is the insurance pamphlet handed out to young men just after they have been inducted into the Armed Forces at the draft boards. It urges the selectees most strenuously to take out insurance and headed, very delicately: "HERE TODAY GONE TOMORROW." Let nobody ever tell you there isn't at least one genius at work in government service. . . . K. C.



## Big Freeze

Continued from page 34

Chicago, Wirtz got an idea. He rounded up some of the best skaters he could find, bought a few hundred dollars' worth of scenery and ran a one-night "figure-skating exhibition" on the hockey rink of the huge Chicago Stadium. It drew \$11,000 for the single performance.

"H'mm," said Wirtz, "I think I've got something here."

He decided to get a collection of pros and try his ice-show experiment for two nights on January 31 and February 1, 1936. The show cost him \$3,500. It drew \$33,000, and Chicago clamored wildly for more.

But now he had a star attraction without a single big name. There was only one name in figure skating in those days—a 23-year-old blond amateur from Norway, who was just then in the process of winning her third Olympic championship, Sonja Henie.

Wirtz sent her this cable: "Will you turn pro for three thousand dollars a night?"

Sonja answered: "For three thousand dollars a night, anyone will turn pro. Where do I meet you in New York?"

When she got here, Wirtz signed her

for \$12,000 for four performances in the Chicago Stadium. That was the beginning of the Wirtz-Henie association that has lasted down to today.

So Wirtz now had four stadiums, three hockey teams and a million-dollar touring ice show that kept his arenas occupied during the hockey off season. Also, he picked up a bit of extra change by running the Henie show into Madison Square Garden and a few other choice spots every year.

### A Problem in Personnel

In 1939, Wirtz sent Bill Burke to England to buy up all available English skating talent, which Burke literally proceeded to do. He purchased two complete shows. These Wirtz combined into the European Ice Review, which kept the Wirtz arenas occupied during the Sonja Henie off season.

But now poor Wirtz had another problem. It was a farm-team problem, just as in hockey. How was he going to develop young skaters for the touring shows and keep the older skaters satisfied and employed for fifty-two weeks

out of the year? The touring shows lasted thirteen weeks at the most.

This is how the white elephant Ceter Theater in New York became the first ice theater in the country. Wirtz leased it for five years and ran two shows called It Happens on Ice and Stars on Ice into it consecutively. By this time, the best choreographers, scene designers and dance directors in the theater were deserting to him in droves. His casting was done among kids who just wandered in and asked for auditions.

It Happens on Ice received one of the most merciless pastings in history from the dramatic critics when it opened on October 10, 1940. It closed on April 26, 1942, eighteen months later. Stars on Ice threatens to go on forever.

As for the future, Wirtz, who is having his hands full trying to raise a family, manage his business and tend to his hobby at one and the same time, shudders to think of it.

"There are only twenty cities in the country equipped to handle ice shows now," he says. "Think of what's going to happen after the war."

THE END





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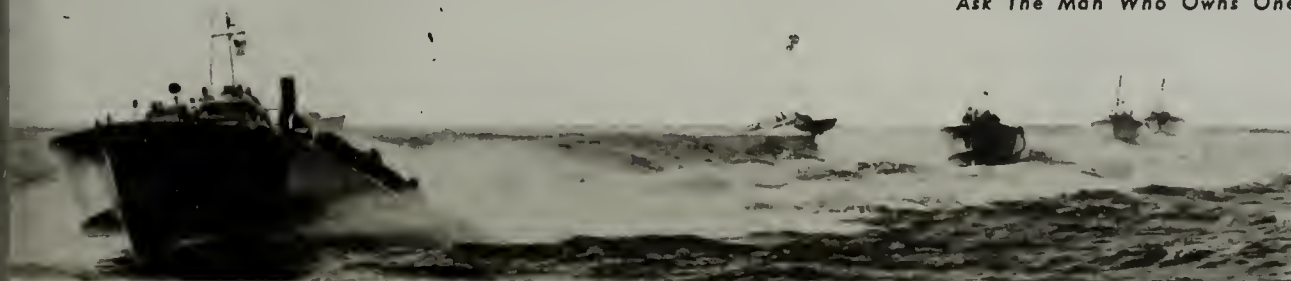
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# The Clark and the Clurk

By Oscar Schisgall

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL BLOSSOM

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

I mustered all the Cockney I could think of and said, "You're a bit of orl right, blighter." Limey answered in his best Brooklynese, "You're okay yourself, mug."



FINALLY, when I couldn't take any more of Oliver Henry's sarcasm, I got up and said in a grim voice, "Limey, I'm a quiet guy and I don't like to fight. But the time has come when you and me better go for a walk."

"My word!" he said, flat on his back and talking to the stars. "The man doesn't fancy being called a boor from Brooklyn."

I glared down at him. "Listen, you lug! You coming, or do I have to do it here?"

We were on the edge of a sandy hill, apart from the others. A full North African moon, scudding through clouds, gave us showers of yellow light. There were twenty of us in this British-American patrol. We'd set up a portable radio, and our job was to watch for Rommel's column. And while watching we were supposed to be a model of British-American co-operation.

Most of the English boys were all right; I had nothing against them—not even the way they talked. But this Oliver Henry was different—a lanky character from London, with a big, hooked nose, very bright eyes, and a feeling that Americans had a long way to go before they could be called civilized. What was worse, he liked to point out our shortcomings—especially mine.

Now he pushed himself to his feet, grinning. "You've a bit of a narsty tongue, me lad," he said. "Since you're *arskin'* to be 'urt, why, it'll be a pleasure to oblige."

I was boiling as we walked away from camp. We tried to look casual about it, so that nobody would guess what we had in mind. If the lieutenant had suspected we were going to fight, he'd have yanked us back in a second. As it was, he just saw a couple of men heading for the jumble of rocks and hills we called Latrine Boulevard.

The funny thing was I could have liked Oliver Henry. Big and homely and loose-jointed, he was a cheerful guy. Only, he'd rubbed me the wrong way from the start. When he asked what I used to do before the war and I told him I'd been a clerk, he sniffed as though the word had a bad smell.

"I expect you mean a *clark*."

"No," I said. "A *clurk*!"

"Odd," he said, sort of pitying me, "'ow you Americans always tyke the vulgar accent. Is that the w'y they teach in your schools?"

IT WENT on and on like that, with me getting madder and madder, until at last he made this crack about me being a boor from Brooklyn. That did it. I figured the only way to make him shut up for good was to bash in his big nose and loosen a few of his horse teeth.

About three hundred yards from camp we turned in behind some rocks where the shadows were black. "Okay," I said. "Put up your dukes."

He stared at my fists. Then he began to chuckle. "Oh, no, me lad. Not *that* w'y. Not 'arf. I 'appen to be a *wrestler*."

I guess I just blinked at that, feeling foolish.

"Still an' all," he said, "if you want to fight in that silly American w'y, I won't mind. I expect we could each fight the w'y we know best, wot?"

"You mean," I said, brightening, "me slugging, you grabbing?"

"Why not?"

"Limey," I said, "that suits me right down to a T! Let's go!"

We squared off, and I felt fine. The first time he came at me I shook him up with a jab to the right temple. It was so easy I almost laughed. Then he crouched and came in again.

I feinted with my left to make him turn

a bit—just far enough to set him up for a haymaker. Instead of turning, however, Limey grabbed my left arm. I didn't know how he got that double hold on it, wrist and elbow. I couldn't see exactly what he did, either. He got his shoulder under the arm, swung away and bent quick, and the next thing I knew flew over his back in a mighty somersault and landed with a smack in the sand, more surprised than hurt.

Limey sat on my chest, keeping my left arm under me and never letting go of my wrist. He asked, "Enough?"

That was funny. Couldn't he see my right arm was still free? His face, just above mine, was an open target. I could have broken his nose. I could have smashed his mouth. I could have banged him off me with one punch and got up to pound him into a mess.

Only, I didn't do it . . . because just then I had a peculiar thought that kept me still. I lay there, with Limey sitting on me, and I frowned up at him. Quite a long time must have passed; maybe minute.

He was about to talk when we both heard a sound—a rattle of pebbles. I didn't come from the direction of the camp. It came from the other side. Limey looked first. Then he let me go and whispered, "Gorblimey!"

I SAT up, staring. A couple of men with rifles were crawling toward the rocks—toward us. Their helmets were German. We were in black shadows, so they couldn't see us. But we hadn't brought any guns, and I was for letting out a yell for the boys in camp. But Oliver Henry squeezed my arm. He pulled me behind a rock, and we crouched there, waiting.

We didn't stir till the Germans were five feet from us. Then we jumped out. They didn't have time even to lift their rifles. I tore in and let the nearer one have it—a right to the face that broke out most of his teeth and dropped him like a log, unconscious.

When I looked around, Limey was swinging the second Heinie over his head the way he'd thrown me. He brought the fellow down with a terrible thud, at the same time he gave his arm a wrench, and I heard the crack of breaking bone. The German groaned once, then went limp.

Oliver Henry, breathing hard, straightened and glanced at the fellow I'd dropped. When he saw the smashed-up bleeding mouth, he stared at me in surprise. "S'y! That's quite a punch you gyve 'im! You didn't 'it me that 'ard!"

"No," I admitted. "But then, you didn't break my arm."

"I *could* 'ave," Oliver Henry said, but not boastfully.

"Uh-huh. I can see that. Why didn't you?"

Limey seemed embarrassed. "Well, after all, we were fightin' a *friendly* sort of fight," he said, as if defending himself. "I jolly well like to pull your leg about the w'y you talk an' such, but you didn't think I *ated* you, did you? I mean the w'y I *ate* these Germans—"

I began to grin.

"Besides—" He tried to make it sound less personal. "Why should I 'elp M' Itler by breaking the arm of a chap who's 'ere to fight 'im?"

"Limey," I said, still grinning, "those are the same thoughts that came to me—just about in time to save your nose." I held out my hand. As he took it, I told him, "I still don't like the way you talk but—" Then I mustered all the Cockney I could think of and said, "You're a bit of orl right, blighter."

Limey grinned, too. In his best Brooklynese he answered, "You're okay yourself, mug."





## When the mail brings HOME over there

EVERY returning fighting man tells the same story. In the jungle or on the desert, in training camp or at lonely station, the big event is the arrival of the mail from home. "Write oftener," they say. "You don't know what your letters mean."

Until American homes are safe again, the war plants of Crosley will make nothing that isn't used by the fighting men of America who are winning this war. Converted to war material early in 1942, the eight Crosley plants were delivering early in 1943 a rate of production *four times greater* than the Crosley peace-

High-sounding phrases about the objectives of this war are sometimes hard for a fighting man to nail down in his mind. But one thing he knows is that he is fighting for the HOME he left. He knows what the gangster-nations do to homes they over-run. It's not going to happen to *his* home!

time peak. And soon it will be *six times greater*.

The pace and demands of War have stimulated the manufacture of new inventions, new materials and new products. Crosley, when Peace comes, will make even finer radios, refrigerators and other electrical appliances for the home; and the Crosley Car for civilian use.

# CROSLEY

THE CROSLEY CORPORATION • CINCINNATI, OHIO AND RICHMOND, IND.  
Peacetime Manufacturers of Radios, Refrigerators, Household Appliances and the Crosley Car  
HOME OF WLW, "THE NATION'S STATION"



## Let's Live a Little Longer

Continued from page 11

### LIGHTER MOMENTS

with **fresh**  
**Eveready**  
**Batteries**



"It's your wife, sir, she says  
to be sure and wear your  
ear muffs and rubbers."



One of the important uses of "Eveready" "Mini-Max" portable radio batteries by our armed forces is to furnish power for "walkie-talkies" (portable 2-way field radios). Because the armed forces are taking all we can make, there are none available for civilians.



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survivors among the retarded group; and at 1,300 days and at 1,400 days. One of the rats lived 1,421 days—141 years!

None of this fitted the popular conception of the superman, the race of Methuselahs we have always dreamed about. These supermen were supposed to be big, husky. McCay's work indicated that such a race would be small, wiry, gnomelike. This preliminary evidence also upset traditional medical notions. Doctors had always assumed that the child which started life with vigorous growth had the best chance for survival.

When McCay published his preliminary results he was swamped with criticism. He had made an accidental selection of long-lived animals, said one group. Other critics contended that the lab accident had killed off the weaker animals—and that the strong survivors naturally lived to greater age. Other doubters contended that by restricting diet, McCay had put a smaller burden on the kidneys of his rats, and that this accounted for their extra life.

Dr. McCay set to work again. This time he was armed with ample funds. The Rockefeller Foundation provided \$60,000 for the second experiment—enough to hire the half-dozen helpers needed with the work.

The second experiment consumed four more years—and bore out every finding of the first. The last of the control group of rats—the ones which ate all they wanted—died at 965 days. Life for the others went on for 1,200, 1,300, 1,400 days. Rats were retarded as long as 1,000 days and resumed growth when given all the food they wanted. In this second experiment, all sorts of variables were introduced after middle age.

#### Little Influence on Longevity

Sedentary people can take heart at one of these findings. Exercise, it developed, had little influence on longevity. Rats were exercised in a revolving barrel. Those which were kept thin by diet lived just as long as ones kept thin by exercise. Fat was the big enemy.

Many dietitians have contended that certain food elements—meat, potatoes, sugar—tend to shorten life. McCay didn't find this so.

This second experiment turned up other odd facts. Insurance statisticians have long noted that women live longer than men. They have attributed it to the fact that men hurry and worry more, but there is no evidence that male rats hurry or worry—and they don't live anywhere like as long as their womenfolk.

Still another interesting point—which ties into human beings. As a rule, we aren't much interested in diet until we reach middle age. But McCay's rats indicate that even then it may not be too late to watch our waistlines. One group of rats which ate all they wanted until middle age, then went on a restricted diet, lived 10 per cent longer than animals allowed a free choice of food.

This four-year stretch of work indicated that life could be prolonged at will. This was a tremendous accomplishment—something which had never been done before. But it didn't explain *why* life was prolonged. That was the purpose of Experiment No. 3—which is still in progress.

McCay started this job with 500 rats. Additional money came from the Rockefeller and Macy foundations. This one was set up on a larger scale than the ones which preceded it. This time there was a

pathologist to help—a man who could autopsy the animals and find why they died. A New York dentist volunteered his services—to analyze the teeth of animals and see what chemical changes were wrought by age.

One of the most significant findings to date was turned up by the pathologist—Doctor John A. Saxton, Jr., of New York. At 500 days, he killed a number of rats from both the normal and the retarded groups. At this age, rats in the normal group were approaching old age and death. Rats in the retarded group were still less than halfway through life.

Over half the "normal" rats had serious diseases of one kind or another—lung infections, tumors or degenerative diseases of the kidneys. Only 10 per cent of the retarded group had these lethal maladies. Somehow the retarding of growth had also retarded serious sickness. This, of course, misses explaining long life by a wide mark.

McCay puts it frankly: "It only moves our whys back one notch."

This third experiment bears out all the findings of the first two. At 900 days—90 years—nearly all the rats in the control group were dead. But only 20 per cent in the restricted group perished.

McCay is carrying out a similar, though more limited, piece of work with dogs. Dogs live too long to give quick results, but preliminary work indicates that they will bear out the rat findings. Retarded animals are as frisky as pups and less prone to disease.

The work is helping shift attention from the very young—where medicine has already done a magnificent job—to the very old. Neither McCay nor anyone else in the field is interested in keeping old people hanging by a thread. But they are all interested in prolonging the fruitful, productive years of middle life.

There are a number of applications of this work in the animal world. The productive life of milk cows, wool sheep and laying chickens might be enormously prolonged by using McCay's methods. At least, everything points in that direction.

So far as human beings are concerned, McCay hasn't developed a magic elixir which will give us a century and a half of life. He has simply indicated that retarded animals live longest and in doing so he has provided a method of getting

at the problem of old age. He has shown how to prolong life. The next step is to find why it works. Then we will be at the root of the big secret. Meanwhile, none of us are going to retard the growth of our children—even if it would insure tremendous age. McCay sums up his own advice in a few words: "First, what you should—then what you *don't*. But don't eat too much."

Exact advice for the average person is almost impossible. Food requirements for human beings vary too much. Thus, an inmate in an old ladies' home might subsist on 1,000 calories a day. An office worker might need 2,500, a bricklayer 3,500, a lumberjack 6,000. Mineral and vitamin requirements are so difficult. A quart of milk, two eggs and a slice of meat will satisfy most of our mineral needs. Our vitamin needs are well outlined: 4,000 units a day of A, 600 of C, 333 of B<sub>1</sub>, etc. It all adds up to this: Get all the essential minerals and vitamins, but go shy on calories.

#### Practices What He Preaches

Doctor McCay practices what he preaches. He eats lightly and thin. Overeating is criminal. He holds his weight rigidly at 140 pounds. What this accounts for his energy is a moot point, but he has enough energy for two or three average men. He is realistic about his project.

"No one with ambition can do the type of work," he says. "Results come too slowly. You can spend a lifetime on it, then find that you are barely getting started."

This attitude may be a little gloomy. In the space of twelve years, he has provided a jumping-off place for solving the biggest medical problem facing the world today—the staggering problem of old age.

McCay's favorite story about old age doesn't, incidentally, concern rats. It's an old one, but it may have missed you. It's the one about the man being interviewed by reporters on his 90th birthday. He attributes his great age to the fact that he has never tasted liquor. At this point there is a rumpus in the adjoining room. "What's that?" the reporter asks.

"Dad," says the old man. "Drum again."

THE END



COLLIER'S "He's the first dog I've heard of that really enjoys a bath!" JEFF KEATE





## A BELLYFUL OF HELL FOR HITLER

JEEPS FROM WILLYS-OVERLAND

THE SUN  
NEVER SETS  
ON THE  
FIGHTING JEEP

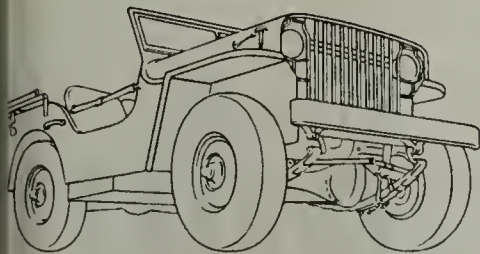
YES, SIR!—a bellyful of misery and hell—the kind that American and British fighting men in North Africa—and Russian fighting men from Moscow to the Caucasus, mounted in tough Jeeps built by Willys-Overland, are dealing out to a badly addled Hitler and his deluded gang.

Wherever Allied fighting forces are pushing their head today, the amazing Jeep, fighting Hell Cat from America, is doing a job. With its speed and

agility—its ability to drive through deep, gooey mud, and tenacious sand, or to swoop up stiff hills and dunes—it is taking Allied fighting men and fighting materials to points of vantage that no other four-wheeled automotive fighting machine of this war could reach.

Born of American engineering and manufacturing ingenuity, the U. S. Army Jeep, with its world-renowned Willys Go-Devil Engine, is the

most beloved chunk of speed, power and rugged endurance supplied to any motorized army unit in the world today. Willys-Overland's civilian engineers assisted the U. S. Quartermaster Corps in designing and perfecting the Jeep adopted by the U. S. Army. The amazing world-renowned "Go-Devil" engine that drives it with such power, speed and flexibility, is an exclusive Willys-Overland development. Willys-Overland Motors, Inc.

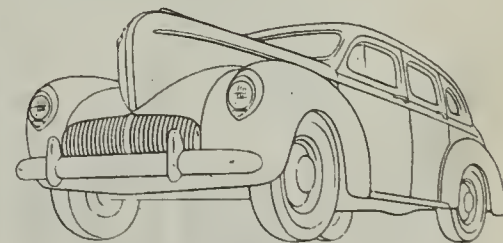


U. S. ARMY JEEP

# WILLYS

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AMERICAR—the People's Car



THE GO-DEVIL ENGINE—power-heart of WILLYS CARS and all JEEPS



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## A Statement to the American People about their New Super Aviation Fuel...World's Finest!

- ... — 100 Octane Gasoline, the new super fuel to fly super planes, can be made by several methods.
- ... — There is only *one* method by which it can be made in the tremendous quantities needed by the United States and United Nations today.
- ... — That method is Catalytic Cracking, which makes in quantity a much higher quality fuel—i.e. more power—greater maneuverability and greater load-carrying capacity for planes.
- ... — Socony-Vacuum was the first to recognize the possibilities of Catalytic Cracking—we brought to this country Eugene Houdry, the inventor of the Houdry Process, and worked with him in developing and perfecting Catalytic Cracking.
- ... — Socony-Vacuum was the *first company in the world to produce 100 Octane Gasoline in commercial quantities by the use of the Catalytic Cracking Process.*
- ... — Socony-Vacuum has produced more Catalytic Cracked base stock for 100 Octane Gasoline than any other company.

- ... — Thus, America when the war began had available the world's finest aviation gasoline—and methods and equipment to produce it in quantities for the world's mightiest air fleets.
- ... — Today through Socony-Vacuum's New Thermoform Continuous Catalytic Cracking Process—a further development—we are enabling America to increase the quantity and quality of 100 Octane Gasoline.

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40 to 50 miles per gallon of "gas" is no longer just "visionary"!

The "100-octane-plus" gasolines already being developed will take the wraps off inventors and designers—make possible more powerful, higher-compression engines of all types.

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# Mobilgas



# Mobiloi

*The Sign of Friendly Service*



## Double, Double, Toil and Trouble

Continued from page 17

toned up, well suited to a visit to a great and serious opera.

In the lobby of the National Theater he caught sight—and it gave him a little shock—of Adolf Hitler. The Fuehrer was dressed very much like himself. In the midst of the busy tumult of the arriving audience he did not see Oscar at first. But Oscar gathered together all his strength; with his whole will he wished, he commanded, that the Leader should see him. And behold—the Fuehrer turned his glance upon him, reflected for a fraction of a second, recognized him, came toward him, took his hand, pressed firmly and said significantly: "How are you, Party Comrade Lautensack? You have troubles, it seems. We all have them. Yes, the times are difficult. That's why the will that arises from them must be all the stronger."

A wave of sympathy, of closeness, passed from Oscar to Adolf Hitler. Clearly he had reread the book *Mein Kampf*; his own spirit had breathed at it from its pages, and now he was finding out that the Fuehrer spoke exactly the way he wrote. They were bound together, they were one, these two men.

More powerfully than ever today the music moved Oscar. The sharp contrast of the Venusberg with its voluptuous, pouring excitement and the Wartburg with its sacred harps and songs—that was his own problem. He himself was Tannhäuser, and the shrill, sensuous quivering of the violins, the wild bacchanale of the Venusberg, bathed in red and blue lights that was Trettnow's Berlin, it was the shirt fronts, the naked, pearl-beked flesh of the women. And the sweet, innocent pipe of the shepherd boy, Wolfram's warning, and Elizabeth's heavenly love—that was pure telepathy, Hravliczek's serious science, Tirschensch's maternally severe affection.

The opera was over; the wild and the red sounds died away. After this powerful inner disturbance Oscar felt an appetite; he was as hungry as a wolf. He made his way to the small Italian restaurant, hoping perhaps to see the Fuehrer there once more. And actually, the waiter too had felt moved to go to the restaurant, and for a second time that evening he gave the clairvoyant a significant nod.

After Oscar had satisfied his hunger he could not go home; he was too full

of the exciting music. Unexpectedly there arose in him the memory of certain women whom he had neglected badly for some time; above all he was moved by the image of Alma, the little seamstress, and her plump good looks. In spite of the late hour he telephoned her, and after some resistance she said he might come.

He came in his festive frock coat. She was amused and at the same time impressed, and the evening turned out well.

THE next morning the telephone broke shrilly into his sleep. He answered in a bad humor. Hannsjörg was on the line. "Trettnow's here," he announced. "She wants to see you as soon as possible. She's staying at the Four Seasons. She's waiting for you to call."

A sweet shock ran through Oscar. Now fate was rewarding him for following his inner voice. Now the reward was here in the person of Hildegard von Trettnow.

"She's waiting for you to call her." Careful now. He mustn't make a false step so near the goal. From the beginning of their relationship he must show this fine lady who was the master.

"Don't you hear me?" Hannsjörg was asking on the other end of the line. "She's waiting for you to call her."

"Then she can wait a long time," replied Oscar. "If the lady wants something of me, she can be kind enough to come to me."

There was a short pause. Then the high voice at the other end of the line swore at him: "You idiot, you dumb ox, you frightful ass!" It was just the way the ten-year-old Hans used to swear when his older brother had got him into a hopeless position and then left him there.

Oscar hung up. And two minutes later Hannsjörg was on the line again. Almost pleadingly he remonstrated: "You can't expect a lady like Frau von Trettnow to chase after you into your hole in Rumfordstrasse."

"I do expect it," said Oscar. "Perhaps, instead of cursing at me like a truck driver, you might consider my motives. If your Trettnow doesn't value me so highly that she'll take the trouble to come to me, then the whole idea just doesn't pay. Then I'll stay in Munich and sign the contract with Hravliczek. By the way, Tannhäuser was very good last night. Thank you for the ticket." And he hung

up again. The choruses of the day before rang within him: "Hallelujah, hallelujah!" Of course, after she had traveled from Berlin to Munich, Trettnow would make the little trip from the Four Seasons to Rumfordstrasse—there was no doubt about it. Oscar stretched voluptuously in his bed, turned on his side, and fell contentedly asleep again.

In the afternoon Hannsjörg rang up. "She's coming," he informed him, rather brusquely, obviously because he, Oscar, had been right again. But in Oscar's soul the brasses from the festival scene in Tannhäuser blew their fanfares.

So the next morning, shortly after eleven, accompanied by Hannsjörg, Hildegard, Baroness von Trettnow, actually fluttered into Oscar's modest room at 66 Rumfordstrasse. On one wall hung the mask, somber and significant. Oscar sat in his armchair; he had hesitated about what he should put on; in the end he had decided on the purple jacket.

Hildegard Trettnow was the way Hannsjörg had described her: well-dressed, elegant, around thirty, handsome, reddish-blond, the features a little sharp, a bold nose, eyes that were quick, pale, hysterical. Both the brothers, as she entered the room, were thinking the same thing: What would our late lamented father have said to this? The Baroness von Trettnow!

WITH cool courtesy, Oscar arose. "I'm delighted to meet you, Master," said Frau von Trettnow in her loud, flat voice. "Hannsjörg has told me so much about you."

Her pale, hysterical eyes went to and fro between the plaque and Oscar's face. "It's a great experience," she said, "to be allowed to compare Oscar Lautensack's portrait with the original. I hope it doesn't disturb you if I look at everything here so brazenly."

"You are my brother's savior," replied Oscar with distant politeness. "You have put me in your debt as well."

"Then you only tolerate me here for your brother's sake?" Frau von Trettnow answered coquettishly; she was obviously expecting some flattery. But Oscar felt it was premature to pay her compliments and escaped into the mystical.

"There is no such thing as chance," he proclaimed. "Everything is a great web; all things are interwoven. Who comes to me does not come by chance."

"I also find," said Frau von Trettnow, trying to lower her harsh voice, "that a sense of fate emanates from you. A person who has once felt the dark, the web-like quality in you, can never free himself again." In place of any answer he contented himself with assuming his Roman look. "I understand," the baroness went on, "that in every detail of existence you seek the link to the cosmos. After what Hannsjörg told me about you I was able to form an idea of your world concept. I've also been prepared for it through the ideology of the National Socialist Party. In your presence I have the same feeling as in the presence of the Fuehrer." She was silent; her eyes went reverently to and fro between him and the plaque.

Oscar too was silent, but he looked the baroness full in the face.

The baroness, insecure, titillated by his gaze, wriggled her hips. Oscar said at last: "To be effective I need readiness on the other person's part."

"There's no lack of readiness," said Trettnow with animation, "on my part. From the first moment I saw your portrait that readiness was there." In short,

**Botany**  
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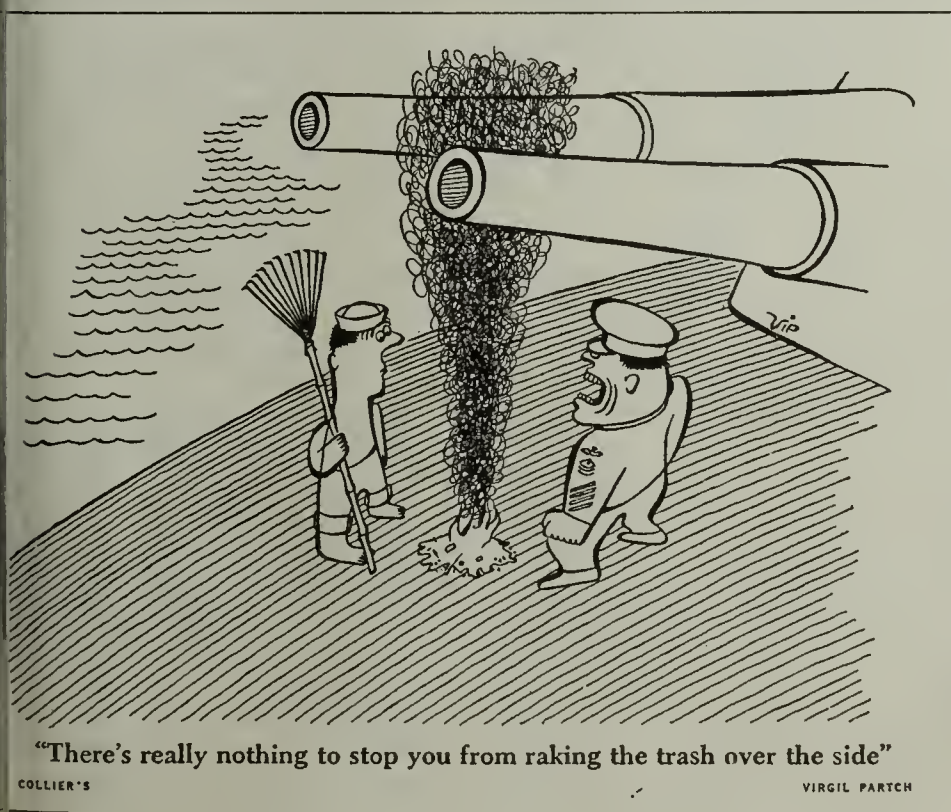
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**Patrols report  
three kinds of  
worms!**

### — SAYS "OLD SARGE"

My outfit has strict regulations about worms. Attack quick—with the right weapons for each type of worm.

For Large Roundworms or Hookworms, we use Sergeant's SURE SHOT Capsules (or Puppy Capsules for pups and small dogs). For Tapeworms—Sergeant's Tapeworm Medicine. Both clean 'em out pronto! Then Sergeant's Vitamin Capsules to help the patient back to health.

Learn about worms (and other ills) in the Sergeant's Dog Book. Free—at drug and pet stores everywhere.

**FREE**

SERGEANT'S, Dept. 51-C, Richmond, Va.  
Please send me a free, 40-page, illustrated Sergeant's Dog Book.

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**Sergeant's  
DOG MEDICINES**

everything went off according to plan, and when at the end Trettnow asked shyly and coquettishly whether she might see Oscar again, he was able, without compromising his dignity, to assent, with a deep look.

That same afternoon Hannsjörg visited Oscar, praised his brother for having done his part well, and gave him directions as to how he should proceed further in regard to the contract for Alois Pranner. "You must get Trettnow to the point," he instructed Oscar, "where she begins talking to you about hard cash. When you've got her there, then, of course, you don't understand anything about such business matters; you refuse proudly and refer her to me. The most important point is that *she* should start talking about money, not you."

TWO days later Oscar was eating dinner with Frau von Trettnow in the dining room of the Four Seasons. Between soup and Danubian trout the baroness spoke about the kinship of Oscar Lautensack's world concept with Adolf Hitler's. Between the fish course and the *tournedos à la Rossini* she spoke about the mission which awaited Oscar in Berlin. Between the meat course and the *soufflé surprise*, she spoke about the difficult times which demanded that Oscar should descend from his ivory tower and let the common people hear his voice, and of the example of the Fuehrer, who had given up his vocation as a painter in order to save Germany. With the fruit and cheese, Oscar declared that the exhortation to take up the cause of the German people had never sounded so forceful and urgent as from the baroness' lips, and heedless of the other guests and the waiters, he looked her up and down, with piercing, very male glances.

Coffee was served in the baroness' drawing room. Now the hour had come. Oscar fixed his fierce, dark blue eyes on her face; he concentrated his gaze on the bridge of her nose. Violently, rallying his forces to the utmost, he gave her the inner command: "Start talking about hard cash, you goose."

She understood and obeyed. "I understand, Master," she said, "that if you decide to move to Berlin you will have to leave much behind you. Surely that will also involve material difficulties. Would you permit me to lend a hand? I should be overjoyed."

"Hallelujah!" the pilgrims rejoiced within Oscar. "She's hooked," the brasses from the festival scene trumpeted in his soul. But aloud, somberly and sternly, he said: "I don't bother about those externals. There is only one law for me: my inner voice."

"I know," said the baroness, put to shame and covered with maidenly blushes. "I shouldn't have brought up the subject in your presence. I'll talk it over with Hannsjörg."

The blushes were not unbecoming to her; Oscar looked upon her with gracious eyes. "It is doubtless no accident," he said dreamily, "that the Party has called me through you in particular. For us Germans the ideal still remains a feminine one. The eternally feminine attracts us." She sat there happily. He knew that he would only have to touch her at that moment and she would dissolve; he even felt a desire to do it. However, that would have been unwise. He contented himself with giving her a long, full look while pressing her hand in farewell. Then he went to Alma.

Two days later Hannsjörg informed him that all was going according to plan: the contract for Alois Pranner was ready.

Oscar felt for the bell in the dark, rang it. His servant Ali came in, a personable young Arab in the costume of his people; here in Berlin, Oscar had begun to surround himself with persons and objects

that attracted attention. Ali pulled back the curtains and rolled the breakfast table up to Oscar's bed.

A pale New Year's Day sun revealed the gorgeousness of the heavy, rich-hued furniture. While Oscar toyed with his breakfast, he feasted his eyes on the magnificence he had amassed. He had come a long way in the few months of his life in Berlin. He could enter this new year of 1932 with satisfaction.

Half past eleven. As a matter of fact still rather early, for he had not come home from the New Year's Eve party at Frau von Trettnow's until five o'clock. Everything there had been as he had longingly imagined it in Munich; gentlemen in white shirt fronts, ladies in deep décolletés had crowded around him, paid homage to him. He had made the grade; he was on top again.

He had himself massaged, took a shower. He felt in good shape physically too. Success agreed with him, and the violent Berlin life made him young. He put on his luxurious purple dressing gown, surveyed himself in the mirror; the dressing gown looked well with his Roman head.

He went over into the library, sat down at the huge desk, and gazed with approval at the pile of mail which lay arranged before him. He tipped over the pile and rummaged around in it like a child, smiling absent-mindedly. There were many who sent him their good wishes; he had won himself followers; the world knew now who Oscar Lautensack was.

There was a knock at the door. His secretary came in: Herr Friedrich Petermann. Herr Petermann never walked in, he always stole, slipped, smuggled himself in. Oscar called him a desiccated sneak and could not stand him. He was annoyed at Hannsjörg for browbeating him into hiring just this particular secretary; now he could not get rid of him; he knew too much. In his secret heart Oscar guessed that his brother was having Petermann spy on him.

OSCAR kept his secretary only a short time. But his cheerfulness had vanished. His heavy mail no longer gave him pleasure. He shoved the letters aside and did some telephoning, to exchange New Year's greetings with his friends. They were people with resounding names and titles. His worthy father would have stared.

In between, however, he also called up little Alma, the seamstress, to wish her luck; for Oscar Lautensack did not do things in a small way and he had generously taken Alma along with him to Berlin and set her up in business here.

But after this conversation he returned to the bigwigs. He rang up Councilor Maedeler, then Count Zinsdorff. He was a young man with a beautiful, insolent, vicious face and magnificently casual manners; Oscar was proud of his friendship.

But today's conversation with Ulrich Zinsdorff did not make Oscar happy. Zinsdorff mentioned in passing that he had spent New Year's Eve at the chief of staff's, at Manfred Proell's. They had told some good, smutty stories, but there had been serious political talk as well, and the Fuehrer himself had appeared; toward morning there had been a showing of the most colossal, filthy movie—in short, the year 1932 had got off to a most promising start. It was too bad Oscar hadn't been there.

Yes, too bad. More than too bad. Oscar's mood was at once upset. He felt bitter. He would have liked to meet the Fuehrer. For great as had been the successes which that autumn and winter had brought him, his ultimate dream—direct co-operation with the Fuehrer—had not been fulfilled. Hannsjörg considered it too early to bring him together with Hit-

ler; he had always had new excuses keeping him away from the New Year party at Manfred Proell's.

Oscar gazed mechanically at the ring on his finger. It was one of Trettnow's presents, a handsome seal ring. But a matter of fact he had imagined something different for his large white hand. At Posner the jeweler's, on Unter den Linden, he had been shown a valuable diamond ring. Men no longer wore seal rings, but he didn't let fashion determine his tastes. Soon, as soon as he had money, he was going to buy that diamond ring.

No, he hadn't quite yet reached his goal. It wasn't just the ring; there was also a certain wall in the library. For a time being, a large painting hung there, a huge pretentious canvas, executed by an artist of the Pilot school and portraying the astrologer Seni at the bier of Wallenstein.

But no one knew better than Oscar that this was only a weak substitute. The right decoration for the wall was a tapestry he had seen in the Bernheim Galleries in Munich; that tapestry was definitely and genuinely an old Flemish original, and it depicted the laboratory of an alchemist. Only unfortunately it was outrageously expensive. But wait—soon he would also be able to

## The Stag at Eve

When Little Tarzan eats his beans  
And other unattractive greens,  
I give the model child a cake  
As a reward, for goodness' sake.

But when he buttons up his trap  
And won't devour a single scrap  
Of foliage, do I then deny  
The stubborn apple of my eye  
A sweet, and let him starve? I do—  
Like fun! Instead, I give him two.

Thus do I keep the toothsome brat  
Luxuriously pink and fat.  
And if my views are in collision  
With those held by our pediatrician,  
If he condemns my soft technique  
As reprehensible and weak,  
I'd like to have him come to dinner  
And try to feed the little sinner.

MARGARET FISHBACK

place the astrologer Seni with the alchemist's laboratory.

Oscar felt something disturbing. Somebody must be close by. Peevishly, a haughty word on his lips, he went to the library.

Hannsjörg was there. An impudent smile covering his whole pointed, pale face, he came to meet Oscar. "Happy New Year, old top," he said. "I felt ought to bring my good wishes myself. How was it at little Hilde's? We had a marvelous time at Manfred's." So Oscar even dared to remind him of the evening with the Fuehrer, from which he had excluded him.

Oscar assumed his Roman expression. "You dirty stinker," he said with conviction.

"You mean because the Fuehrer was there?" replied Hannsjörg comfortably lighting a cigarette; he looked slightly pitiful, sitting in the much too large armchair. "Was it such an awful imposition," he inquired with sympathy, "that you had to spend the evening at little Hilde's? Did she keep you there overnight?"

But when Oscar did not enter into the spirit Hannsjörg felt it was time to bring up the subject about which he had cornered his New Year's present. "I've got a st-



# Casablanca

It's more than a town in Africa....

AND MORE THAN A WARNER BROS. PICTURE.

On November 10th Casablanca was a word in a geography book. On November 11th it became a place that will go down in history.

And scarcely a week later "Casablanca" was the Warner Bros. Picture the 'New York Times' hailed as one of the Year's Ten Best.

On the battle-line, and in back of it, there is an *American* way of doing things that is traditional with Warner Bros. This tradition goes back to another war when we presented a motion picture called, *My Four Years in Germany*.

Long before the recent invasion, the powder-keg that was Casablanca hid a story restless for screen telling. In any day this would be grand entertainment for its sheer excitement alone.

But in these times, with our entire picture-making effort keyed to morale building, "Casablanca" offers another example of the war-time policy of our company.

Our "Yankee Doodle Dandy" is putting song and spirit into America's heart. And with "Air Force" telling of a fighting America in action, we of Warner Bros. are happy to offer these productions as symbols of the American way of living to those who battle here and abroad for the good way of life.

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Your own theatre will advise you gladly of its engagement

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LAUDE RAINS • CONRAD VEIDT • SYDNEY GREENSTREET • PETER LORRE

Screen Play: Julius J. and Philip G. Epstein, Howard Koch • From Play by Murray Burnett, and Joan Alisan • Music by Max Steiner

*Casablanca*  
HAL B. WALLIS PRODUCTION  
DIRECTED BY MICHAEL CURTIZ



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..that wonderful  
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MISTER!**

**WHY NOT?  
I SHAVE WITH  
STAR BLADES!**



4 for 10¢



gestion for you that will give you pleasure," he informed his brother. "We're going to found a magazine, you and I. The Society for the Dissemination of German World Philosophy will publish it. It's going to be called Germany's Star. It's to deal with those sciences which are beyond the reach of arid intellectualism—with racial studies and occultism. The budget for it has been approved. As a member of the executive committee of the German World Philosophy I officially invite you, Oscar Lautensack, to assume the duties of editor. I'll be glad to help you to the best of my abilities. You know, as the former publisher of Lightning, I have experience."

The casual, ironical manner in which Hannsjörg clothed his announcement, and the reference to the blackmailing paper which had brought Hannsjörg money and trouble, did not prevent Oscar from recognizing what a great favor his brother was again doing him. A magazine was a valuable present in the times in which they were living. "Germany's Star," he said critically, "it doesn't sound bad."

"It can rise in a fortnight—can Germany's Star," Hannsjörg announced cheerfully and resolutely. "So roll up your sleeves, my boy. See to it that you turn out a good article for the first number." He noticed with satisfaction how stimulated Oscar was. He left.

Oscar remained behind, his face working. Ali, the servant, announced that dinner was ready, but Oscar waved him aside, sunk in meditation. He went up and down his rows of books; his purple dressing gown billowed gorgeously, trailing behind him.

Oscar, almost mechanically, reached for a book with a sober, bluish-gray paper cover, a thick volume which exuded science and boredom. Thomas Hrvliczek, Handbook of Metapsychology, it said on the outside. As Oscar took the book in his hands it opened of itself at the pages describing the telepathic experiments the professor had made with him.

Full of enthusiasm Oscar reflected how he would write his articles for Germany's Star. If he was in good form, he would produce something great.

There was just one little difficulty. The manual work, the mechanical act of writing, hindered his spontaneity of expression. But neither could he dictate those essays, those panegyrics which he intended to write, to a person like Petermann, for example, the desiccated sneak. No, he'd simply have to look around, and find himself somebody who suited him. He'd go to some stenographer or other, incognito, a Harun-al-Rashid, and when he found the right face he'd make the girl the tool of his inspiration.

With this decision, Oscar concluded his hour of meditation. He rang for the servant and ate his dinner.

OSCAR and Alois were driving out Ahornallee to Frau von Trettnow's. Oscar's expression was concentrated; he was preparing himself.

It was going to be a difficult evening this time. Trettnow hadn't even told him the names of the people before whom he was to perform; he himself had wished it so to prove his good faith. He knew only that they were people of influence. And then, to be sure, Alois had been able to find out a good deal about the members of the gathering when, as usual, he had made the routine arrangements for the performance at Trettnow's house. Now, in the car, Oscar was checking up on his memory, which Alois confirmed or supplemented.

Finally they arrived at Frau von Trettnow's house, and at once Alois became the most polite, the most assiduous of

helpers, playing the part of Oscar Lautensack's admiring associate.

About sixteen to twenty people were present, the gentlemen in dinner jacket—the ladies in evening dress. They sat there with faces on which skepticism and irony were mingled with an expectant, somewhat uncomfortable curiosity. Frau von Trettnow reminded them once again that she had not informed the master who would be present, that he knew no names. Then Alois asked them to write down questions which related to the future, to put what they had written in an envelope and to seal the envelope. These firmly sealed envelopes Alois collected in a little basket which he passed to Oscar. All this took place under the brightest illumination.

Oscar mixed the envelopes without opening them, letting them glide through his large white hands. "I ask you to relax, ladies and gentlemen," he said. "It is not necessary for you to think about what you asked me on your slip; but if you do so, you will help me. The essential thing is that you don't put up any resistances to me, that you don't shut yourself off, that—if you should not believe—you put aside your skepticism for the short period of these manifestations. Please understand me rightly: You don't have to believe, but you are not to make the task difficult for me by your disbelief."

HE WENT on letting the envelope glide through his hand, felt them take hold of them more firmly, turned them around in his hands, crumpled them—always without opening them. His large, passionate eyes assumed a dreamy, absent expression. He breathed slowly, loudly. He leaned his head back, closing his eyes.

He picked out one of the envelopes, turned it over, crumpled it up. "This envelope," he said slowly, groping for words, "comes from a tall, blond lady I see her as she is today, and I see her three years from today." Unexpectedly he opened his eyes, searched among the listeners. "The envelope belongs to you, madame," he said, and pointed his large forefinger at the woman whom he had recognized from Alois' description. "I have seen you. I see you." He closed his eyes again, and from now on he spoke in a strangely drawling, sleepy voice often inserting pauses. "I see a city," he announced. "It is a southern city. The signs are in Italian. It is not an interesting city. I can't see anything remarkable about it. You are in a hotel. It is a small shabby hotel. Why is a lady like you staying in such a shabby hotel? And what business can you have in such an uninteresting city? Now a child is coming into the room. A boy. It is a lively boy. He is about nine or ten years old. He is very lively. He asks you something. You wave him away. He doesn't give in. I must say, madame, he's really not a well-brought-up boy. Incidentally, you fear for the boy. There is real fear in your eyes. Now you are going out. You go for a drive. And all the time you are afraid. You look around to see if somebody is not behind you." Again he opened his eyes suddenly and fixed the pretty blonde with his gaze. "Can you make anything of what I have seen?" he asked. "Does it make sense to you? Am I right?"

The blonde, excited, said in an uncertain, constrained voice: "Yes, it might be. A lot of unfair things happen in this world."

Until now Oscar had been nervous. Now that the first attempt had gone off so well, he became the more confident. He had at once spotted Herr Tischler from Alois' description. He knew how



handle people of that type; they were a game; they were to be treated with confidence, with "superiority." A grim, dark fit of mischief overcame Oscar. He wasn't going to stand up before these bawds and play the clown any more; he was not going to supply these people with amusement; they were going to supply him with amusement.

He picked up a new envelope, felt it "saw." "Now," he announced, "I saw a man of about fifty, with a grayish-brown complexion. His name might begin with a D, or perhaps with a T. I have a feeling that this man's health is not very sound. He has stomach trouble." He opened his eyes, and again picking up his man with his large forefinger, he said: "It is you."

HERR TISCHLER, his gray face even more colorless than before, admitted with a weak attempt at humor: "I take sodium bicarbonate from time to time, that's true."

The others smiled uneasily. Oscar's expression remained unchanged. "You asked about your future," he went on. "I have an answer for you. But it is not a pleasant answer, and I don't know whether it can be of any use to you to learn what it is. Do you want to know?" His passionate, dark blue eyes held the gaze of the man, who tried to evade him.

"What importance can it have?" Herr Tischler answered in his hoarse, rather unpleasant voice. "Or do you think, Herr Tensack," he went on challengingly, "that what you are going to tell me now will change my mode of life?"

"Perhaps," Oscar replied calmly. "Perhaps not. That depends on your powers of judgment, Herr D or T."

"Well come on, produce your wisdom," Herr Tischler said impatiently. Oscar leaned back his head, closing his eyes. "Now I see across the years," he prophesied. "I see across ten years. It is ten years from today. I see something like a forest. Stones here and there. They are gravestones. Ah—it is Woodland Cemetery. I see a certain stone. Not a very showy one. The inscription is simple too. The letters blur before me, but I can read them vaguely. The inscription is 'Anton Tiehler' or something like that." And after a malicious little pause he added: "The stone is already pretty well weathered." He opened his eyes again. "I regret that I have nothing more pleasant to report to you, Herr Tiehler, but I warned you."

The others were breathing uncomfortably. Herr Tischler, paler and grayer than ever, declared with forced joviality: "All nonsense of course. I'll never have myself buried in Berlin. I wouldn't think of it."

But Oscar, with accomplished politeness, answered: "Perhaps that doesn't depend entirely on you, sir. I can only express what comes to me from powers which are stronger than you and I."

With satisfaction he noticed that his malicious prophecy had made an impression on the gathering. He picked out his next subject. The big, heavy, blond gentleman with the plump-cheeked, rosy face was obviously Dr. Kadereit, the big industrialist. He scrutinized the man's face, sleepy eyes. This fellow wouldn't be exactly easy. Dr. Kadereit was the most important person in this gathering; Gunnbjörg had impressed that on him emphatically.

He made no lengthy, mystical preparations, but came straight to grips with the man. He shut his eyes only for a short moment, then declared: "This slip comes from you, Herr Dr. Kadereit." He inclined his head and explained politely: "By the way, I knew you were Herr Dr.

Kadereit from newspaper pictures. However, what I am about to tell you," he went on, "springs from other sources."

"Please go on," Dr. Kadereit said amiably; the portly rather clumsy man had an oddly light, weak voice.

Oscar did not go into a trance, but sank his gaze, fully awake, into the other's eyes, into those sly, veiled eyes. He kept his voice also on an everyday level; only he spoke slowly so as not to let slip an unconsidered word. "I see you," he said, "in the company of gentlemen in uniform. I see you conducting these gentlemen through large, bright rooms. I see machines. It seems to be a factory. Am I right?"

"It's not improbable," said a sharp, mocking little voice, belonging to a small, graceful woman, obviously Dr. Kadereit's wife. "It's not improbable that a manufacturer should be found in a factory." There was a ripple of laughter.

"Please do not disturb the master," Alois requested politely but severely.

The little lady was dangerous, Oscar felt. He wouldn't get by here with his scant information about Kadereit. If he wanted to regain command of his audience he would have to make a greater effort, use his true power, his intuition, his perception. He would have to gamble on that. If a current went out from him to this Kadereit fellow, he would have won; if not, well then he would have lost the gamble.

He closed his eyes, withdrew into himself. It worked—it was coming! He felt that faint, fine tearing, as when one tears a silken material. Slowly he opened his eyes. But to his astonishment the current did not go from him to Dr. Kadereit, but to the woman beside him, to that very lady who had disturbed him with her impudent words.

He knew nothing about this woman; with her, whether he would or not, he was completely dependent on his perception. His gaze fastened on her face, a pale-brown, bold, boyish face with bright, gray eyes. He would not release those eyes, and although Ilse Kadereit looked at him proudly and mockingly, yet she felt that something strange was seizing control of her and forcing her against her will to surrender her most intimate thoughts.

OSCAR'S face had become empty, his red lips had parted a little, and again his lids half concealed his eyes. "I have no message for Herr Dr. Kadereit," he said, "but instead I speak now to you, madame." His voice drawled, drew the words out, sounded sleepy: "About the future I have nothing to prophesy to you, but I can give you more exact information about your wishes and thoughts than you have yourself."

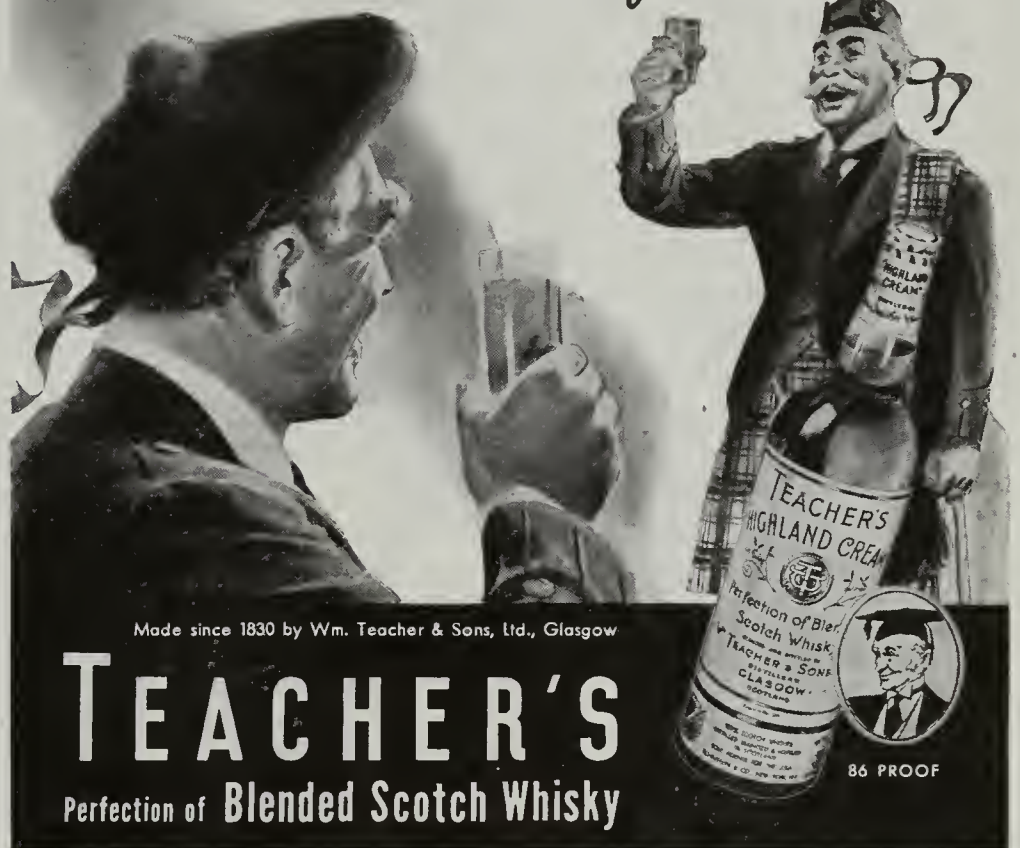
"I'm waiting," said Ilse Kadereit, but she did not quite succeed in maintaining her pretty, mocking tone.

Over in his corner Alois stood in suspense, in readiness. What Oscar was doing was daring; it was the technique of suggestion, a method made up of hypnotism and telepathy mixed; only the true telepathist could permit himself this. "You think," Oscar began now, always in the same, groping tone of voice, "that your husband should finally ally himself and his interests with the Party. You don't want this for any great or small advantage, but simply because you think it amusing. Do you remember when this wish first became clear and definite to you? Yes, you remember. And I remember with you. Please imagine exactly the way it was." He gazed before him, listened to what sounded in him, in her. "Thank you," he said and smiled, "thank you, now you're really making an effort. Your memory is becoming clear. Now I

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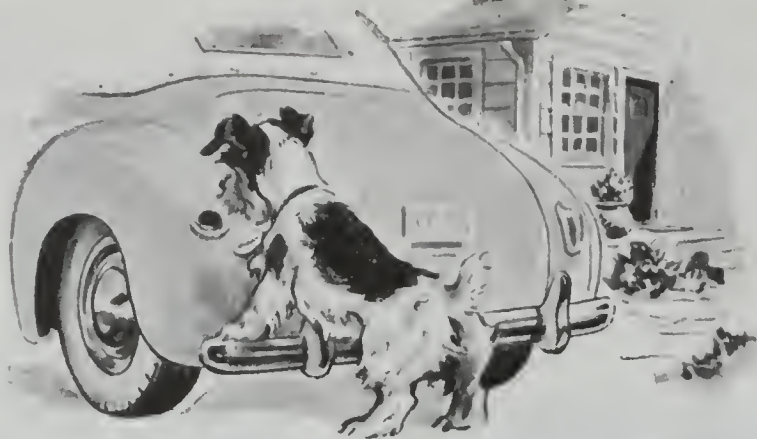
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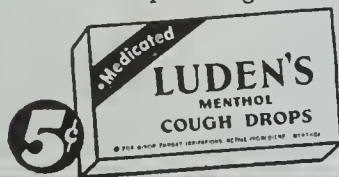


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can see well. You are in a room with a lot of greenery. Is it a hothouse? It's something like a conservatory. With you is a youngish man. He has black hair. He has a marked part in his hair. You are looking at a basin of plants with him. Yes, they are water plants. Am I right?"

"It might be," Ilse Kadereit answered hesitantly. And Dr. Kadereit, benevolently interested but more unbelieving than believing, asked smiling, in an undertone: "Does he mean Stockmann perhaps? Didn't you tell me that you had a conversation with Stockmann about the Party two or three weeks ago?"

"The man with the part," Oscar went on, "is speaking derogatorily about the Nazis. Am I right?" And without waiting for her answer he continued: "You, perhaps just in a spirit of contradiction, defend the Party. In your thoughts more vehemently than with words. 'Actually,' you think, 'those fellows with their bad manners are ten times more interesting than all of you put together,' and you think something very coarse about the class to which the gentleman with the part belongs, a vulgar word of the kind a lady rarely uses."

Dr. Kadereit laughed. "Is it right?" he asked half-whispering in his high, thin voice, and answered himself: "It could be right: you could have thought something of that sort about Stockmann."

Oscar, however, declared decidedly: "That was the moment you first wished that your Fritz would ally himself with the others, not with these." He opened his eyes fully, and said, no longer sleepily but in his everyday voice, very triumphantly: "I don't ask you if I'm right. I am right." Alois was full of professional admiration for his colleague.

Dr. Kadereit pretended to clap. "Not bad," he said, "not at all bad," and with a little smile he looked at his wife who was sitting there also smiling slightly, but with a preoccupied expression, running her tongue along her teeth. Oscar passed his hand over his forehead. "Now I'd like to let that be enough for today," he declared amiably, almost apologetically; the effort of concentration had taken a lot out of him, he explained. With that he left the platform.

ILSE KADEREIT was a skeptical woman and did not let herself be easily impressed. Now that Oscar had released her she felt a resistance to him. It wasn't a pleasant thought that somebody could look right into one like that, that he could, so to say, undress one spiritually: it was an uncomfortable feeling. But it was exciting too; she was not sorry she had come.

The others also were impressed and eyed Oscar with inquisitive awe. "Did I promise you too much?" asked Frau von Trettnow proudly. "Isn't our Oscar Lautensack really a master and prophet?" And, "Amazing," the guests admitted. "Really extraordinary," they said, and, "Did you really think that about Stockmann, my dear?" they asked Ilse Kadereit. But Ilse gave evasive answers. "Possibly," she replied, and with her sharp young girl's voice she added: "To tell you the truth, I don't know."

Lean Herr Tischler approached Oscar awkwardly. He poked him lightly in the ribs, and said with a forced laugh. "You're a great joker, Master. What you did with me just now, that was just a macabre joke of course, wasn't it?" Oscar only shrugged his shoulders. "But it's really astonishing," Herr Tischler went on, "how many things you did hit. The way you guessed little Kadereit's thoughts—that was simply perfect. And one could read in her face that it was right. I'd like to have a longer talk with you sometime. Herr Lautensack," he said in a confidential tone. "I'd like to get your advice on a few matters."

"Ask my secretary," said Oscar ungraciously.

Alois, however, when Herr Tischler applied to him, said surlily: "You'll just have to take the trouble to apply at the office of the German World Philosophy."

Meanwhile Ilse Kadereit had spoken to Oscar. She stood, a dainty little figure beside her uncouth husband. "You did that cleverly, Master," she said, "very effectively." Her little voice did not sound sharp now, but birdlike, and her gray eyes sparkled brightly and intelligently beneath her dark hair; she was very pretty. Oscar was indignant at her impudence, but he couldn't help finding her attractive. Everything about her appealed to him: her delicate yet firm figure, her bold, pale-brown boy's face with the short black hair, the cleanly chiseled chin, and the pretty, determined nose. She could go on mocking at him. In the end he'd get the better of her; he'd already got the better of her, he felt it.

As he drove home with Alois, Oscar felt very much stimulated. One just had to formulate a question adroitly and push it right in people's faces. One just had to declare with the requisite certainty that they had thought or experienced something, and they believed it themselves.

Alois leaned back sullenly in his corner. "Whom are you telling all this?" he growled. "Me? You know that it all comes from me—all your wisdom." He yawned. "It's a rotten life here in Berlin. Monday I'm off to Munich."

KÄTHE SEVERIN was copying the manuscript of Richard Wagner Prototype and Warning. While she typed mechanically, her thoughts were occupied with other things. Obviously with not very pleasant ones. For her beautiful, somewhat haggard face was twisted with vexation; three sharp vertical furrows cut into her broad forehead just above her nose.

"Käthe Severin, Stenographic Work of Every Kind," announced the sign downstairs. But for weeks now it had not attracted any clients. If things went on like this, she would have to close shop.

Tall, blond, and slender, Käthe Severin sat at her typewriter; her thin hands moved over the keys in practiced strokes. Her half-brother Paul had given her the job of copying this thick manuscript. Richard Wagner, but only because he didn't want to have her sitting around completely unoccupied. For he had no need of the copies. The book was one single, acid criticism of the figure of Richard Wagner; he wouldn't find a publisher for that sort of thing nowadays.

It was becoming harder and harder to get along with Paul. There was the question of the Nazis. Of course a whole lot of the Nazi principles were annoying, ridiculous. She herself, when she was together with Nazis, protested against them. Yet when she was with Paul she defended the movement, praised their honest fanaticism, their vigor. The arrogance with which Paul disposed of the Nazi principles simply forced one to contradiction.

Käthe loved her brother. He was amiable, he had an exceptional mind, he had a sense of humor, he was obliging, and when he expounded his ideas, his beautiful enthusiasm carried one away. Yet it was hard to be dependent on him, and unfortunately it was impossible to foresee when that dependence would be at an end.

Käthe inserted a new sheet, page 319. The manuscript had seven hundred and fifty-six pages. Her brother Paul took seven hundred and fifty-six pages to bare the weaknesses of a great man. Just because Wagner's music entered into one so sweetly and poisonously, he maintained, it was dangerous, and it was time to show



other side. Käthe was indignant that Paul should take so much pains to be a great man. Nevertheless, as she wrote she had to smile from time to time at Paul's grace and wit. He could write. The doorbell rang. Käthe answered without haste. She had lost the habit of waiting for clients. What could there be of importance? A traveling salesman.

But it was a client, a gentleman in an ample overcoat, a gentleman with a powerful, imposing face, one who as soon as he entered filled the whole little room. He asked if he might dictate to her. It was a question of an experiment. "But I'm to make the experiment," he said, "when it has to be at once." It all sounded rather imperious and violent.

"Very well, sir," replied Käthe in her crisp voice, her politeness mingled with only a very slight irony. "If you're in such a hurry we can try it right away."

THE stranger looked her up and down. "Yes," he said, "to begin with we shall just have to limit it to a trial. With the type of material I have to dictate, it's of some importance whether—and to what extent—I find a basis of understanding in the person to whom I dictate."

So the new client dictated, while she took shorthand. He paced up and down, now before Käthe, now in back of her. It was not very easy to follow his dictation. One moment he spoke measurably, emphasizing every word, with theatrical deliberation; the next his words rushed out. What he had to say sounded vague and obscure; on the other hand there was music in his sentences and Käthe listened to them with enjoyment.

The stranger described a phenomenon which until then had been foreign to her, and which he called now telepathy, now mind reading, now metapsychology. The concept did not seem to have definite boundaries, and at bottom Käthe was not any the wiser even after the gentleman had dictated for some time. But she felt grandeur behind his obscure sentences which swept away any irreverent criticism.

He dictated in a rich, silky tenor; one felt the sentences forming within him. Now and then he interrupted himself and asked: "Can you follow? Do I speak too fast?" But Käthe was well trained and made a concentrated effort, not wanting to interrupt him.

He dictated in this style for quite some time. Whenever it was possible Käthe's face sought his agitated face. A sense of excitement, of animation, went out from the speaker such as Käthe had rarely felt in the course of any job. While this stranger spoke, grand and measurable feelings arose in her as they did during the Fuehrer's speeches. She

floated on his words as if bathing in the sea. She no longer thought how hopelessly complicated everything was in the world around her; she had the feeling that she was controlled and led by an obscure but not unfriendly power.

He inserted more and more frequent pauses. Now he seemed to be finished. "Enough for today," he said, and: "Why, you look quite disappointed, Fräulein Severin. One can't dictate such things for hours. Surely you in particular can understand that." Without embarrassment, almost shamelessly, he eyed her long, beautiful, narrow face, her curved lips, her brown eyes beneath the full brows, the wide forehead slightly bulging at the base, the thick, dark blond hair with its lovely line, braided into a knot contrary to fashion. It certainly was different working with this girl instead of with Petermann, the desiccated sneak. "You're good to work with," he complimented her. "You don't upset one's mood." He smiled; actually he had a somber face, but when he smiled, it quite lit up.

"Thank you," she said happily.

"Could you really follow while I was dictating?" he went on to ask. "Or does the technical process of writing require your whole attention?"

"I couldn't keep up all the time," Käthe admitted. "But when something takes as much out of a person as the ideas you drew out of yourself, then one makes an effort to listen to them."

"'Drew out of myself'—you hit on a good word for what I do there," he said approvingly. "But please read over to me once more what I 'drew out of myself.'"

SHE read aloud in her crisp voice. To read smoothly from shorthand notes is not very easy, even for an expert. She made a concentrated effort, repeated his sentences fluently and with the correct emphasis, and—remarkably enough—there were only a few hesitations and corrections. "You read that with your soul," he said commendably. Paul would certainly have thought that "with your soul" was a cheap expression; yet she was pleased; she even blushed. And he, eyeing her once again, declared graciously: "I think we'll be working together often." While he put on his expensive, ample overcoat he asked smiling: "As a matter of fact, do you know who I am?" He asked it as if she must know him; and his face did seem familiar to her; surely she had seen it in the papers, but she couldn't think of the name. She had to shake her head, blushing. "All the better, all the better," he said, with slightly forced good humor.

(To be continued next week)

**SHAVE MUG**  
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**NO  
SMOKING**

"Oh! Sir Walter Raleigh—that's different!  
Go right ahead, pal!"

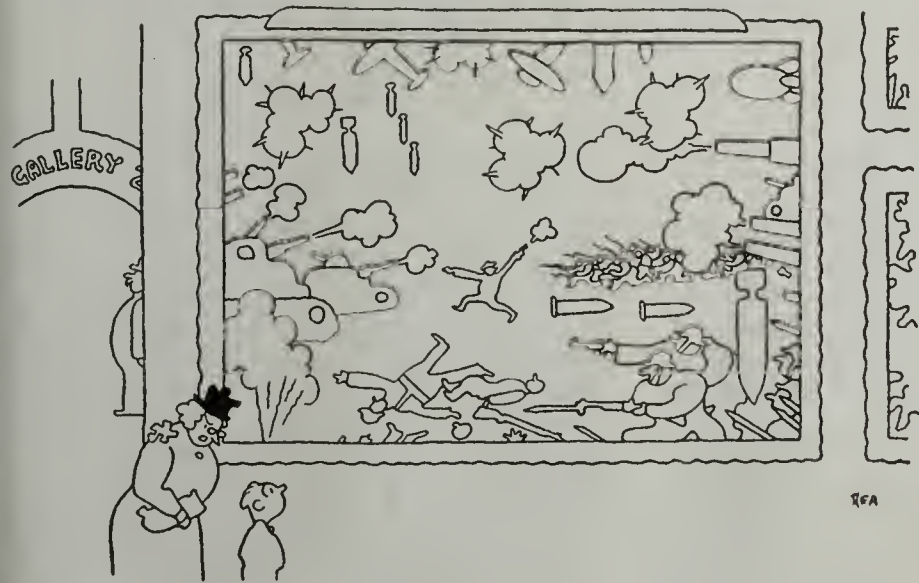
EVER BEEN TOLD how to make your pipe taste better (and smell sweeter)? Just clean it regularly and fill up with fragrant Sir Walter Raleigh. Blended from choice Kentucky burleys, it's mellow and mild, with a superb aroma all its own! Try "the quality pipe tobacco of America."

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RALEIGH**  
PIPE TOBACCO

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BUY WAR  
STAMPS  
AND  
BONDS

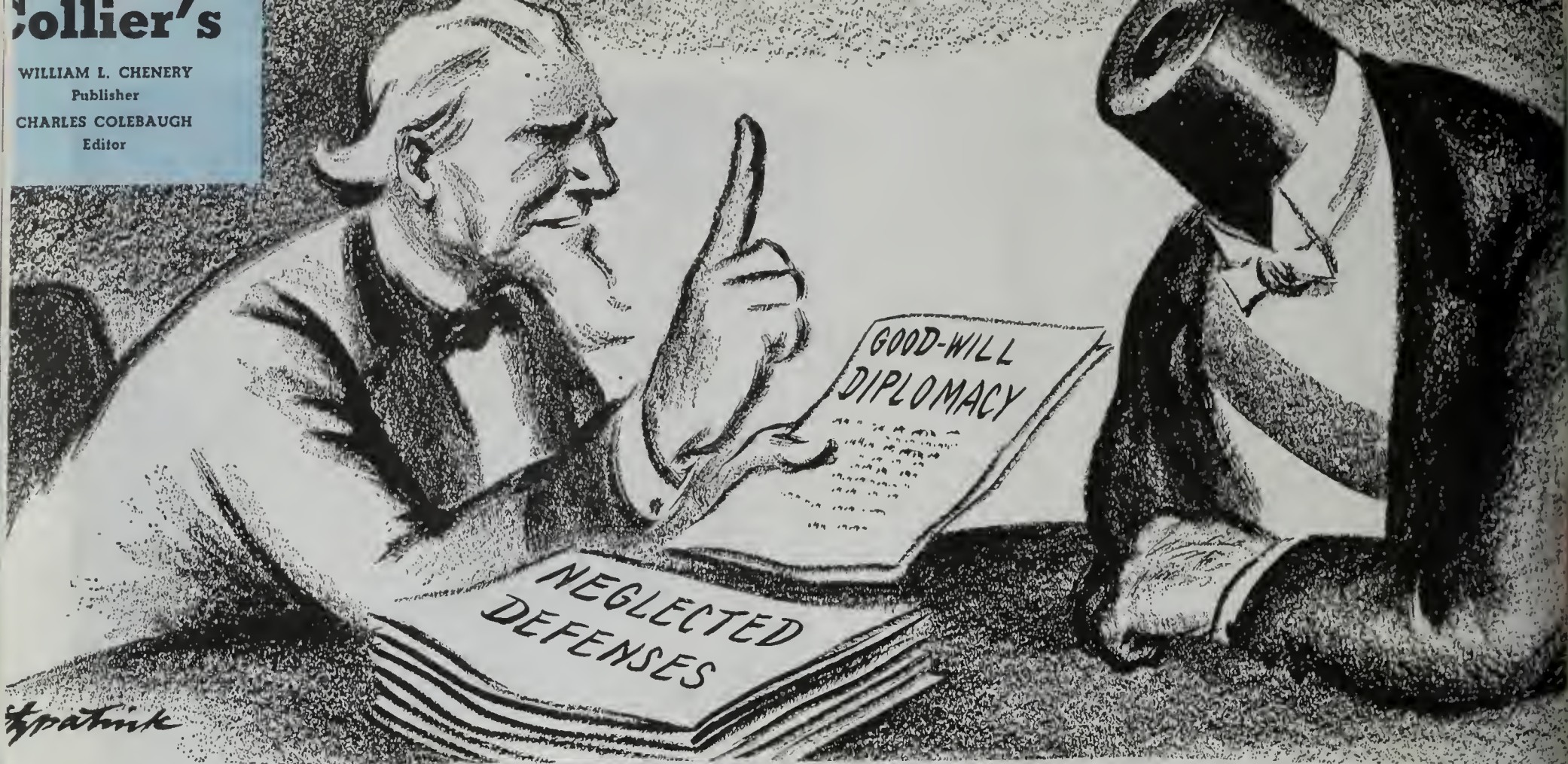
UNION MADE



"Why, Wilbur! It does not look like the funnies"

GARDNER REA





## OUR ROAD TO WAR

**M**ANY a book is hailed by its publishers and one or more critics as the most important book of the year, decade or century. In our opinion, the United States government has recently had the honor of issuing one of the most important books of the last ten years.

The book is *Peace and War*, by the Department of State. (Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C., 1942; 144 pages, 25 cents.)

You've probably heard of this document. It is the story of the United States government's diplomatic deals and discussions all over the world in the decade which began with Japan's attack on Manchuria, September 18, 1931, and ended with Japan's lunge for the backbone of our Pacific fleet at Pearl Harbor, December 7, 1941.

The book makes exciting reading from start to finish. It is a digest of much of the international news you read from day to day during those fateful ten years; and it brings those bits and pieces of news into focus and perspective as it weaves them into a connected story.

What interests us most about the book is the strange dualism of character which our people and our government exhibited throughout those ten years. All along, we did two things: (1) We called repeatedly for world peace and good will, scolded

nations that threatened peace, stuck the national nose into every explosive situation everywhere; yet (2) we neglected to arm ourselves in such a way as to be able to back up our righteous words with action. And other nations were not fooled.

To illustrate, we quote a paragraph from Peace and War on the subject of Ambassador to Japan Joseph C. Grew's December 27, 1934, report to the State Department on the Japanese situation:

The Ambassador said that unless we were prepared to subscribe to the "Pax Japonica" in the Far East, we should rapidly build up our Navy to treaty strength, and when the Washington Naval Treaty expired we should continue, "regardless of cost," to maintain the existing naval ratios with Japan; *that Japan's naval policy had been formulated on a premise that the United States would never build up to treaty strength.* He reported that almost half of the Japanese national budget for 1935-36 was for the army and navy. [Italics ours.]

We hoped to eat our cake and have it too; to be interventionists and isolationists at the same time. The Axis powers clearly perceived this fatuous self-deception of ours. In due time, Japan led off the Axis attempt to snatch the cake which we hadn't eaten. Disaster followed disaster for

the United Nations' arms around the world, until a full eleven months after Pearl Harbor, we were able to mount an offensive in North Africa and score a big sea-air victory over the Japs off Guadalcanal.

We've acted that way more than once, as a nation; have tried to get something without paying for it, or to follow two irreconcilable courses of action or policy at the same time. Some of us are even now toying with the idea that we can furnish the bulk of the weapons with which to beat the Axis, and send only token forces of our own men to fight with those weapons; that others can be depended on to do most of the fighting for us.

It is no use blaming the President or Congress for our pre-Pearl Harbor unpreparedness. They were only reflecting the wishes of the people—though in some respects it must be admitted that the President was a little way ahead of the majority of the people.

If we can learn from this war to be prepared always to meet the full consequences of anything we may say officially to any other nation or nations, we shall learn a priceless lesson, and on which may save the national neck some day.

Anyway, we recommend that you spend 25 cents for this book and read it word for word.

## THE DAY OF GLORY

*Allons, enfants de la patrie—  
Le jour de gloire est arrivé . . .  
—La Marseillaise*

**I**T IS an honor to the Allies, as well as a great help, to have France back in the fight, though for the time being, France's fight is based in North Africa.

Not that the French people—the great majority of them—ever were out of the fight. Mistaken or timid counsels in June, 1940, persuaded against the planned flight of the French government to Africa, to carry on the war from there. Old Marshal Pétain may have been overconfident of his ability to cajole a fair deal for France out of

Hitler. Or he may have made the only possible decision.

France's resurrection began with the Allied smash into North Africa last November 7th. It was the first opportunity. The political squabbles, as Eisenhower and Anderson slugged eastward, and Montgomery slashed westward after Rommel, were only the surface foam on the waters stirred by the freshening air of freedom. When Roosevelt and Churchill met at Casablanca, and it became evident that the Allies were acting in good faith and had the force to back their promises, Giraud and De Gaulle agreed readily enough that the first thing on the calendar was to whip the Germans.

Meanwhile, the French fleet at Toulon had scuttled itself rather than let Hitler take it over—an act which led, as the French sailors knew it would, to the German occupation of all France and a stepping-up of brutal reprisals for the slightest acts of "disloyalty." Meanwhile, too, General Jacques Leclerc and his dauntless Fighting French had set out from Equatorial Africa on their 1,500-mile desert march for Tripoli—a story which we surmise will be retold for generations.

It now seems certain that France is destined to rise again, and in glory. The world will be the richer from the moment that promise comes true.

*Aux armes, citoyens—  
Formez vos bataillons . . .*



# Collier's

MARCH 20, 1943

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DO NOT GET THE DEAR OLD DEAR  
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## Confessions of a Sourpuss

BY HAROLD LLOYD

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THEY TELL ME B.F. GOODRICH  
WAS ACTUALLY SELLING TIRES  
MADE WITH SYNTHETIC RUBBER  
8 MONTHS BEFORE THE WAR!



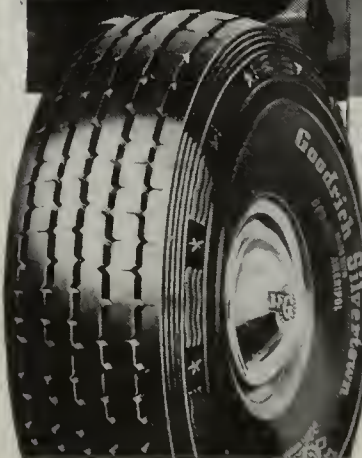
Right you are, Captain! Long before Pearl Harbor we were making tires in which more than half the rubber was Ameripol—our synthetic. They were the first such tires ever offered for sale to the American public. Many car owners bought them. So did leading American companies. They wanted to help get America's synthetic rubber program started. The result was a dramatic nationwide test that proved Ameripol tires at least the equal of tires made with natural rubber. The Bond Bakers, for instance, reported 28,300 miles.



An even more severe test is being made today. Synthetic rubber is doing scores of vital jobs—wherever men fight—in the air, on land or sea. And again it's passing the test—thanks to the "know how" gained before the war. But remember this—all rubber is still precious. Ameripol synthetic rubber is not yet available for civilian tires.



After we've won, your new car may have tires made wholly or partially of synthetic rubber. Look for the ones made by B. F. Goodrich. Why? Because we've had more actual experience making and testing such tires. And because we promise you that "B. F. Goodrich, first in rubber," will also be "B. F. Goodrich, first in synthetic rubber."



*In war or peace*  
**B.F. Goodrich**  
**FIRST IN RUBBER**

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MORE &  
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ND CO.

ELLOGG COMPANY... NEW YORK CENTRAL SYSTEM... NEW YORK TELEPHONE CO... PACKARD  
MOTOR CAR CO... PET MILK SALES CORP... RAILWAY EXPRESS AGENCY... SOCONY-VACUUM OIL CO.  
STANDARD BRANDS, INC... SWIFT & COMPANY... THE TEXAS CO... U. S. GYPSUM CO...  
WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH CO... and many other important companies in communities from coast to coast



# Picture OF THE MONTH

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Presents  
William Saroyan's

## THE HUMAN COMEDY

starring

**MICKEY ROONEY**

with **FRANK MORGAN**

**SUPPORTING PLAYERS:** James Craig, Marsha Hunt, Fay Bainter, Ray Collins, Van Johnson, Donna Reed, Jack Jenkins, Dorothy Morris, John Craven, Ann Ayars, Mary Nash, Henry O'Neill

**SCREEN PLAY BY:** Howard Estabrook,  
Based on the Book by William Saroyan

**PRODUCED AND DIRECTED BY:**  
CLARENCE BROWN

**BRIEF REVIEW:** A coming event that is casting a considerable shadow ahead is "The Human Comedy". Via Hollywood and listening posts across the country, we hear that the picture tells a story so rich in meaning, so human in feeling, that it has everyone on his toes waiting for the Premiere!



"The Human Comedy" reaches down and touches the very earth of America. Its tender and sensitive story has caught the pounding heartbeats of the very real people it portrays—and magnifies them into a symphony of sound that is as strong as it is moving, as splendid as it is simple! You'll go down quiet country lanes and up the steps of rich mansions guided by the gentle but firm hand of Saroyan, master of the sweet and bitter-sweet!

All the nostalgias of boyhood will flow through you when Homer runs the 220 hurdles—and all your romantic inclinations will be with the tieless youth who woos the debutante daughter of the town's banker. Here is a story woven of the warp and woof of living and loving, dreaming and building. It is the big sum of all its wealth of tender and illuminating detail. It adds up to greatness!

"The Human Comedy" touches tragedy but it is never tawdry. It is mottled with sunlight but does not forget the rain. It probes the emotions so sensitively that as you see the story unfold, you will forget you are in the audience and step right into your part on the screen.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has given this production the understanding directorship of Clarence Brown and the inspired interpretation of scene and role which the script demanded.

**ACCOLADE:** To Mickey Rooney who in this picture develops new stature as the young boy messenger whose duties bring him into contact with rich and poor and whose humanness brings him into direct contact with Life itself!

**LAURELS:** To Saroyan who makes the simple great—and simplifies the great—by applying the leveling touchstone of human feeling to all his characters.

**OLIVE BRANCH:** To all those who sometime claim that Hollywood does not make Great Pictures—here is a challenging story which will move the most critical to applause, for "The Human Comedy" has The Human Touch.

WALTER DAVENPORT Politics  
AIMEE LARKIN Distaff  
QUENTIN REYNOLDS England  
KYLE CRICHTON Screen and Theater  
MAX WILKINSON Fiction  
JAMES N. YOUNG Fiction  
WM. O. CHESSMAN Art  
HENRY L. JACKSON Fine Feathers  
GURNEY WILLIAMS Articles

CLARENCE H. ROY Articles  
DENVER LINDLEY Fiction  
FRANK D. MORRIS U. S. Navy in Pacific  
W. B. COURTNEY U. S. Army in Far East  
FRANK GERVASI Near East  
MARTHA GELLHORN Articles  
JIM MARSHALL West Coast  
ROBERT McCORMICK Washington  
IFOR THOMAS Photographs

## ANY WEEK

THE most sensitive people in the world live in San Francisco. Not only are they delicate to the point of desiccation but they bruise to the touch. We have attended dinners in the town that seemed pleasant and cultured but we realize now that we were sitting on a volcano. The gathering was simply waiting in terror for the great blunder. The crime, of course, was uttering the word "Frisco." Neva Lee Budworth of that excellent



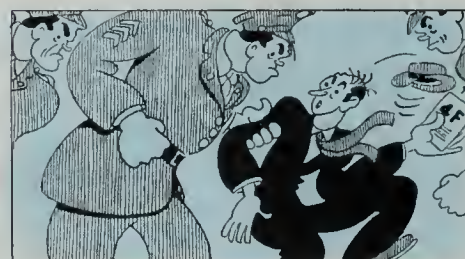
city has been protesting a caption in this magazine using the detestable word: "It means social ostracism in the Bay area, cold shoulders and unfriendly glares. Let this be a warning!" We are unable to understand this phobia because, to us, Frisco is the most beautiful word in the English language. It suggests romance, adventure, exciting life. San Francisco suggests nothing but fish grottoes, seals and Joe DiMaggio. The second most beautiful word in the language is Fresno.

IN TRUTH, love of place has always seemed to us the most pathetic of virtues. The native of Vermont who stands on the border of New Hampshire, two feet away, and says, "I couldn't stand an abominable climate like that," is no more to be admired than the gentleman who comments, with the air of having propounded a great truth, that New York is a nice place to visit. A word of reality is always a relief in this situation, and we think we've found it in a report from our Mr. James Darling, lately returned from a trip to western Canada, where he met a Negro cook and asked him how he found life in that vast waste. "Boss," said the cook sadly, "this country ain't nothin' but miles and miles of nothin' but miles and miles."

IT'S also miles back to the East Side of New York, but we are making it via a communication from one Bill Hebert of Hollywood, who forwards what must obviously be an apocryphal story about an East Side mother who had two sons, one of them a wizard in school, while the other always flunked. When the war came, both boys enlisted. The bright one went to officers' training school; the other entered the Air Forces and in no time at all was overseas in plenty of combat. Mamma was sitting on the front steps, a little depressed, the other day, after having just received a letter

from her son in the Solomons, when a friend passed by. "Hozz treeex, Mrs. Nussbaum?" asked the friend. "And hozz Louie and Henry—such smott boys?" "With Henry is everything fine," replied Mrs. Nussbaum. "Strictly kopacetik. He has just graduated from officers' trainink school. But dot dope, Louie, he writes he has just got three Zeros—again!"

JUST what Mrs. Nussbaum was doing on her front steps at this time of year is a matter for Mr. Hebert to explain, for we have had a tough winter in these parts and rarely leave the house without a cask of brandy around our neck. It has meant a great change in our life and we are sympathetic with David C. Waugh of Tomah, Wisconsin, who scoffs at the present regulations in England that cut down the depth of water in their bathtubs to five and a half inches. "Did you ever run five and a half inches of water in your tub and then get in and see how your body displacement pushed the water up the sides?" demands Mr. Waugh. "If you check, you'll find that the average amount of water in a tub in this country is from three to five inches before the person gets in." We confess we get a little more, because we have gone back to the old custom of taking our bath Saturday nights in a wooden tub by the kitchen stove. On a good night, the water often gets up to eight inches.



AND a letter from Arthur M. Herzog of New York states that he almost had the distinction of being the first native-born American shot for excess patriotism. It seems that Mr. Herzog was down at Penn Station seeing off a friend who was going to Camp Upton. As the line of selectees began to move, Mr. Herzog was pushed in among them by a tough sergeant. He protested, the sergeant admonished him to keep his lip to himself, and Herzog found himself on the train. He explained his dilemma to another sergeant, who said he couldn't do anything about it but suggested that Mr. Herzog might get off at Jamaica. Herzog decided it would be even better to get off before the train started, which he did—and was immediately chased by two other sergeants. He had almost reached the safety of the street when he slipped and was collared and dragged back

(Continued on page 37)

# Collie

WILLIAM L. CHENERY Publish  
CHARLES COLEBAUGH Editor

## THIS WEEK

MARCH 20, 1943

### SHORT STORIES

**JOSEPHINE BENTHAM**

**The Secret Love.** Mendi love affairs has its own rev

**ISABEL SCOTT RORICK**

**A Woman Can't Win.** Bu certainly shoot the works

**WILLIAM and MILARDE B**

**Out of Sync.** Proving th pastures are not always di

**HAROLD LAMB**

**Bolshaya, Room Three.** I impossible if you take a c

**D. D. BEAUCHAMP**

**By Any Other Name.** Tib crash in flames to get his a

**THE SHORT SHORT STOR**

**The Life of McKinley,** "Bugs" Baer.

### SERIAL STORIES

**PEARL S. BUCK**

**China Flight.** The sever parts.

**LION FEUCHTWANGER**

**Double, Double, Toil and The third of eight parts.**

### ARTICLES

**HAROLD L. ICKES**

**Confessions of a Sourpuss.** of the autobiography of a eon.

**HANNAH LEES**

**Food to Fly On.** The RC most efficiently on its stor

**RUTH CARSON**

**Seamen's Art.** Scratch a m find an artist.

**RUTH BUGBEE**

**Scouts at Work.** What Scouts contribute in war a time.

**KYLE CRICHTON**

**The Voice of Courage.** It more than polio to down Lawrence.

**ROBERT McCORMICK**

**The Army Spreads Its Wi** AAF becomes one of the fighting outfits in the world

**FRELING FOSTER**

**Keep Up with the World.**

**WING TALK.**

### EDITORIALS

**Bonds and Taxes for Victor** That "\$25,000 Top." Nisei Soldiers.

**COVER**

**LAWSON**

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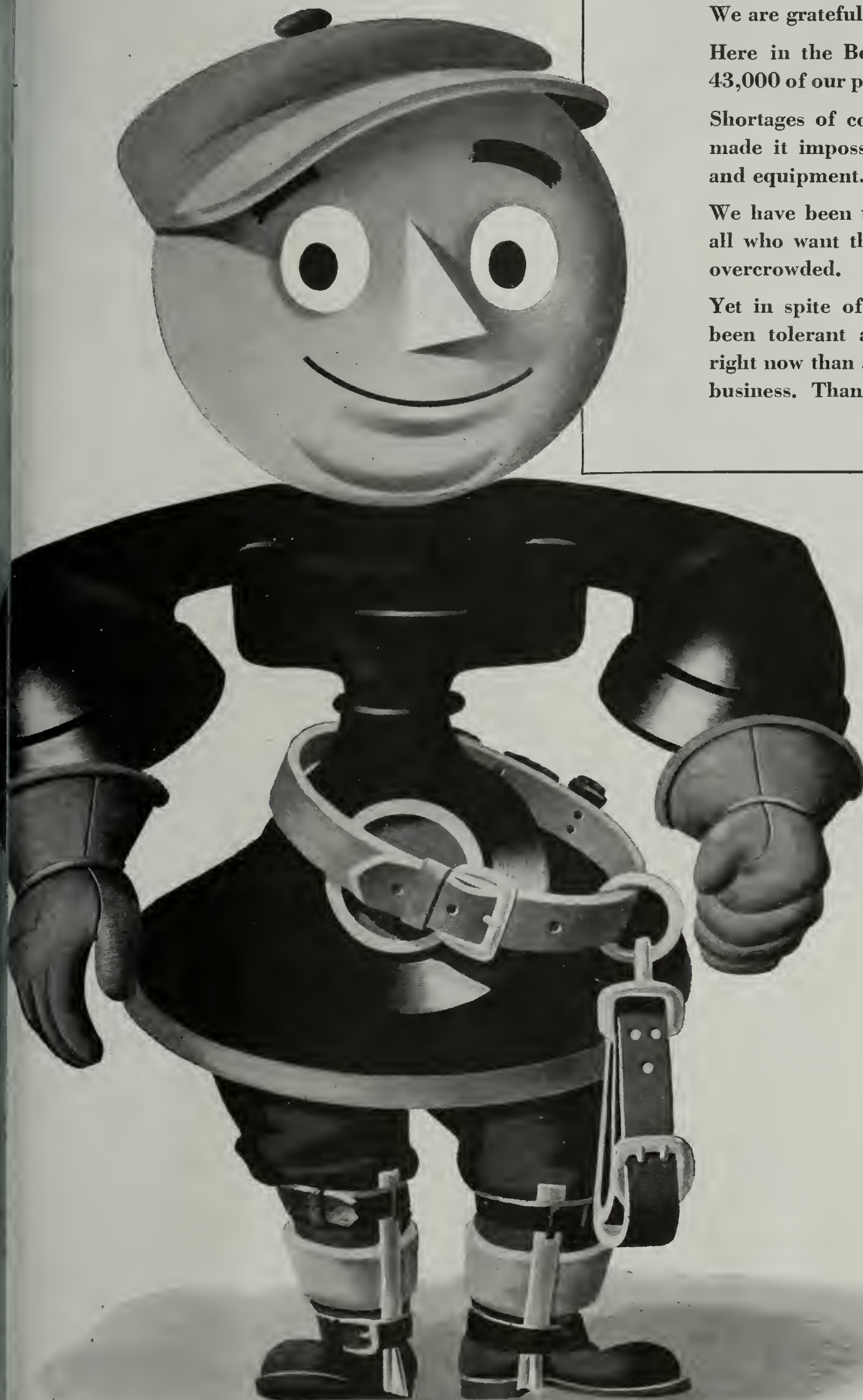
We are grateful for your help in difficult times.

Here in the Bell System we have seen some 43,000 of our people go into the armed services.

Shortages of copper and other materials have made it impossible to add much-needed lines and equipment.

We have been unable to install telephones for all who want them and many of our lines are overcrowded.

Yet in spite of all this, telephone users have been tolerant and we have fewer complaints right now than at any time in the history of the business. Thanks a lot for understanding.



BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

**WAR CALLS  
COME FIRST**







Next time you buy a tooth brush, keep this in mind: Years of laboratory research have produced amazing new synthetic bristles . . . better, longer-lasting than natural bristle.

And among the new synthetic tooth brush bristles being marketed under various trade names, far and away the best are those made by du Pont.

#### PROLON — no finer bristle made

"Prolon" is our name for the very finest grade of this synthetic bristle that du Pont makes. So, when you read or hear competitive tooth brush claims, ask yourself this: *How can the same du Pont bristle, in another brush under another name, last longer or clean better than under the name "Prolon" in a Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush?* You know

the answer . . . it can't!

Pro-phy-lac-tic's big plus is that Prolon is the only synthetic bristle that is rounded at the ends.

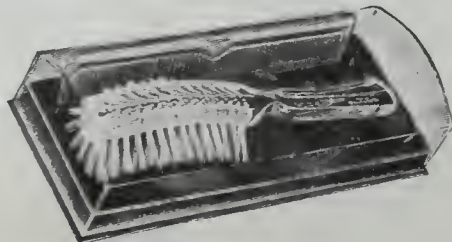
Yes, under a special patented process, exclusive with Pro-phy-lac-tic, we smooth and round the end of each and every Prolon bristle in the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush. See for yourself how much gentler these round ends are on tender gums!

#### Only PROLON has "round ends"

Remember, no other tooth brush has this important feature. So, next time you buy a tooth brush get the best you can buy for your money . . . get the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush — the only tooth brush, by the way, with a written six-month guarantee.

... and don't miss this new line of hair brushes in gleaming Jewelite!

Pro-phy-lac-tic's latest triumph! Dresser sets and toilet brushes in crystal-clear plastic. Choice of four gleaming, jewel colors. Transparent Jewelite backs. Moisture-resistant, snow-white Prolon bristles. \$1.50 to \$10.00 — at most brush-goods counters. Illustrated: Roll-Wave, a unique "curved-to-the-head" brush . . . with comb, \$4.50



PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH CO., Florence, Mass.



## KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Johnstown, Pennsylvania, is one of the few communities in this country in which party-line telephones cannot be tied up by lengthy conversations. Since 1939, its phones have been regulated by an automatic device which, after giving a warning signal sixty seconds in advance, disconnects all calls at the end of eight minutes.

Australia is the only democratic country that has completed the official history of its part in the first World War, the six-volume work having been finished recently after twenty-two years of preparation.—By Annie W. Robertson, London, England.

Naval guns fire such a variety of projectiles that the types are painted in different colors to distinguish them easily and quickly. Antiaircraft and bombardment shells are green, armor-piercing shells are black, high explosives are yellow, shrapnel are white, and gas are red. A white band indicates that the shell is also a tracer.

U. S. Army dogs are specially trained in rescue work. Upon locating a wounded man, the dog returns to headquarters, indicates his find by chewing his "brinsell," a short wooden stick that hangs from his collar, and leads stretcher-bearers to the spot.

Russia's refusal to disclose the names of the 2,500,000 Nazi soldiers killed or captured has been a major factor in the impairment of the morale of the German masses.

The compulsory banking of food-ration coupons does not affect about seventy-five per cent of the nation's retail food stores. Those who must have ration bank accounts are all food stores with two or more outlets and one-store retailers whose gross sales of all food was \$5,000 or more in December, 1942.

The expression "Tell that to the marines" is an old English phrase that first found its way into print in Sir Walter Scott's novel Redgauntlet, written and published in 1824.

In addition to its 24-hour clock U. S. Army now uses Greenwich Time exclusively to avoid confusion in time on our numerous islands. Example: Officers in Alaska and rocco, reporting incidents that occurred simultaneously, would use the same time figures, such as 27 meaning the 27th day of the month at 31 minutes after 13 or 1 P. M. the letter Z standing for Greenwich or Zero Meridian.

Cities in Free China are brightly illuminated at night by their systems of airplane defense. They always warn them of approaching bombers at least an hour in advance.—By K. B. Soon, Kukong, Kiangtung, Free China.

Latex, basis of crude rubber, is in varying quantities and qualities about 9,000 species of trees, shrubs and vines, differs from tree in that it does not seem to have any necessary function in the life of the plant. In fact, its natural purpose is not completely understood.

The first two cities to be awarded the "T" flag by the Treasury Department for having 90 per cent or more of their citizens invest over 10 per cent of their income in War Bonds are Cedar Rapids, Iowa, and Elion, New York.

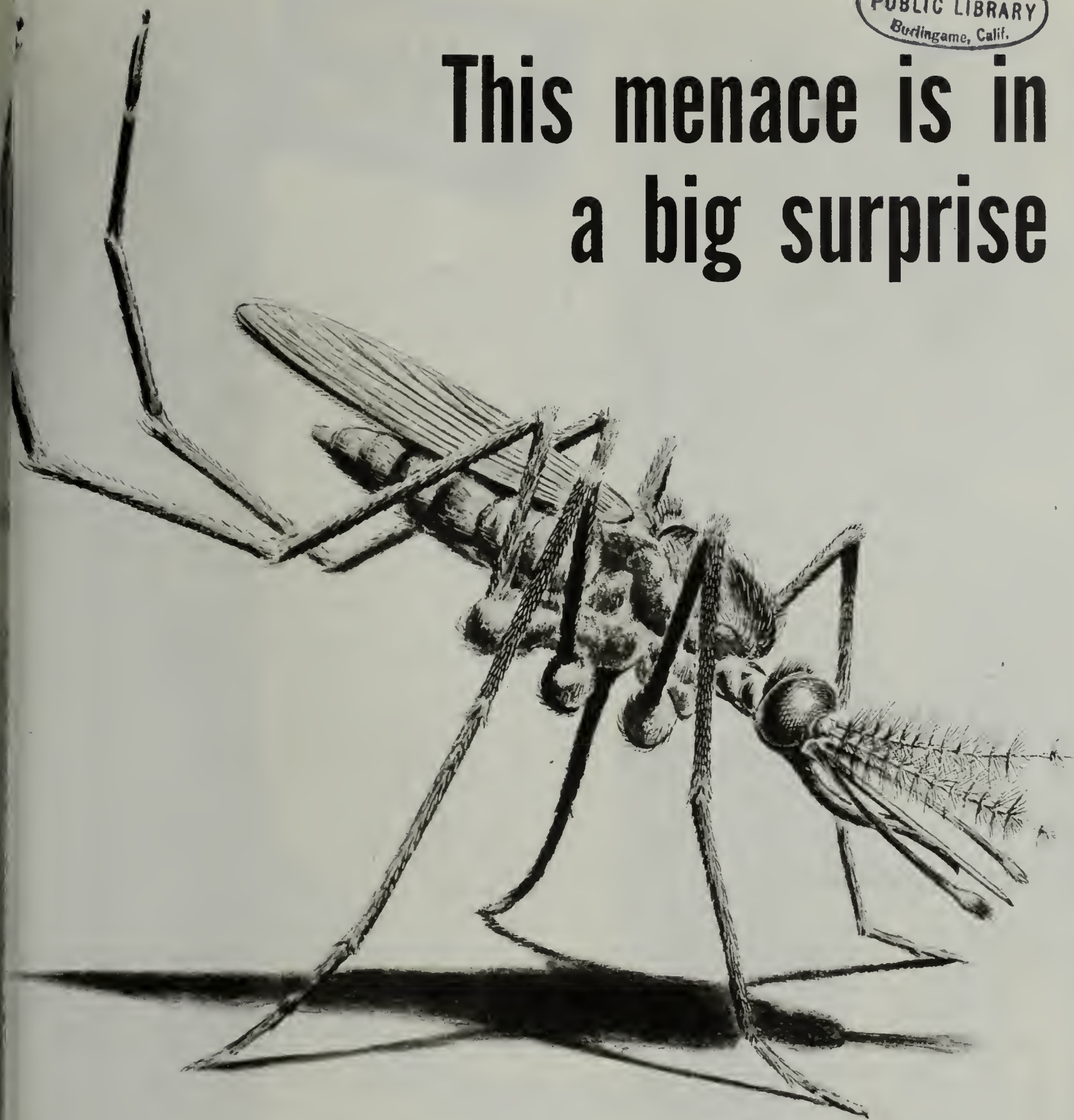
The custom of slicing bread at commercial bakeries no more than one cent for a hundred loaves, and only three cents to the cost of producing an entire year's supply of bread for one average family.

Since officers of the Red Army learned from captured Nazis that they had expected to be buried in groups of these prisoners are frequently taken at night to the lines where they tell their former comrades, via loud-speaker, how well they are being treated.

Five dollars will be paid for each in or unusual fact accepted for this Contributions must be accompanied by factory proof. Address Keep Up, World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by The National Weekly. None of the material may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher.



# This menace is in for a big surprise



Her name is *Anopheles*.

She is the mosquito that carries malaria.

From now on, she'll be much less of a menace to our fighting forces in Africa and the Pacific, and all of us here in America . . . thanks to a new Westinghouse development in the field of insect control.

*Insect control! Funny thing for an electrical manufacturer to be concerned with?*

Not when you know that this new device—a small metal cylinder containing Aerosol, a development of the U. S. Department of Agriculture—was made possible by Westinghouse "know how" gained in building electric refrigerators.

With this device, soldiers in combat zones can

destroy every deadly insect in barracks, dugouts, captured enemy positions, in an amazingly short time—with complete safety to themselves. Cargo and transport planes returning to America from malaria-infested areas can be rid of disease-laden insects *in flight*, long before there is any danger of bringing these unwelcome stowaways into the United States.

Is this so important? A high military authority has said that *this new Westinghouse device may save more American lives than any other single invention of the war to date.*

And it is only one of many Westinghouse products that are helping to bring Victory nearer. In addition to all the electrical products we are mak-

ing—and there are literally thousands of them—we are turning out such things as precision Army binoculars, huge steam turbines and reduction gears for ships of the Navy and Merchant Marine, plastic linings for Army helmets, control pulleys for aircraft, anti-tank shot, mountings for big Navy guns.

In peacetime, our principal business is *electricity*.

*But in wartime, our only business is Victory. And that means we are vitally concerned with anything—electrical or not—that our "know-how" can design or build to help win this war.*

Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Company, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

Tune in the Westinghouse Program starring John Charles Thomas—NBC Network, Sunday, 2:30 P. M., Eastern War Time.

# Westinghouse



PLANTS IN 25 CITIES—OFFICES EVERYWHERE



# Tomorrow's RADIO AND TELEVISION

a prediction by

*Joseph Palma*  
NICHOLS & PALMA,  
INDUSTRIAL DESIGNERS



TELEVISION PROJECTOR  
TELEVISION SCREEN  
(pulls down over picture)  
RADIO-PHONOGRAPH  
(chairside control)

New and exciting adventures in radio and television are in prospect for the tomorrow when victory again brings its cherished blessings of peace. Joseph Palma's intriguing design . . . as well as others pictured in these columns . . . are providing Admiral engineers with many stimulating ideas for the future. Right now, however, both great Admiral plants are making vital communications equipment for our armed forces . . . to help hasten the tomorrow that victory will bring. **Continental Radio & Television Corporation, 3800 W. Cortland St., Chicago, U.S.A.**

**TUNE IN . . . 2:30-2:55 p.m.** New York time, Sunday afternoon. Admiral Radio brings you "World News Today" over the Columbia Network . . . with direct short wave reports from the leading news centers of the world.

*Admiral*  
**RADIO**  
AMERICA'S SMART SET

## WING TALK

THE Johns and the Sallys who are staying away from their war jobs for no particular reason have become a main problem in war production today and "absentee" has become synonymous with "enemy" in the building of war planes. Last year, it was estimated, the absentee war workers in the plane factories "shot down" between 500 and 600 planes.

Last December, for instance, the loss of man-hours in the Douglas Aircraft plant totaled 322,720, when employees failed to show up because they had hang-overs, had gone shopping or visited beauty parlors or done something else besides work. In that one plant, those absentees cost *fifty-five combat planes for Uncle Sam's Army and Navy.*

With more money than they ever had before, and squared away with their creditors, the workers get the habit of taking it easy to enjoy hunting, sports or other diversions.

Everything is being tried to solve the problem, at a time when all hands are needed to keep the planes rolling off the production lines. The excuses the workers give are usually worthless; nevertheless the situation has to be handled with caution. Personal service bureaus are being established to take care of little chores which often keep the worker from his job. A morale-building program is under way to show the worker the importance of his task, and it may even come to a point of having a ceremony at which the habitual absentees dedicate a plane which wasn't built. It will be marked "Missing—But Not in Action."

SOMEWHERE on the fighting fronts of the world today are a dozen gold-star fighting planes, marked to avenge the death of soldiers who used to work at the Lockheed and Vega plants in southern California. Those planes started on their missions last December, and in the months to come, others will be so dedicated to former employees who have given their lives in battle.

THERE will be virtual flying service stations for planes after the war if plans now being considered materialize. Looking forward to the vast increase in flying in all its phases, plans are being considered to give the fastest and cheapest type of repair service to plane owners and operators. And with it will be an aerial repair service, so that the man in the small town where no aircraft-repair facilities are available can get the same type of quick service enjoyed by those whose planes are kept at thoroughly equipped bases.

Under a plan being discussed now, main bases would be set up at strategic locations where the actual work would be done. A shuttle service would be operated, with work planes in the area served by each base which would send mechanics, parts and even rental engines for the customer's plane. Such repair depots would serve for the small feeder-line systems, on an annual contract basis, when those systems are expanded in peacetime. In addition to having the possibility of developing into big business, such an operation would afford employment for the boys who are servicing warplanes today and will



Mrs. Betty Chambers and Michael in front of a Lightning—a fighting memorial to the husband and father, 2d Lt. Robert W. Chambers—one of twelve planes dedicated by Lockheed and Vega to Gold men on the companies' service

be looking for similar jobs when they come back.

Hand in hand with this business is a circuit of aviation country clubs being opened in various cities. These clubs, in addition to the companionship they offer, will give their members savings on fuel buying and other benefits, through group purchasing. Even existing clubs may find themselves adding rooms and utilizing their existing facilities for profit when the nation swings on the peacetime aviation band wagon.

JUSTIN B. BOWEN



# GOODBYE—MR. ZERO!

Time was when the words "Jap Zero" sent a chill through the blood . . . *not any more.*

A new cock-of-the-walk is ruling upstairs—the fightingest Navy plane ever launched in the skies—the new *Corsair!*

Five tons of armored fury, it climbs like a rocket—faster, *higher* than any Jap has ever gone! And with it rides a blazing, blasting battery of high-velocity guns that can dissolve a Zero into thin air half a mile away.

*Tremendous power* is the secret of this new star in our fighting heavens.

And we are proud that the Corsair's engine—more powerful than any Axis plane known—is a war responsibility shared by the men of Nash-Kelvinator.

It may seem a far cry from refrigerators and automobiles to 2,000 h.p. Pratt & Whitney high-altitude engines, one of America's most intricate war production jobs. Yet it's only one of Nash-Kelvinator's war tasks: Already from Nash-Kelvinator have come thousands of propellers now singing their song of death and destruction over the arsenals of the Ruhr . . .

So to that lad who's riding the Corsair miles above the Jap battle fleet, we send this message from our men: "Go to it, fellow—knock the spots off of 'em! We will do our part just as you are doing yours. You'll get the best weapons man ever made. *Keep those guns blazing—'til the last rising sun and swastika are shot out of the skies!*"

NASH-KELVINATOR CORPORATION, *Detroit, Michigan*

**Your War Bonds Help Buy—Your Scrap Metal  
Helps Build—Great Fighter Planes Like These**



**NASH** **KELVINATOR**

In War . . . Builders of Pratt & Whitney Engines and Hamilton Standard Propellers. In Peace . . . Nash Automobiles and Kelvinator Refrigerators.





"RIGHT OF WAY FOR THE U. S. A."

# One passenger - or one million

**T**HOSE carefree days when a man could take a train almost as easily as he'd buy a morning paper are out for the duration.

Folks have to share the railroads with the Army and the Navy, just as they're sharing almost everything else these days.

We wish we could still offer you an unlimited choice of departure times and accommodations, *but more than a million and a half troops per month must be cared for first.*

That takes a lot of cars and a lot of locomotives.

It takes the time of a lot of railroad men, for these movements must be handled swiftly and secretly.

After meeting all the vast demands of a nation at war, we are not always able to serve the public as well as we'd like to—but nevertheless, with a little cooperation, *we'll get you where you have to go.*

Transportation is our business as well as our duty—and we want you to know that every railroad man worthy of the name has his heart in his job.

Association of  
**AMERICAN RAILROADS**  
Washington  
D. C.





AS MY story unfolds—provided that you have the appetite to stick to it—it will be made clear enough what a sourpuss is and why I have appropriated the label as my exclusive right. Mouth-to-ear rumors about a public man are generally so fiercely barbed that most people would be afraid to repeat them aloud if they were said of a private citizen. But of a man in public life they can believe virtually anything, provided that it is sufficiently unbelievable.

To illustrate: Should someone start a report that I squirt boiled oil on an unwelcome visitor, few people would doubt it.

Let someone whisper that I frequently order the Department of the Interior elevators shut down and all steps and landings well greased just before quitting time, and before you can recall the second verse of the national anthem, the story has become a part of my public reputation.

I expect that what I shall relate will not only reveal me in all the glory of America's No. 1 curmudgeon, but that it will be an inspiration to those who may aspire to pursue their way through public life as I have. It may encourage them to know that I have had a swell time learning the ropes myself. They are welcome to profit by my experience.

There was a time when, due to my mother, I was in danger of becoming, if not a mellow and urbane human being, at least an average one. How I escaped the fate of being just an ordinary American citizen who would pass the collection plate on Sunday in my home town of Altoona, Pennsylvania, and go to lodge meeting on Monday night, I will never know. It would have been a simple matter, as I review my career, to have developed into a pantywaist.

Originally the Ickeses got themselves out of Germany, which is an even better place to get out of today. This may account for at least some of the idiosyncrasies out of which my reputation has been contrived.

Four or five generations ago, we settled in Montgomery County in Pennsylvania, where my current paternal grandfather caught up with a young Swedish-Finnish lass in New Sweden, on the Delaware River, and married her.

On my mother's side, I stem from a line of Scots who, before the Revolutionary War, hit the trail along the Juniata River up into the eastern slopes of the Allegheny Mountains of Pennsylvania, where

KARGER-PIX

## CONFESSIONS OF A SOURPUSS

BY HAROLD L. ICKES

STORY  
about the



maternal Grandfather Ickes was later to overtake them.

Grandfather McCune (it started out years ago as McEwen) was a member of the state legislature, and his father was for twenty-seven years the nonlegal member of the county court of three in original Huntingdon County. Now you know where some of my love of politics comes from.

Politically, we were Republicans on both sides. Once my father was, briefly, an aberrant Greenbacker, and the family never quite outlived the disgrace of it. Our house was bright with lights and gay with bunting when a Republican torchlight procession passed. It was a complete blackout, however, when the unspeakable Democrats tramped by. Father ran for the council once in a strongly Democratic war and was licked by four votes. And I had peddled his cards!

One of the things they say about me now is that I have an uncanny ability to pick losers. Why, bless your hearts, many times I have supported a candidate when I knew all the time that he couldn't win. This gives one something to grouse about. The successful candidate will serve as an attractive target for one's villainous darts. Going down with the candidate you believe in is much better for your disposition, if you are dead set upon being a sourpuss.

I have never in my life supported a man because I thought that he was predestined

to victory. That would have put me in the uncomfortable position of having to defend when my nature was to attack. As a delegate to the Republican National Convention in Chicago in 1920, I yelled "No!" on the motion to make the nomination of Harding unanimous. Was I wrong?

When the time came that I must decide upon a career, my problem was to choose one where there would be feeble opposition and very little of that. It took me a long time to decide that I would do best as a curmudgeon, and I leave it to 134,000,000 Americans to say with what degree of success I have carried out my designs.

#### The Brass Band Wasn't There

I was sixteen years old when my mother died. Before she left us, she convinced my favorite aunt from Chicago that she ought to take me in. No high-hatted, stuffed-shirt delegation or police escort met the budding grouse from Altoona on that hot July day in 1890, as he stepped off the train at the Englewood Station. But the time was to come when this same youngster, sweet-tempered enough to begin with, was to have to wear a false beard to escape delegations of city dignitaries come to meet the Public Works Administrator (Old Sourpuss by then!) who had the penultimate say as to what towns and counties and states might have how much federal funds for what projects.



The baby picture, I blushing admit, is of me. And who, indeed, is man but a boy grown up?

Of course I went to school. If my drug-store uncle had had his way I would have become an apothecary. But it so happened that my uncle wasn't the boss. My Aunt Ada decreed that I was going to school, and to school I went. I had finished the eighth grade in Altoona without their having to burn down the schoolhouse, and my first job upon reaching Chicago was to jimmy my way into the Englewood High School.

Although president of my class in 1893, I was still modest and shy. I knew very few of my classmates. If I had had more experience with people, I would have realized that I shouldn't have accepted the presidency of the class. To the very end, there was a group that resented me as a carpetbagging intruder. Perhaps this was the beginning of my dead-cat-throwing public, of which I was later to be the proud possessor.

About that time, I went to bed with a bad attack of typhoid fever, as there was an epidemic in Chicago in that World's Fair year. Of this I nearly died but I managed to outwit and confound my enemies. I count it my first victory over them.

I recovered in time to return to my high-school duties with all of my lessons made up so as to graduate with my class. My recollection is, although this may fall in that category of family legends that are unreliable, self-glorifying expressions designed to refurbish prestige or hide soup stains—my recollection is, I say, that scholastically I ranked well within the first ten of my class of seventy-two. Bragging again!

That summer of 1893—the summer of the World's Fair—I went back to Altoona for the first time since I had left it three

Here I am with Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, snapped in the LaSalle Street Station, in Chicago. In case you can't tell, I am the one under the pancake hat

years earlier. There I found my definitely not interested in my college, and he turned a deaf ear to appeals for even a little in the financial help. I was never much peals anyhow, even then. I have preferred to "say it with bricks" was easy to turn down because I yet been kicked about enough for good.

My main source of income while college was earned as a night-school teacher. It was a precarious livelihood that to shrivel my soul. I taught English class of Scandinavians—mostly Swedes who had recently come to America.

At that time I must have been poor specimen of grouch. I still view that as a combination of air castles—very pretty it was! papers hadn't yet poisoned my still ignorant as to what extent corruption was rampant in public life. I had learned what a pitiless pounding a man can get when he goes into the public square. Mercy no, I am not complaining. I could do it again, I would take the road and, except for a few turns, follow the same route.

I managed to get my hands on admission to the Democratic National Convention which met in 1896 in the Coliseum, a relic of the World's Fair later was destroyed by fire. William Jennings Bryan was known to me slightly, but that was all. My seat in the convention hall was a poor one. 'way back and 'way up in the top gallery. If there had been anything to the rafters, I would have been in there.

The acoustics were terrible. To us who were in the gallery had great difficulty in hearing. So much so that I adopted the habit of shaping my trumpets out of newspapers (they were their uses) and there we would sit hour with the trumpets leveled toward speakers on the floor below. It must have been a weird sight from the main floor, not to see any faces but only row upon row of newspaper cones in the galleries.

#### A Political Puppet Show

There were many outstanding figures among the delegates—David Hill, Senator Gorman of Maryland, Teller, the great silver advocate of Colorado, and many others, including a young free-silver enthusiast from Vermont named Carter Glass. What went on there did not mean much to me, and since I could hear well, even with my trumpet, I was content with watching, from afar, the known figures in what to me was a political pantomime.

Then one day Bryan asked for a platform and he began his cross-of-gold speech. His wonderful speech filled the auditorium. His was the speech that could be heard in every corner of the building. One by one the paper ear trumpets were dropped by the audience, spellbound, sat with intent upon this bold and eloquent congressman from Nebraska.

I comprehended only vaguely the issue in that campaign. As a true Republican, I was automatically a man, in addition to which, for such as I could understand, I believed in the gold cause. But this speech of Bryan thrilled me just as a speech.

Everybody knows what it did at the convention. During the short time for its delivery, Bryan became the man of the Democratic party and years thereafter held its leadership. He was licked three times for the Presidency but he was, nonetheless, a great influence upon our public life. He was also one of the great orators of all time.

(Continued on page 56)



# FOOD TO FLY ON

BY HANNAH LEES

PHOTOGRAPHS BY W. EUGENE SMITH

It's the food you plan, it's the food you eat that counts. The RCAF found that. Now its messes are the best in the world—thanks to female flying officers who are content to stay out of the kitchen.

HERE were beans, among other things, for supper in one of the airmen's messes somewhere in Canada. The men were forming in line, the help were dishing it out when a trim little girl in Air Force blue and the stripe of a section officer stepped up to the pot and tasted the beans. The cook and the assistant-cook were right behind her. She looked at them and shook her head.

"They aren't cooked enough, Sergeant. Better give them the cold meat we were going to have tomorrow," she said.

The sergeant saluted respectfully, to the surprise of the girl in Air Force blue, and the order was carried out. The men waited, and cheerfully, when their supper, when they got it, was good, they thought they got them later, were good, too. They thought they would be. This had happened yesterday with the oatmeal and last week with the bacon.

You didn't know anything about service messing, might wonder mildly at a tough sergeant-cook taking orders from a woman. If you did know something about service messing, your eyes might pop out and with a look of surprise. For that little incident stands for revolution in the Royal Canadian Air Force—a revolution, what's more, with the pleasant distinction of having made everyone connected with it very happy indeed.

It started back in 1939 shortly after Canada got into the war. The Department of Defense, realizing that airmen were going to have to be properly fed so that they could fight, got out the old army ration from the war chest, dusted it off, and took a look at it. It didn't look good. We may not have learned how to prevent war, but we have learned a few other things in the last five years, and a pound of meat, a pound of potatoes and a pound of potatoes per man per day doesn't seem so perfectly nourishing now as it did then.

The Department of Defense very intelligently got together a committee not of soldiers but of nutrition experts, and this committee devised a new standard ration. It looked marvelous there on paper. Calories, minerals, vitamins were all nicely balanced one against the other. The authorities sighed with relief, put it into effect, and turned their minds to the important job of winning the war.

Now that might be the end of the story, and we never would get back to the girl tasting the beans if the Air Force, which in Canada is entirely separate from the Army, hadn't happened about then to acquire a minister who knew more than the average about public health, and was acutely aware of the connection between what you eat and how you feel. The Honorable Charles Stewart, who had been Minister of Pensions and National Health for the previous four years, was now appointed Minister for Air.

Mr. Power had a large job on his hands. Up to the outbreak of war, the Air Force had numbered some 10,000 or four thousand men. Now, as it became clear that a lot of the war was going to be fought in the air, it was going to grow. The British Commonwealth Air Training Plan was set up. More pilots, observers and air crews were going to have to be trained for efficient battle than a Minister for Air could have dreamed of before. The RCAF was going to have to do it. Men began to come streaming in from Great Britain, New Zealand and Australia, tens of thousands of men; in less than two years as a matter of fact, the RCAF grew from three or four thousand to something like 20,000.

(Continued on page 74)



Above: Here Airwoman Dibbs and Aircraftsman Cameron are assaying food for vitamin A and carotene content. This is only one of the many tests made to establish a diet specially suited to the fliers of the RCAF.

At Guelph, the RCAF has set up a school for cooks, where they are trained in the actual conditions of an air station kitchen. These hams attest to the quality of the meat and the skill of the cook.





**1ST** First Prize: Morning in McSorley's Bar, by Benjamin Rosen. Rosen entered 27 pictures for show. Jury comments: "When does he have time to sail?" "He's several fellows, isn't he?" "He's big." "I like his command of the palette." Rosen loves to paint and to talk. "You get good discussions at McSorley's," he says



**2ND**

Second Prize: Mister Chairman, by Milnes Levick, drew praise from the jury, who liked the strength shown in Milnes Levick's work. His subjects, like Hunger and Loaves and Fishes, are strong, too



Honorable Mention: Lower Harlem Scene, by Carl G. Hill, one of a delightful group of paintings submitted by Hill's wife in his absence at sea. Colored, born in Trinidad, Hill shipped as a pantryman in October. He wants to become an able-bodied seaman, then learn to be a radio operator. He chose the sea because there is no discrimination shown among seamen

**HM**

Honorable Mention: Harbor Scene, by Captain John Cook Smith. "A real picture," said the jury. "Never had a lesson in painting in my life," says Captain Smith, turning up for the opening of the show. "These modernists—they what isn't there—what they imagine. I like to paint what I see. That other picture there—of the Queen Mary. I did it from a photograph. In pencil

**HM**

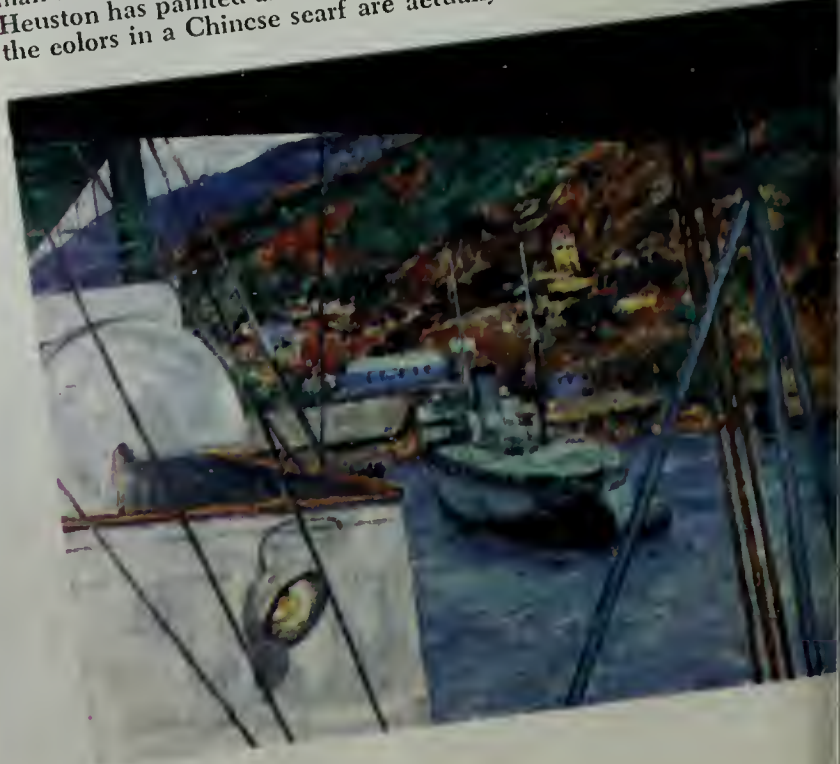


Honorable Mention: Carriage House, by Joseph Richards. Richards entered many scenes similar to this one in the show. They delighted the jury. "Such houses," says Richards, "are monuments to their owners, striving to outdo one another with doodads and turrets. They gesticulate." "Richards," the jury said, "ought to paint posters." He has—marine posters

**HM**

**HM**

Honorable Mention: Spanish Main, by George Heuston, painted Venezuela just before the outbreak of the war. "Seamen don't think man is a sissy to paint," says Heuston. "They think he has some savagery." Heuston has painted all over the world. Says Nile green is really so, the colors in a Chinese scarf are actually those of the Chinese lands





# SEAMEN'S ART

Ruth Carson

REACH a seaman, and you've got an individualist. Also, frequently, an artist. Which Mrs. Isabel Peterman, United Seamen's Service, New York, talking with thousands of men as they drift through the harbor, is quick to see. So she organizes a show, writing letters to be sent to union halls from Boston to New York soliciting entries. The result is 400 pictures from close to 100 artists, the first seamen's art show. Organized by a Chinese, U. S. seaman, a native of Trinidad, a naturalized Russian, men from almost every country of Europe, black and white, now manning the ships of the United Nations. That won the praise of the distinguished jury called to judge them: John, dean of American painters; Clark, etcher; Raphael Soyer, sculptor; Gordon Davidson, sculptor; Gordon Davidson, sculptor; John Taylor etcher.

They awarded first and second prizes and five honorable mentions, releasing third prize for the artist to deal out, which it did just to press. Herman Brockdorff, and Dane, was the winner. A most of his life, painter only six years, Brockdorff has a yen for the country, too. His prize winning painting of red barns which Mar-Dimock of the War Shipping Commission, up from Washington opening of the show, bought on the whole show made such a hit, that the War Shipping Board send it on tour around the country as a lure to recruit seamen. It comes first, art or the sea, is as hard to tell. Professional

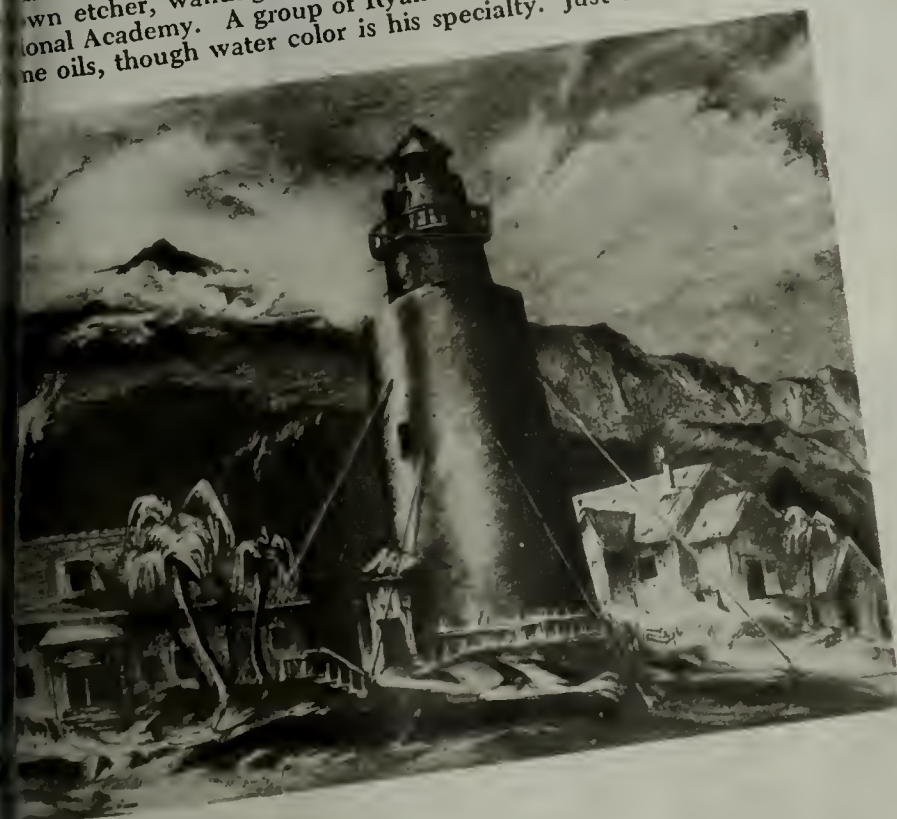
artists have gone to sea, to get the color of the sea and foreign lands, and they have stayed because the life of a seaman—free, his own, not pressed by competition, no matter how hard he works—is also the life for them.

The seaman is an individual, with time and opportunity to think his own thoughts and be himself. Few would call themselves artists. But artists among them will tell you that all sailors have a sense of beauty and fine work. In their hours off at sea, undistracted by family, movies, chores, trips, all the afterwork business of a man ashore, they have time and urge to express themselves. They will paint or sketch, whittle and carve, mount masterly displays of seaworthy knots, knit or do needlework.

If more of us could be seamen, artists gone to sea will tell you, we'd be that much smarter as a nation. Stumblebums at sea are a thing of the past. Of course, seamen go ripsnorting up the street at times—so would you, if you had been shipbound for months on end. Especially now that those months mean danger and uncertainty and worse. But, torpedoed, dive-bombed, injured and shocked, they go back to sea; because it's their life and a job they know.

And still they paint and whittle and think. There's a painting of the Queen Mary in the show, by Brody, an Englishman. A minutely detailed painting, done in the cramped quarters of his ship's berth, and good enough that the Museum of Modern Art wants to buy it. There are paintings done in hospitals, and rest homes, at sea, in lifeboats, as well as on leave ashore. You can torpedo and bomb and sink them, but you can't stop them. ★★★

HM  
Mention: Lithograph, Harbor Light at Kingston, Jamaica, by William Ryan. "It's got verve, spirit, glow," said John Taylor Arms, etcher, wanting to buy it for himself and to exhibit it at the National Academy. A group of Ryan lithographs were in the show, though water color is his specialty. Just to show them? HM



Russian-born Ben Rosen, purser (left), went to sea in 1920. He sandwiches music with painting and seafaring, heading for a café piano in every port. Won first prize in show with his painting Morning in McSorley's Bar, upper left on opposite page. Joe Richards (center), ship's carpenter, loves the sea, will quote you Moby Dick (Chapter 23) to explain why. Has sailed since he was 17. Honorable mention in show, lower left picture opposite page. Milnes Levick (right), shipped for the first time last summer, to do his duty in the war. "I like seamen," he says. "They have a sense of reality." Awarded second prize for Mister Chairman, upper right across page

William Ryan worked his way through school by shipping as an able-bodied seaman, painting and selling pictures, playing breakneck pro football. Has been a seaman full time since the war started. On lookout duty in the Bay of Bengal, he spotted a Jap dive bomber making for his ship. "He really did a job on us." The cargo had been landed, but paintings Ryan had been doing for seven months in off-duty hours went down with the ship. He was injured in getting off. "But a wound will heal. Your work is lost," he mourns. En route home he painted more, lost it via torpedo in the Caribbean. The only thing he salvaged was an action picture of the first sinking, penciled in a lifeboat on the back of a soup label and stowed in his wallet. Ryan is now an ensign in the Maritime Service. The two stars on his chest are for being torpedoed and dive-bombed. He won honorable mention for his lithograph shown on this page



George Heuston at a show of paintings he did at sea in wartime. In spite of brushes with the military police, who suspect all pictures, he has kept painting. Torpedoed 1,200 miles at sea, he saved his work. On third day of eight spent in a lifeboat, did another painting. Sailing since 1928, Heuston was an oiler. Is now third engineer. His Spanish Main, lower right on opposite page, won honorable mention

Captain John Cook Smith, 76, relative of famous Capt. Cook, went to sea when he was 14. "I've sailed the world over," he says. "Been to every race track. Had two Christmases one year"—when he crossed the 180th meridian. "Had two plum duffs." Capt. Smith lives at Sailors' Snug Harbor, home for retired seamen. He started to paint six years ago. Won honorable mention with Harbor Scene, center right on opposite page





Right: Jeanette Herzen gives official Girl Scout salute. She belongs to a Los Angeles troop. Other Los Angeles Scouts shown here are typical of the more than 600,000 U. S. Girl Scouts. They celebrate their 31st birthday March 12th

# SCOUTS AT WORK

By Ruth Bugbee

**W**HAT to do for the war is no problem for the Girl Scouts. It's the habit of these busy, self-reliant young girls to be useful. "On my honor, I will try," pledges a girl when she joins the Scouts, "to do my duty to God and my country; to help other people at all times; to obey the Girl Scout laws." Which is a large order, since Scout laws involve loyalty, courtesy, friendliness, pledges to be cheerful and thrifty and to obey authority.

More young girls would like to make this pledge than there are troops for them to join. The need is for more leaders, to direct more troops . . . a chance for hundreds of women who want to do something, to do it in an important way.

Working to keep their promise, Scouts naturally enough develop the makings of fine and capable citizens, their major contribution to war and peacetime. Their activities, besides, concentrate on specific war jobs. They help take care of small children to free mothers for other war work. They tend their own Victory Gardens. They help farmers.

Last year, they put in more than 48,000 girl-hours, spraying, weeding, picking, milking, pitching hay, gathering eggs. They promise to do more this year, and the farmers will welcome them back.

Not to waste motion, Scouts work with and for other organizations. Requests for help come in through the local Council, or the troop leader rounds up work in the community that the girls can do. They turn over some of their two-hour weekly troop meetings to sewing for hospitals and for the Red Cross, or to baking cookies and making gifts for the USO.

After school, each girl averages two hours a week besides, on special troop or service activity. The Scouts run errands for the OCD. Take part in community scrap collections. Address envelopes for War Chest campaigns.

The Senior Scouts, from fifteen- to eighteen-year-olds, specialize their activity according to their interests. There are the Wing Scouts, preparing for aviation jobs. They study for factory work or to work in transport companies or to be fliers. They make model planes for the Army and Navy and help their plane-spotting seniors.

There are the Senior Service Scouts, trained for civilian defense. They could and do put their elders to shame. They are expert campers, Red Cross first aiders. They specialize from there. Some in canteen work. Some in child care. Some in transportation and communications—which means that they know how to repair as well as use a bicycle, boat or car;



PHOTOGRAPHS BY INTERNATIONAL

can run a switchboard and know Morse code. Others know what to do about clothing, shelter and recreation for evacuees. The Service Scout program has been made the extracurricular part for girls of the Victory Corps in some schools.

Such activities develop Scouts into useful, resourceful women, ready to serve as Waves, Waacs, Spars, girl Marines, wives, mothers, workingwomen anywhere. Scouting, says Mildred McAfee, director of the Waves, is some of the best training she could ask for a girl some day becoming a Wave. And an Army nurse on duty overseas writes: "I am thankful I was a Scout and learned to take care of myself outdoors."

Scout training is practical. It is also fun. And Scouts learn to get along with people. Maybe that's why the government is encouraging Scout troops among Japanese girls, in internment centers. ★★★

Salute to the American flag, and the Girl Scout banner beyond. Scouts of all races and nationalities, range in age from seven to eight







Scouts, youngest Scouts, at work for a hospital. They are especially good at small things like throat swabs. Here they make paper bedside bags

There will be no toy shortages in nurseries and hospitals if the Scouts can do it. They make stuffed animals out of scraps and non-essential materials



Scouts visit a children's hospital to present toys made at troop meetings. Scouts also sew for hospitals, tell stories and play games with children there

Eleanor Quan and Virginia Queen, president of her Chinese Scout troop in Los Angeles, at a bookbinding job, working on scrapbooks and pamphlets



Scouts helped save the walnut crop at a Van Nuys, Calif., ranch; here they take time out to sample the pick. They earned \$8.15, spent it on War Stamps





# THE SECRET LOVE

By Josephine Bentham

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST

Nina asked the names of his acquaintances and exclaimed in rapturous enthusiasm over each name he mentioned. She discovered that his name was Bill Davis



## The life and times of a Miss Nina Burton. Her specialty was the human heart

THE senior Burtons had gone out for the evening, tactfully leaving the living room to their visiting cousin and the cousin's admirer. But it had been a mistake to imagine that their daughter Nina, aged fifteen, would be capable of a similar discernment.

From Nina Burton's point of view the whole affair was decidedly pathetic—her cousin Alison being twenty-nine years old and Lieutenant Jeffries being somewhere in his middle thirties. Nina felt, strongly, that when people were tottering down to the end of their days it was a bit late for them to be making any moves in a romantic direction. They certainly were kidding themselves.

It was only out of the kindness of her heart that she had stayed on in the room—with some vague idea of brightening the scene with her youthful presence. Alison Craig and her caller sat side by side on the sofa and glanced at each other occasionally, but most of the time they looked at Nina, who was talking to them.

"Do you want to listen to the radio?" she said. "There's Bing Crosby, but it's only a transcription, of course. Maybe you'd like to get the Horror for an Hour program. Sometimes it stinks but other times it doesn't. Well, how about it?" she went on, patiently. "Would you go for that?"

"No," said Alison. "I don't think so. But you really mustn't feel you have to entertain us, Nina dear. If you'd like to go upstairs and do your homework—"

"Wow!" said Nina. "My homework's so terrible I'd just prefer you wouldn't mention it. I've drawn a veil over my homework. What program would you like to listen to?"

"None of them," Rand Jeffers said. "It

may sound a bit peculiar to you—just like to sit here and talk to cousin."

Nina greeted this with a broad smile. "Wow!" she cried. "Was that a comment, Alison! But, my goodness! I just sit and talk if you want to. I don't have to listen to the radio. I know a girl at school who has to have a radio on all the time or it makes her nervous."

Rand's comment was a trifle irrelevant. "It's a pity you haven't a date of your own," he said, and then, suddenly, he grinned at her. "Now I have a greening half-grown sprout of a nephew your age. Maybe I ought to have brought him over. They tell me he's won with girls—mows 'em down like a wheat."

Nina stiffened. "Men fail to fascinate me," she said. She crossed her fingers, thinking of Grant.

"I mean," she added, "the kind of that would be anybody's nephew. body like that would just simply accelerate the old pulse."

"I see," said Rand. Alison was looking at him out of the corner of her eye.

"What about our going for a walk?" said. "Just a nice, brisk little walk?"

"But Mother said you oughtn't to go!" Nina reminded her at once. "We were coughing this morning and Mother thought maybe you were getting a cold."

Alison brightened. "That's right—" she said. "And I ought to have some lozenges. Nina, you mind very much running down to the drugstore and getting me some?"

"Why, sure!" Nina said, thinking of the whiff of the old ozone—

She scrambled to her feet and grabbed her coat and tied her scarf around her head. But when she got to the door she turned to smile at them.

"I'll be right back!" she promised

(Continued on page 52)



# CHINA NIGHT

Pearl S. Buck

EDITED BY MARTHA SAWYERS

by Thus Far:

At the Japanese attack Pearl Harbor, Lieutenant Daniel ("Dan") James, of the U.S. Navy, is houseboating in China with his friend, old Hatford and his beautiful Eurasian daughter, Leone. The young American goes to Shanghai, where he is arrested and sent to prison by Shigo Kuyoshi, a Japanese official. When he is sentenced, there are two other prisoners: a young man, Barchet, an American newspaper reporter; and a Mrs. Shipman, who runs a home for the "of Hope," a home for unfortunate women who are interned—Jenny in her home. . . . Leone is in love with James. So, eager to see him, she runs away from her husband and goes to Shanghai. There she finds the home of old P'an Lao-yeh, her grandfather.

While, Jenny Barchet has learned something that terrifies her—Shigo has fallen in love with her. The fellow makes many advances; but she knows the truth—that Jenny loves James. The lieutenant to become his ricksha driver. A short time later, however, James—aided by Shigo's Chinese chauffeur—succeeds in his escape.

In a bad mood, one day, Shigo seizes one of his own girls—a child known as "Meri"—and takes her to his home. A few hours later, he orders his servants to put her out, throw her out. After which, he goes to Jenny's room (on the third floor of her hotel) and attempts to force her to accompany him to his home. But Jenny defies him; running to a window, she jumps out.

When Shigo reaches her, she is unconscious. He takes her to his home, where physicians find her condition is serious. . . . With the abduction of Meri, Mrs. Shipman gives up. She resigns herself, closes the home—which Japanese soldiers promptly loot. Then—like James—she goes into hiding in the home of P'an Lao-yeh. In contact with James, for a time, Ling Shigo learns where he is. Going to P'an Lao-yeh, he tells the story of Jenny's frightful escape. James—alone and unarmed—can do nothing. But Mrs. Shipman thinks she can save him. Rushing to Shigo's establishment, she goes to Jenny's bedroom. She finds him in bed and unconscious, with Shigo beside her.

The brave, fearless woman, Mrs. Shipman upbraodes the Japanese for what he has done. "But do nothing," Shigo exclaims, "but what can I do?" Then he turns and runs from the room.

## VII

THE PASSION of self-pity Shigo went into his study and, leaning his head against his arms, wept. So he was all misjudged by the white people—so were all people all misjudged! He could not have imprisoned Jenny, or had her shot, or might have deserved what Mrs. Shipman thought of him, but he had allowed her to live in luxury in the hotel. He had loved her instead of hated her, and for that he was blamed!

He wept abjectly for a few minutes. Then he dried his tears. Why should he weep when he was master here? Who was the woman who had come into his life like a thief and had driven him out of his room? He wiped his eyes hastily with his sleeve and ran up the stairs again. He knocked at Jenny's door. There was no answer and he opened it softly and found Jenny had not moved. He saw her sleeping face upon the pillow and her hair spread out. Mrs. Shipman was sitting on the bed. She looked up and met Shigo's eye.

"What is it now?" she asked loudly. He felt foolishly confused and did not answer. She stared at him for a long moment. "I'm goin' to stay here," she announced.



There the two young men were, standing side by side, both smiling. Leone looked at one and then at the other, and her cheeks flushed a delicate pink. But she did not smile at either one of them

announced, "and take care of her. Now you get right out."

He wavered and then bowed his head slightly. "You are too kind," he said bitterly, and shut the door swiftly behind him.

IN HIS own court Daniel was pacing back and forth. He was not a prisoner. At any moment that he liked he could open the gates and go out. Yet he did not go. He was caught in a dozen webs of indecision. He had not seen Leone for a whole day, not indeed since Mrs. Shipman had left them alone together. He knew now that she loved him, and he was in that strange, half-tender, half-shy state of a young man who is in love and yet knows himself beloved by another whom he might have loved.

His love for Jenny was so tenuous that sometimes he doubted its strength. After all, he had seen Jenny but twice. How much did he love her and how much was it chivalrous possibility of love for a beautiful American girl whom he must not leave behind him when he planned to escape from this prison of a city? He did not want to leave Mrs. Shipman behind either, and yet he knew that he could not possibly leave Jenny behind, lest the memory of her terrified eyes haunt him forever. She had become involved with him. It would not be an escape unless somehow she were free too. If she could not be free, he would stay prisoner with her.

He was in a fever to know what was happening in the Japanese compound, but no news came.

Near noon of that day Ling came slipping through the gate. "Ling!" he cried. "I've been hoping for a sight of you."

Ling grinned his sidewise grin. "My

no can talkee you evly day," he said. "Suppose Jap masta watchee my, my no can come too quick this side."

Then with halts and twists and searching for the pidgin English words necessary to tell his tale, Ling made it clear to Dan that Mrs. Shipman was taking care of Jenny, and that Jenny was still unconscious though the Japanese doctor had been twice to see her today.

"How have you found this out?" Dan demanded.

"Old Jap amah she talkee cook," Ling said. Then his narrow face grew very solemn. "My come this side talkee you," he said. "You keep velly quiet. Jap man have got many, many soldiers out looker see evly house for you. Suppose he catchee you." Ling cocked his long forefinger in the shape of a pistol and aimed it at Dan expressively. "Too bad," he said. "You keep this side, please."

So he conveyed to Daniel that the city was being searched for him. He nodded, and Ling, smiling cheerfully over his bad news, disappeared.

But outside in the main room Leone was waiting for him. He repeated his news to her while she listened without answer. This morning, he told her in his running fluent Shanghai dialect, Shigo had got up in a violently bad temper. "Full of ten thousand devils," he told her. No, he had not attacked Mrs. Shipman or Jenny. He had only commanded the old Japanese woman to stay in the room with those two and watch everything that was done and report to him. Beyond that he had ordered soldiers to search every house in the Chinese city. Not one house was to be left unsearched. Daniel must therefore be got out of the city and at once.

"He will not go without the white girl," Leone said.

"You must compel him," Ling said. "You must tell him that you may all be killed if he is not taken away from here."

"How can we hide a tall fellow such as he is?" she asked. "And where shall we take him?"

Ling cracked his finger joints one by one as he pondered the answer to her question. "He must join the guerrillas," he said finally. "It is only by burying him among them that he can be hidden and they will help him to escape to the free lands."

"Yes," she said. "Why did I not think of them? I passed through a village of them not many days ago. There was a tall fellow there who brought me near to the city."

"That is the Silent Wolf," Ling said. "I know him—a young man with red cheeks like a boy and he stammers when he talks."

"That is he," Leone said. "But why is he called the Silent Wolf?"

"People laugh at him when he stammers, and so he will not talk unless he must; but the strange thing is this: When he gives orders for battle he does not stammer at all," Ling replied.

"He did not stammer when he talked to me," Leone said.

Ling laughed. "Do not tell that, I pray! For it is said that only in love and battle the Silent Wolf does not stammer."

At his laughter her delicate face flushed bright red and she made haste to speak of Daniel again: "I think we can get this foreigner away from the city."

"I will go and find the Silent Wolf," Ling said. "Meanwhile keep that foreigner (Continued on page 22)



# A Woman Can't Win

By Isabel Scott Rorick

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

Mrs. Cugat learns that it is still a man's world after all. But they had to pull a technicality on her to prove it

**P**ULL!" said Mrs. Cugat clearly and a dark disk shot into the air in front of her and soared swiftly over her head. In one nicely co-ordinated action she raised her shotgun, pivoted smoothly and squeezed the trigger. The disk shattered and the imprisoned breath of some fifty onlookers escaped with a sigh—a sigh almost immediately overtaken by a torrent of applause. She lowered the gun, broke its smoking breech and smiled. Then her heart started to pound. She'd done it! The crowd closed in. "Atta girl, Liz!"—"Boy! What a performance!"—"You were wonderful, darling!"—"Can you beat it? And with a four-ten, too!" Her eyes sought Mr. Cugat's. He was beaming like a lamp. All he said, however, was, "That was okay, Baby," and ruffled her hair. What she'd done was to win the Willis P. Parmenter Trophy Open Skeet Shoot!

The trophy's defender, a Mr. Pelley, pushed his way through the crowd and offered a small, dry hand. "Let me be the first," he said bleakly and was again swallowed up. The crowd chattered with satisfaction. Mr. Pelley's name had been engraved on the trophy's base for five years now and he was beginning to think, perhaps justifiably, that he owned the thing—also that he and Sergt. York were in a class by themselves. Nobody had ever liked Mr. Pelley very well anyway, and to have him finally put on ice by little Mrs. Cugat was wonderful!

Mrs. Cugat was one of the few women who had ever entered "the P. T. Open." It was deemed an important event, not to be slowed up by the merely mediocre. Mr. Cugat had been a little startled when she'd calmly announced that she had sent her name in. He had shaken his head ruefully and declared she hadn't a chance—but he only half believed it. Mrs. Cugat, the last person in the world you would have thought it of, to look at her, since she was small, blond and wholly feminine, had an eye like a secret bomb-sight. "I always just seem to know I'm going to hit it, so I usually do," she explained it simply. She had learned to shoot at an early age at summer camp but like anything too easily mastered, it hadn't interested her much and she'd only lately discovered skeet—for which she used a four-ten. Mr. Cugat had gently suggested that for the Parmenter Trophy—perhaps a twenty? But she wouldn't hear of it. "A twenty makes so much noise," she'd protested.

At the end of the first round she'd found herself, much to her own and everybody else's amazement, tied with Mr. Pelley with twenty-three out of twenty-five and the gallery was with her

to a man. On the second round tied again—each with a perfect score. The judges had then requested that they continue shooting singles until they missed—a grueling business. Mr. Pelley, for the first time in the memory of man, began to look rattled. Mrs. Cugat, with no idea she could really win, had gone on knocking them down. Mr. Pelley cracked.

Willis P. Parmenter, a goateed, revered sportsman in plus-fours and a Norfolk jacket, came forward to present the trophy. "My dear," he began, "I am honored!" Having never had a chance to present his trophy to anybody except Mr. Pelley, who simply detested, he let himself go. Mrs. Cugat—comparing her ly to Diana the Huntress and one of the other minor crack shots, and w up with an impulsive invitation to day's shooting with him at his club. It is probable that Mr. Pelley, hearing this, suffered a severe pain in the neck. For as many times as he had captured Mr. Parmenter's trophy had never yet received an invitation to shoot at his duck club—and he had cut off his ears for one. As for any other man.

**M**R. PARMENTER'S duck club was the Bay Beach. It was a hundred years old and the members, if you could get one, cost a thousand dollars. Mr. Cugat belonged to it, having inherited his membership from a rich great-uncle who had left him nothing else, and every year, a week, during the duck season, could get away, he spent a night at the club. Mrs. Cugat had never even seen the place—as few women had. There was no rule banning women from its facade but as each member was allowed only one guest a year and an invitation to shoot there was to be prized accordingly, few women ever made it—well, of course, having no business in a club, anyway. Its traditions, customs and myths were legion; the excellence of its cellar, the lavishness of its picturesqueness of its employment, famed in song and story. One (ad nauseum if one were a wife) could tell tales of old Olaf, the punter, rapt in praise of Mrs. McIntosh, the cook; above all, fatuous accounts of the game warden, Eric Swain, who, to them tell it, was evidently a magnificent combination of Paul Bunyan, Ebenezer Boone, Hiawatha and Tarzan. They were instinctively curious about Bay Beach but it had, somehow, managed to remain—even in these days of women, rampant and untrammelled—sacrosanct, male and inviolable.

Mrs. Cugat, riding home from the skeet shoot, the Parmenter Trophy clasped to her breast, bounced in her car seat with pleasure. "I can now wait for the duck season to open," sighed happily, "so I can go down to Bay Beach."

"Don't be silly," said Mr. Cugat. She turned to look at him. "What do you mean? You heard Parmenter ask me, didn't you? You wouldn't miss it for the world!"

"Good Lord, honey!" he protested. "I'd feel like a fool bringing you

(Continued on page 46)

They rounded a bend in the road and there it was—the famous Bay Beach clubhouse—but save for a few lights, the scene was empty





# HAVE YOU A MAN IN THE ARMY?



**DON'T** wave or signal or try to attract the attention of a man marching in formation. He's not allowed to answer—even to look at you—regulations say in formation marching he must always look straight ahead.

**DON'T** try to surprise your soldier by dressing in "military fashion"—he sees plenty of uniforms. Above all, don't turn up wearing slacks! Wear your prettiest, most feminine clothes—that's the way he wants to see you.

**DON'T** ask a soldier to carry packages or an umbrella. He'll do it, of course, if you ask him to—but it's considered unmilitary and it's apt to get him into difficulties—particularly when he has to salute an officer!

**DON'T** send him anything too big to conceal in his bunk or duffel bag. At daily barracks inspection, *nothing must show except government property*. DO remember the preferred gift is cigarettes... and the favorite is Camel.\*

**Do remember—**

## Camels

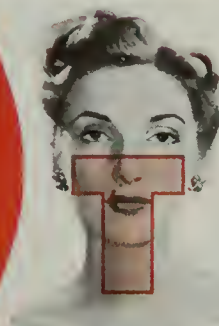
**are first in the service**

**W**ANT to know a secret about that man of yours in the Army?

Well then, it's this: in spite of the fact that he's doing the biggest job in the world—the "little things" count for a lot with him.

"Little things" like the right cigarette, for instance. There's a good reason why men in the Army...in the Navy...the Coast Guard, and the Marines prefer Camel. You see, Camels are expertly blended from costlier tobaccos—tobaccos that are rich in flavor, for lasting enjoyment—tobaccos that give extra mildness, yet are never flat or thin-tasting.

Trust the men in the service to spot the difference! And, of course, that goes for millions of smokers on the "home front," too. They know that Camels are more pleasing every way. If you're not a Camel smoker now—make your next cigarette Camel.



## THE T ZONE

—where cigarettes are judged

The "T-ZONE"—Taste and Throat—is the proving ground for cigarettes. Only your taste and throat can decide which cigarette tastes best to you

...and how it affects your throat. For your taste and throat are individual to you. Based on the experience of millions of smokers, we believe Camels will suit your "T-ZONE" to a "T."





## China Flight

Continued from page 19

content to stay hidden here. I thought I saw in his eyes a plan to escape somehow for himself."

"Oh, no!" Leone cried. "Then I will go to him at once."

Ling sauntered away at his usual lithe gait which seemed slow because it was so effortless and yet actually was so quick and Leone made haste to Daniel.

She knocked on the gate to his court and then went in. He was there thoughtfully staring up at the high brick outer wall, whose top was bristling with the spears of pointed glass against thieves.

"Do not think of it," she said hastily. He turned quickly at the sound of her voice.

"I can't stay here, Mrs. Hatford," he said. He had not called her that when they met yesterday. Today he wanted the safe formality of Arnold's name between them. It stopped her like a blow.

"Please," she said, "do not call me anything. That is, if you cannot call me Leone. No, but please, why can you not stay here?"

"Ling told me the Jap had sent out more soldiers to search for me," he said. "I know what that means if they find me here—they won't only take me. You and your grandfather will suffer too. I've got to get out on my own. The only trouble is—how can I keep somewhere near Jenny?"

"PLEASE," she said. She was about to say, "Do not think of us." Then she paused and held back the words. It might be well to use his thought of them to persuade him to go with the guerrillas. "Yes, if he would go for no other reason, that might be well. She changed what she was about to say. "Please," she began again. "We have already thought of a way to hide you somewhere else."

"Near here?" he demanded.

"Not too far," she said, "somewhere where you can wait, if you must."

"Tell me what you are talking about," he demanded.

So she told him. "You are so tall," she said in her soft, caressing voice. "You must know how difficult it is to hide you. But thank God your eyes and your hair are dark and there are Chinese whose skin is almost as light as yours. But it is your big bones that cannot be hidden. Therefore, you must please join the guerrillas. There are many of them and some of them are tall, too, being farmers' sons and country folk, and you must live among them."

He liked the idea at once. "I'd like to take a chance at a pot shot against these Japs," he said. "It's a good idea. Maybe they'd help me get her out, Leone?" He was so forgetful of her that her name fell from his tongue without his knowing it. But she heard it and treasured it.

"Perhaps they could," she said gently. Then she took a step toward him and touched his arm with her soft hand. "We will all try to help you, big American. I will try, too—and I will help her—so that—how do your fairy tales go? So that you can live happy ever after."

He grasped her hand and held it for a moment between both of his. "Thank you, Leone," he said and such passionate pity swept over him that he leaned and kissed her cheek quickly.

AT THE village of Yang, Ling was enjoying himself. What he was telling was big news and he took plenty of time to tell it. The men of the Yang house were gathered about him, and Mother Yang was there, to keep the teapot hot, and the Silent Wolf had been sent for and found.

"So the Silent Wolf is to find a way to send someone to the P'an house and there he is to get the tall American out with him

and bring him here," Ling announced. "And then the Silent Wolf himself will decide what further to do to hide him."

"It is likely that the enemy will search the villages near the city also," old Mr. Yang said. "It would be better therefore to take the American somewhere else, especially if he has blue eyes and red hair. Nothing can be done to hide these defects."

"Heaven has given him hair and eyes like ours," Ling said quickly.

A sigh of relief went like a small wind over the company. "Then our difficulty is halved," old Mr. Yang exclaimed.

All this time the Silent Wolf had not spoken. Now he said clearly without any stammering, "I myself will go."

Everyone burst into laughing. "Is it for love or battle that you go?" a man cried.

The Silent Wolf grinned and would not speak again. But now there rose protests

made their way to the house of P'an to pretend to collect refuse.

Now Ling had gone ahead and prepared the way, and so the gateman knew what to expect and without a word he let in the pair of dirty men with their buckets, and by this means the Silent Wolf came into the very house where Leone was. She having heard from the gateman what was expected was waiting and ready and she had told her grandfather, so that Mr. P'an was ready, too, and they were together in his study.

ALL the windows were shut tight and the curtains drawn and the door barred behind the Silent Wolf when he came in. He was young and his vanity had made him wash himself in the gateman's house and comb his hair and take off his filthy outer garment, so that now when he came in where Leone and her grandfa-

ther except that my grandfather is a woman. If I can repay in some way, I will do it. You ask me once to tell you news as I heard that I am willing to do."

The Silent Wolf nodded his head. He made a great effort and then something came out of him. "What can be done, that I will do," he said.

Then Leone went on, taking the matter out of her own mind as she talked.

"We could send him back with a pole and a bucket and who will if he is one more among the ones who came in?"

Now unluckily the guards had come to the refuse collectors as they came this the Silent Wolf made haste to her for he had a plan of his own. His eagerness he spoke clearly enough.

"It is bad luck that the guards count us as we came in," he said. "We were so stupid as to say we came from one village. They will count us when we go out, for they put down a number." Then he came out with his own new plan. "Let the foreigners go into my clothes," he said boldly. "I will climb into his, and he can go to my place, and none will know."

"Alas!" Mr. P'an cried out, "it is little better for me to have you here than him! The enemy knows you, to have a price on your head."

BUT Leone made haste to cover with her own denials. "It will be all right, Grandfather, for we can hide the Silent Wolf more easily. Still," and she turned to the Silent Wolf, "what would you do if anything happened to you? Could your brothers forgive us?"

But that handsome, smiling, cheeked young man only laughed. The truth was that he was momentary in sinking into a morass of love for this beautiful girl, and it seemed that nothing could be sweeter than to be compelled to stay in this house. He said even more clearly than he had spoken, "Bring the foreigner here and let me measure myself against him. I see how well he will do for me."

So a servant was sent and in a moment Daniel came back with him.

"This is our good brother," Leone said to Daniel, and she motioned to the Silent Wolf. "He has come to help you outside the city."

The two young men now looked at each other. They were amazingly different though their blood was so different. Neither spoke the other's language. They were tall, the Chinese being as tall as the American, and both had dark eyes and dark hair. Daniel had a bolder nose, and the Silent Wolf had redder cheeks.

As for the Silent Wolf as he stared at this handsome and young foreigner, most mighty jealousy laid hold of him. He felt it in his belly like an ache. The blood rushed to his head until he was giddy. With this young foreigner in the house could the granddaughter of P'an household be safe? He wondered immediately whether or not she would like this foreigner and he looked at her. He saw the way she looked at Daniel. It seemed to him he saw love in her eyes.

Then indeed nothing could keep him from his plan and he turned to Leone and said, "I pray you withdraw from me and I can change our garments. The time is short that we are allowed to be here."

So Leone paused only to explain her plan to Daniel.

"You are to change garments with

## BUTCH

by CPL. LARRY REYNOLDS



COLLIER'S

"So he forgot! Is that any of your business?"

to his going. "It is not fit for our leader to go," one said.

"If the Silent Wolf falls into an enemy trap, who will lead us?" another said.

But to all this the Silent Wolf did not reply. When each had said his say and all had looked at him he only repeated, "I myself will go."

So it came about that on the next day at night he made ready his disguise. Now it was this man's great ability so to disguise himself that his own mother would not have known him, and he made himself look like one of the men who go into the city at night to collect soil and refuse of every kind to carry outside to sell to farmers to spread upon their land and enrich it. He put on filthy garments and tangled his hair and darkened his skin so his cheeks would not show so red and he carried two wooden buckets on a bamboo pole. When the others went into the city he went in and passed the guards easily.

Once inside the city he left the others except for one who was to go with him, and after bargaining at a time when he would meet them again, he and this other

ther were, he looked what he was, a strong and handsome man, and old Mr. P'an, who had only heard of him and never seen him, was amazed at him and pleased. He bowed to the Silent Wolf and begged him to sit down and was pleased again because the young man did not sit in the highest seat. There Mr. P'an sat himself and Leone let her grandfather speak.

"You must know how evil a state I am in," Mr. P'an began gravely. "There is a foreigner in my house, and I am too good a Buddhist to cast him out to die, and yet I cannot eat nor sleep with him here, and my only wish is to get him away alive. What befalls him after that the gods cannot put upon me."

The Silent Wolf was afraid to begin to speak, for fear of his defect showing itself, but he made the effort.

"I—I—I—" he began and then he closed his jaws firmly and the deep red flowed up from his collar. Leone smiled and spoke for him. "Well I know how brave you are and how willing you are to help us," she said. "I would not have a danger put upon you and taken from





## Our work sure means something when it saves Rickenbacker and his companions

THIS is Flossie Anson and E. K. Brown speaking. We're builders in the life raft department at Goodyear where the life rafts that saved Captain Rickenbacker and his crew mates were built. Their rescue certainly gave all our life raft builders a big thrill; made us feel like we really were in there pitching in this man's war. You know these self-inflating life rafts were developed by Goodyear. We built the first ones back in the twenties for use on Goodyear racing balloons. Now most

military aircraft carry them. So far in this war nearly two hundred Army and Navy flyers have been rescued in our Goodyear life rafts, some after being "lost" at sea for five weeks. Guess that's pretty good proof that when we cement a seam, we do it for keeps. Now we've a picture of "Rick" and his raft hanging in the shop. It's a reminder that we're helping save the lives of our boys out there. It makes our whole crew feel mighty proud of their work and its importance.



*Now more than ever* **THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER**



one and take his place in the village where you will be led. Please hold your head low and do not look up when you go out of the gate, and drop his shoulder cloth over your head thus—" and she snatched the Silent Wolf's shoulder cloth and threw it over Daniel's head—"as if to shield yourself from the wind, and so hide your face from the guards." And she turned swiftly now to the Silent Wolf and said, changing her language as though she had two tongues in her mouth, "And do you bid several of the men to put their shoulder cloths over their faces in the same way."

"I will command the man who came with me to tell them for me," he promised her.

Then she finished the matter to Daniel: "And you will carry a pole and two buckets on your shoulders, and be sure you watch the others at every step and only do what they do, so that you can pass the guards safely."

"But am I to wait at this village?" Daniel asked.

"Certainly you will wait," Leone promised him, "and in some way or other, though what way I cannot now tell, we will get Mrs. Shipman and the girl to you so that the three of you can escape together."

NOW all this time the Silent Wolf was frowning at Daniel, because he saw so clearly Leone's warmth toward him. And indeed her face softened and changed when she so much as turned her head toward Daniel, and not only the Silent Wolf saw this, but old Mr. P'an also, and he was alarmed enough. "What—" he said to himself, "am I to have still another foreign son-in-law when the other one is not yet got rid of?" And at this thought he determined to forward in every way that he could the plan of getting Daniel out of his house, and so as soon as Leone was gone, he said now to the Silent Wolf, in Chinese, and Daniel did not understand it:

"How grateful I am that you have thought of this way of getting the foreigner out of my house! Even though it will be no easy thing for my house to hide you, still I am overjoyed not to have the foreigner here. They are not such as should be near young women."

"They are not indeed," the Silent Wolf said fervently, "and I am glad to hear you say it so plainly."

Now Mr. P'an decently turned his back and so the two young men began to take off their garments.

It was done in a moment. The Silent Wolf surveyed Daniel from head to foot and tied his girdle over again and pulled down the edge of his jacket.

"J-j-j-jacket's too short," he muttered.

"It will do," Mr. P'an said gravely.

He clapped his hands and Leone came in. There the two young men were, standing side by side, both smiling. She looked at one and then at the other, and her cheeks flushed a delicate pink. But she did not smile at either one of them.

"Ling will bring you news of Jenny," she said gravely in English to Daniel, and then in Chinese she said to the Silent Wolf, "As soon as we can we will find ways of escorting you to your home."

"Do not hasten yourselves, I p-p-pray," the Silent Wolf replied.

So easily was it done and before dawn Daniel James, of the United States Marines, found himself in the midst of a score or so of scavenger coolies, all carrying poles on their shoulders and at the ends of the poles the most noisome smelling buckets of filth. When they came near to the gate he saw five or six take their shoulder cloths and put them over their heads and he remembered what Leone had said and he did it too, winding it about his head and catching the end of it in his teeth to hide his face.

They came nearer to the guards and he saw the men stir up the vile odors of their buckets with a stick. The stench was so fearful that he could scarcely draw his own breath. But he saw the purpose of it. For when the sleepy guards smelled it they held their noses with their fingers and motioned to the scavengers to go on their way. Thus safely he went with them, walking carefully lest he spill his filthy burden upon the guards as he passed and rouse their anger.

In a moment it was over. They were past the danger, and they moved swiftly down the country road.

IN THE rooms which Daniel had left, the Silent Wolf made himself comfortable. He had meant what he said when he told Leone that he was in no haste to go away again. When he told the man who had come with him of the plan to get the American out of the city, the man had wailed aloud because his leader was to stay in the dangers of the city where he

But the Silent Wolf laughed. "Y-you are an old-fashioned scholar," he said, "and you d-do not know the times have changed. We hillmen do not ask whether one of our number is m-man or woman, and we have women as we have men. I b-beg you to ask your granddaughter to sit with us and eat, for I-I-I-am accustomed to having all sit down to-together."

So Mr. P'an could do nothing, out of deference to his guest, except to send for Leone to come and eat with them.

She came in gravely and, indifferent to all she did, she took her place when her grandfather commanded it. She did not speak above a word or two in the whole meal, for she had no wish to speak, and seeing her so grave the Silent Wolf felt ill at ease, and he would not speak either because if he spoke he felt that he would stammer before her. But Mr. P'an did not notice their silence for his own talking, and he talked a great deal about how good the country was before any foreigners ever came to it and how all the evil that

any cursed waiting?" he asked him and drinking down a small bowlful of wine, he broke across old Mr. P'an.

Now Mr. P'an had been about to cuss the style of The Three King thinking that the tale of war would test his guest, and he blinked his eyes could not for a moment discern what the Silent Wolf wanted.

"Your g-granddaughter," the Silent Wolf began. "Let us discuss her."

Old Mr. P'an stopped, surprised at the words. "There is nothing to discuss," he said mildly. "She is your granddaughter."

"She-she has a husband, she told me," the Silent Wolf said. "But I wish to see her for my wife."

Old Mr. P'an cried out at this. "I see I must not deceive you," he said. "She is a half-and-half woman, half-Chinese, half-Japanese." This he said, still not wanting to say clearly how mixed his blood was with foreign blood.

"How half-and-half?" the Silent Wolf demanded.

Then bit by bit and evading and somehow telling it, old Mr. P'an told the story of what Leone was, and the Silent Wolf listened to it all.

"It may well be that you will not marry her now," old Mr. P'an said at last. "I cannot blame you if you do not wish to mix up your good blood."

The Silent Wolf bowed his head. Without speaking he got up and went to his own room. It would be idle to pretend that he was not astonished at what he had heard, but he was a simple man, and meant less to him that Leone was a half-Chinese than it would have meant had he been more learned.

"Curse me," he thought, "I had better marry her, for how else shall I forget her?"

"DANGER," Mrs. Shipman said suddenly. "Danger, danger!"

She had been preparing for this moment for days, this moment when Jenny's eyes opened. Ever since the old Japanese woman had been put in here to watch her she had talked aloud to herself constantly. The woman did not understand a word of English but Mrs. Shipman talked to her in English and about her and about the world, so long as the sound of her voice could run along. For some day, she thought, Jenny's eyes would open, and it would be necessary to say quickly the word she was now saying, "Danger—danger—danger!"

Jenny looked up with clear blue eyes. She closed her eyes again and lay still.

Mrs. Shipman stretched herself out on the bed beside her as she did every day for her naps of sleep. Under the coverlet their hands met and Mrs. Shipman was astonished by the firm clasp upon her wrist. The girl was stronger than she thought. The sooner they tried it the better. It would be hard for Jenny to pretend that she was unconscious when the sharp eyes of the little Japanese doctor fell upon her in the morning. The great difficulty was the Japanese woman. But even then Mrs. Shipman had a hope. She was quite sure there was something wrong with the woman. She had lain down whenever she could all day.

Now though none knew it, the truth was that Ling had done a little poisoning day before this one. Twice the Old Japanese Mother had held the lamp to the woman at midnight and made her signal. The time she had dropped a bit of poison weighted by a small ivory toy. On it was printed plainly, "Get me a strong rope. I'll be here tomorrow night to hang you at twelve o'clock."

At midnight the next night Ling had taken the coiled rope through the slit end of the long bamboo, and she had leaned over the woman and taken it.

Three days ago she had signaled a messenger. "Get the old woman away."

This had been difficult indeed. How



might be found. But the Silent Wolf bade him be still.

"I shall get myself out easily enough when I want to come," he told the man, "and you are not to send anyone after me or come for me or worry yourselves in any way. You are to obey my younger brother instead of me and do your work well. In a few days I shall come back."

Now the Silent Wolf had put off his return for one reason only. He was determined not to go back until he discovered for himself whether he could make a proposal to old Mr. P'an for his granddaughter. But could he do this at once? He was used to doing all he wanted done quickly, and a day to him was what a month might have been to a slower man, for when one lives with the chance of daily death as he did, delay is folly. Yet he knew that in some matters it is folly, too, to speak too soon. But he had determined that somehow Leone was to be his wife and that he would not leave her until she knew it.

Now old Mr. P'an greatly liked the Silent Wolf. Therefore he said to Leone, "When it is time to eat, I will eat with the young man, and find out what sort of heart he has."

So Leone gave this order, and when the mealtime came the Silent Wolf came to the table. Then he said to Mr. P'an, "How is it that there are only two places laid?"

Now Mr. P'an had never eaten with the women of his household, not with his own wife when she was alive, and so he said in surprise, "There are only two of us."

had ever befallen them had come from foreigners and how his only wish was to see them all gone again.

To this the Silent Wolf listened as though he agreed to all of it, nodding his head and eating bowl after bowl of rice as he listened. As for Leone, she scarcely heard the prattling old man. All her heart was in the question: "Has Daniel passed safely through the gate or not?" There was no way to know until they heard. For she had sent a serving man out of the city to see whether or not they got safely to the village but the man had not come back yet. Now as they finished the meal the woman who brought in the dishes came in and said that the man had returned.

"BRING him in," the Silent Wolf commanded. So the man came in and there before them he gave his story:

"They all passed safely through and they are in the village, and the foreigner is inside the courts of the house of Yang, and all is well."

Leone listened and her pale face flushed. Now that her first anxiety was eased, she longed to go into her own room and close the door and weep—for what, she did not know, but she longed to weep.

"I pray you will excuse me," she said to her grandfather and the Silent Wolf and rose and left them quickly.

The Silent Wolf looked after her as she went, and the sight of her slender body and her graceful head filled him with yet deeper desire for her. "Why should I wait

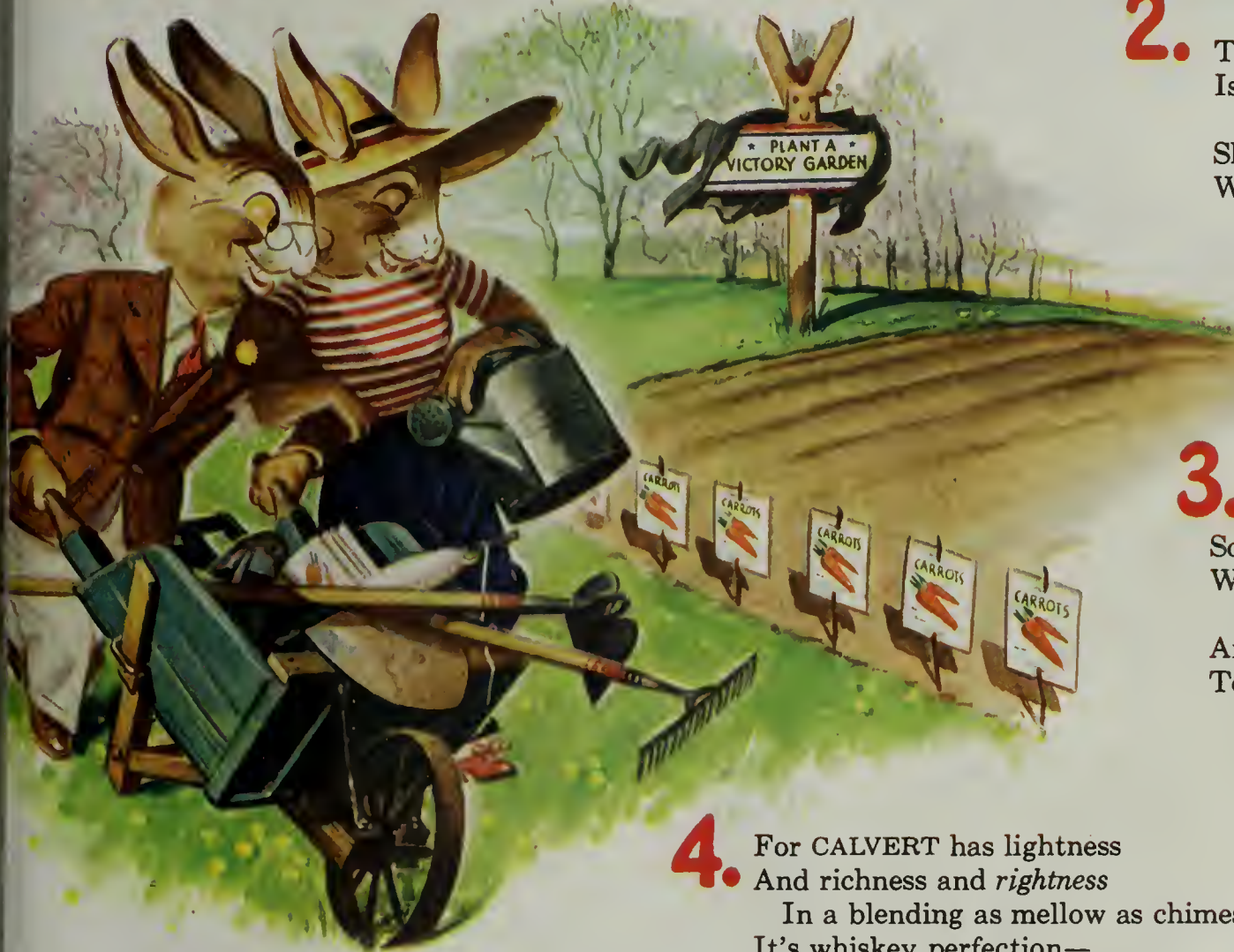


# Wise Rhymes for These Times

1. Benjamin Rabbit  
Has mastered the habit  
Of doing the hard-to-do.  
While others are worrying  
Benny is hurrying—  
Putting his war jobs through.



2. The light of his life  
Is his beautiful wife  
In the Motor Auxiliary Corps.  
She leads the parades  
With her dozens of aides,  
And she does all she can for the war.



3. So they're wonderful mates  
With a merger of traits  
That are happily matched for today.  
And here is a clue  
To a whiskey for you—  
It is CALVERT that's blended that way!

4. For CALVERT has lightness  
And richness and rightness  
In a blending as mellow as chimes.  
It's whiskey perfection—  
Your wisest selection—  
The Happiest Blend for the times!



BE WISE!

Clear Heads  
Choose

## Calvert

The whiskey with the "Happy Blending"







◀ When she says  
go fly this...

and you've been  
hoping to fly this... ➡



◀ TRY THIS

Everybody's breath offends  
sometimes—after eating,  
drinking, or smoking. Let  
LIFE SAVERS save yours.  
Only 5¢.



◀ Today our armed forces are ordering more and more LIFE SAVERS. So...if you have trouble getting some favorite flavor...you will know that some soldier, sailor, or marine is enjoying it somewhere, someplace.



COLLIER'S

"They say the other girl took it pretty hard"

GEO. SHELTON

stared into space for several hours before he knew what to do. It was inevitable, he argued to himself, that within a very few days, if not hours, the girl would either awake or she would die. Through his talk with the old cook he discovered that each day for the last three days she had swallowed the soft rice and egg that had been put into her mouth spoonful by spoonful. Therefore, it was not likely that she would die.

This was now the tenth day of her sleep. Not once had the Japanese left the house. Twice a day the doctor had come to see her and gone away. Ling inquired of the household gossip and heard that the girl still slept. So after thinking a long while he sauntered down into the city to a certain pharmacy which he knew and there he asked the old man who kept it what sort of a poison could be put into the food so that it would not taste nor kill, but would nauseate the stomach and make the bowels fluid.

THE pharmacist looked like one of his town dried herbs, so thin and small and brown was he, and his hands were stained and wrinkled with his brews. He sucked in his lips over his toothless jaws and considered Ling's question carefully, and then he put on his brass-rimmed spectacles and weighed out an ounce of this and a quarter of an ounce of that on his small delicate scales, and sifted in some powder between his thumb and finger, and wrapped it all up in thick brown paper, and put a red slip on the packet and gave it to Ling. "A pinch of this in each meal three times in the same day and the one you wish ill will be busy with himself," he said.

So Ling took the small packet and put it into his bosom and sauntered back again, and for the price of a small bribe he persuaded the old cook to do the deed. It did not take much persuasion or much bribe, for the cook heartily hated the old Japanese woman on his own account, and was glad to help in so just a deed as poisoning one who, besides being an enemy, was also an old and ugly female with a bad temper.

Thus it came about that for two days the old woman had struggled against her inner sickness. She was so afraid of Shigo that she dared not tell him how she was roiling inside. At first she was not made ill, her vitals being leathery with age, but she was only very full of discomfort. It was by the second afternoon that she began to feel everything inside her conspiring together against her being.

She lay down that night on her quilt full

of anxiety for herself, and yet whom she tell? She had come to this house ing and without a penny, for her mistress had been a Russian woman, had fled inland from the wars. Ther Kuyoshi had hired her to empty the and scrub the floors, and had allowed other work because he saw she was and silent and faithful, and because pleased him by her hatred of the C and the foreigners alike. But no had ever been spoken between the cept command and obedience, and could she go now and tell him that important task he had given her, she fail because she had fallen ill? So she the illness and stayed in her corner t her whole body was in misery.

Yet the time came when her illness could not be contained, and so twice ing the day she had fled from the room ease herself, and was back again, without telling anyone. And so it about in the middle of this same when Mrs. Shipman lay awake and was awake too, as she knew from the of Jenny's hand, that they were both tled by a loud moan that burst from old woman.

The light of the oil lamp was new out in this room, and now Mrs. Shipman saw the old woman get up clutching middle and staggering across the floor the door. She pretended to be asleep from between her barely opened lid saw the old woman go out. Thus for ment they were alone, and she whispered to Jenny:

"Jenny, child—can you hear me?"

"Yes," Jenny whispered back. opened her eyes, and Mrs. Shipman up.

"Listen, Jenny, there isn't but a minute. She'll be back. But we're in this Shipman house—prisoners. We've got to think. The Chinese chauffeur is waiting for us. He's ready to help us. If you feel up to it, dearie, we'll just let him know. The sign's all worked out. You must just gather together all strength and help me."

"I will."

Mrs. Shipman listened for footsteps she talked. "Do you think you can make it tonight, dearie? Because the doctor will be around tomorrow again. I'm afraid he'll see that you're a again."

"I think—I can—tonight," Jenny pered.

"I've saved some broth for you," Shipman said. "If you drink it and a little, maybe—"

The old woman's footsteps were



ing the hall outside. Mrs. Shipman laid down quickly and closed her eyes and breathed heavily. The old woman came in and cast a look at the bed. They were both asleep, the old woman thanked. No one need know she was in the room. She lay down groaning and tried to rest and could not. The poison had laid its full hold upon her vitals and she was in agony. She lay not above an hour when she rose, gasping, and went to the bed. In the dim light she saw the girl, both fast asleep. The girl was unconscious. The old woman began to crawl across the floor again to the bed when she reached it she took the key of it and opening the door and locking it behind her, she locked it. This she could not come back quickly. Finally Mrs. Shipman was up.

"Then, dearie," she whispered. "I'll see that Ling!" She went to the curtains that were drawn and took the oil lamp and set it down on the sill. She opened the curtains and closed them a moment, and repeated this and yet again. Then over a spirit she heated the broth and gave it to the old woman came in now Mrs. Shipman would simply be feeding the girl. There was nothing to be explained. But the woman did not come back.

She did not come back and, listening, Mrs. Shipman pulled up her full skirt and the loop of thin strong rope from the window. Then, still listening, she wrapped Jenny in a warm coat and carried her out of bed, half carried her down the window. Jenny was making a desperate effort. But her feet felt separated from her head. She put them down one by one, as though they did not belong to her.

"Oh, dearie," Mrs. Shipman whispered. "You're doing wonderful." There was not a sound of anyone coming outside there was no moon. The air was damp and a wind was blowing, a cold wind, for it made shutters creak and the panes rub against one another and covered the sound of their escape.

"I'll be down there waiting for you, dearie," Mrs. Shipman whispered. "It's not far. We're only on the second story. There's only bushes below. I'll look down a hundred times getting ready for this. He'll be behind the bushes. I'll throw a thorny orange to the left, so bear up, dearie."

She lifted the girl over the sill and held her as long as she could, leaning out until she could lean no farther.

"Can do—" she heard Ling's whisper from below and then she let Jenny go. In a moment she grasped the rope for herself. She was fat and she went down too quickly and the rope tore the skin from her palms but she did not notice it. They were down, safe behind the bushes, and there was no sound from above.

"Praise God!" she whispered.

But Ling did not give her a moment. He had Jenny in his arms and was carrying her across the dark lawn to the compound wall. There he set her on her feet and unwound his long girdle from about his waist, a girdle of new cloth torn so long for this moment that he had wound half of it inside his jacket and around his thighs. He made a loop under her arms and with the end in his teeth he skinned up the wall like a cat, his feet finding fractional footholds between the bricks. On the wall he swept aside the glass spears with his foot, and then began to pull her up like a child. Over the wall he lifted her, hissing a whisper in her ear: "You take off cloth when you come down."

SHE felt the earth solid beneath her feet and, leaning against the wall, freed herself from the cloth and he pulled it up again.

Now he called in a low voice to Mrs. Shipman.

"Quick!" she called back. "They've found out!"

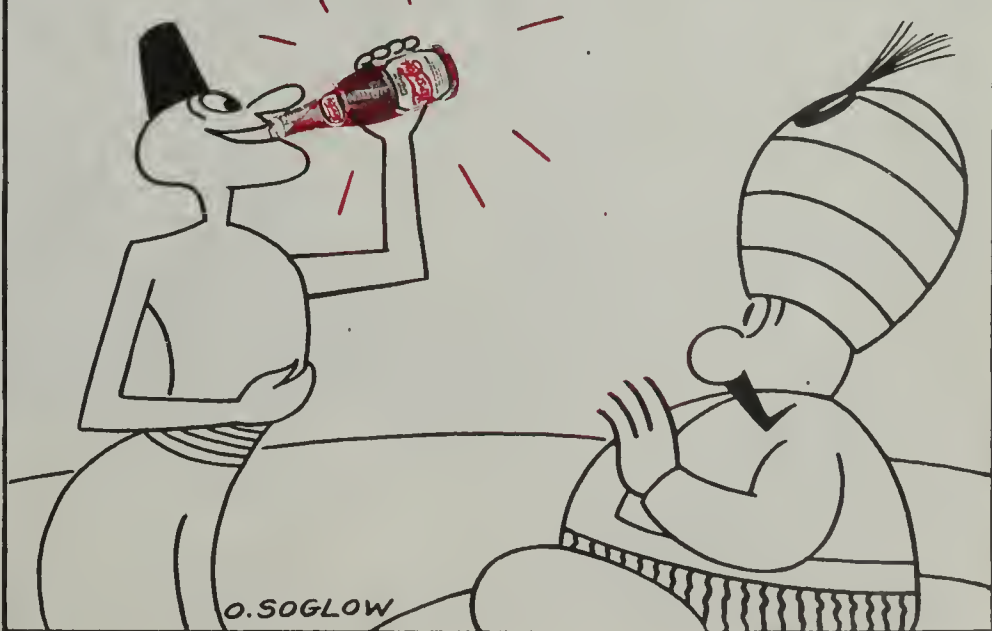
And indeed at this moment the lights flashed on in the whole house, and she saw the curtains of the room they had just left pulled apart and Shigo stood there in the light. He shouted out in Japanese.

Mrs. Shipman pulled the girdle and Ling began to lift her. Jenny had been so light that it had been nothing, but Mrs. Shipman came up like a load of stone. Ling braced precariously on the wall, felt his first great wave of fear. What if he could not lift the Old Foreign Mother? Should he let her down and save the girl? The old should be saved first, according to his own people, but would the young American excuse him if the girl was lost?

There were lights over the lawn now and in a moment, whatever he did they would be discovered. He groaned and pulled with all his might, clinging to the wall with his legs and feet, and Mrs. Shipman struggled and clawed to help him. He had her head level to the wall, then suddenly she felt her legs grasped and held firmly.

"They've got me!" she whispered between her set teeth. "Run for it, Ling—save the girl!"

(To be continued next week)




"This is the first time I've paid an income tax. Now I just hope I've got enough with me to pay you whatever I owe you, and do I have to fill out anything?"

JEFF KEATE

O. SOGLOW





# Out of Sync

By William and Milarde Brent

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HOLMGREN

He gave her a voice and a chance for stardom. She gave him insight into the heart of a girl

"Here comes the sound man," Brooks said, as Vic walked over. "Am I doing something wrong?" Wandra asked

VIC SLATER breezed into the sound department. He was feeling pretty satisfied with himself. He'd finished his picture the night before and everybody, from the director on down, knew it was the best job of sound recording to come off the lot in a long time. The Skipper had sent for him, and Vic was all set to take the big pat on the back.

Vic was a sound engineer or, in the language of the studio, a mixer. He had been a trouble shooter with the telephone company and what he knew about circuits and amplifiers he'd learned the hard way. He was big and rugged, and you couldn't tell, offhand, about the arm that had come in contact with twenty-two hundred volts on a high line. It didn't interfere with his work, but it was bad enough to keep him out of the Army.

"Hiya, Lou," he greeted the girl in the outer office.

Lou Mallory was the Skipper's secretary, but she was much more than that to the boys in the sound department. She gave out the routine assignments, listened to their troubles and settled arguments between the sound men and the production office before they got to the boss. She kidded with the gang and spoke their language, but Vic was the only one of the studio people she went out with. He took her to football games, prize fights, wrestling matches. He thought she was a good guy. If Lou's feelings about Vic were any different from his, no one knew it.

"His nibs in?" Vic asked.

"He isn't," Lou said. "Luckily—for you."

"What do you mean?" Vic scoffed. "After that Academy job I just turned in?"

Lou ignored this. "Apparently you've been fooling with the system again."

Vic frowned.

"Sawyer reported the circuit changed on the noise reduction unit," she said. "That mean anything?"

Sawyer was head of engineering and maintenance. He'd learned his decibels at Cal Tech, and didn't have much use for technicians without an academic background.

Vic swore softly. He'd forgotten to change the circuit back to normal on the channel he'd just turned in for checkup after finishing the picture.

"Sure," he admitted. "I made a slight change or two. But what the heck? I improved the recording, didn't I? I cut down the ground noise—"

"Yes, I know," Lou said patiently. "But when you've been in the business as long as I have, you'll learn to stay in your own department." Lou had spent five of her twenty-four years in the studio. "Besides, Vic, you know the Skipper's attitude about making changes in the equipment on your own. That's why we've got an engineering department. Any ideas you have must be taken up with Sawyer."

Vic knew how far he'd get with Sawyer, no matter how sound the idea might be. He'd run afoul of Brother Sawyer's smug superiority before.

"Listen, Vic—this is strictly off the record—but the Skipper's pretty sore about it. If he didn't think you were the best mixer in the department, he'd have fired you the time you altered the amplifier on the R.C.A. channel. It isn't that your ideas aren't good—it's just that he can't have the men tampering with the system on production. You're setting a bad example. If something goes wrong sometime and you gum up a whole day's work, there'll be the devil to pay with the whole department. Don't you see?"

VIC pushed his hat back and shook his head. "I give up. From now on, so help me, I won't even switch a P.E. cell without going into a huddle with engineering. I won't even—"

"Can the Skipper depend on that?"

"But definitely," Vic was emphatic.

Lou smiled and was about to speak, when the phone rang. She answered it. "Eleven o'clock?" She glanced at her watch. "Okay." She hung up and turned to Vic. "They want a sound crew on the test stage at eleven. You're the mixer. And I suggest you scramble over there before the Skipper comes back from the projection room and finds you here. I'll explain. Maybe by tomorrow he'll be cooled off."

Vic knew she was trying to give him a break; she'd square things in the meantime. She always did. "You know, Lou," he said, "sometimes I don't know why you go to all the trouble—"

"Maybe I wouldn't like to see you get fired," she said.

Vic grinned. "One good turn deserves another, pal. Tomorrow I'll take you to lunch—in the commissary. Not that forty-cent special, either."

"Okay," Lou grinned back. "I'll tie a red string

around my finger so I'll remember not to eat any fast in the morning."

Vic sat at his mixer console and checked the while the gaffer roughed in the lighting for the lot. Vic got the clash point of the light valve from his assistant outside in the truck, and slipped on to take a listen, after Peeler, his boom man, had the mike. He glanced at his volume indicator, test potentiometer positions for noise, then snapped mike. He gave Peeler the encircled thumb and for the okay signal and Peeler (Continued on p.



BURLINGAME  
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Burlingame, Calif.



# Bruiser

This is the Vega Ventura, a tough looking, tough acting new bomber with some definite family characteristics.

It *looks* like the Hudson only bigger. It's sleek and powerful, with stamina in every spar. It acts like the speedy, record-breaking airline Lodestar only faster and more maneuverable. In action it's a *bruiser*, the biggest, hardest-hit-

ting bomber yet designed and produced by Vega. It carries a bellyful of destruction in its whopping bomb bay and throws 50 caliber death from five gun positions.

U. S. and R. A. F. pilots can tell more about this deadly bomber in the days to come, and they *will* in stories of blasted Axis supply lines, smashed Axis tanks and silenced Axis guns.



**A subsidiary of Lockheed**

*Vega*

**Aircraft Corporation**



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Vega Aircraft Corporation, Burbank, California—  
Members Aircraft War Production Council, Inc.





## Something the Axis Tanks Don't Have

**E**ACH time this newest and most powerful war machine of its type goes into action, it has an advantage that similar equipment of the Axis powers does not have.

For, in addition to superior design and quality of materials, it has the great advantage which Nature gave to the lubricating oils available to the United Nations . . . oils with *the quality and stamina* to lubricate better and last longer both in arctic cold and tropical heat. This is an advantage the Axis has failed to overcome by conquest or to achieve synthetically.

Today, Quaker State's four great modern refineries, using Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil exclusively, are turning out large quantities of lubricating oils for the United Nations, to help maintain this advantage.

Quality oil is just as important for your car. Are you giving your car the advantage of Quaker State?

If not . . . why not change to Quaker State today? Quaker State Oil Refining Corporation, Oil City, Pennsylvania.



The fact that Marjorie Lawrence, a sufferer from infantile paralysis, could sing again at the Metropolitan is thrilling, but what is more important is her spirit, the unconquerable courage that has overcome the greatest handicaps and furnished an example of fortitude for us all

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S  
BY W. EUGENE SMITH

**W**HEN Marjorie Lawrence woke up one morning in her hotel room in Mexico City and found that she couldn't move, her first reaction was exasperation. "I've never been sick a day in my life!" she cried furiously.

But at that moment, she was sick unto death with infantile paralysis, and although the Mexican impresario wrung his hands in misery outside her door, and the cast of *Die Walküre* (in which she had been rehearsing) waited hopefully, she was not to sing that night, and no physician would have dared guarantee that she would ever sing again. The primary concern of her doctors was to keep her alive, a task that seemed beyond them when the blow struck.

Eighteen months later, an audience at the Metropolitan Opera House cheered and applauded for five minutes when she finished singing the music in *Tannhäuser*. Nothing had been heard for years in the temple, and nothing like Lawrence's recovery had ever been known in music. The character of the part was to sing while reclining on a sofa, only about that phase of her life she was critical.

"In another year I'll be doing I did before," she says flatly. "a little bit now; I'll soon be over the place."

Lawrence (one always refers to her by her last name) is a faced woman with dimples and that makes the walls bend in her presence. She was born on a sheep station in Australia, has bounced about on her own, led an energetic life from her childhood and is thoroughly disgusted with being an invalid.

"At first it scared the dickens out of me," she says.

"Over here we say 'dickens,' the interviewer politely.

"Don't be a sissy!" shrieks Lawrence.

She receives her guests in a way and it is only during the course of conversation that one finds this is to a visitor. It is when one asks how she has managed to keep down (one does not mention it with a Wagnerian soprano) that comes out.



# THE VOICE OF COURAGE

BY KYLE CRICHTON



weren't company, I'd show  
outs. "Every morning I'm  
pointing to the floor, "bump-  
over."

wooden ramp has been con-  
the living room of her New  
ent to the terrace overlooking  
River, and every day she  
d of the terrace, walking. She  
railing, has a good look at the  
er in Jersey, and takes steps  
ant grabbing at chairs and  
ives.

not going to keep *me* in a silly  
e that!" she cries gleefully.

## mo in a Wheel Chair

ment could work up a nice  
n defeatists, whiners and no-  
agging them up to the Law-  
ment and allowing her to  
Visiting her is like touring  
orks. She is gay and boisterous  
dynamic individual this inter-  
encountered in ten years of  
ebrities. Not content with be-  
s any other sensible person  
he is determined to be as good  
al production. As a matter of  
the New York critics are cruel  
who do not sniff easily at senti-  
rations—her voice is better

he first thing I did when I  
ed I wasn't going to die," says  
"I opened my mouth and gave  
Boy, that was *different*! I was  
rom my neck down, but you

know how crazy singers are. If they can  
sing, a leg or two missing doesn't bother  
them."

Her only regret is that two months were  
lost before she came into the hands of  
Sister Kenny with her method for treating  
infantile paralysis cases. According to that  
method, the first three weeks are all-im-  
portant. As is well known now, Sister  
Kenny is an Australian nurse who has  
revolutionized treatment for the disease,  
advocating massage and exercise rather  
than rest. Miss Lawrence went to her in  
Minneapolis and eventually lived in the  
same apartment with Sister Kenny.

"Just two Aussies acting proud—that  
was us," says Lawrence happily.

With Miss Lawrence was her husband,  
Doctor Thomas Michael King, an osteo-  
path, who learned the Kenny method di-  
rectly and brought Miss Lawrence back to  
New York, where he has been carrying it  
out faithfully since.

The original attack had left her entirely  
helpless, but the exercises soon had her  
lifting her arms, and when she could move  
the upper part of her body, she took a new  
resolution. She pointed to a straight chair  
by her bed and cried, "Get me out of here  
and strap me on that thing. I'm going to  
sit up."

They lifted her up, strapped her to the  
chair and then waited.

"You know what I want," she shouted.  
"Put me in front of the piano!"

That seems to have been the beginning  
of her real cure. Knowing that for a long  
time she would be able to sing only while

(Continued on page 59)

## WHAT'S YOUR GUESS?

WHY IS AMERICA SMOKING MORE—

as shown by Government figures?



## Smoking Less—or Smoking More\*?

*You're SAFER smoking  
PHILIP MORRIS!*

You see—this cigarette has been scientifically  
proved less irritating to the nose and throat!

Eminent doctors report, in medical journals that:

**When smokers changed to PHILIP MORRIS, every**  
**case of irritation of the nose or throat—due to**  
**smoking—cleared completely or definitely im-**  
**proved!**

We do not claim any curative power for PHILIP  
MORRIS. But this evidence clearly proves they are  
*far less irritating* for nose and throat!

So—you are safer smoking PHILIP MORRIS!

*And do they taste GOOD!*



**CALL FOR  
PHILIP MORRIS**

*America's FINEST Cigarette*



**"That shell had My Name on it  
— BUT I'M STILL HERE!"**



It's only a *dent* because his American-built tank had tough armor plate...the toughest in the world!

Back in the States—it was dunked, white-hot, into a new Socony-Vacuum quenching oil that helped to *make it* tougher.

Slabs of armor that sheathe U. S. warships, bombers and fighting planes, get the same treatment and come out tougher, too!

Helping to make America's war products the best in the world is a

part of Socony-Vacuum Friendly Service.

To that soldier boy in Africa extra protection from enemy shells is a very *real* Friendly Service. U. S. A.'s flyers know it, too—in the vast quantities of our 100-octane gasoline—new, more powerful fuel to hike them upstairs faster—give them utmost maneuverability!

And from our laboratories are coming new lubricants and cutting oils that are boosting armament pro-

duction—materials for explosives, plastics, rubber—and many other products which are invaluable to America at war.

In the hands of men who know, there's almost no limit to the good things that can be made from petroleum. The Sign of the Flying Red Horse stands for much more than just fine gasoline and oil!

SOCONY-VACUUM OIL CO., INC., and Affiliates: Magnolia Petroleum Co., General Petroleum Corp. of California.



**Mobilgas**

SOCONY-VACUUM

TUNE IN RAYMOND GRAM SWING—Blue N  
Coast-to-Coast, 10 P.M., E.W.T., Mon. Tues. Wed.

**In Peace or War—  
The Sign of Friendly Service Serves America Well!**





...s have felt the chilling sting of the Airacobra, known also as the P-39. ...e of the fighter group which accounted for 77 enemy planes in a convoy ...ff Lae rolls down the runway of Port Moresby airfield in New Guinea

# THE ARMY SPREADS ITS WINGS

BY ROBERT MC CORMICK

...s than twelve months  
Army Air Forces has  
...n from nothing into one  
... mightiest fighting out-  
...e world has ever seen.  
...is the story of AAF de-  
...ment. And bigger and  
...r things are on the way

NOT a doctor in the place would have bet a nickel even money on the chances of most of the 400 wounded American soldiers. The temporary hospital a short distance in from the African beach was out of blood plasma, and most of the wounded were in a state of shock that made it imperative. Communication lines were cleared, and for help went to GHQ. In a matter of hours (how many is another of the military secrets involved in any war) big C-87s, Liberator bombers converted for cargo carrying, settled down on the airfield near the hospital, and soldiers unloaded large wooden boxes. There was no secret about the contents. They were plainly labeled. Blood plasma. But eight of the wounded were saved. The plasma didn't come from the corner store. It came from the United States in less than two days. It was a trivial incident in the history of American military aviation, but it was a demonstration of the growth of the Army Air Forces. The AAF was created in 1941, but on March 9, 1942, it

became one of three equally powerful parts of the American Army. With the Ground Forces and the Services of Supply, it became semi-independent, and in its first year grew into one of the mightiest fighting organizations in the world.

It became a world air force, with bases speckled over the globe like pepper on a fried egg. Every line of it was designed around a central idea that it must have a positive part in destroying enemy resistance. It was patterned for bombing the heart out of the enemy, for subduing enemy aircraft, and for attacking enemy ground and sea forces. These things it would do, not in any one battle or one spot, but in all American battles wherever they might come.

The production of airplanes more than doubled, got up to better than 5,000 a month. The types of combat planes being manufactured were cut to less than a dozen, but each of these had a specialized purpose. Many got their first battle tests in the last twelve months.

Boeing Flying Fortresses and Consolidated Liberators shot and bombed a path of glory across the Southwest Pacific and in Nazi Europe, plunking explosives from great heights with incredible accuracy. The medium bombers—Billy Mitchells and Martin Marauders—flashed across battle lines at speeds close to those of enemy pursuit planes. The Billy Mitchells pulled an impossible raid on Tokyo, and the Marauders became torpedo bombers for the Navy in the Pacific.

Another light bomber, the Douglas Havoc, did a dozen different jobs, and terrorized the enemy in low-altitude raids across the English Channel, in night fight-



ing over Britain, in ground action in Russia, in Rommel's retreat, and in Allied movements against the Germans in Tunisia.

The Curtiss Warhawk moved along with British and American troops in Tunisia and Libya, holding its own against the enemy's best. The Bell Airacobra, a middle-altitude fighter, proved itself in Russia also to be a magnificent weapon against tanks. The Lockheed Lightning, one of our most-discussed fighters, went into combat in Tunisia and won out over the Germans' Focke-Wulf 190, and the famous Messerschmitt 109-F.

North American turned its Mustang loose over Germany, and it blossomed as a formidable scout plane. The Republic Thunderbolt, probably the fastest high-altitude fighter in the world, finished

Joe Jesus, "patty-cake man of the Sahara," molds oblongs of mud, camel and goat hair. They will be baked into bricks for airfield buildings along Uncle Sam's far-flung routes

lengthy tests and revisions, and was poised for combat. Development of the B-19 bomber, largest airplane in the world, was likewise completed.

Numerous cargo ships appeared, including the twin-engined Curtiss Commando, a fat-bellied freight ear of the air, and the four-engined Constellation, a graceful ship capable of carrying huge loads as fast as fighter planes could go a couple of years ago.

These ships appeared at bases in the



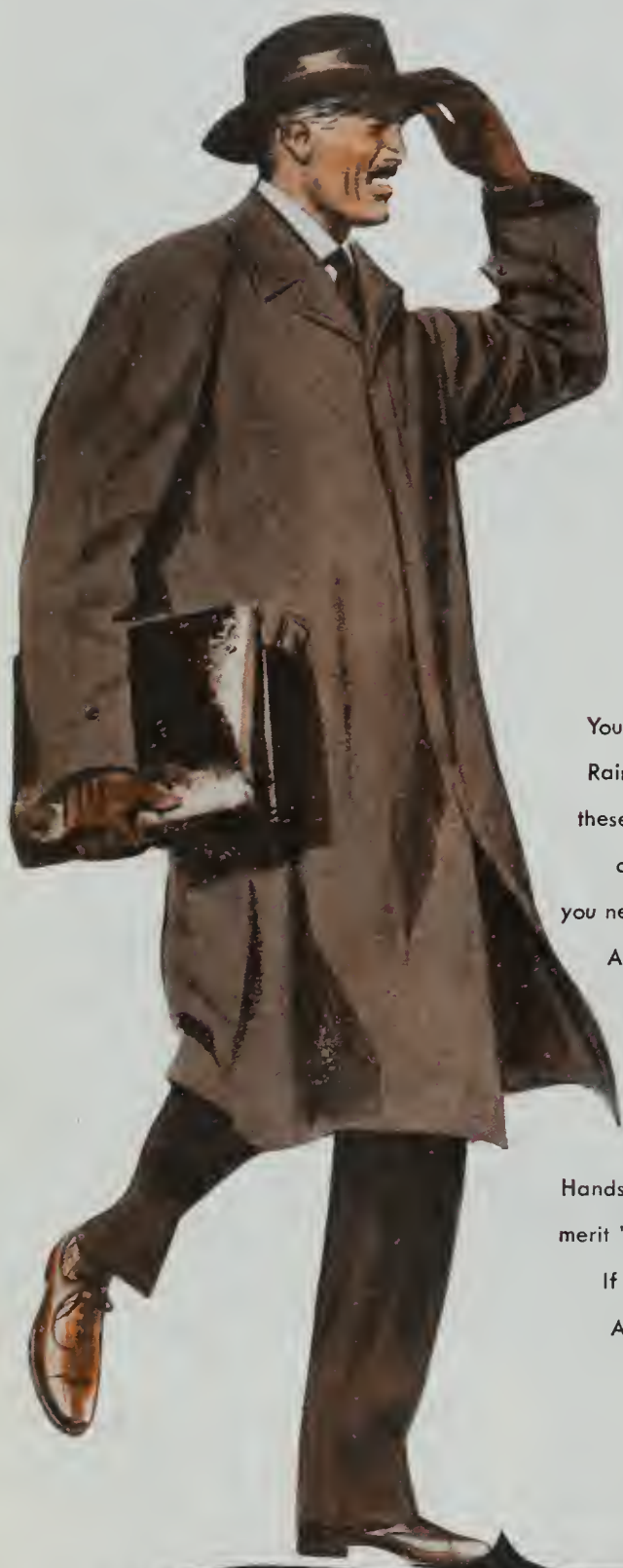


# ALLIGATOR

*Tops the rest!*

## MAKES YOU GLAD

*You picked the best!*



You folks who own fine Alligator Raincoats, have reason to beam these days! With more and more outdoor walking for all of us, you needn't fret. Your dependable Alligator will see you through; keep you smart and dry in rainy, chill weather. For Alligator Raincoats are quality through and through. Handsome, long-wearing, made to merit "the best name in rainwear." If you haven't yet bought your Alligator, visit your dealer, as limited stocks are available.

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# ALLIGATOR RAINWEAR

because... IT'S SURE TO RAIN!

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Caribbean, in Alaska, in Britain, at points all through the Pacific and Africa and the Middle East and India and China. A glacier was leveled off to make an airport in the Far North. An American engineer dropped by parachute into the middle of the Sahara, armed with a pocketful of money, rounded up native labor and built an airfield.

Other engineers in fur-lined suits parachuted into Arctic wilderness and, with tools dropped by chutes, cleared a space big enough to let a small plane in. The plane brought more tools, the clearing grew bigger, and larger planes came in until a complete airport was buzzing away in the heart of nowhere. And all through the tropics, men were hacking down jungle, laying out steel-mesh landing strips and setting up still more bases.

Between these isolated spots, grew up an AAF air-transport system that became bigger than all the prewar commercial airlines of the world put together. The Air Transport Command, a unit of the AAF, became larger than the entire Air Corps was before the war, and it flew more miles than all the world's airlines before the war. It stopped measuring distances in miles. India became 70 hours away, instead of 14,000 air miles; England became ten hours away, instead of 3,300 miles; Africa 40 hours, instead of 3,900 miles.

### Commuters in Transport Planes

Lieutenant General "Hap" Arnold, chief of the AAF, flew back from Australia in 35 hours and 53 minutes, compared with the conventional ship-sailing time of 33 days. The Air Transport Command shuttled great people around like suburban commuters. Mrs. Roosevelt flew to London and back, Madame Chiang Kai-shek flew here from China, Harry Hopkins flew hither and thither with loose-jointed freedom, the Harriman mission flew to Russia and back, Wendell Willkie moved all over the globe. The climax came when the President himself—who hadn't flown on a domestic airline since he took office—broke all the rules by letting the Army fly him to Casablanca to confer with Churchill. It wasn't simply a matter of picking the President up and putting him down. The Secret Service had to go first, high-ranking Army and Navy officers had to be taken along, and extraordinary protection had to be given each one. When Mr. Roosevelt did do away with precedent,

he did it in a big way, knocking off 15,441 miles in the air.

The Army, and civilians as well, got used to seeing young men in their twenties and early thirties wearing the eagles of full colonel. The youngest of these officers is Colonel Charles M. McCorkle of North Carolina, who was graduated from West Point in June, 1936, and became a colonel on November 16, 1942. He was 27 years old.

New training schools turned out quantities of at-home pilots, navigators, bombardiers, gunners, ground crews, mechanics, radiomen and all the other specialized personnel necessary to such a gigantic business. Wright Field erected a building big enough to test 40-foot propellers; aircraft engines of more than 2,000 horsepower appeared; swanky hotels were taken over at Miami Beach, Atlantic City and Chicago to house AAF cadets in training stretches of desolate land in all parts of the country were set aside as bombing range emergency landing strips appeared along American highways.

American parachute troops were flown nonstop 1,500 miles from England to Africa; troop-carrying gliders were developed; General Kenney moved enough supplies and troops into New Guinea to enable the American forces to start a hammering offensive at the Japs—and almost all of both men and material went by air.

AAF officers took over control of large sections of the entire Army. Lieutenant General Frank Andrews headed up the European theater of operations; Lieutenant General George Brett took over the Caribbean Defense Command, Major General Lewis Brereton assumed control of American forces in the Middle East, Lieutenant General Millard Harmon became commander of the Army forces in the South Pacific, and Lieutenant General Delos Emmons was made boss of the Hawaii Department of the Army. The rise of AAF brass hats to powerful positions inspired a standard gag that the campaign for a separate air force should be changed into a campaign for a separate ground force.

That's part of what happened in one year. Next year will be better—and bigger. The AAF has planes on the way, now secret, that will make our best seem silly. The AAF will have bases in countries we can't even think about now. The second anniversary will really be exciting.

THE END



"I've laid out your pipe, robe and slippers. Now will you hang some pictures for me?"

COLLIER'S

GARRETT PRICE



# On this, our 75th Birthday...

**T**ODAY, our country is at war—engaged in a desperate struggle to determine whether the freedom we have created and cherished shall survive or perish.

Beside the all-embracing immensity of that issue, the Diamond Anniversary which Metropolitan celebrates this month is of small importance.

Yet, on our 75th birthday, it is perhaps proper that this company, representing nearly thirty million policyholders, should here voice its faith in the future, and its determination to help make that future brighter than any period in the past.

We have just reason for that faith. Ours is a business that has been built on faith—faith in the continued and growing greatness of our country, faith in the integrity of our people.

In the 75 years since Metropolitan was founded, on March 24, 1868, we have seen America face crisis after crisis—wars, panics, depressions, disasters of many kinds . . . and from each such crisis we have seen this country emerge stronger than ever. We confidently believe that America will do just that again—that the best years of our history lie before us.

We have every reason, too, for our determination to help make that future brighter. No busi-

ness, perhaps, touches the lives and aspirations of millions of people more closely than ours. It is our plain duty to do our utmost to help those people fulfill their dreams—of an education for their children, of security for their families, of financial independence in their own old age.

In the past, we have tried to perform that duty through the wise investment of more than six billion dollars which we hold for the benefit of our policyholders. We have tried to do it through conscientious, economical management, so that insurance costs would be held to a minimum. We have tried to do it through the prompt payment of all benefits—which, in the 75 years of our existence, have totalled over nine and a half billion dollars. And through our organized health activities, established in 1909, we have tried to make every possible contribution to healthier, longer lives for our policyholders—lives which, taken from birth, now average over twenty years longer than they did in 1868.

In doing these things, we have also tried to be a good citizen. For we are part of America. Her future is ours. And in this critical hour of her history, we say again—our faith in her future has never been stronger.

75th ANNIVERSARY 1868-1943

## Metropolitan Life Insurance Company (A MUTUAL COMPANY)

Frederick H. Ecker, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD

Leroy A. Lincoln, PRESIDENT

1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.





# Maybe there's a blank spot in your diet



SURE you're tired when you get home at night! Can't expect to switch from easy-going peacetime occupations to all-out war work and not feel it.

But—

Maybe it isn't all in the extra work you're doing. Maybe you're done-in at night because you *haven't fitted your diet to the times in which you live.*

Just look:

A man at work on an active factory job requires much more energy than one sitting in an office all day. Such extra energy *has to come from something you eat.*

A change to more active jobs calls for eat-

ing more of the good, solid, substantial, high-energy foods like bread. Basic foods that give you something to go on.

So, eat more bread. Maybe there's a blank spot in your diet.



Try eating a few more man-size slices every day, as so many people are now doing. Try using it to make hard-to-get foods stretch, as illustrated in the panel.

And remember the difference in white bread that bakers are providing today. It's enriched with Vitamin B<sub>1</sub>, niacin and iron—like the white bread the armed forces serve their men!

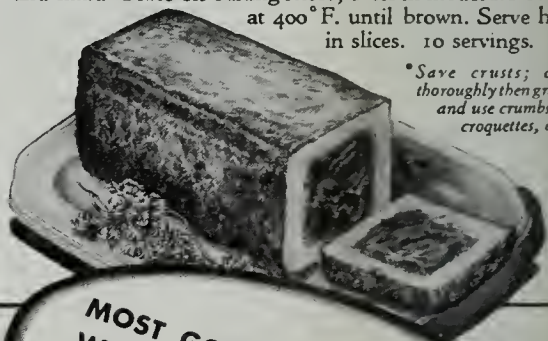
## MAKE HARD-TO-GET FOODS GO FURTHER

RATION-EASING RECIPE No. 2 • MEAT BREAD LOAF

- |                                      |                                      |
|--------------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| 1 large loaf of Enriched White Bread | salt, pepper                         |
| 1 medium-sized onion, chopped        | $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon ground ginger |
| 1 tablespoon fat                     | summer savory                        |
| 1 cup cooked ground meat             | 1 tablespoon minced parsley          |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup gravy              | soft butter or margarine             |
| 1 cup tomatoes, strained from juice  | 2 eggs                               |
|                                      | 1 tablespoon milk                    |

Cut all crusts from loaf of bread.\* Cut slice from top about  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch thick, to make a cover. Scoop out crumbs from inside, leaving an edge  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch thick at sides and bottom. Cook onion in fat; add bread crumbs. Heat meat with gravy, tomatoes and seasonings; add bread crumb mixture and parsley. Add 1 egg beaten slightly. Spread soft butter or margarine on outside of loaf; put in meat mixture. Beat the other egg with the milk. Moisten top edge of loaf with this mixture; put top slice on as a cover. Moisten the top with remaining egg and milk. Place on baking sheet; bake in moderate oven at 400° F. until brown. Serve hot in slices. 10 servings.

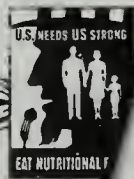
\*Save crusts; dry thoroughly then grate and use crumbs in croquettes, etc.



## MOST GOOD BREAD IS MADE WITH FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST FOR REASONS SUCH AS THESE:

1. Fleischmann pioneered the methods of yeast manufacture which make possible the uniformity, potency and dependable quality not only of Fleischmann's Yeast, but virtually all others as well.
2. More than 400 different strains of yeast, selected from thousands gathered all over the world, are kept under constant culture and study in Fleischmann's laboratories. This assures bakers of the yeast best suited to American flours, methods and conditions year after year.
3. Fleischmann research on vitamins brought about the yeast method of enriching bread with Vitamin B<sub>1</sub>.

FLEISCHMANN 1868-1943  
75 years of good yeast for good bread



# Bread is basic



## Any Week

Continued from page 4

the station concourse with what to be half the town looking on. "A deserter!" "I!" cried Mr. Herzog indignantly. "F." Whereupon, the sergeants hit him with a bang and demanded a card. This proved his point and hit him with some disgust, saying, "In pretty good for a wreck."

her wrecks lately have been New taxi drivers who have also been trying to do the right thing, with some of their usually even tempers. The war has reached when the government has banned pleasure driving. When a friend asked our favorite driver the other day politely, "Is this a pleasure car?" And she yelled, "Mind your own business!" and climbed in. "What was I to do?" he asks bewilderedly. "Get her out?" The answer is, for all patriots, yes.

That's nothing to our trouble with. Not long ago we published an article about the benefits of raising Angora rabbits—The Rabbit Goes to War—Merley Alexander. Almost instantly hundreds of our readers decided to go into the business of raising the creature and live happily ever after. After a hundredth letter asking how one went about it we stopped counting. It was just an innocent guy buying a couple of rabbits and trying to keep up with what was going on. But now comes a letter from William H. Webb of Los Angeles, secretary of the California Angora Wool Growers, Inc., and, alas, we feel bound to tell you that Mr. Webb didn't like the piece. Says it contained several major in-

accuracies. We can't go into it all but he contends that any rabbit which produces no more than one and a half or two ounces of wool per shearing is practically bald. If an average Angora rabbit doesn't grow from three and a half to five and more ounces, says Mr. Webb, it is eaten by the owner (not necessarily in chagrin either) or sold for *hasenpfeffer*. Furthermore, he protests Miss Alexander's contention that an honest rabbit's gestation period is from thirty-nine to forty-two days. He says that it is about thirty-one days—or less. We publish this merely that you be on your guard against birth control of rabbits or rabbits with scanty locks and no ambition. If we and Miss Alexander have started you on a rabbit career we think it wouldn't be a bad idea to write to Mr. Webb before going too far. We have only one more communication on the subject and it is to Mr. John B. Gennaway of Portland, Oregon, who wants to send us a couple of rabbits. Until proved otherwise, we can only regard Mr. Gennaway as an enemy.

IT WOULD be hard to match the exultation of a friend whose great Dane has just been accepted by the Army unit K9. Somebody called from the camp to inform our friend that the Dane, Herbert, had arrived in good shape and was in training. Our friend got halfway out of his chair and yelled back into the phone, "How is he? How's he doing? Is he making good?" There will be a two-minute wait while we change reels. The next scene is in the White House, with the President decorating our friend for something heroic Herbert has done. "Will you accept this engraved bone with my compliments?" the President will be saying. . . . K. C.



"Do you have to put your brick right over the most interesting part of the news?"

GARDNER REA



# cool shaves

fell tough beards  
and your chin yells "tanks"!

Ingram's helps condition your face for smooth shaving, while it knocks the fight out of your wiry beard!

DOES your morning shave affect your face like a desert sandstorm? Does your razor leave treadtracks on your complaining chin?

Then you'd better transfer to Ingram's Shaving Cream, Mister—and start right in enjoying smooth, soothing COOL shaves!

Ingram's heavy concentrations of cool, luxurious lather overpower your beard with speed and ease. And your

razor whizzes through like a tank through daisies. And man, oh man, does that Ingram's COOLNESS feel swell-elegant on your face! It soothes your skin and at the same time helps to condition it for close, clean, comfortable shaving.

So far, so good—and an Ingram's shave is even better later! Because that famous Ingram's coolness—that fresh, braced, exhilarated feeling lingers along on your grateful cheeks and chin. So give yourself a real treat and get Ingram's today. It comes in the handy, generous jar or tube.



IN JAR OR TUBE

## Ingram's Shaving Cream

Product of Bristol-Myers



## Out of Sync

Continued from page 28



## It's the Men who make the Erie!

**L**OOK in on any one of Erie's 47 coast-to-coast service offices and you'll find men knee deep in other people's problems.

"Service" has always been the business of these traffic men. Today they are service men and wartime expeditors, too.

In war or peace their job is the same—helping to move goods faster. They work with shippers preparing routings, assisting on loading and packaging problems, securing the necessary types of cars, providing information on the location of cars of vital materials in transit, interpreting government rules and regulations, and a dozen and one other jobs necessary to a nation on the move. Because of the efforts of these men traffic is moving swiftly and safely.

To anyone having a transportation problem—trained Erie men in the field plus many more in the general offices offer a helping hand.



**23,578** FREIGHT TRAINS DAILY  
**1,408,964** FREIGHT CARS DAILY  
**25,000,000** NET TONS DAILY

AMERICAN RAILROADS AT WAR

**THE RAILROAD OF HELPFUL SERVICE**

climbed down and ambled over to the mixer and sat down on a film magazine case.

"Who're we testing, Peeler?" Vic asked.

"Some dame," Peeler said. "Hope to heck she knows her lines so we can get out of here. I gotta date—with my draft board."

Then Vic saw her. She came in with George Ellis, the test director. As a rule Vic didn't go for movie-struck girls. Rubbing elbows with them on sets had made him wary. Most of them were interested mainly in meeting some big shot who might further their careers. And they all looked the same—wide-eyed, fixed smiles and shallow, vacuous expressions.

But this one was different. It wasn't just her looks—she had a sleek, blond bob, a cool half-smile and eyes with depth and a hint of secrecy; and her figure was perfect.

Vic turned to the assistant director. "Who is she?"

The assistant director shrugged. "Some model from New York," he said wearily. "That's all I know."

That would explain her poise, Vic thought. He found himself pulling for her.

She was talking to the director when Ronald Brooks came on the set and joined them. Brooks was a Santa Barbara socialite, who'd been discovered at the Pasadena Playhouse. The studio was grooming him for big things. So far he'd only played bits and small parts, but he'd done pretty well for himself otherwise. There wasn't a stock girl on the lot he hadn't dated, and the extra girls had a name for him—wolf in Brooks' clothing.

"Okay," the director said. "A complete rehearsal for the camera and sound—then we'll shoot it."

Vic slipped on the cans and signaled for Peeler to gun the boom out and tip the mike to favor the girl. Brooks was only in the scene for the ride. They took their places.

"All right—action," the director said quietly.

The girl made her entrance, but the minute she went into her speech, Vic knew something was wrong. She read her lines well enough, but when her voice hit the mike her essses and other sibilants hissed and spit like little steam valves popping off.

"How's for sound?" the director asked, when the scene was finished.

**V**IC took off his receivers and went over. Quietly, so the girl couldn't hear, he explained about the hissing. Maybe the trouble was in the system. He'd like another rehearsal. Vic told Peeler to change mikes and buzzed Winnie, outside, to slip on a new light valve. But all the time he was convinced the trouble was in her speech, because Brooks' voice came through normally.

Vic walked over to the girl. "Here comes the sound man," Brooks wisecracked to her. "One of the necessary evils of picture making."

"That's right," Vic said. "Just like actors."

The girl smiled a slow smile. "Am I doing something wrong?"

"It's all right," Vic said easily. "Just don't talk directly into the mike."

He noticed the scar on her upper lip, barely perceptible beneath the panchromatic make-up. He wondered about it. Odd, he thought, that her voice should be normal, until it came through the system. He heard two buzzes, indicating Winnie had changed valves and was ready. Vic went back to the mixer, hoping the trouble had been in the system, but certain that it wasn't.

He slipped on his headset. "Okay. The second rehearsal was just the sibilants were still there."

"How about it, Vic?" the director asked. Vic knew there wasn't anything he could do. Might as well shoot it. It wouldn't pick up as badly as he was hearing it through the headset. He signaled Peeler to raise the mike slightly while the girl talked.

"All right," Vic said. "Let's make a slate for the take number and Vic, the girl's name: Wandra Pollock. He wondered if it were her own. It fitted her."

**T**HE next morning they ran the test. The sibilants were even worse, coming out of the loud-speakers. When the light came on, Ed Willis, the casting director, told Vic what the trouble was.

"I don't know," Vic said. "It's so perfect in her speech—the way she talks."

"What's the answer, then?"

"Well," Vic said, "a network microphone designed to filter out the hissing. It works, and again it might not."

Willis dismissed the idea. "She's not that important," he said. "Too bad," he added. "This girl's the type for a picture we've got, called Boy Loses Girl. The studio wants to make it with a couple of knowns."

"Look," Vic said. "I could take over with the Skipper. Maybe engineering could work out something."

"Forget it," Willis said. "It's easier to find another dame—who can talk."

There was nothing more Vic could do. They all filed out.

**I** KNOW I've gained pounds," Lou leaned forward for Vic to light a cigarette after-luncheon cigarette.

"Well, you are kind of expensive to eat at that," he said. "But maybe it was worth it. I bumped into the Skipper this morning, and he wasn't sore at all. In fact, he never mentioned it."

"I convinced him you wouldn't be back with the channel again. I even crossed his heart."

Vic grinned. "How about a date tonight? We can have dinner, then the fights at Ocean Park."

"I'd like to—but call me later. I have to work overtime to get out equipment reports. Okay?"

"Okay." But he was looking at the girl who had just come in.

She had on a light gray gabardine and a rolled-up sombrero that matched the color of her eyes. She looked better, Vic thought, than she had on the test stage. Lou turned around and lowered his gaze.

"That's Wandra Pollock—the girl we tested yesterday," Vic explained. "It isn't any justice," he went on, thoughtfully. "Ninety-nine out of a hundred 'em haven't got a thing—you know, the minute they step in front of a camera. Then along comes a girl like this, and she happens? Something about the way she talks louses up her speech and chances."

It was too bad, Lou agreed. "But on the other hand, maybe it isn't. She can forget pictures. Chances are she's better off in the long run, anyway."

Wandra saw Vic's eyes on her and straight to their table. "I hope I'm not intruding," she apologized, smiling fleetingly at Lou.

"Not at all," Vic said heartily.

The girl hesitated a moment. "Mr. Willis just told me about my test," she addressed Vic. "He suggested I see you."

He pulled out a chair for her, and she sat down. Vic introduced her to Lou.



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ou'es traveled over her quickly, ap-  
 airily, in a single, comprehensive  
 ance.  
 Vic wished that Willis had explained the  
 uation to the girl, instead of passing the  
 ick.  
 Lou glanced at her watch. "I've got to  
 back to the office. I'm late, as it is."  
 g up abruptly.  
 ose too. "Don't bother, Vic. I can  
 way back," Lou said. "Thanks  
 lunch. By-by."  
 at down, after Lou left the table.  
 d Wandra a cigarette, but she  
 her head. "About my voice . . ."  
 an.  
 face clouded. "Well, here's what  
 es . . ." She listened while he ex-  
 in detail. "Frankly," he finished,  
 know what the trouble is—except  
 there."  
 truck him again that her voice  
 ed normal enough, not coming  
 the system. He found himself  
 g the scar on her lip.  
 the way," he said. "If it's not too  
 al—what about that scar?"  
 automobile accident," she ex-  
 "A piece of glass punctured my  
 tongue. It took several stitches.  
 you ask?"  
 t could be the cause of the trou-  
 Vic said quietly. "In fact, I think  
 n't anything be done?" she im-  
 "I mean with the sound appara-  
 Mr. Willis said maybe you could  
 something."  
 hnically, it's possible," he told her.  
 those things—filters, we call them—  
 ky. They have to be designed to fit  
 individual's own speech deficiency.  
 works with one voice, in most cases,  
 eective with another."  
 brightened a little. "Then it's not  
 her hopeless? I mean, there might  
 nance . . .?"  
 hesitated, but he knew it would be

kinder to tell her the truth. "Well, yes, if  
 you were a stage star, a big name, some-  
 one the studio had invested a lot of money  
 in. But—" He spread his hands.

She was silent for a long moment, pon-  
 dering this. "Well, that's that, I guess."  
 Her voice was heavy with bitterness.

He wanted to say something that would  
 soften the blow, but for the life of him he  
 couldn't find the proper words.

She picked up her bag. "Can you tell  
 me the best way to get to Hollywood?" she  
 asked.

"Better than that," he said. "I'll take  
 you. I'm going in."

She smiled her thanks.

That night Vic took her to the Ice Ca-  
 pades.

VIC didn't remember that he had prom-  
 ised to call Lou about dinner and the  
 fights, until he walked into the office next  
 morning. "Gee, Lou," he said. "I'm sorry  
 about last night. I—"

"It was all right," she made it easy for  
 him. "I had to work, anyway."

Vic had a feeling that she hadn't. "We'll  
 do it—soon," he promised.

But they didn't. Vic was too busy with  
 other things. Wandra had a three-months  
 contract, and they used her on dress sets  
 as atmosphere and sometimes she did  
 small nonspeaking bits. Vic took her to  
 lunch, when she was on the lot, and then  
 drove her home in the evening, often stop-  
 ping off some place for dinner and a show.  
 It wasn't long until the whole department  
 was ribbing him about his glamor girl—  
 with the exception of Lou. She didn't say  
 anything.

One night, after seeing a picture, Vic  
 and Wandra drove up to her apartment  
 house on Ivar. She didn't make any move  
 to get out.

"You know," she said, after a time,  
 "I'm beginning to like California. I'll be  
 sorry to leave."

"Leave?" He didn't like the thought.

"I'm going back to New York."

"But why?" he said. "Your contract's  
 not up for a couple of months yet. Why  
 not make that extra money?"

She shrugged. "All I'm doing is glori-  
 fied extra work. I don't like it. If I can't  
 go first-cabin, I don't want anything to  
 do with pictures."

"But I don't want you to go," he said  
 quietly, speaking his thoughts aloud.

She looked at him for a long moment,  
 her face barely seen in the dim glow from  
 the blacked-out street lamp. "Can't you  
 understand?" she cried. "It isn't as though  
 I'd had a real chance. I can act—I know  
 that. And I photograph. If someone  
 could only do something about my  
 voice—"

He tried to comfort her. "There's no  
 need for it to ruin your life, Wandra."

"Oh, Vic, don't you see how I feel?"

She moved toward him ever so slightly,  
 and his arms went out and around her.  
 She lifted her face, and Vic kissed her for  
 the first time.

When he left her that night, he was har-  
 ried with conflicting thoughts. He knew  
 what he'd be letting himself in for if he  
 carried out the idea that had come to him.  
 Nevertheless, by the time he reached  
 home, he'd made up his mind. He called  
 his ex-chief at the telephone company.

THEY were winding up another picture.  
 When the company broke for lunch,  
 Vic carefully unwrapped a small box, with  
 two dials on one end, a short cable and  
 plug protruding from the other. He  
 plugged it into the speech circuit inside  
 the mixer console, then buzzed Winnie,  
 outside in the truck, to send Wandra in.  
 She was waiting. He told Winnie to stand  
 by for a while, but actually he had little  
 hope. The whole thing had presented dif-  
 ficulties from the beginning.

First he'd taken Wandra down to the  
 telephone company lab, which his ex-boss  
 had allowed him to use on Sundays. He  
 had run a curve on her voice. Then he had  
 measured the overload frequency of the  
 sibilants on the oscillograph. His job then  
 was to design and build an eliminator net-  
 work or filter that would reduce the tone  
 of the sibilants to her normal voice level.  
 The filter, of course, had to be adapted to  
 the studio recording channels. Then he'd  
 gone to work laying out the circuit.

Wandra was excited, but he had told  
 her not to build up her hopes. Suppose  
 his filter did work? He'd have to angle  
 around then to get her another test, which  
 wouldn't be easy. Once the studio lost in-  
 terest in a prospect, there was little chance  
 to revive it. There was one thing in her  
 favor, though. They were still looking for  
 the girl for Boy Loses Girl. There were  
 other factors, too, which he didn't men-  
 tion: the Skipper, and his own job, which  
 he might well lose if anything went wrong.

Wandra came in and Vic hustled her  
 over to a set, where a live mike was rigged  
 on a boom. Then he hurried back to the  
 mixer, set the condenser at 6,000 cycles—  
 the overload point as shown on the oscillo-  
 graph—clamped on the cans and signaled  
 her to begin.

"Scarlet Sister Sally sallied forth and  
 said so and so to Zornia. . . ." She read the  
 lines flatly and without interest. She'd  
 gone through the same performance at  
 least a dozen times and was pessimistic  
 about the whole thing.

Slowly he twisted the tuning dial and  
 suddenly, at 6,500 cycles, the sibilants van-  
 ished almost to complete inaudibility. He  
 told Wandra to keep on talking and gave  
 Winnie the "roll 'em" signal and ran off a  
 hundred feet of sound track.

Wandra came over. "Well," she said,  
 "same old story, I guess."

Vic held back his excitement. "Don't  
 know yet. Can't tell until I hear it on the  
 screen. Come on, we've got time to grab a  
 sandwich. . . ."

The next morning Vic was waiting at the

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loading room when the "dailies" arrived from the lab. He separated Wandra's sound track from the other stuff, hurried to the projection room and asked Slim, the projectionist, to run it before the others arrived.

Vic sat nervously waiting, while Slim threaded up. The lights blinked for the "here we go" signal, and the screen was blank, except for the horizontal lines of the sound track. Vic leaned forward. When Wandra's voice hit the loud-speakers, the hissing was gone! Not completely, but there wasn't enough of it left for anyone to notice. Her voice, too, had taken on a new quality—full and rounded. Vic suppressed a desire to yell.

Ed Willis wouldn't be in for an hour yet, but Vic took the film to the casting director's office and left it with a note. Later, Willis came on the set.

"What happened to that girl's voice?" he asked Vic. "I just ran the track. It's swell."

Vic hedged. "Just a little trick I learned about recording it, that's all. Think maybe she'll get another test?"

"Think nothing," Willis said. "It's all set."

That afternoon Vic called the sound department. "Look, Lou," he said. "I want to see you before you go home. We're finishing tonight and may work till after six. Mind waiting in the office?"

"All right," she said. "I'll be here."

When he walked into the office, Lou was alone. "Hiya, gal." The lights were out in the Skipper's room. "Everybody gone?"

Lou nodded. "It's seven o'clock," she said.

"I'll make it up to you," Vic grinned. Then, suddenly, he was serious. "Look, Lou. I've never asked for an assignment before, but I'm going to now."

"This is unusual," she said. "It must be terribly important."

Vic looked at her. "It is."

She waited for him to go on.

"They're testing Wandra for Boy Loses Girl. I want the tests, Lou, and the picture—if she gets the part."

He found Lou's eyes studying him. "Can we be frank with each other, Vic?"

"Sure. Why not? Haven't we always been?"

"Your personal affairs are your own. Don't think I'm trying to interfere—but I'm still your friend, Vic. And I don't want to see you get out of sync in a situation which might involve you in trouble—in more ways than one."

He wasn't certain of her meaning, but he was positive she didn't know about the filter. "I'm afraid I don't understand Lou," he said.

"Let's put it this way, then. Do you think you're playing fair with the picture?" Her voice was cool and sustained, but there was disappointment in it, as if she felt he'd let her down.

He should have known he couldn't do anything over on Lou. She was too smart. She knew, or suspected something, there—in her voice, the way she was looking at him.

"That's your business, too," she said. "But I don't like to see you get your circuits crossed and make a fool of yourself."

He felt himself tightening up. "What do you mean by that?"

"All right. I'll be more specific. You're not new in the business, Vic. You've seen these things happen before." She shrugged. "In this case, it just happened to be a deficiency—and you happened to be a good sound engineer. Do I make it clearer?"

He knew she had not liked Wandra from the beginning, but he hadn't thought she'd be vindictive. He felt both surprised and angry. "Listen, Lou, maybe that's all. Maybe you've been in the business long. You're getting cynical."

"Maybe," she said. "And maybe I'd better take my own advice and stay in my own department." She bit her lip. "Let's just skip the rest of it, and let it go. That's that." She picked up her assignment and glanced over it. "Al Green's out of a job, but I can switch him to some other place. The assignment's yours, Vic."

"Thanks, Lou," he said.

HE WALKED out of the office. He had got what he came for, but, somehow, he didn't feel very happy about it.

Boy Loses Girl, with Wandra Poole and Ronald Brooks, got the starting line. Vic's worry now was that the filter might go haywire on production. Then he had to learn the lines, cuing himself to cut the filter in when Wandra spoke, then switching it off immediately to avoid distortion in the other voices. Sometimes he made a mistake and had to call for another take on a trumped-up pretext.

When the company folded each day, he locked the filter in the glove compartment of his car to avoid the possibility of engineering's finding it in the console. Willis and Peeler, naturally, were in on the secret, but he knew they wouldn't talk. He



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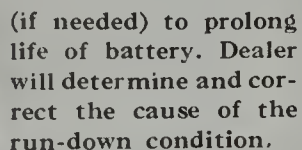
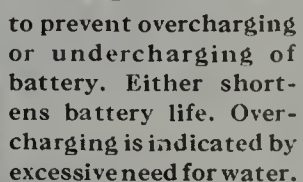
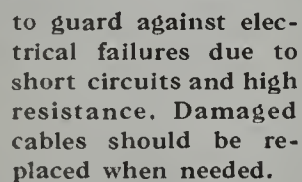
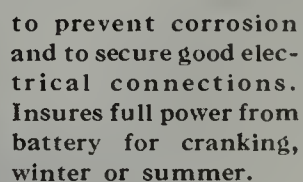
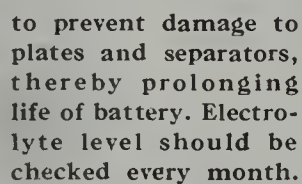
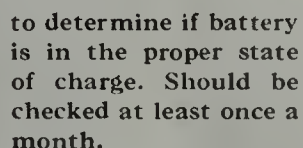
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DAVE GERARD



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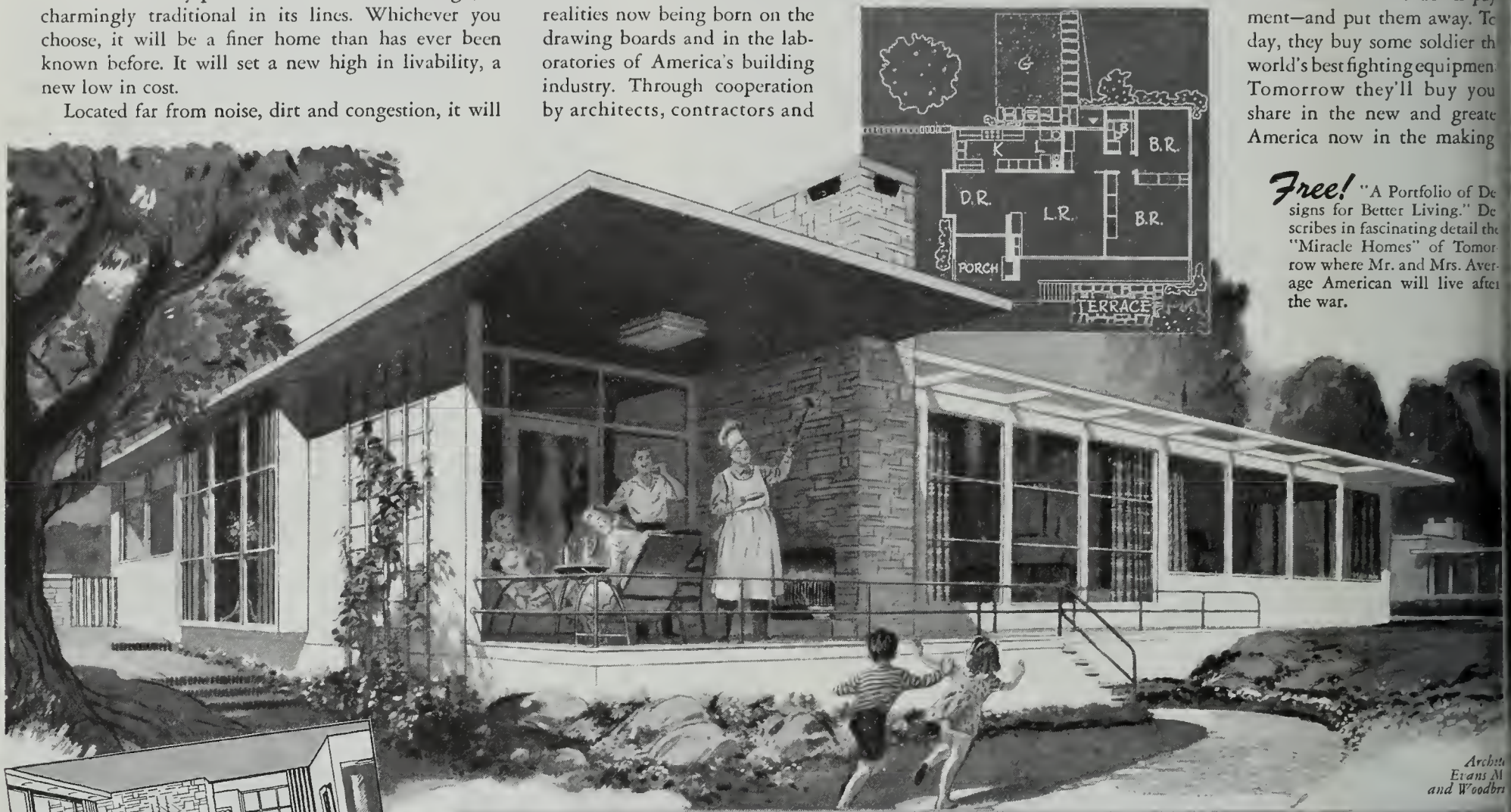
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re, that Lou's suspicions were simple and nothing more. The rushes were coming through fine, and he breathed easier as the picture went on. Wandra was "in." Already the writers were shaping up a follow-up for her and Brooks. He didn't see much of Wandra now, except on the set. What with lines to learn, dress fittings, portrait stills and all, he didn't have time. Too, the publicity was in a lull, and hardly a night went by that he didn't attend a preview or an after-party or a Russia party or a China Relief benefit or something—with Ron Brooks. It was simply a part of the job, Wandra explained, and Vic, besides, understood those things. Nonetheless, it bothered him.

Why did the love scenes the last day of the picture. Wandra and Brooks put into them more than the script, or the office, called for—or so it seemed to him. He found himself not liking this at all, and he must have shown it because he said he was acting like a high-school kid. It didn't help matters any.

They were changing the setup, moving the cabin living room into the hall for the last sequence. Peeler wandered over and leaned idly against the console. "You know, Vic," he said, "you're a good guy, and I like you—but in some ways you're not quite bright."

"Anything back of that?" he said angrily.

"All in the way you look at it," he said. "What do you mean?"

"Well, Sister Pollock's on her way up and you're still a sound man."

"I think that comes under the heading 'business,' Peeler."

Peeler shrugged. "Right you are, Bub. You're still a chump to kick a lot of stuff away for a tomato like Pollock, and miss up a girl like Lou."

"What? What's Lou got to do with it?" Peeler looked at him pityingly. "You dumb." With that he walked back into the living-room set.

Peeler sat there, furious. He came out of the living room, holding his "gin pole," which he used in the setups. He removed the mike and hung it back on his boom. "Gimme a listen," he yelled from the set.

Peeler moved to position number two. Without looking up, Vic slipped on his hand and snapped on number two switch. He twisted the pot automatically to normal. What he heard coming through the phone was Peeler's familiar, "1-2-3-4, hello, but Wandra and Ronald Brooks are sitting quietly together."

"But, darling," Brooks was arguing, "just because this sound monkey fixed up your voice doesn't give him an option on you."

"I know," Wandra said. "But I can't just come right out and break it off cold. After all, there is my voice to think about—even if I do love you, Ronnie. Don't be impatient."

There was more. The blood drained out of Vic's face as he listened. Then the assistant director was calling the principals on the set. Vic saw Wandra and Brooks come out of the living room. His mind was a turmoil, but he remembered the mike concealed near the lounge in front of the fireplace, to pick up part of their dialogue from the preceding scene. In the rush, Peeler evidently hadn't taken time to disconnect it.

"My mistake, Vic," Peeler yelled. "It's number one position. Gimme another listen." Peeler sounded innocent enough—to innocent—for he was too old a head to make such an obvious mistake. The answer was plain. Vic knew now that Peeler, who didn't miss a thing, had done it deliberately.

He went through the motions on the final sequence. He no longer cared whether the sound came through or not. All he wanted was to get out of there.

Then they were rolling on the final close-up. "Print it and wrap it up!" the director shouted, when the scene was finished.

Vic walked off the set without bothering to turn off the system. He left the lot and drove around aimlessly. When it got dark, he parked on a little-traveled road above Sunset. Well, he thought cynically, he had to hand it to Wandra. She was an actress, all right. She'd given a better performance for him than she had in the picture. It all added up now. As Peeler had said, he was too dumb to see. He'd been too dumb to see a lot of things. Lou, for instance. He had taken her for granted. . . .

He stuck a cigarette in his mouth and searched for a match. Finding none, he opened up the glove compartment. There was something missing. He realized with a start what it was. The filter. He'd left it plugged into the console! The channel would be back in engineering by now. Well, this was it—his job, Lou, everything.

"So, Slater," he said aloud, "you ought to feel proud of yourself. For a guy who thinks he's half smart, you've certainly made a good job of gumming up the works."

He stepped on the starter and headed toward Hollywood. . . .

The telephone waked him late the next morning. His head was as big as a barrage balloon and his mouth felt as if he'd eaten a bale of hay. He knew who it was before

Lou's voice came through, crisp and efficient.

"You'd better come in as soon as possible," she said. "The Skipper wants to see you."

Vic drew a long breath. Might as well face the music and get it over with. "All right," he said. "I'll be in."

Lou wasn't in the office when he arrived. He'd never realized before how empty everything would be without her. He walked slowly across the room, to the Skipper's door.

The Skipper looked up from behind his desk, then waved him toward a chair. The Skipper leaned back, regarding him, as though wanting to see what Vic had to say for himself. On his desk was the filter, the two dials, like big eyes, staring at him accusingly.

Vic cleared his throat. "Well, Skipper—I guess you know all about it."

The Skipper nodded. "You must have done a pretty good job with your home-made gadget, remembering what that girl's voice was like."

Vic wished the Skipper would get it over with quickly. "I'm sorry, Skipper—about going behind your back. I was all mixed up—about a lot of things."

THE Skipper picked up the filter and studied it. "It might seem odd that you should be censored at all—considering that you've made us a present of a new leading lady. This gimmick is going to be a mighty important asset—to Miss Pollock, at least." He put it down and looked at Vic squarely. "But I can't run my department that way."

"I understand that, Skipper."

"You're a good man on production, and I hate to lose you, but I can't let my mixers run wild with the equipment."

"I don't blame you, Skipper."

"You might have difficulty getting into another studio. I'd have to tell the truth about your apparent inability to keep from redesigning the recording channels."

Vic didn't say anything. He'd thought about that, too.

"But you're too good a man for the studio to lose altogether. It seems to me that your talent for experiment should be put to some use."

Vic stared at him.

"Sawyer's going to Anacostia to take charge of a naval school. I'm putting you in charge of engineering, where you can tinker all you please!" The Skipper was grinning.

"Skipper—I—"

The Skipper brushed it off. "Now get out of here, I'm busy," he said. "And go thank Lou—she suggested it."

Lou was pounding briskly away on her typewriter. She turned around when he came out of the Skipper's office. Vic went over and stood by the desk. He was finding it hard to put into words what he wanted to say.

"Look, Lou, thanking you is a pretty feeble way to express—"

"Skip it, Vic," she said. "He would have given it to you, anyway."

Vic wasn't so sure about that. "If you'll have that long overdue dinner with me tonight, I'll try to think up the rest of the dialogue and tell you . . ."

She forced a little smile. "It's all right, Vic. You don't have to do that, you know."

He knew what she was thinking. "It isn't that, Lou," he said. "This time it's different. I've been a supercolossal dope—but I've got it all out of my system. I've learned a lot of things, Lou—like sticking to my own department—in more ways than one. If you'll see me tonight . . ."

Lou didn't dare trust her voice. She nodded her head quickly.

Then she was in his arms and he held her very close. It was good, he thought, to be back in sync again.

THE END



Boy, what a sucker

I was when it came to taking a laxative! That stuff I used to take tasted terrible. And it used to knock me for a goal! I'm a pretty husky guy, but that medicine was just *too strong!*



Later I tried another laxative which was supposed to be very mild. And that's when I made my second mistake! All it did was to churn me up inside and leave me feeling worse than before. It was just *too mild!*



Finally, I got a break! One of my buddies tipped me off to Ex-Lax and I bought myself a box. It tasted swell—just like good chocolate! And it worked better than anything I'd ever used. Ex-Lax is not too strong, not too mild . . . it's *just right!*

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"It has one distinct advantage—an awful lot can be done with it"

GEORGE HAMILTON GREEN



## A Woman Can't Win

Continued from page 20

A 5-MILE  
STREAK OF  
LIGHT

This Delta gun light flashes messages ship to ship or ship to shore—distances up to 5 miles—visible only to intended receivers. The enemy can't intercept them.

Much of this war and its training takes our armed forces into the night—into places where light is urgent and vital, and where it must be ingeniously used.

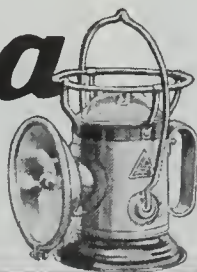
As long as a year and a half ago, in collaboration with government engineers, Delta genius and skill were put to work designing, devising types of lights, many of which had never before existed. Today there are running, fighting, steering, battle and blinker lights for the Navy—there are special lanterns and Powerlites for the Army, Signal Corps and other branches of the armed forces. Delta is proud that its experience is serving the cause of freedom in the manufacture of such lighting devices.

There'll be time enough when the war is won to get back to the business of making Delta lanterns and bicycle lights for the thousands who want them. Now, two Delta plants are producing exclusively for war, with men and management pledged 100% that every pay day is a War Bond day.

DELTA ELECTRIC CO., MARION, IND.

# Delta

You may expect Delta's war production experience to reflect itself tremendously in improved lanterns and bicycle lights when victory is won.



BUY U. S. WAR BONDS & STAMPS

there. Everybody'd think I was crazy. Old Parmenter didn't mean it. If he did, the old boy must be getting in his dotage, at last."

"Well I like that!" She flushed indignantly. "I don't see why I shouldn't go, if I'm invited—just as much as anybody else! Anybody'd think, to hear you all talk, that the place was sacred or something!"

"It's a men's club," said Mr. Cugat simply. "Men need a place where they can get off alone."

"Oh—pooh," she said lightly. "Men just like to say that. It makes them feel rugged or something."

Mr. Cugat looked patient.

Mr. Parmenter, however—possibly in his dotage—at any rate, quite evidently at an age which cared nothing about feeling rugged, called in due time and made good his invitation. Mrs. Cugat was jubilant. As Mr. Parmenter was the president of the Bay Beach, there wasn't much Mr. Cugat could say. He looked dubious but gave in gracefully and went about ordering her a kind of sheep-lined jacket that he particularly liked and procuring a hunting license for her.

Mrs. Cugat made sensible and masculine preparations, packing a sober little bag with flannel pajamas and removing her nail polish. Now that she was actually going, she found herself rather awed.

They left by bus late in the afternoon on a raw November day that boded no good to ducks—Mrs. Cugat looking small and meek and about ten years old in her new sheepskin coat and gripping her gun case tensely as she eyed with respect the other passengers who, in the main, were ruddy gentlemen similarly clothed, armed and plainly licensed. "Will there be very many there this week end, do you think?" she whispered a little nervously.

"Never can tell," replied Mr. Cugat, carefully stowing her gun and unbuttoning her jacket as if she were ten years old, "but I hope Swain's there. He's the game warden, you know," and added as usual: "One of the most wonderful fellows you ever met—"

The bus followed the shore line and made frequent stops—Willow Point, Beaver Creek, Little Bay—most of the ruddy gentlemen getting off at a place called Higgins' Marsh. Not members of our club, thought Mrs. Cugat and watched complacently from the bus window as they piled into a rattletrap old station wagon and went bumping off up the road. She saw the scudding clouds and bleak swampland pass with growing excitement. "Bay Beach next," Mr. Cugat announced.

BAY BEACH, at first glance, appeared to be nothing but a rusty mailbox. Leaning against it, however, was an ancient individual holding onto the handle of a child's express wagon. Mr. Cugat greeted him with enthusiasm. "Hello, Otto," he said, tossing their bags into the wagon. "How'd the summer treat you?"

Otto could not complain. He ducked his head at Mrs. Cugat in acknowledgment of Mr. Cugat's introduction and spat with the air of one who has now seen everything. Mr. Cugat muttered a sheepish aside, "Mr. Parmenter, y'know—" to which Otto replied, "Yeah—I heard," and they all started briskly off up the road, the little express wagon rattling at their heels.

Mrs. Cugat found herself, in less than five minutes, dwelling with more respect on the Higgins' Marsh station wagon. Mr. Cugat had insisted, sternly, on heavy boots, wool socks, a flannel shirt, a fleeced-lined cap and long underwear—evidently thistle-lined. She had meekly put them all on but she ought to have known better. Men always had to wear twice as many

clothes as women. She pushed the fleece back from her damp hair, reflecting ruefully on her wave, and hopefully unbuttoned her coat.

"Going too fast for you?" asked Mr. Cugat, politely slowing.

"Oh, no! I'm all right," she assured him hastily. But she wasn't—her feet felt like a pair of inflamed flatirons. In another five minutes, sodden and panting, she had climbed in the express wagon. One would have thought, she mused, trundling ignominiously along, that the Bay Beach with all its airs could afford something a little better than this.

To her relief, there was nobody on hand to witness their arrival. They rounded a bend in the road and there it was—the famous Bay Beach clubhouse—but, save for a few twinkling lights, the scene was empty and wind-swept. The clubhouse, erected in the late '80s, looked like a combination boathouse and bandstand and was painted a dark puce. A row of willows wept behind it and, behind them, the marsh stretched away into the horizon.

Mrs. Cugat climbed out of the express wagon and limped up the steep front steps. Then a vast, rouged woman with a jutting bust and pearl earrings appeared around the corner of the porch. "Down, Rex, you old sassbox, you!" she crooned, as an old black retriever sprang to its feet and barked sharply. "That's Mr. Swain's dog, y'know," she explained to Mrs. Cugat lightly. "He don't care much for the ladies." She turned to greet Mr. Cugat more hospitably, however. "I had to put you in number five, George," she apologized, "your own room having just the one bed, you know—"

"That's all right, Mac," he said.

"Dinner won't be until eight o'clock tonight," she added with a simper. "Mr. Swain's coming."

"I'm getting sick of this man Swain already," muttered Mrs. Cugat, toiling up the tall stairway to number five. "He'd better be good."

Mr. Cugat, ahead of her, kicked open a door. "Wait till you meet him," he said.

"Women eat out of his hand—not his fault," he added loyally.

"I'll bet," she murmured but a loud, being anxious to please, and down on the floor in the cold narrow and began, relievedly, to unlace her

"Hi, Cugat," said a friendly voice doorway and a nice-looking young man in long underwear—100% wool, d—sauntered in, gave Mrs. Cugat a credulous look, glared at Mr. Cugat, bolted out again. Mr. Cugat went door, called, "Sorry, Penrith," and it gently.

"Maybe this was a mistake, after all," she murmured apologetically. Mr. Cugat remained, rather obviously, silent.

ENTERING the big living room, cocktails half an hour later, her assurance was somewhat bolstered. Eight or nine men, seated around a table, rose instantly, as though they had only waiting, and Mr. Parmenter, advanced to meet her. "Ah," he said, "last! Our little Diana!" Then to the others explained why they were honored. Admiration and respect from every eye—save, possibly, Mr. Penrith's, whose were downcast, and Mr. Cugat stopped acting sheepish and modestly. Two very nice duck from Pittsburgh pulled up a chair between their own, and a colored woman in a white coat brought her a Martini.

A toast was proposed and Mrs. Cugat looked around her curiously. The room was large and its furnishing heterogeneous, even including a pair of bead curtains but it had an air. Faded group photographs of early hirsute members, letters, Audubon prints and mementos covered the walls, but new magazine chromium ash trays and innuendo match packs advertising some kind of food strewed its tables. The stove was old and blackened—the linoleum was new. The mantel bore a triangular electric clock of green plastic and an old pair of dueling pistols. There was a china umbrella stand full of gilded

## MR. FALA OF THE WHITE HOUSE

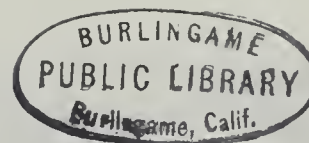
by ALAN FOSTER



COLLIER'S

"We're working on our next message to Congress"





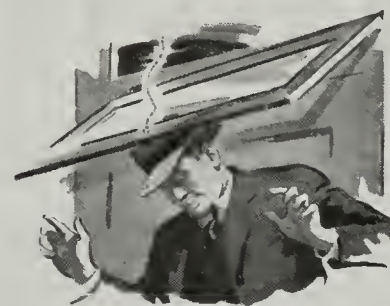
— Could  
any of these things  
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Total \$9,722.86

THE assistant manager of a New York credit office was a stamp collector . . . collecting \$50 to \$60 a week from the association's stamp box. This amounted, over the years, to \$9,722.86, but under a fidelity bond, U. S. F. & G. paid the claim. If you are hiring new, untried employees or carrying larger cash balances, or larger inventories, you need added protection against employee dishonesty . . . now.



### Hit by a FALLING TRANSOM

BLITZED by a falling transom when he slammed a door behind him, this man suffered a scalp wound and internal injuries. But the homeowner was spared the trouble and expense of a lawsuit when U. S. F. & G. settled the claim out of court. If such an accident occurred in your home or business property, would you be protected against suit or claim?



### Boy breaks EXPENSIVE WINDOW

WHEN boy meets plate glass window, it's bad, as a New York storekeeper discovered. A youngster swung on an awning, causing an unattached support to strike and break the glass. Cost of this "swing session" was nearly \$150.00 . . . the glass was replaced by U. S. F. & G. under a plate glass insurance policy. Today plate glass is expensive and scarce. Are your display windows insured?



## Put it on the Scrap Pile, and see your Insurance Agent!

YOU can't trust to luck, these days. Although war news may push this fact off the front page, it's none the less true that crime has shown no abatement. In this case, burglars looted the safe of a county treasurer's office, obtaining more than \$6,000 in currency and negotiable securities. Contrary to his agent's recommendation, the county treasurer had insured the contents of the safe for only \$3,000.

Illustrated on this page are other actual cases taken from U. S. F. & G. files, showing some of the hazards that demand complete insurance coverage as a safeguard against financial loss.

Consult your Insurance Agent or Broker  
as you would your Doctor or Lawyer

To help you avoid serious financial jolts, your local U. S. F. & G. agent places at your disposal knowledge of insurance and how to use it—plus on-the-spot service in the payment of losses. He will be glad to make a Graphic Audit of your present insurance program—to help you guard against wartime risks which make an insurance audit imperative. Your U. S. F. & G. agent is one of thousands serving communities great and small throughout the United States, its possessions, and Canada. Consult him today.

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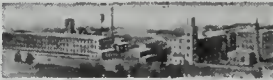
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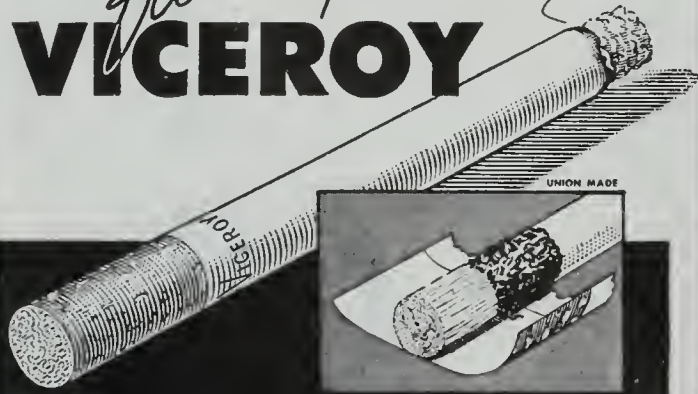
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*No tobacco crumbs to stain your teeth*

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TAKE YOUR CHANGE IN WAR STAMPS



"Becoming—yes. But don't let it start you on derbies again!"

COLLIER'S

JEFFERSON MACHINER

tails in one corner and an upright piano.

That no interior decorator had set foot here—and survived—was evident, but there was something about it, at that, that any decorator would barter his soul to achieve. The new linoleum came up for discussion and was highly approved. Its pattern, an occasional yellow blob on a field of black and gray swirls, it was agreed, was just the thing! It was not going to show the dirt the way that old red carpet had. Mrs. McIntosh, herself, had suggested linoleum and picked it out. Which was no surprise to Mrs. Cugat.

ANOTHER round of cocktails came in, followed by Mrs. McIntosh herself, bearing a bowl of popcorn. "This'll keep you going," she said with a motherly beam, "till Mr. Swain gets here," and they thanked her extravagantly. It was store popcorn and quite stale, Mrs. Cugat discovered, but nobody seemed to know the difference. Mrs. Cugat's health was drunk again and the two duck hunters from Pittsburgh waxed gallant and decided to flip a coin to see which would play gin rummy with her after dinner. Mr. Parmenter twinkled at her fondly, Mr. Cugat beamed, Mr. Penrith stopped blushing. Wagers were laid on how long it would take her to get her limit on the following day, and the odds were flattering. She began to feel gay, witty and rather special. Then the front door slammed and a booming, hearty laugh filled the house. Swain, at last. Several men took their glasses and went out to greet him. He could be heard announcing in a rumble that he was hungry enough to eat his weight in wildcats, which was followed by the sound of a smart spank, a tittering protest from Mrs. McIntosh and general laughter. There came a headlong series of chimes. "Dinner!" exclaimed everybody joyfully.

Mr. Swain, as they entered the dining room, was standing at the sideboard, surrounded by an admiring group and making himself a highball. Mrs. Cugat took one look at him and wished for her lipstick. Instead of looking like Daniel Boone, Mr. Swain looked like Ronald Colman. Instead of the plaid shirt, leathern breeches and fur cap with a tail, in which her always too fanciful imagination had dressed him, he was wearing a pale yellow flannel shirt, a foulard stock and a seal ring with a crest on it.

Mr. Parmenter hastened forward with elaborate introductions and, spurred by Martinis, launched off into a full account of Mrs. Cugat's prowess. Mr. Swain looked very polite but acutely bored. Feeling like a fool, Mrs. Cugat raised her eyebrows coolly—there being nothing much else to do. Why, the conceited don-

key! Who did he think he was, an If he was so wonderful, why wasn't the Army? She would ignore him.

But this proved to be embarrassing. Mr. Swain waited until she had gallantly seated by young Mr. Pen Mr. Parmenter's right and then pointed and sat at the farthest end of the table, with the two Pittsburgh hunters lowing like adoring puppies. The sorted themselves out, the youngest most agile winning in a scramble for nearest the warden, and Mrs. Cugat herself between Mr. Parmenter and an ancient brother-in-law and across Mr. Cugat and a brooding little man appeared to be stone-deaf. Scornful kept her eyes from traveling to the end any oftener than was necessary.

Those at the other end were served immediately, into stitches. They sobbed mirth and rolled in their chairs. Mr. Cugat had to admit, from an occasional that floated her way, that Mr. Swain something of a wit—but didn't he it! Black eyes wickedly alight, teeth iving beneath his dark mustache, he nated the entire conversation. "R cutup, aren't you?" she muttered temperedly as his voice dropped dis to finish the current side-splitter. Mr. Cugat soberly discussed pintails with Parmenter. She turned again to brother-in-law and dutifully caught his rambling tale of a 1908 snow "Just you wait until after dinner, my friend!" she vowed under her breath make you take some notice of me—I don't!"

But at the end of the meal when rose to go into the other room, Mr. merely stood for a moment court and then sat down again, in relief and ordered another highball eral, including the two Pittsburgh ers (who had apparently forgotten about gin rummy) drew up chairs to with him. The dining-room door but as their muffled laughter came to those settling around the stove, ter another of them sauntered back.

Mrs. Cugat found herself, after a alone with Mr. Parmenter, Mr. Cugat gone out to the kennels to see his dog. Conversation died and Mr. Parmenter dozed shamelessly. Then she a voice from the dining room suggesting away from the table and a rejoinder by the game warden to the that he was in no mood for lady hunt named "Dinah" and what the devil was place coming to? Mrs. Cugat got to her feet and tiptoed out of the her cheeks hot. Crude, ill-mannered She paused irresolutely at the foot stairs, hating to go to bed yet—since



only a little after nine o'clock. A half-open door, along the hall, revealed a pleasant lighted room with red curtains. She peeped timidly in.

The gun room. Well, this would give her something to do until Mr. Cugat came back. She could go in and quietly look around without, she hoped, discommodating the great Swain too much.

THE walls were lined with racks of shotguns. There was a glass cabinet of old service revolvers and a row of ancient flintlocks. Above the racks ran a crowded shelf of fusty-looking stuffed birds—very old stuffed birds, judging by the dust. In the midst, however, in a handsome glass case was another, a disagreeable-looking, up-backed creature posed uncomfortably on one leg amid some imitation bullfinches. Mrs. Cugat went over to read the label at the base of its case. *Sacred Ibis (Threskiornis aethiopica) killed by Van R. Swain, April 19, 1937, Blue Nile, Egypt*, it said. The corners of Mrs. Cugat's mouth turned down and she drew her attention to the guns—running her fingers lightly along the row of polished stocks. There was no dust here. The barrels gleamed like satin and the barrels were sleek with grooming. Timidly, she lifted a graceful little rifle from its rack and balanced it appreciatively. Smiling at the way it handled, she pulled up on the Sacred Ibis. She must try a rifle again some day. She went on to another rack.

His one stood a little apart and Mrs. Cugat bent to examine its contents with an exclamation of pleasure. Here was evidently the cream of the collection—some real beauties! An English Holland and Leamington—what looked like a Parker No. 1. E. Gently, she lifted out a little, long-barreled over-and-under to look at the thing. It was a peculiarly made gun—none she'd ever seen. She broke the lock curiously, wondering what size the gauge was—it looked too small for a quail. On a table beside her were several open boxes of shells and she selected one and experimentally slipped it in. Well, it was wrong—it was a twenty—full of lead evidently. Interested, she pulled up the Ibis again. There was a quick growl, a warning, a snarl—and she staggered backward under the impact of a leaping body. A blast like a cannon's split the air.

Opening her eyes, she found herself looking into the grave face of Mr. Swain. The black retriever, pompously guarding the gun rack; across the room, the Sacred Ibis without any head. The Pittsburgh hunters, from the hall, hurried over to it with cries of dismay. Mr. Cugat pulled slowly at his mustache. "Well!" he drawled, "getting in a little practice, eh?"

Mrs. Cugat sputtered. "That dog—" she began. "I know," he said coldly. "He resents my fingers handling my guns," and stooped to pick up the little shotgun from the floor and carefully ejected the empty cartridge. There was a deep scratch on the stock where it had hit against something sharp in falling. He ran his finger along it gently and then turned, without a word, and left the room.

A shocked cortege bearing the Sacred Ibis moved toward the wastebasket. "You're all right, I hope," one of them called belatedly, as she moved to let them pass.

HE awoke, however, in the dark early morning, mortification assuaged and quivering with excitement. Mr. Cugat was already dressed. "Get your clothes on," he ordered, "and meet me down in the dining room. There'll be coffee." She hurried out of bed and into her things.

The dining room was brightly lighted and empty, save for Mr. Cugat, but a pretty colored boy brought a steaming

cup and a plate of toast. "Drink up," Mr. Cugat urged. "We're late—most of the others have gone."

She obediently managed one or two swallows. "I don't believe I care for much," she apologized after a minute or two. "I can never seem to eat when I'm excited, you know, it makes me feel like throwing up—"

"For the love of Pete," he exclaimed anxiously, "try not to."

But out in the sharp, black morning, queasiness passed and she followed him and his obedient little retriever, Mellow, eagerly along the narrow planks leading across the marsh.

"Thanks to you, 'Diana,' we drew the walk-out blind," said Mr. Cugat with satisfaction, "and it's a honey. You can get your limit out here in half an hour with a slingshot. Mr. Parmenter," he went on, "usually has his name on it but I guess, for you, he'd give up anything." She began to feel more lighthearted.

The walk-out blind was a comfortable little shelter made of cornstalks with a wooden floor and a bench. It had a roof that popped open like a jack-in-the-box. Sitting inside, close to Mr. Cugat, their vacuum bottle, sandwiches and other belongings cozily arranged, she felt that same delicious snugness she'd felt as a child when she'd found a new playhouse in some secret place. She cuddled impulsively closer to him and rubbed her cheek against his sleeve.

"Now, now," he said, "no necking."

THE sun came up and the empty sky grew bright. From time to time somebody with a duck call quacked forlornly near at hand. Half an hour passed and she shifted stiffly and smothered a yawn, regarding his quiet profile tenderly. Mr. Cugat was really very good-looking, particularly in these rugged clothes. He sat motionless, his gun over his arm, occasionally flicking the ash from his cigarette. "What are you thinking about?" she asked gently.

"I was thinking that we ought to get around to making your will," he said cheerfully. "We keep putting it off. You'd better come down to the office some day next week and we'll talk it over with Benson." She subsided and the usual depressing train of thought that this particular subject set in motion—morbid speculation on Mr. Cugat's daily habits after she was gone—got under way.

"What does the club pay that Mrs. McIntosh?" she asked suddenly, arriving at an unexpected destination.

Surprised, Mr. Cugat named a figure. She exclaimed indignantly. "For what that woman does? That's perfectly ridiculous!"

"It's a lot," admitted Mr. Cugat, "but she's worth it. We'll never find another like her!" Mrs. Cugat laughed shortly. "Look at that dinner last night—" he went on dotingly, "where else could you get a meal like that?"

"There wasn't a single green vegetable!" "I should hope not!" he exclaimed fervently.

"And canned soup and drugstore ice cream! When she could just as well have made them herself. Plain lazy—that's what she is—if you want the truth!"

"You wanted to come," said Mr. Cugat mildly, "nobody asked you to like it."

Mrs. Cugat, stung, subsided again somewhat guiltily and tried to slip her icy toes, unnoticed, under Mellow's belly. Mellow looked reproachful and got up and went outside to squat, shivering.

"Whatsa matter, girl?" crooned Mr. Cugat in concern.

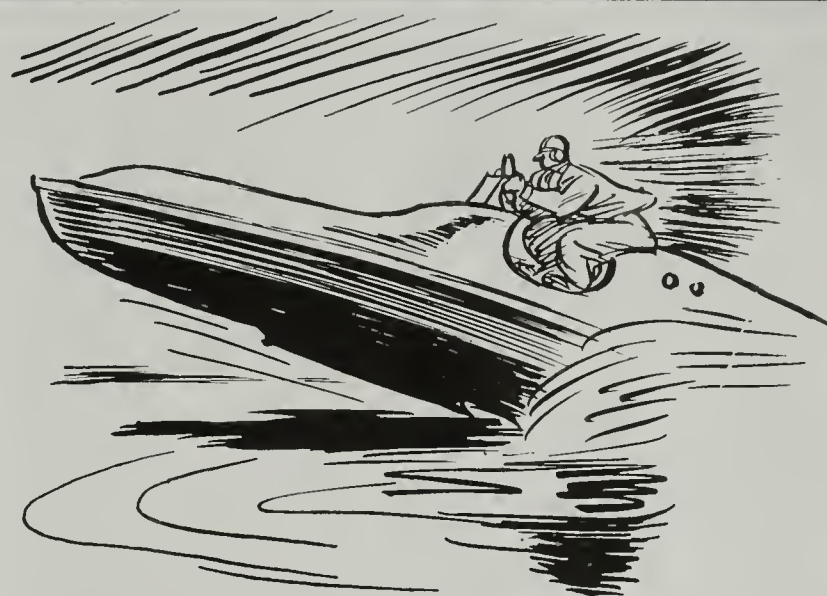
"Have you ever done anything yet about asking Mr. Atterbury to raise your salary?" asked Mrs. Cugat brightly, by way of changing the subject.

"No," he said shortly.

"I don't see why not!" she countered

# Famous Highs

by C. A. Voight



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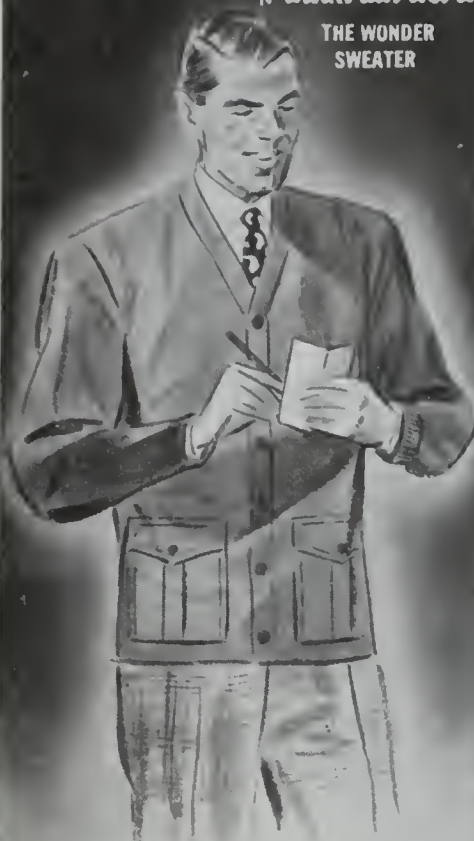
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with new energy. "You certainly deserve it—all this extra Washington work and everything!" And added in a familiar tone, "What's the matter? Are you afraid of him or something?"

"Do we have to go into all that again—here?" he protested. "This is supposed to come under the head of fun, you know. Good Lord! Why can't a woman just sit still once in a while and enjoy herself?"

"You started it," she sniffed, "bringing up that old will again. I suppose that comes under the head of fun! Fun for you, maybe—sitting there planning what you're going to do when I'm dead and out of the way! Why don't you just move out here with your wonderful Mrs. McIntosh and end up with a good case of beriberi?"

Mr. Cugat did not deign to answer this and she retired, ashamed. Why was it that husbands and wives so often got off onto just the wrong things at the wrong time? If she were sitting out here with anybody else she would be exerting every effort to be charming, interested and entertaining but here she was, all cozy in a duck blind with Mr. Cugat whom she adored, and for some reason their every pet bone of contention had perversely come to light. There were some aspects of married life that were unexplainable and depressing.

She moved her feet gently, found them completely numb. The sun had subsided and a raw wind sprung up. "This ought to bring them in!" Mr. Cugat observed happily. Maybe if she loosened her boot laces, she thought, and resting her gun in a corner, bent over to tug at the laces with stiff fingers. Something cold, hard and crawling lit on her bare neck and scampered for cover down her back. "E-e-e-ek!" she squealed, knocking her gun over and trampling on Mellow's tail. Mellow yelped in agony and disappeared.

"What is it?" cried Mr. Cugat.

"Oh—I don't know! Something perfectly huge and awful is down my back!" "Spider, maybe," he suggested helpfully.

SHE tore at the buttons of her collar. "Oh, darling," she chattered, finally loosening it. "reach down quick and see! It's probably a black widow or something—I was just reading about them—" Mr. Cugat, unflurried, stood his gun in a corner, took off his glove and investigated. She could feel whatever it was stirring warily in any one of six different places.

A sudden din of squawking rose from their neighbor with the duck call. "Here they come," said Mr. Cugat grimly, his hand imprisoned down her back. Six pairs of rhythmically flapping wings traveled low over their heads and sank out of sight in the pond behind them. But Mrs. Cugat had forgotten all about ducks.

"Have you found it?" she quavered. Mr. Cugat removed his hand and arm and looked down.

"I don't see a thing," he muttered. She shook herself tentatively and could feel nothing.

"It's gone," she said weakly. "Oh, dear! Do you suppose it was a spider?"

"No," said Mr. Cugat shortly. "Spiders hibernate in weather like this. Probably some little piece of corn stalk or something." She buttoned her shirt doubtfully. "That was a beautiful bunch of blacks that came in just now," he sighed wistfully but Mrs. Cugat was still absorbed in her spider.

"They say you can tell a black widow because it has red spots on its stomach," she vouchsafed, "and five minutes after you've been bitten, you're unconscious." "Evidently, you've been spared," observed Mr. Cugat trenchantly.

She huddled into her collar and tried to keep her teeth from chattering. Her feet had passed the numb stage and progressed to aching. How could she, in the same clothes, be so hot yesterday and so cold today? Look at Mr. Cugat! Warm and

comfortable—his exploring fingers had been like toast—and yesterday, when she'd been dripping with perspiration, he'd been cool and comfortable. Men were wonderful!

"Here come some more!" he exclaimed suddenly in an eager whisper. "Got your gun? You take the first shot."

Six black specks on the horizon took form and life. The man with the duck call quacked frenziedly and four swiftly winging shapes swooped down. Mrs. Cugat lifted her gun, wavered and then slowly lowered it without firing. Mr. Cugat's gun cracked a split second later, and one of the sailing shapes hurtled down. Mellow splashed into the water. "What happened to you?" he queried, turning, eyes alight.

"Oh, George," she said, chagrined. "I don't know! Just as I was on one, he sort of leaned out and looked down over his wing like an aviator. I simply couldn't! It was the cutest thing you ever saw! And now the poor thing's dead—" she mourned as a dripping Mellow came triumphantly back with a big mallard in her mouth.

"But that was the main idea in coming out here, wasn't it?" asked Mr. Cugat curiously. "To shoot ducks, I mean—"

"I know," she said miserably. "I'm a perfect idiot, but I didn't have any idea I'd feel this way." She took Mellow's limp burden from her and gently stroked the shimmering green feathers. "I never was the sporting type, I guess—it's just an accident that I can shoot—I hate to kill anything and always have."

"Wait till you've missed one or two," Mr. Cugat said comfortably, "you'll get over that! It's not easy."

"I don't believe I ever will," she sighed, sitting down despondently, still holding the dead duck. "Look, darling—you stay here and enjoy yourself and I'll walk in. For some reason, I seem to be blue with cold and I'm nothing but a trouble to you. My hands ache so, I doubt if I could hit anything even if I wanted to."

Mr. Cugat protested vigorously but she insisted and, breaking her gun, dropped a light kiss on his cheek, ducked stiffly out the little door and started off across the marsh toward the clubhouse. She was a fine one, she was! Mr. Cugat had been perfectly right about her coming down here—she'd been a perfect nuisance and made him look like a softy in front of his friends. But right now she was too cold to care. She couldn't care about anything, even Mr. Cugat, until she got warmer. Maybe that colored boy could make her

a hot toddy or something. She looked out of her collar to see how far off relation of this possibility was and entered a strolling figure, coming toward

Swain! Of all people! And there was escaping him either—there was on a narrow walk and they were both on was walking slowly with his head the black retriever at his heels. He dressed to the nines—laced boots breeches and a short coat with a pe fur-lined hood. A cigarette hung n lantly from the corner of his mouth hurriedly tucked up a straggling loc her cheeks, so lately cold, flushed he chagrin. She could just imagine th ting humor with which he would, f after, relate the tale of the Sacred lb the scorn and amusement in his bla when he heard that she'd gotten not gle duck. She lifted her head del Well, let him have his fun! She'd pr never see him again, anyway.

THERE was a whirring ahead c Something soared suddenly int air. She raised her gun, fired ahead, came plummeting down. Wholly st she looked toward Swain. He'd st dead in his tracks and was looking A flood of pleasant exultation welled her and she started to tremble. "Fancypants," she muttered. "I'm no a dud after all, am I?" She smile waved casually. Mr. Swain did not the salute but turned and said som to his dog who bounded off. There splashing and crashing behind her an Cugat emerged, white-faced, from blind.

"Are you all right?" he shouted then, as he drew closer, panted. "Lord! What was that shot? I th you'd probably fallen and blown head off!"

"Not at all," she explained with d as the warden strolled up, "I was just ing along and a duck went up in fro me, so I shot it." Mr. Swain's dog out through the reeds and Mr. stopped suddenly—dead in his t "That's a funny-looking duck!" excl Mrs. Cugat.

Mr. Swain stooped and took the gently from the dog's mouth. "It deed," he said. Then he gave Mr. C long and sympathetic look.

Mr. Cugat sighed. "That's a hen ant, honey," he said resignedly. "Th is fifty dollars."

THE END



COLLIER'S

"Cut it off right here. That's how long our hall is"

R. M. BRINKERHO



John Dewey, America's great philosopher      Jan Masaryk, Vice Premier of Czechoslovakia  
William Temple, the Archbishop of Canterbury      Ezequiel Padilla, Secretary of Foreign Affairs of Mexico

***"Someday,  
Treatment of Disease  
will be a Confession  
of Failure"***

*by the late Dr. GEORGE CRILE,  
World-Famous Physician and Scientist*



*"The chief duty of the physician will be to develop the race . . ."*

**I**N THE 16TH CENTURY, the average length of human life was 18 to 20 years; in 1800, less than 25 years; in 1900, between 45 and 48 years; in 1924, 56 years.

Not only is life longer, but it is better—better physically, better mentally, and, I believe, better morally.

*What of the future?*

The chief duty of the physician will be to develop the race, to . . .

direct the development  
of youth . . . .

and to guide the adult along sound biological lines so that he may safely engage in the maximum of work and play.

In other words, the physician will be called upon to study the whole problem of man in relation to his environment. As for disease, the physician will be more concerned with its prevention than with its treatment. In fact, *treatment of disease someday will be a confession of failure.*

As for the different divisions of medical science, the present outlook would seem to indicate that in the future their individual progress will vary greatly. **Surgery** will continue to

make advances, but most of its obstacles have already been conquered, and its field will grow narrower as preventive medicine advances.

The field of the **internist**, on the other hand, will be widened by advances, particularly in his knowledge of the ductless glands and the mechanism of the mind — psychology, memory, reason.

**Tuberculosis** and diabetes will be conquered. The public will learn the importance of the early eradication of focal infections and the incidence of other infectious diseases will be reduced . . . Diseases of the heart and blood vessels, due to infections, will be reduced . . .

On the other hand,


to the extent that these diseases are caused by nervous and **mental strain** — by the kinetic drive of environmental conditions — the incidence may even be increased.

The incidence of **venereal disease** will decline greatly. Because of change in public attitude it will be openly controlled.

The hazard of **childbirth** will be even further reduced, but congenital deformities will occur with the same frequency.

The nature of **cancer** will eventually be revealed, but it will still claim many victims.

Within certain limits, therefore, the physician of the future will be able to control the growth of the body and the development of the mind. He will acquire such a knowledge of biochemical and biophysical processes that he will be able to guide his fellowmen as an engineer of living processes."



To many thousands of sufferers all over the world the airplane has already carried quick and sure medical relief. In addition to bringing world travel within reach of the common man everywhere, tomorrow's air transport will also bring men health and the latest discoveries of science.

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*Naturally Good*

# MISSION ORANGE

MISSION DRY CORPORATION - LOS ANGELES

## The Secret Love

Continued from page 18

She sauntered happily down the street—troubled by nothing so profound as a thought, as provocative as a dream. She glanced down from time to time to admire the way her new woolen socks were folded over her fashionably dirty saddle shoes. She peered in some curiosity at a strange car that was parked in front of a neighbor's house. She explored the pockets of her coat for a quarter that was left over from her lunch money. She would have a fudge sundae, she decided, as she turned into the drugstore. . . .

And without further ado she fell in love. She knew it was love the minute she looked at the new soda jerker. He was tall and dark and slender. He lifted one eyebrow and smiled at her, in a superior way, as she slowly approached the fountain.

"What'll it be?" he said.

But it wasn't what he said. It was the way he said it. His voice went through her—like a knife through rapidly melting butter. She felt weak and wonderful—she felt sad and at the same time she felt hilarious.

"I guess," she said, "I'll have a fudge sundae. With marshmallow on it. Slathers of marshmallow. With nuts. Pul-ease!"

"Don't mention it."

He was quick and dashing in all his movements. He reached for one of the little glass dishes on the shelf, and its neighbor fell on the floor and broke. He fell back dramatically.

"Say!" he said. "Who did that?"

Nina giggled in pure delight. She watched him swing the marshmallow sauce around in a wide curve and then splash it on top of the ice cream. He had a little strip of adhesive tape on the back of his hand and she wondered anxiously how he had hurt himself. She stole another glance at him as he reached for a spoon. He was wonderful-looking. He didn't have the best complexion in the world—but that fact only served to endear him to her the more. She was stirred by a vast maternal tenderness. . . .

"I guess you don't go to High," she ventured. "I mean to Central."

"Naw," he said. "I go to Newcomb. But there's not such a bad crowd at Central," he conceded, after a pause. "I know some of the fellows that go there."

IT WAS, Nina felt, a bond between them. She asked the names of his acquaintances at Central, and exclaimed in almost rapturous enthusiasm over each name he mentioned. She discovered that his own name was Bill—Bill Davis. She learned furthermore, that he was drawing near to his seventeenth birthday—that he was fond of salted peanuts—that he was allergic to cloves—and that he intended, fate being kind, to be a bombardier. She might have elicited even more of these fascinating facts over the melting remains of her fudge sundae had not the after-movie crowd come surging in to remind her of the passing time.

"Am I a dope?" she cried wildly. "Just sitting here!"

"That's okay!" he said—and called her back. "But wait a minute! Hold everything! Here's your check!"

Nina turned a bright red. She fished out the forgotten quarter and paid him. Then she stumbled out of the drugstore in an agony of embarrassment—which gave way, before she had gone two blocks, to a state of unutterable bliss. *Nina Davis*—she whispered to herself. *Nina Burton Davis*. . . .

She had forgotten the cough lozenges. But that was all right. Alison had also forgotten about them.

Alison was alone. She was standing by

the window, staring out at a wintry lawn. "Hi!" Nina said. "Where's Lieutenant Jeffries?"

"He's gone," Alison informed her in a muffled voice. "And if you don't mind very much I'd rather not talk about it."

"Sure, sure," Nina said amiably. "That's okay with me. You mean you had a fight or something?"

But—if there was an answer—Nina did not hear it. A terrible thought had come into her mind—had sent her racing up the stairs to her room.

Before the mirror her worst suspicions were confirmed. She looked awful. There wasn't any powder on her nose. A lank little tuft of hair was sticking out from under her scarf. This was the way she'd looked to Bill. And there was no use kidding herself any more about her figure. She was fat. She was darned near ready for a circus or something. And she knew what had to come off—because a brutal prune in the Physical Ed department had told her so a week ago. Fifteen pounds had to come off.

SHE tackled her mother about it the first thing in the morning.

"Mother," she said, "I'm going on a diet."

"All right," her mother said. "Perhaps you are getting a little pudgy. But don't look so grim about it."

"I'm not grim about it, Mother. But it's important. And I'm giving up desserts. So I've only got one perfectly simple little favor to ask of you, Mother. You could give me a break."

"What kind of a break?"

"Well, while I'm on this diet, just please don't bear down on anything chocolate, Mother—that's all I ask. I mean you can have things like prune whip and apple sauce and those little tapioca jobs."

"I see. The rest of us are to have the dullest imaginable meals—so that you can be beautiful all of a sudden!" But Mrs. Burton's mind was already wandering from the subject. She looked at her daughter intently. "Nina! Were you here last night—when Alison quarreled with Rand Jeffries?"

Nina shook her head. "What's the matter? Have they had a bust-up?"

"I'm afraid so. They quarreled over whether or not Alison was to see anything of other men while Rand was in the Navy. That's the ridiculous sort of thing people in love always quarrel about—it could be patched up in no time if they both weren't so stubborn!" Mrs. Burton frowned. "All the Craigs have that stubborn streak, of course—and then you only have to look at that chin of Rand's. Like granite! Well, it's just a shame, that's all! They were so obviously made for each other!"

Nina sauntered to the mirror over the mantel.

"Oh, well—" she murmured. "Why get all worked up and agitated? If they're such dopes!"

Her mother stared at her.

"When you're a little older, Nina, I hope you won't be so completely callous! I'm ashamed of you! Your poor cousin can break her heart over this man—and you merely shrug your shoulders!"

Nina wheeled around. Her eyes were blazing. She spoke with fervor.

"Mother! If you're in love with somebody you don't act the way Alison's acting! Why—! If you were in love with a man—really in love—you wouldn't let him go out of your life like that! You'd care too much to have that kind of crazy-fool pride! Why, you'd go right down on your knees to him! You'd let him walk over you! You'd ask him to! And you'd love it!"

Having delivered herself of these im-

# WHEN YOUR STOMACH IS



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**This pleasant-tasting preparation** neither antacid nor laxative. It spreads a soothing, protective coating on irritated stomach intestinal walls, thus helping calm and common digestive upsets. *Get a bottle your druggist today. If you do not get prompt relief, consult your physician.*

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**Is something missing from your meals?** What the old appetite with mouth-watering A-1 Sauce. It perks up fish, fowl, meats, vegetables, tomato juice and eggs from Maine to Breakfast! *Waiter! Where's that bottle?*

# A-1 SAUCE

The DASH that makes the DISH



passioned words, Nina rushed, quite suddenly, from the room. Her mother was speechless. It was, indeed, several seconds before Christine Burton realized that her mouth had dropped open. She closed it with a decisive little snap.

"Now what—?" she asked herself. "Now what—?"

NINA was having her troubles. Worrying and dieting had chiseled off three pounds, but any change in her personal appearance was not profiting her. Mindful of the diet, she had substituted soft drinks for fudge sundaes, but she could scarcely permit herself to have more than three sips a day at Gilmore's soda fountain. She could not linger over any one of these sips as long as she would have liked to linger.

It was infuriating. Bill Davis never really saw her except from a professional point of view. She was nothing in his eyes but a consumer of cokes. When she gave him the slow, mysterious smiles she'd practiced before her mirror the night before, he misinterpreted these smiles—and simply asked her if she wanted a couple of cokes or a glass of water. And yet some instinct informed her that if she could only see him away from the soda fountain she would be able to wangle their relationship to a more personal plane. She stared hard at the back of his head, willing him to ask her for a date—on her will, forceful as it was, merely disguised by the bland preoccupation of the businessman. She would be compelled, on these occasions, to plunk a nickel on the counter and hurry purposefully out of the drugstore—as if bent on very important and pressing affairs of her own.

"I HAVE never seen," said Nina's mother, "such gloom in a house!" And she looked, in mild vexation, from Nina to Alison—who had both been getting up from their chairs and wandering consolately from the window to the radio and from the radio to the mirror over the mantel.

"I can't imagine what's the matter with Nina," she went on, "unless it's the deserts she isn't having—but as for you, Alison, I think you're carrying this whole thing too far. I think you should march right over to the telephone and call up that man and tell him you apologize!" "Never!" cried Alison. "Never would I say anything so utterly ignominious, Christine! I've got my pride!"

"You've got your pride but you haven't got him," Nina pointed out to her, placidly. "And I'll bet you'll never see him again. I'll bet he'll be sent overseas and meet some other girl while he's having other shore leave—and this girl he'll get

married to because she won't be such a sap."

Alison flushed. She chose to be ironical. "I'm extremely grateful for all this interest in my affairs," she said, "but I could get along quite nicely without it!"

"It was just for your own good!" Nina protested. "Because honestly you don't seem to know anything about men, Alison." She was diverted for a moment, as she studied her own slightly bitten fingernails. She wondered if a person like Bill Davis would go for a garnet polish—provided her mother would let her get out of the house with it. She went on, however, after a fleeting pause. "If I were in your place—not that you've asked my advice but in case you did—I'd go somewhere where I'd be likely to see this wacky individual. I wouldn't just sit moping around here all day!"

"Nina," said Nina's mother, "shouldn't talk so much. But I really think she's right, Alison. Rand will go away and you'll never have a chance to make things up with him. But if you were just to arrange it so you'd run into him some place—"

ALISON sprang to her feet. "You miss the point entirely! Both of you! Why, I'd avoid going anywhere he was likely to be—or where anybody who had anything to do with him was likely to be! Why, ever since this whole thing happened I haven't even gone down Amsterdam Avenue—where his sister lives! Why, I haven't even gone into Gilmore's drugstore!"

Nina had just decided she would put the garnet polish on in her bedroom and then put on her wool mittens and ease out of the house with them. But the mention of Gilmore's drugstore swept the polish from her mind. She felt her hands turning cold and damp. It was as if someone had spoken—in a loud and jeering tone—of her secret love.

"What's Gilmore's drugstore got to do with it?" she inquired hoarsely.

"It was just an example," Alison explained with some pride. "I wouldn't go there any more because Rand's kid nephew works there after school. And I wouldn't want Rand to think I was trying to pry any information out of his relatives! I wouldn't give him the satisfaction!"

Nina brushed the latter part of this speech aside. "His nephew?" she demanded. "You mean Bill is his nephew? Bill Davis? You mean Bill?"

"Yes," said Alison. "Do you know him? A great gawky boy with a voice like an old phonograph record. A kind of adolescent nightmare."

Nina controlled herself—although this description of her beloved had not been pleasing to her ears. She leaned forward.

"I feel you're making a great mistake,"



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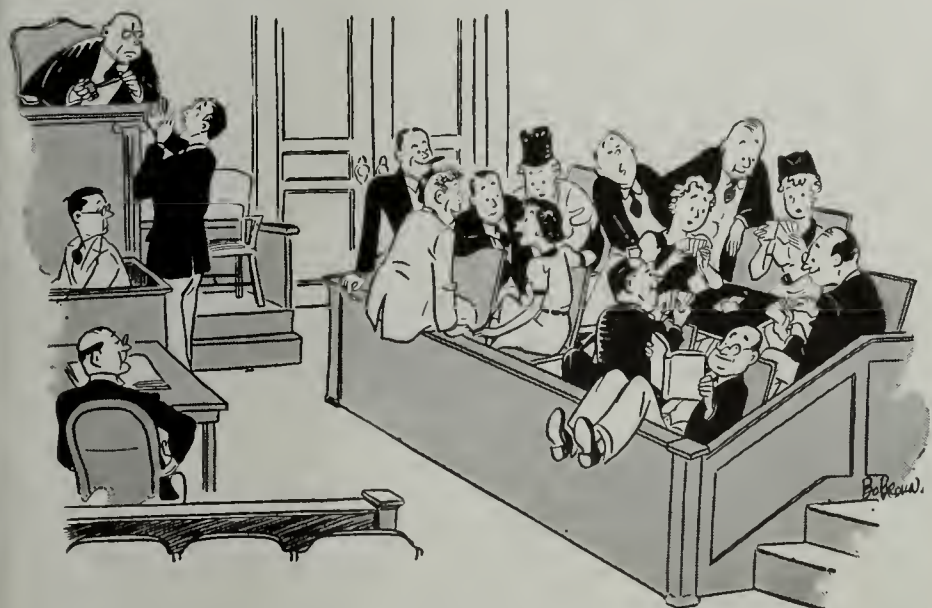


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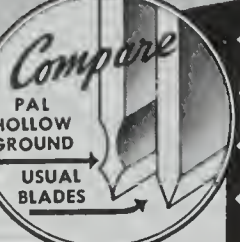


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she said. "I feel you ought to ask Lieutenant Jeffries to come and see you."

Nina's cousin didn't bother to answer this. She stalked over to the window again and stared out on the street. But Nina's mother was touched. She thought—and so informed Nina's father later on—that the child was at last beginning to develop an interest in other people's sorrows and joys.

SHE would have been even more surprised had she known to what lengths this newly acquired compassion was carrying her daughter.

Nina was sitting in the lobby of the Hotel Randolph, thoughtfully considering Rand Jeffries' chin. It was obstinate all right. But she marshaled her carefully composed sentences and brought them out as tellingly as she could.

"I suppose," she said, "you think it's funny—me coming to your hotel like this. I suppose you think it wasn't the thing for me to do. But the way I look at it—I felt this whole situation was up to me. I happen, Lieutenant Jeffries, to be an extrovert."

"That's interesting," he said. She was temporarily diverted. "Yes," she said. "I never just brood over stuff. I'm the type that likes action. That's the way you are when you happen to be an extrovert."

He looked at her patiently. "I get all that," he said. "But where do I come in?"

"Oh!" said Nina. "I thought I'd better just come over here and take the bull by the horns and ask you why you haven't been over to the house—to see my cousin Alison."

He turned a dull red. "Alison doesn't know you're here?" "Of course not! She'd have a fit. Alison's an introvert."

There was a moment before he spoke. "Perhaps," he said, "you'd better let us introverts struggle along by ourselves."

"But you make such an awful mess of things!" Nina pointed out promptly. "I think it was awful—just take for instance—the way you treated my poor dope of a cousin!"

"Oh, you do!" "Sure, I do! And everybody will be talking about it and blaming you for it. I shouldn't think you'd like that very much."

"What I'd like," he said, "would be to run my own life—with, of course, your kind permission."

Nina was offended. If Rand Jeffries hadn't been Bill's uncle, she thought, he'd have had a pretty terrific crack for that. But she managed a thin smile—remembering Bill—and as she rose to go she ventured a final word.

"Well, I'll say no more," she observed. "Only it just *might* interest you to know that Alison is wasting away."

"Alison," he said, "is *what*?"

"Wasting away," Nina repeated, with more emphasis. "She's just getting thinner and thinner and thinner! And she doesn't eat anything and she cries all the time. And Mother said she was worried about her—downright worried!" Nina broke off—her eyes widening. "But what on earth's the matter with you?"

"Never mind!" he said. "Wait a minute—I've got to get my hat!"

ALISON was exceedingly upset. She hadn't been upset in the beginning. At the first glimpse of Rand a light had come into her eyes and a tide of color had come into her cheeks. She had cried his name in soft, incredulous rapture. But that was before she'd found out what Nina had said to him.

"I hope you realize," she cried, "that Nina had no reason on earth to tell you anything so completely absurd: 'Not eating!' Of course, I'm eating! Oh, I won't have you feeling sorry for me!"

"I was feeling sorry for myself," Rand said, stiffly. "But if I can't make you believe that—"

They stood there measuring each other with their chins stuck out. Then Rand began looking around for his hat again.

"Oh, my gosh!" said Nina. She had spoken aloud, rather to her own surprise. Alison stared at her. "I really don't understand you, Nina," she said. "I really don't!"

Rand was staring at her too. "Little Miss Fix-It," he muttered.

He was Bill's uncle. Nina had to keep on reminding herself of that fact. She controlled a childish impulse to make a face at him.

"I'd just hoped," she observed, piously, "that I could get you people together again. I didn't expect to get any thanks for it but on the other hand I certainly didn't think either of you would be sore about it! My gosh! There wasn't anything in it for *me*, was there?"

"Well—" Alison began, uncertainly.

"All I wanted," Nina rushed on, "was just a little peace and quiet around here! And—me being an extrovert—I could just bring the old brain to bear on the thing better than you could. But you have all these cockeyed complexes—Well! I fail to see why it couldn't have worked out all right—with Lieutenant Jeffries coming over to see you—and I and my father and mother going to a movie or something if you didn't care to be disturbed—or maybe some night if Lieutenant Jeffries felt like it he could bring Bill over—"

"Bill?" said Alison. "Bill Davis," said Nina, a rosy flush suffusing cheeks that were not yet haggard. "The one who works in the drugstore. He happens to."

It came to them by slow degrees. But when they finally got it, Rand and Alison began laughing in the same instant. They

rocked and roared with laughter—their stubbornness went down under mirth. They became aware of that too, in precisely the same instant.

"Oh, darling!" said Alison.

"Oh, darling!" said Rand.

"Listen!" cried Alison, running to "I'll never go out with another man! I'll never talk to another man! I'll never at another man!"

Then they were laughing again, and clinging to each other. . . .

"Well," Nina said, "I guess I'll be sitting off. . . ."

BUT they didn't forget about her. Same night, after dinner, Rand brought Bill Davis to the house.

"Here," he said, "is my lean and gony nephew. Give *him* something to eat. *He's* wasting away!"

But Nina hadn't needed that advice. She knew how to take care of Bill now she had him in her own domain. She plied him with chocolate-covered do nuts and coconut cake and tart apple and slightly stale nougats.

"Say!" Bill Davis said. "Why don't you do this more often? Huh? Why don't we?"

Nina nodded. That was the name of an old song—but it could be their theme song. You didn't have to have a new song. Then they both smiled and shook their heads as an admiring masculine murmur and a little feminine squeal came to them from the living room. Bill reached for another nougat.

"They've got it bad," he said. There was a note of genuine compassion in Nina's voice.

"It's but quaint—" she agreed. "It's definitely *quaint*."

THE END



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## Confessions of a Sourpuss

Continued from page 12

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The strategy of the Republican managers in 1896 would not permit William McKinley, the Republican candidate, to leave his home in Canton, Ohio. Unhappily, McKinley had been, as a member of Congress, more than kind toward silver. The Republican platform committed him to gold, and McKinley, being what he was, had no difficulty in about-facing and becoming an ardent advocate of the gold standard. But if he had wandered away from home base, he might have found himself in the West, which was rabid for silver.

Consequently, he conducted the first front-porch campaign in the history of American politics. Instead of going out to meet the people, delegations were taken to Canton from all parts of the country to meet him. No hand-picked, expenses-paid member of a delegation would venture to ask embarrassing questions.

A man by the name of Kelso conceived the idea of turning an honest penny by selling bas-reliefs of the Republican candidate. The Scotch in a man is bound to come out. In order to advertise the product, Kelso worked up a plan whereby the Republican Club would send a delegation to Canton to present Governor McKinley with one of the bas-reliefs of himself, cast in bronze. Kelso suggested the junket to me and I fell for it. I was too much of a greenhorn even to suspect that I was being used. I did not know, until a friend put me wise later, of the scheme to market the article, but in my wide-eyed innocence thought that the plan was an expression of generous enthusiasm for a great cause.

### One Upper Berth for Two

So the sucker accepted, and a hand-picked delegation, consisting of Gus Axelsson, Kelso and myself, one night boarded a train for Canton. Our trip was financed, but not on a very generous scale. While Axelsson and I jimmied ourselves into one upper berth, Kelso slept comfortably below with the bust. (If he had had even the vestigial remains of a conscience, he would not have been comfortable.) But I was young, and the prospect of meeting a live Presidential candidate was enough to make up for all discomforts.

Arriving in Canton, we found our way to Major McKinley's home where I presented him with the bas-relief in a few as well-chosen words as I was capable of stringing together. He accepted in appropriate language and then we had a brief general chat. He was friendly and affable, as candidates are wont to be, especially before election, but I decided later that he had not made a profound impression on me.

During the interview, the editor of the Canton Evening Repository (still the leading newspaper of the town and then McKinley's favorite journal) was introduced to me, and I mumbled the assurance that I had been getting the "Suppository" right along, as indeed I had (free) because it was the party's official newspaper in that campaign. I was frightfully embarrassed by the unfortunate slip of the tongue, but not so Major McKinley. He enjoyed it immensely. The editor didn't, although he managed a sour smile.

The campaign was hard-fought and very exciting. Bryan set the country on fire, but he had no money. Mark Hanna had it all for McKinley. Never before had money flowed so freely. The precedent set by Hanna in 1896 was a bad one that has had a malevolent effect upon American politics ever since. He corrupted states that had been corrupt as a matter of course. I have never doubted that if the Democrats had been able to raise enough

money, even for legitimate purposes, Bryan would have been the new President.

Through a mutual friend, I rubbed up a very attenuated acquaintance with an editorial writer on the Chicago Record. He introduced me to the city editor who agreed that he would try me out as a space writer. That wouldn't cost the Record anything—at least anything worth worrying about—because I would be given no assignment that a regular staff man could cover.

This city editor wore a shiny Prince Albert coat, the collar and shoulders of which were white with dandruff from his too long hair. He had a forelock that he kept tossing mournfully out of his eyes. He gave me only one admonition and that was on no account ever to turn in a story in which I used the expression "old veteran." It was his conviction that a "veteran" was *ipso facto* "old," and that the two words in juxtaposition represented tautology at its worst. It took me many years to discover that a veteran can be a very young person indeed.

Equipped with this comprehensive course in journalism, I felt ready to tackle any assignment. I earned seventy-five cents of Victor Lawson's millions that first week. I confess that I did not feel I was substantially on the road either to wealth or to fame. Fortunately, I never had any desire for wealth—at least not such a desire as would lead me to make its acquirement the chief end and aim of my existence. And as to fame, I had never even thought of that. It wasn't until, ahead of my time, I sensed the possibilities for fame that lay in the achievement of the character which has forever since attached itself to me.

I managed to nick Victor Lawson for a few dollars each week thereafter—just enough to make it possible for me to live in the manner to which I had been accustomed. Could anyone have asked less of life than that?

Richard Henry Little, popular reporter on the Chicago Tribune, and later for many years to be its columnist, and Sherman Duffy, assistant sports editor of the same newspaper, that was still fairly decent and reputable, were friends of mine. I told them the Record cornucopia was willing to pour twelve dollars into my lap each week. With the irreverence of scoffing newspapermen, they referred to Victor Lawson as some kind of blooming skinflint and assured me that I could

do better on the Tribune. So to the Tribune, with their assistance, I went as a space writer. And I did manage pretty well. I earned \$35 one week, was equivalent to a king's ransom in newspaperman's language at the turn of the century.

I happened to be working for the Tribune when the occasion of the "Family Dinner" came along and I was invited to the feast, following the Tribune-hired men glorify the Tribune and its owners with slobbering eloquence. May I pause at this point to observe grinding my teeth the while—that recollection of "Count" Somebody-or-other who was a perfectly ducky society column for the Washington Times-Herald, said that I was fired from the Tribune for incompetence. Not only is it a base falsehood, but it assures the "Count" that I was at least giving a man's work.

A vacancy occurred in the post of assistant political editor of the Record which paper I had meanwhile returned to as assistant sports editor, and I applied for the position. So did Frederic W. Wile, soon to go to Berlin for the Laforet foreign service. I got the job because, doubt, the paper had other plans lined up for Mr. Wile.

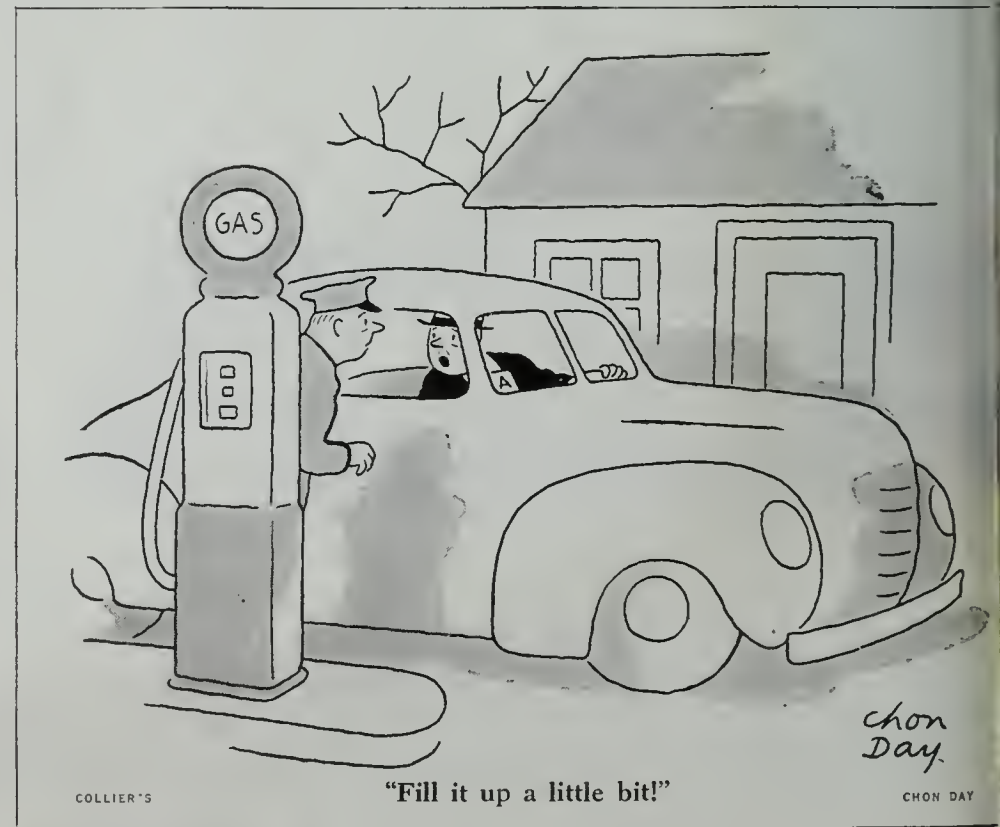
### Climbing the Political Ladder

To be a political writer on a metropolitan newspaper was an opportunity to develop my unpleasant disposition to the utmost. There was nothing gentle about politics in those days. It was the plug-ugly, the heavy-handed manipulation of ballot boxes, the man who could get out the loot first and get to it the quick who was in the saddle.

On my new job I began to work with a really sizable vocabulary of barbed words and explosive expletives which I trained myself to mix judiciously and hurl at a convenient target. They have come in handy since.

At this point, it seems appropriate to slow down and indulge in a few generalities by way of summing up the peregrinations by which I was already grousing my way toward the top—a full-fledged curmudgeon.

It was becoming easier day by day to lay back my ears and bare my teeth at the sight of the fraudulent stuffed shirts who demanded a cleaning up of the city from the platform of Central Music Hall.







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Sunday night, and who sneaked into the mayor's office on Monday to whisper to Hizzoner that it would "hurt business" if he interfered too much with gambling and prostitution. The pious cheats who slipped loose change into the prehensile fingers of their aldermen in consideration of "just a little" violation of city ordinances were gradually warping my disposition and drying up my soul.

Let it be here noted, with me as its authority, that undoubtedly the surest and most direct road to curmudgeonry is labeled "Politics." Take this road and stay on it, and you will arrive—you may not be any place when you get there but you are almost sure to have an ugly temper to show for it.

From assistant political editor on the Record it was just a step to a full-time job in political campaigns, handling publicity, making speaking engagements for my candidates, running the office—in fact doing everything but being the candidate. I was a sort of one-man-band affair, and every piece that I played, it seemed, went sour on me at election time.

### Teddy Returns from Africa

It was in 1911, after Carter H. Harrison, with "splendid" Republican assistance had defeated my candidate, Charles E. Merriam, for mayor, that Teddy Roosevelt returned from a big-game hunting trip, to the serious disappointment of those Wall Street gentlemen who had hoped fervently that some lion would see his duty and do it in the wilds of Africa's jungle. Roosevelt's teeth were gleaming and sharpened to a razor edge for a rare cut from the anatomy of his "friend" William Howard Taft. And how the country yearned for him!

It wasn't any time at all before seven governors—all of them Republicans—called on him to plaster the man whom he had kicked upstairs into the White House, and to insist that he go after the Republican nomination in 1912. I wasn't a governor. I wasn't so much as a constable. But I was for Teddy. I always had been and I always would be as long as there was a Teddy (no junior for me!) for whom to be.

The treacherous Republican organization had licked Merriam in 1911, but the victory was a costly one, for surviving the defeat was the best organization of irregulars Chicago has ever seen. It had even stretched itself out into the state. However, the real strength of it was in Chicago and Cook County, and this organization had been built up from the ground by the adolescent curmudgeon, Ickes. It consisted mainly of aggressive young men—and women, too—who had a sense of political frustration and were looking for thick-necked, heavy-featured ward heelers to smash and claw.

Merriam (one of the two men I had hoped one day to see mayor of Chicago; John Harlan had been the other) and I saw eye to eye, as we had done since first we formed a political alliance, and it is only fair to say that this organization belonged to both of us. But I had knitted it together and built it up because I had had more experience and was more deft at that sort of thing than Merriam. He had his own important jobs in the alliance that he could do far better than I.

I had an interview with the Squire of Oyster Bay in his office where he did his writing for the magazine Outlook. I told him what we had done in the Chicago mayoralty fights—how we had struggled to put, first Harlan, and then Merriam across, only to be beaten by the lawless and the unprincipled elements of all parties, including the Republicans. I was proud to report to him that we now had the so-called regular G. O. P. organization on the run and that a punch by him would be timely. I relayed to him what we

thought he ought to incorporate into the Auditorium speech which he was scheduled to make.

As Roosevelt was going to Chicago in a special car, he invited me to ride with him. We had breakfast together—just the two of us. Malicious stories of the colonel's alleged intemperance were circulating freely—a slander that was the coin current of desperate Republican politicians who would rather have lost with Roosevelt than have won with someone else.

And if you don't know, my more or less gentle reader, it is time you discovered that the most vehement party man—the one who beats his breast (in public, of course), for the dear old party—is the one who more naturally slanders and traduces and smears fellow party members if he suspects that they are at all interested, either in the cleaning up of the party itself, or in trying to establish a better quality of public service. (I insist on sticking it in here that a curmudgeon doesn't fight that way. A curmudgeon has his pride.)

Stories of the colonel's bibulousness were common talk. I had never been at a table with him, nor had I ever been with him when one would naturally take a drink. Therefore, I had no knowledge as to whether he was the sinner they said he was. I did not much care. I was interested in Roosevelt and the speech he was going to make which, I suspected and hoped, would tear the hide off of the hypocritical Republicans. I knew too well, and contemptuously, let me add, the booze-soaked gang that was opposing him.

But as I sat through the meal and saw him eat in succession fruit, a huge bowl of oatmeal, an enormous white fish and what looked like an oversized platterful of potatoes, all punctuated generously with toast and washed down with several cups of coffee, I concluded that the story of his excessive drinking was a canard. No man given to hang-overs could have surmounted such a breakfast, much less eaten it with zest. For one anxious moment, I thought that he was going to repeat the order.

### The Colonel in Rare Form

It was a great meeting, with the colonel at his best, denouncing the political bosses and the big interests that were seeking to deny the rank and file of the Republican party the chance to nominate their own choice for President. This meeting determined the result in Illinois so far as the primary was concerned, but in the end, the money and influence of big business carried the day for Taft, and he was nominated for the job of going into the election and taking a good licking from Woodrow Wilson.

My enthusiasm for the job of winning with Roosevelt held over, and I believed that we held the balance of power in the country and that we could lick the Republican party again in 1916 as we had in 1912. I was confident that the G. O. P. could not survive it. But treachery was at work. George W. Perkins was getting ready to betray the party for his own advantage—but all of this has been written elsewhere and won't be gone into again.

Suffice it to say that in the 1916 convention, which was held in Chicago, although we took it away from Perkins and nominated Theodore Roosevelt as our candidate, we were really performing the last sad obsequies of the party. Roosevelt quit us cold. He gave the impression that he didn't want to waste much more time on us.

What an experience for one who had already collected too many cherished souvenirs of personal selfishness, questionable maneuvers, and political treachery! But what a priceless school for one who aspired to be the best hated man in America!

(To be concluded next week)

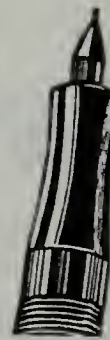


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## The Voice of Courage

Continued from page 31

own, she developed the muscles to carry her voice from that position. Fifteen months after the original program, a month later she gave a performance at Town Hall in New York.

The best way to prove that the present report about Lawrence is not mere publicity is to quote Variety, a publication so severe that it would cut the throat of a comedian if his jokes fell flat: "The soprano has gained immeasurably in the two-year rest. One of the greatest voices has gained in freshness and purity of intonation, is tremendous in appeal and appealing in its richness and depth."

Lawrence's theories on sympathy are slightly complicated. She has been touched by the expressions of good will she has had from everywhere, but she knows what she has to do to

don't get anywhere if you're sorry

by the Paris Opera immediately. At twenty-five, she was singing the big Wagnerian roles and filling in with everything else. Her success was so great that she was brought over to the Met by Gatti-Casazza in his last year, 1935, went back to Paris again, sang at Bayreuth to German enthusiasm, had a season in South America, and then settled at the Metropolitan permanently.

She was the youngest star ever to sing Brünnhilde at the Paris Opera or at the Met and she added to the excitement of the affair by insisting on riding the horse into the flames instead of leading him in, as other faint-hearted divas had done before her. This added very little to the artistic success of the opera but pleased some vague bush-country pride of her own—and didn't make bad publicity copy.

"It caused almost as much stink as when I did Salome," she says.

The French found her Salome great stuff, and the Met brought it back into the repertoire so that she could do it here. She is the only singer in history to do a complete repertoire of the great French, Italian and German dramatic soprano roles while still in her twenties.

"A brain like a sponge," she says. "When I used to have mathematics in school, it never was a question of figuring anything out. I just memorized the whole book."

She has bronze-colored hair, just on the verge of being red; a most remarkable pair of bright eyes—and the aforementioned dimples and hilarious laugh. She speaks in a clipped style and has a tendency to make two words out of one. Of her illness, for example, she says, "It was a question of it get-ting me down or me get-ting it down."

### A Lady of Determination

The chances of anybody discouraging her now are remote, and the possibility that false modesty might hold her back is also fantastic. When friends asked her to luncheon at a swanky restaurant in New York, she showed up in her wheel chair and proceeded from the front door to her table with all the aplomb of a Vanderbilt addressing a brakeman. She utterly cowed old dowagers who sought to reproach her by icy glances through lorgnettes.

"Who am I to be finicky?" she cried. "Sarah Bernhardt acted for years with a peg leg."

But this is not to say that she is inhuman about her troubles. When the customarily staid audience at the Metropolitan endeavored to knock the roof off with its bravos and stompings, it almost unnerved her.

"Say-y-y," she explains, "that place is my second home. If they still like me there, I'm all right."

She finds it no trouble at all to get around, and when anxious friends worry about her fate in taxis and trains, she scoffs.

"The worst that can happen to me has already happened," she says. "I get bounced into a cab and bounced out again. What's that?"

As a consequence, she has been appearing madly at benefits for hospitals and relief funds, and for service men's canteens. The only tough time she had was in Philadelphia where the canteen was in a cellar reached only by a long, narrow spiral stairway. There's a touch of awe in her voice when she mentions it.

"I didn't know that time whether I was going to land on my head or on my grand finale," she says ruefully.

What we started out to say was that the whole thing is an amazing story. Are there any disputes?

THE END



# Loose Talk can cost Lives!



"The sub was waiting for us, right on our course"

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he American found some strangers in his room in Rostov. They received him cordially—and made him the gift of his life

"IT DOESN'T make sense," said the one with the newspaper, "and it can't make sense."

There were five of them, who had got off at the junction, connect with the Washington train, which would dine on it. It was an hour and a half late. They were standing around smoking and mostly listening to the big guy who had been yelping about priorities. He was reading the afternoon edition of a Cincinnati paper.

"This kind of a communiqué gets my goat," he said. "It's a thousand miles of that Russian front, and a couple of million men stacked up on either side of it. All right. And what kind of a communiqué do those guys give us? 'At Stalingrad, two buildings were captured and a battalion of the enemy destroyed.' Two buildings! Are they kidding us at Moscow, or are they kidding us up, with this talk of two buildings, in a global context?"

"They are not kidding us," said the man in the raincoat. He was a heavy, grayish chap, on the tired side and close to fifty. His bag, an old one, had a flock of labels nearly scraped off.

"They're not," the big man retorted, "how does it make sense? They tell you any reasons over there?" he asked sarcastically.

"No. But I saw something."

SHAYNE WAS in his room, on the third floor of the Bolshaya Hotel (he told them). His name was Shayne, and he had left this bag along with his papers in his room at the Bolshaya, which was the best hotel in Rostov-on-the-Don, nearly in the autumn of 1941.

The reason he had left the stuff behind was that he had gone up beyond Pyatigorsk toward the Hot Springs to examine the mineral springs and salt beds there. He was practically camping out in the mountains, and since he didn't speak Russian he heard little of the war one way or the other. It was quiet enough around Pyatigorsk then.

Shayne, a chemist, carrying out a semiofficial inspection of the mineral formations there, north of the Caucasus, was one of the very few Americans left in the land of the Soviets at that time.

When he told the Intourist girl at Stalingrad that he wanted to go back for his stuff at Rostov, she said it would be difficult. She arranged his transportation, and she always said it was difficult.

"Why so, now?" he asked.

"The Germans are there, at Rostov."

Shayne thought that one over. "Boloney," he said. "I haven't heard of any Germans nearer than the Dnieper, and he figured the girl was trying to get out of something for him, as usual. She was mad at him, anyway, because she had been recalled from some nursing unit to interpret for him.

Of course she only understood English the way it was written in grammars and Shayne had to explain what he meant by boloney.

"It is impossible now," she said, in her singsong way, "for you to go to Rostov."

"Impossible!" said Shayne. Nothing was impossible if you tackled it, and maybe took a chance. He'd never done anything impossible, in his life. This took a lot of explaining for Catherine to understand. He called her Catherine the Great for short, because he couldn't pronounce her Russian name.

"Impossible," said Catherine the Great thoughtfully. She brightened up all at once. She had been worried all the time, although Shayne knew it wasn't about her. Her thin face softened under its thatch of straw hair. She really looked pretty, then.

"You want to proceed?" she asked anxiously.

"I want those papers of mine."

Just then Shayne's letters and notes and personal stuff seemed mighty important to him. This war was something new to him, and he hadn't had to leave any of his own personal stuff behind as yet. He wouldn't have lost those papers, left in a bureau drawer in his room for a million dollars. That was what he told Cath-

erine—papers—you mean documents?"

Shayne let her pick her own word for them. He forgot for a moment that to Catherine a word meant what

After the machine-gun fire, a figure holding a  
Luger pistol slumped out of the door of Room Two



## BOLSHAYA, ROOM THREE

By HAROLD LAMB

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL



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# Coolerator

WASHED AIR REFRIGERATOR

SAVE WITH COOLERATOR AND BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

it said it meant in the dictionary. The upshot of it was that she believed he had left important documents worth one million United States dollars in the bureau of Room Three of the Bolshaya Hotel, Prospekt Engelsa, Rostov-on-the-Don.

Something clicked in the mind of Catherine the Great, and she nodded. "We will go there," she said. Which was her way of saying okay, we'll roll.

**M**OST guys in America (Shayne commented) are forever wondering about these mysterious Russians. The trouble is, most of us are trying to think of some one brand of Russian, shaven or hairy—some genus Muscovite. We might just as well try to think of the kind of North American represented by a Navajo, a French-Canadian timberjack, an Iowa hog raiser, and a Los Angeles income-tax payer. Only Soviet Russia, having a lot more territory, has a lot more varieties than we have—a hundred and thirty or so. Shayne found the individual Russians easy enough to get on with, in their own locality, except that he couldn't talk to them.

Catherine, for instance, acted like any tough-minded high-school graduate, without stockings, and with only one dress she'd made herself out of a picture of New York fashions. She bummed his cigarettes, she quoted things out of books, and at times she went off into giggles for no reason at all. But she had something on her mind all the time.

On the train to Rostov she asked him what was the book of instructions in the United States about feeding and bringing up children. Shayne didn't know that one.

For the time being, Catherine was working, all out, to land him in Rostov. She got two places on the first category car on the train, although it was jammed with officers. She got smoked salmon and bread and preserved grapes, and plenty of hot *chai* for him to eat. She only tasted some of the grapes, when he made her.

When they left the train, Shayne saw an armored car sitting on the siding. Catherine argued, and got them two places in an auto, although the officers had to squeeze over for them. "I said," she told Shayne, "you have United States documents worth a million dollars waiting for you." She was very much excited. She kept looking around on both sides of the car, at the soldiers along the road, and there were plenty.

Shayne wasn't paying much attention to her, then, because he was listening. Along the sky line, he heard the growling of heavy guns, and he had not heard that since he was in the Argonne Forest in 1918. September and October, 1918.

Ahead of the car smoke or an autumn haze hid the city, which didn't seem to have many high buildings in it. Shayne felt a crawling in his legs and up the back of his neck. He could almost feel the weight of a pack on his shoulders. Those were heavy guns, and he thought the Jerries were in the city, all right.

**T**HEY got out of the car at a row of houses on a paved street. Catherine kept asking the sentries for something that sounded like *Chigornik*, but no one seemed to know anything about that. They wanted Catherine and Shayne to turn back, only the girl argued fiercely, and got the two of them taken to a PC where a bunch of men without helmets sat by a telephone. Shayne could close his eyes and think he was back in a dugout PC near Montfaucon. It smelled just the same. Catherine did a lot of talking, and at last they paid attention to her.

"Now it is arranged for you to proceed," she explained to Shayne, "only I am prevented. I must stay here."

"Where is here?" he asked.

Catherine didn't want to say. She looked around and pointed at a truck, over on its side. It had burned. "Here," she said.

Then she thought of something. Off a bit of blank paper from the sheet she carried, she wrote something in Russian letters, which do not say what they say. Finding a pin, she pinned the paper on Shayne's coat lapel.

"What's that for?" he asked. Listening to heavy machine guns scolding off a mile or so away, and he was beginning to feel cold inside. In 1918 he had heard that, you weren't far from the lines.

Catherine chewed her pencil. "How you are Yamrican," she explained. "But you must not forget to come here. I will wait."

When the officers noticed the presence of Shayne, they grinned. He wondered what was funny about being an American. Two bits he would have backed going for his stuff. But Catherine made such a fight to get him up front, he hadn't the nerve to tell her off. She seemed pleased with him.

"You will have a guide," she said. "And soon they will send someone who can speak English. Only please, to speak good English, the do, or he will not understand."

"Okay, sister," said Shayne, as the trucks rumbled by. His throat ached, and his knees ached.

A big guy carrying two helmets and a pistol and a flashlight on him, and Shayne one tin hat and gas mask.

a crooked nose and he laughed when he spotted the writing on Shayne's coat.

"Call him Kunak," Catherine told Shayne, "and do what he says."

Kunak smelled like a garage and plant in one. He took Shayne around behind the wrecked truck where a man was open in the street. A ladder leaned into a big sewer.

"Da," said Kunak and went down the ladder, motioning for Shayne to follow.

**D**OWN in the drain, they had to wait and pretty soon the gas got so bad they put on the masks. It wasn't chemical but ordinary illuminating gas from mains somewhere. Shayne kept sweating with the muck underfoot and darkness. Kunak was so sparing with the battery in the torch, he only turned it when he fell over something. Shayne was heading toward the center of the city. Once he felt the building cave in over him. The going for a long time, until Kunak's light flashed the light on the side of the sewer.

He flashed it three times, and saw a hole dug in the side, leading through this crawl hole he found Kunak up a slant to a place where light was gray and he could stand. Someone took off his mask. He looked around and discovered that he was in the lobby of the Bolshaya Hotel.

It hardly looked like the place left a month before. A dozen soldiers stood around on sacks and boxes, some watching him, some asleep. Boxes were hung across the windows, and some of the furniture was piled against the door. A light machine gun stuck out of the porter's counter.

He didn't have a chance to notice more because Kunak talked to the nearest him, and they all came up to Catherine's writing on the paper coat. They grinned when they read it.

"What's so funny?" Shayne demanded, feeling sore. No one answered. Apparently the man who could speak like Catherine wasn't there. And he felt more than sore. The climb through the sewer and the silence of the place where the men padded about scraping their feet worked on him. He wanted to get out of there quick. He started for the stairway, to get him down from the third floor, and mo-



Kuk caught his arm, and said, "Niet!" which meant no dice. So Shayne indicated signs that he wanted to go up to the third floor. Kunak nodded. That was jake for him. Instead of using the stairs, he slid the door of the elevator shaft open. The elevator wasn't working, but Kunak began to climb up on a ladder, and Shayne followed. When they came to the third floor, the door was open. Kunak said something that sounded like *Chigornik*, and pushed Shayne out, before climbing out to the third floor and motioning for Shayne to follow.

The first thing Shayne noticed on the third floor was a light machine gun behind a net of sandbags in the dark corner where the stairs led down. Two men squatted behind that machine gun, and they were asleep.

When he saw, hanging up on the post where the stair came down, a bunch of men. The light being bad he couldn't see, but he thought he spotted a trip across the steps running up to the stairs and he began to understand why the way was no safe thoroughfare. But he didn't understand all this hush-hush. He started to crawl toward the door of Number Three, which had been his room in the center of the landing, Kunak told him again. The big guy made him crawl into Number Four, which was the next room, and in the corner—being three bedrooms on that side of the floor.

Number Four had the furniture all against the walls, and the windows were covered with blankets. Shayne noticed odd-looking equipment stacked in the room—pickaxes and rope, ammunition boxes and an artificial arm in a sleeve, the hand being covered with a glove. There was also a big box of grenades but not a rifle any-

where a soldier at a loophole had a machine gun and another man sleeping on the floor. He spotted another loophole, where the pickaxes had been removed, and he went out of it.

The Bolshaya was the last building in the block, he had a pretty good view of the street and intersection. It was empty. From him most of the windows were boarded up, or otherwise covered. The two doors of the office building opposite were open. But nobody moved across the street.

The silence of the street worried Shayne. It didn't make sense. A soldier stepped behind him, and began to talk. What he said sounded familiar, and Shayne recognized Catherine's brand of English: "I-am-first-category-English-speaker."

The basic English speaker had two gold teeth where they showed up well, and he breathed heavily as if he had been running. Also he had traces of the sewer in his breath. "You-discover-documents?" he asked.

Shayne started to explain that they were in the next room, when the basic English speaker motioned him to be quiet. "Gairmans over there laterally," he said across the street. Then he pointed toward the street. "Gairmans situated vertically on the street."

Shayne looked at him. The English-speaking soldier was not kidding. He explained that some of the enemy held the street and had worked their way down to the floor above last night. While he was talking, the street below burst into an uproar.

Bullets spattered across the Bolshaya's floor like wind-driven hail, and Shayne began to take a look out of the loophole. Some of the windows opposite cross the street was searching the apertures in the wall. Also the street below was full of

smoke. It came from burning oil drums that Shayne hadn't noticed before.

Through this smoke screen he sighted the running figures. They were coming like a backfield in motion, keeping low, from the two open doors across the way. They were rushing the Bolshaya entrance under a solid stream of fire about four feet above the pavement.

Bullets beat across the loophole, and Shayne ducked. He sat down against the wall, the way he used to back up against a parapet, and he thought: Why, those guys are Jerries, and where they are heading in is the Bolshaya Hotel.

He listened carefully, to try to figure out what was happening below, but the overall racket pounded at his ears. Presently it stopped, not gradually but all at once. He waited, and the other guys were quiet. "What happened?" he asked the basic English speaker.

A tall Soviet soldier stepped into the room. He was young, and looked like a farmhand. He had field glasses slung short at his neck and he gripped a grenade in each hand. Whether he was an officer or not Shayne couldn't tell, but the others perked up when they saw him.

"Chigornik," said Kunak, and patted the tall man's shoulder.

Chigornik beckoned them over, and they went into a huddle like a team. The English speaker explained to Shayne: "What happened is not good. The Gairmans now occupy the street floor."

Shayne figured on this a moment. His crowd was cut off from the roof and from the underground sewer. As for climbing out of a window, that would be the perfect way to commit suicide. When Shayne figured up his chances of getting out, he decided they were nil. The soldier seemed to think so, too, because he said regretfully, "They have too many fire implements."

It seemed to Shayne that Chigornik ought to be thinking about how to surrender. He had eight men in the hall and one room, with only two light quick-firers, and he was completely enveloped by a flock of Germans with plenty of equipment.

Wiping the sweat out of his eyes, Chigornik proceeded to act unexpectedly. He pulled the water drum away from the wall, and Shayne saw that a hole had been cut through the partition into Room Three. It was down at the floor, a man-sized mousehole.

For a moment Chigornik listened at the hole, then he squinted through it. Getting the artificial arm with the gloved hand, he shoved that into the mousehole. Nothing happened.

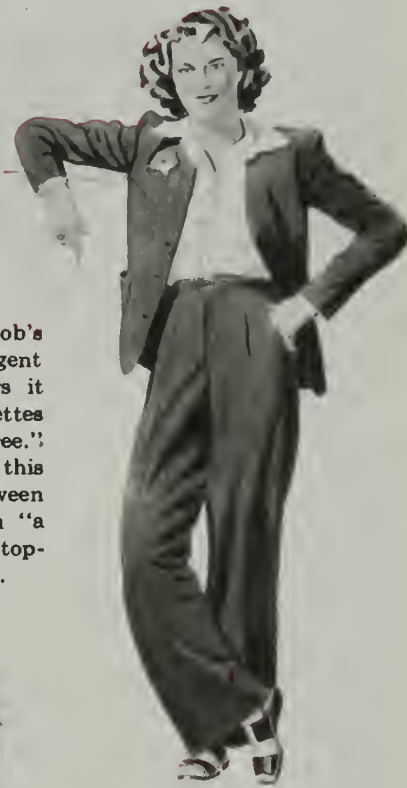
QUICKLY the tall boy crawled through the hole into Shayne's old room. Another soldier followed. Then Shayne's mouthpiece nudged him. "Now you go and recapture the documents and million dollars."

Shayne swore to himself. But he eased himself through the mousehole. His room looked pretty much the way it had when he left it. Only Chigornik was lying on his back on the rug watching the ceiling with great interest, while the other soldier squinted through a second mousehole dug in the farther wall. Shayne thought that these fellows had been careful to fix up this whole floor in case they had to defend it. And he understood why they watched the ceiling. If a German opened up an eyehole anywhere in that ceiling and sighted them, they would collect a burst of bullets. Because a slug of any kind would go through those flimsy partitions and floors.

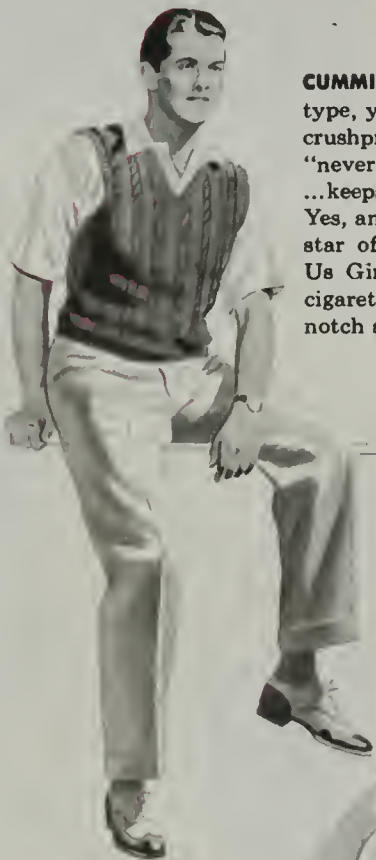
He heard things moving above, very faintly. Chigornik had a pistol but he didn't take a crack at the ceiling with it. And Shayne knew why. Two shots, and the men on the floor over them would catch on to the angle the fire was coming from, and would loose off with their own

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Apparently they were still guessing the Soviet guys were.

case of spotting your enemy, in room-to-room kind of warfare, and being him to the trigger. The only cheered Shayne any was that and his squad mates seemed to way around . . . he reflected it mean as much to the Jerries to hotel at the end of the street as Ksskys to hold the outlet of their n.

Chigornik was looking at him and talking on the mousehole behind them. A speaker interpreted: "He says, the young woman who wrote

was puzzled for a moment. Then he remembered Catherine's paper pinned. At the other end of the sewer,"

Chigornik heard that, he smiled at Shayne's shoulder.

When the Germans above cut loose with stuff, Shayne only heard the re, and saw plaster dust cascade. He got back through the mousehole but he didn't feel himself move. Not to his feet still alive, before he that the German fire was traversing. Three from two angles—oblique

Chigornik crawled after him, bleeding the trouser leg. The other guy slow, and Shayne knew he was under that cross fire from above in Room Three would be dead. The Germans must have been above the two end rooms and their fire into Shayne's old room.

When the firing let up, Chigornik, he shoved the water drum over the mousehole opening. Then he and there listening, watching the Shayne held his breath until his roared. Not one of the Russians said anything.

Shayne could hear things again, that men were moving close to nothing came through distinct, but he felt as if a weight were put on his back. The sounds came from their, and that meant the men were in room.

Sweat dripped from his chin while he held his breath and listen. He A whole platoon of Jerries may get away with automatic weapons. His nerves could stand this kind of thing. Here he was with the four waiting like clay pigeons to be by the machine guns. It was a certainty that the Jerries would traverse this with bullets before trying to Pete's sake," he muttered, "open they do."

Chigornik didn't understand. He touched the American's arm, and pointed at the

door. It was open. He shoved Shayne toward it, motioning for him to be quiet.

Moving one foot at a time, Shayne made his way out the door. He remembered how he had once moved up to Montfaucon in the night, walking over solid ground lighted by shell bursts here and there, with a rifle in his hands. And here on the third floor of the Bolshaya he wished he were back at Montfaucon.

It was quiet enough in the hall, with those two Russians still crouched over their machine gun, behind the sandbags. Probably with the stairs mined two ways and all, neither side was making any attempt to rush the halls. Shayne climbed in behind the sandbags.

He could breathe easier there, but he felt like a man blindfolded waiting for a rifle squad to execute him, backed up against a wall. Through the door he saw the Russians in Room Four huddled around Chigornik as if he were calling off a new signal. They separated, climbing up silently on the bureau, the table and bed.

Shayne prayed that they would open up with their machine gun and pistols. They crouched motionless as listening animals—Chigornik's eyes shifting, his face pinched and hard. He was on the bureau beside the mousehole. Leaning down, he gripped the top of the water drum and slid the thing back a little from the hole. Shayne thought: *He can't be going in there—*

The crash of the firing made Shayne yell. Plaster dust puffed out of the wall around Chigornik, and splinters shot up from the furniture. The beat of the bullets was only a few inches above the floor. The Germans were traversing very low, to dispose of anyone lying or standing on the floor. Only the Russians weren't there.

Kunak was hit by a ricochet, and shots tore into the sandbags in front of Shayne. Then the blast of fire stopped. A haze of dust filled Room Four. Water spurted from holes in the pierced drum.

As Shayne watched, that drum began to move, an inch or so. Someone inside the hole was moving it. Simultaneously, Chigornik shifted his hands. He held a grenade, and he pulled the lever.

"One . . . two . . . three," Shayne counted, his eyes on the grenade. Again the drum moved, and the big Russian swung his arm down, slipping the grenade back of the water drum, through the mousehole. "Seven . . . eight," Shayne counted. And the grenade exploded in the other room. Immediately Chigornik bowed another through the hole and it cracked off.

Metal clashed and a voice whined somewhere in Room Three. Then the machine gun beside Shayne jumped into life, its roar filling the hall. Down the hall, a figure holding a Luger pistol slumped out of the door of Room Two, the door swinging open under pressure of the man's body falling.

From the door by Shayne, Kunak

crawled, a grenade in his hand. Pressing close to the wall, he scrambled to the body of the German. The machine gun kept up its chatter over his head, until he swung his right arm wide, flipping the grenade into the end room. When it crashed he made a sign, and the gun quit firing.

Kunak listened for a moment, then carefully picked up the Luger. He seemed to know how to work it. Putting his helmet on the end of it, he edged it into the open door. When nothing happened he put the tin hat back on his head, and looked into the door. He beckoned to the other Russians.

The Jerries weren't doing any more fighting on the third floor of the Bolshaya. Most of them were killed. Shayne saw how they had come into the room down the hall, by a rope ladder from the roof, through a window.

THE basic English speaker looked over the prisoners curiously. "They must be new men—they were impatient. They allowed us to ascertain their position before they discovered ours. Is position the right word?"

"Yes," said Shayne.

"You were not impatient. You waited."

"Yes," said Shayne. He thought how the Russians had waited out the others. They were pleased because they had some good weapons now, and it was growing dark.

When it was really dark, he heard action down on the street floor, but that seemed far off. He sat in the hall with Chigornik. He felt numb. But the wounded Russian was patiently investigating the mechanism of a captured pistol by touch.

Hardly had Shayne noticed that the third floor of the Bolshaya Hotel was quiet when he heard three quiet raps that seemed to come from the floor. Chigornik whispered something, and an answer came. Then figures climbed out of the elevator shaft.

They were Russians, and they had surprised and recaptured the ground floor of the Bolshaya—through the sewer. Now they were relieving Chigornik and the injured Kunak.

When Kunak was ready to go down the ladders, he carried a small heavy bag, which he gave to Shayne.

"The documents and the million dollars," the English speaker explained, "deposited safe in bureau." Shayne had forgotten about his bag.

Carrying it back, through the sewer, he heard Chigornik whistling behind him. The young Russian kept within reach of the American, following him out past the burned truck to the PC with its candle and telephone.

But Chigornik didn't report at once to the officers. He looked around, until he found Catherine the Great asleep on a bench. He looked at her a moment, smiling. Then he picked her up in his arms and she woke with a start. When she saw his face she reached up her hand and touched it as if afraid she were dreaming. All of a sudden happiness flooded her.

Behind Chigornik she saw Shayne, with his bag. "He is my husband," she told Shayne. "I knew he was with the Rostov forces, but I thought it would be impossible to see him."

She hugged Chigornik. "But then," she explained in her schoolgirl English, "you stated that nothing was impossible if I kept trying and took a chance. So I came as far as I could, and then I wrote my name on you."

RUSSIAN girls, Shayne said, were pretty much like any others. The big man who had been reading the Moscow communiqué folded away his paper. "That was one floor," he said, "and how many men? Eight or ten? Well, two buildings and a battalion must have been something."

THE END



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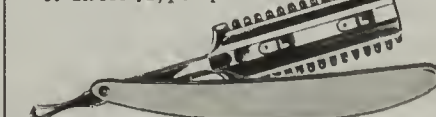
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"I wish I had never sent you up to the attic, Henry!"

ED GRAHAM





# By Any Other Name

By D. D. Beauchamp

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER HERRINGTON

Tibaux wondered if Bogart had flown before. A knock-out answered his question

THERE was nothing about him to distinguish him outwardly from the rest of them, except possibly that his face looked a little older, a little more finely drawn. Aside from that, he was merely a member of a group, assembled in the same manner and for the same purpose as the rest. Private Umpteen-something-or-other, Air Force Enlisted Reserve, a cadet flier under the C.A.A. War Pilot Training Program.

He was of medium height and medium build, dark skinned and black haired, with alert, steady eyes, and a nose that was not too obviously broken. His name on his enlistment papers and on his identification card was James Edward Martin. The name belonged to him no more than did eight of his front teeth, which he had lost originally by banging his face into the instrument panel of a cracked-up plane. The teeth in their turn were no more false than the birth certificate he had presented for induction into the Army, or the statement

he had made on his application—Previous flying experience: None.

His real name was John Wesley Bogart. He was thirty-four years old, and for seventeen of those thirty-four years he had been a flier. He had four thousand and some-odd hours in his log book, an instrument rating, an instructor's rating, and an aircraft rating: 65 to 1,250 h.p., single-motored land and sea. Those little mementos of his past he had built into a small and brisk bonfire a month before, at approximately the same time he had shaved his mustache and adopted the name of Martin.

The reason for being where he was and for having done the things he had done was extremely simple. It lay in his C.A.A. record, a concise and impersonal account. There were a number of minor offenses listed, several temporary suspensions, and finally a permanent revocation of his license. All together, it meant simply that if he wanted to fly with any official sanction, he had to start from scratch under a new name. He wanted very much to fly.

He had been enrolled in the school for two weeks and so far, he considered, he had been lucky. Bad weather had kept them grounded, and it was easy enough to

fake ignorance in ground school. The part that scared him was the flying. There were a thousand and one instinctive and mechanical motions he might make in a plane that would betray him to a smart instructor, and the instructor he had drawn was smart.

Bogart had not made the mistake of underestimating him. His name was Tibaux. He was in his late twenties, Bogart estimated, rather tall and loosely hung together, and deceptively slow in his actions and his speech. He doesn't miss much, though, Bogart thought. I'll have to watch my step.

His first flight proved to him that his estimate had been right. He had made two mistakes, neither of which was significant, and both of which Tibaux noticed. The first was after they had taken off and Tibaux, seated in front of him, turned the controls over to him. Bogart set his feet on the rudders and took the stick in his right hand loosely, almost delicately, feeling the even balance of the plane under him, turning his head from side to side in an alert watchfulness for other ships and checking the altitude of his plane by the wing tips. He had flown thus for perhaps two minutes before he caught Tibaux's

Bogart was already outside, choking and blinded, clawing frantically at Tibaux's safety belt and the snaps on his chute, and struggling with that inert and helpless figure

eye in the rear-vision mirror. Tibaux smiling, a knowing and suspicious look on his face.

Number one, Bogart thought. He clenched his hand convulsively on the controls. Promptly he heard Tibaux's voice coming back to him over the steady din of the motor: "Don't choke it. It won't let the plane fly itself. It can fly better than you can. Or maybe I should say it can fly better than a beginner."

Bogart did not answer him. The second mistake he had made was when they had taxied up from the runway into the hangar. Bogart cut the switch and had jammed the throttle full on to the convulsive preignition firing of the motor, and again he caught Tibaux in the mirror, smiling and suspicious.

That's the second one in forty minutes, Bogart thought. I'll have to do better. He unfastened his safety belt and crawled out through the door. Tibaux was waiting for him.

"No previous flying experience," Tibaux asked.

"No, sir," Bogart answered. "I have no instruction. I've been up quite a while. Later, while he was sitting at the controls (Continued on page 70)





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*Sets the Pace!*



# Double, Double, Boil and Trouble

ion Feuchtwanger

ATED BY RONALD McLEOD

## Sory Thus Far:

VN together in the German army, during the first World War, Alois Pranner, a mad Oscar Lautensack, an unscrupulous and clairvoyant, form a team that soldier audiences—far behind the front.

ater—in 1931—the two men are living in. Oscar is desperately poor. Hans (or g), the clairvoyant's brother, a murderer has just been released from prison, Munich. Meeting him, Oscar is astounded by his obvious prosperity. The answer, is simple: He has become a Nazi; a party man," he need not worry about Oscar meets Adolf Hitler. The Fuehrer is strongly attracted to him. This delights Oscar and formulates an interesting plan.

is to go to Berlin and there win the confidence of a powerful woman, Baroness von Trettnow; he is to use either the two brothers' nests. He is to do one thing with—Adolf Hitler! He is to be the Fuehrer's leading adviser!

ndorses the idea. He tears up the contract book (which he has promised a friend) and goes to Berlin. He is accompanied by Pranner, a helpful confederate.

in, he makes progress quickly. Baroness Trettnow is tremendously impressed by his personality. When she begins to hint that he may help him financially, he knows that he is hooked. He pretends, however, that he does not interest him.

ted by Party funds (supplied by Hans), Oscar makes an elaborate wardrobe. He hires a secretary, Ali, an Arab. He hires a secretary, known as the editor of Germany's Star (a devoted to racial studies and occultism) and runs operations in earnest.

he astounds a small audience composed of prominent Nazis and their wives, by an exhibition of mind reading (good guessing, plus hypnosis and telepathy). Then, having registered the name of the people who really count, he goes to find a woman who can take his dictation. He finds just the person he wants in Käthe, a public stenographer. "I think," he says after testing her dictation in her office, "we are working together often." Then: "Do you know who I am?" The woman shakes her head. "All the better, all the better," Oscar says, with a touch of forced good humor.

### III

IN THE evening of that same day Dr. Paul Cramer sat in the little apartment which he shared with Käthe. He smoked his pipe, and waited for her. His thoughts went to and from the piece of writing at which he was presently working and Käthe who was waiting for the evening meal.

an article on which he was engaged was difficult. It dealt with the question of whether it was only external circumstances that made the Germans so receptive to Socialism, or whether the cause lay in their character. To maintain an attitude of detachment in such an article was a very ticklish business.

He sniffed the fragrance from the air. How much happier he felt since he had been living with Käthe. They had had to live their new existence together the hard way. Käthe's father, Severin, judge of a court, could not abide him, Paul, a half-Jew.

He knocked out his pipe. He would be careful not to spoil his relation with Käthe. As soon as they approached a difficult topic, he would simply control himself and severely hold his tongue. He had argued with her often enough about National Socialism. Her opinions were determined by her not very happy external circumstances. It was senseless to oppose her with reasonable arguments. One

had to wait until she changed of her own accord.

Now she was bringing the soup. Paul ladled it up with enjoyment.

Käthe was waiting to tell him about the peculiar stranger. Finally she found the right moment. He recognized at once from her description who the man was. The notorious Oscar Lautensack, no doubt about it.

"You've netted a beautiful specimen there for your collection of Nazi types," he said with an amused smile. "Your Reich, your coming millennium, has at least one blessing. It allows a fellow like that to run around at liberty and make it possible for you to earn eight marks. Five years ago they would have popped this Oscar Lautensack in jail for fraud. Today he's sacred and can do all the mischief he likes."

Mysteriously stirred, Käthe witnessed how Oscar's face suddenly became empty, how his jaw dropped, almost idiotically, how his strangely unseeing deep gaze penetrated her face

Käthe had been burning to tell Paul about the stranger. She was accustomed to talk her affairs over with him. They had grown up together and had always shared good news and bad, and there had been plenty of both. So she was all the more disappointed that he disposed of her encounter with Lautensack in such contemptuous words. It was a shame; as soon as politics came up, they no longer understood each other. Now his intolerance had also spoiled her joy in her new client. . . .

Three days later the stranger appeared at Käthe's office again. "I'm glad you came back, Herr Lautensack," she greeted him, her face beaming.

"So now you know who I am?" he said. Käthe nodded.

He settled himself as if he had been there any number of times and began to dictate a reworking of the material he had composed on the last occasion. But whereas Paul would work at just such revisions with obvious love, not tolerating one sentence which did not fit the thought exactly, this Oscar Lautensack was completely unsuccessful in finding the proper, smoothly fitting words. The longer he tortured himself, the vaguer his sentences became. With a rough gesture, in the middle of a sentence, he interrupted himself and dropped his attempt.

He paced up and down the little room and filled it with big words. He spoke about the second essay which he was going

to dictate, explained how his gift was a blessing, but also a heavy burden. Käthe felt that he was not really speaking to her, but to himself; obviously he needed another's presence to let his thoughts become words.

In two or three days, he declared, as he took his leave, he would dictate the article. Then, in the doorway, he asked whether she also worked outside of the office. In his own house, in a familiar surrounding, the work would come more easily to a man of his type.

A DEEP joy filled Käthe, and a slight fear. She felt attracted to this man who extended his invitation to her; but warningly, from a distance, the scornful sentences that Paul had spoken rang in her ears. As if he felt her doubts, Oscar Lautensack went on: "Look, Fräulein Severin, I have a regular secretary. But I don't wish to dictate to him the things that come from the depth of my being. I want to work on such things with a person in whom I find understanding."

"When shall I come?" she asked.

"Tomorrow," he would have liked to answer. But he controlled himself and told her to come three days hence.

During those three days he was even moodier than usual. Alois had carried out his resolution and had gone to Munich, there was no one around on whom Oscar (Continued on page 79)







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enough to cut  
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in the office signing in on the daily sheet,  
he looked up suddenly. Tibaux was staring  
at him, a puzzled expression on his  
face.

"You aren't, by any chance, trying to  
kid somebody, are you?" Tibaux said.

Bogart stared back at him. "Why would  
I try to kid you?"

"Just an idea," Tibaux shrugged his  
shoulders. "That delicate touch you dis-  
played, like a violin player or a pick-  
pocket. What did you do before you  
decided to take up flying?"

Bogart grinned at him. "I was a floor-  
walker in a department store. Ladies un-  
dergarments." He signed the sheet and  
hung the pad on the wall.

OUTSIDE he paused for a moment, his  
hands in his pockets, whistling softly  
to himself. Behind him he could hear the  
intermittent roar of the motors as some  
plane moved off the apron toward the  
runway. Overhead, the sky was a clear,  
clean blue, without clouds or haze, and  
the sun was shining. Good weather for a  
while, Bogart thought.

The idea pleased him. He was uneasy  
and worried. The sooner he got through  
his primary training, the better. Second-  
ary would be easier. With a few hours  
behind him as an excuse for whatever  
maneuver he might do well, with bigger  
ships and with a new instructor, he  
wouldn't have to be so careful. Tibaux  
had him worried, though.

In a way, it was an interesting experi-  
ment, he considered, or a game, if you  
wanted to call it that. To a certain ex-  
tent, it was a test of his skill and ability,  
and to that extent, he enjoyed it. It was  
difficult, though, not to relax at the wrong  
moments.

He had discovered that it was more dif-  
ficult to deny himself a knowledge of flying  
than it had been to gain that knowledge  
originally.

Looking back over a number of years,  
he tried to remember the mistakes he had  
made when he was learning to fly and he  
worked as hard now to cultivate them as  
he had worked in the beginning to iron  
them out. Those mistakes he supple-  
mented by watching the rest of the group  
on take-offs and landings, and imitating  
their errors. The job he turned in was a  
masterpiece of its kind.

One fault he found that was fairly com-  
mon was the difficulty in steering with the  
rudders on the take-off, and for four days  
following that happy observation, he went  
down the runway, always partially out of  
control, stalling the plane off the ground  
in weird attitudes that had Tibaux alternat-  
ing swearing and praying in the front  
seat.

Once in the air, his performance was  
almost as bad. He climbed too steeply or  
not at all, and had difficulty in co-ordinat-  
ing the throttle with the stick. His slipped  
or skidded his turns, let his altitude vary,  
and consistently flew with one wing low.  
His landings were awful. At the end of his  
eighth flight, he had even aroused Tibaux's  
admiration.

That afternoon, Tibaux had waited for  
him, failing in step with him and walking  
with him across the apron toward the  
hangar.

"I believe you told me," Tibaux said,  
"that you've never flown before."

"No, sir."

Tibaux shook his head. "You fly so  
awful, I'd swear nobody could fly that  
bad, unless they knew how to fly, and fly  
well, and sat up there and tried to do  
everything they could think of, the way it  
couldn't be done."

"I guess it just comes natural to me,"  
Bogart said.

Tibaux spat in disgust. "Ever  
fly with you I go downtown and  
another thousand dollars' worth  
insurance. A man doesn't realize  
wards of his trade until he gets  
like you in the back seat of  
Brother, I have learned more this  
past week, more things"—his voice  
until he was almost yelling—"one  
of them wrong!"

He walked away, still shaking  
in an exaggerated gesture of desig-  
n. Bogart allowed himself to im-  
pale that, not rapidly, but enough so t  
end of four weeks, he was flying  
he judged to be average skill, ev  
ing himself the luxury of doing o  
things well.

He did not dare relax, though  
days passed, there had grown up  
the two of them a feeling that  
precisely enmity and was not  
anything else; and Tibaux made  
esting for him. He tried consta  
dozen different ways to trick  
making some betraying mover  
though on only one occasion  
attempt been obvious.

That one occasion had been  
time they had gone up to do sp  
gart was climbing the plane in l  
tle turns, and Tibaux turned at  
the front seat.

"I want you to do precision sp  
baux said. "Two turns. Pick a  
point on the ground when you sta  
the turns, and when you pull ou  
you to come out heading in the  
rection you were going when you  
the spin. I'll show you how to  
You got it?"

"I've got it," Bogart said. The  
showed three thousand feet and h  
off.

"I'll take it," Tibaux said. "Fo  
through." He chopped the throttl  
the nose up into a stall and kic  
right rudder.

BOGART sat in his seat, lea  
ward slightly, appearing inten  
terested. He felt the full loss of c  
the stick as the ship stalled; the ruc  
depressed under his right foot ad  
watched the nose of the plane s  
the long, slow arc of a half turn  
it wound up in the spin. He hac  
a road as his reference point  
watched it revolve now like a h  
the face of a gigantic clock, coun  
turns in his mind, One half . . .  
one and one half . . . two . . .

And then he stopped counting  
there in a kind of cold horror,  
himself to keep his hands and fee  
controls—because Tibaux did no  
out. He sat there and let it wrap  
into a fine six-turn spin, before h  
kicked the opposite rudder, ban  
stick forward and back, and pulle  
at twelve hundred feet, and at an ir  
air speed that was at least sixty r  
hour over the plane's red line.

Bogart's face had turned the c  
wet putty, and he let his breath c  
long, relieved sigh.

The son of a gun, he thought  
ingly. Tibaux would pull the wi  
this crate just to force me to  
move. Well, nuts to him! If he ca  
it, I can!

He cleared his throat to make  
voice would work and he leaned  
in the seat, arranging his face in a  
cent and rapt expression.

"Say, that's fun, isn't it?" Boga  
"Let's go back up and do it again"

Tibaux only glared at him in the  
The thing that defeated Bogart  
was a circumstance which neither



ould have foreseen, and which neither could have allowed to happen if he could have foreseen it. On that day, they were practicing pylon eights, a low-flying precision maneuver. Bogart had gone down approximately three hundred feet, experimenting to determine the pivotal altitude of the plane, that exact altitude at which the plane were held in a constant position, the wing tip would remain in a fixed position in relation to the point on the ground around which it was turning. He selected his pylons, made his pass around them, and laid the wing over on the ground when it happened.

He was aware of it first as a puff of black smoke that erupted suddenly from beneath the engine cowling. He watched it grow, almost without thinking for an instant, until his mind had accepted it as a fact, and he saw the thin orange sheet of flames edging through the smoke and the convulsed sputtering of the engine.

TIBAU grabbed the controls. Bogart's face smacked crawled with fear, but even as he did not forget himself, restraining his impulse to retain command of the ship, he gave his hand to relax on the stick and his feet from the rudders.

"So it!" Bogart yelled. "Slip it!"

Then he sat for an instant of horrified shock as he realized what Tibaux was doing. It was clear to him immediately. It seemed to him that in that instant his mind was separate from himself, completely apart, undisturbed by fear or anger, thinking coldly and precisely. He's got guts, Bogart thought. He's got me my chance. But it's suicide. He knew that. He knew it without thinking, his mind running on ahead to what would happen and making precise judgments.

In suicide, Bogart thought again, and he could feel the outrage of it some place inside him.

Tibaux had righted the ship. He had the throttle and he was holding the ship steady now, and on an even keel, his face contorted in the mirror, yelling over his shoulder: "Hit the silk! It

won't stay here forever! Go on and jump!"

Bogart's mind was still distant and still clear. All right, he thought. Go on and jump, and let him kill himself.

But he could not do it. He could not and would not do it. It wasn't that he was afraid to jump. He had done that too often. It was simply that he would not leave Tibaux there alone, realizing that, at that altitude, there was not time enough for both of them to jump. He realized also that if Tibaux held the ship as he was holding it now, partially stalled, while Bogart fought the door open against the wind and cleared his awkward and hampering chute from the controls and from whatever else might interfere, Tibaux would never regain control of the ship—or if he did, the fire would be in the wing fabric, and either way he was gone.

"Damn you!" Bogart yelled. "Oh, damn you!"

There was no choice left to him. He could take the slim chance that Tibaux had preferred not to take with both of them in the ship. There was no time to argue. A man did the best he could with what he had.

Bogart leaned forward in the seat against the pull of the safety belt. He unhooked the fire extinguisher from its bracket in back of the front seat, swung it in a short angry arc and watched Tibaux sprawl in his seat like a badly stuffed sawdust doll. Still thinking over and above the realization of his own danger with that detached and cold calculation. Damn him! He beat me, Bogart felt suddenly furious at that limp figure, as though the circumstances that had forced him to betray himself were of Tibaux's own contriving.

And yet in spite of that, in spite of knowing that the thing he had worked for was definitely gone, Bogart was conscious of a certain relief in at last being what he was, in being able to pit his skill against the plane and the fire.

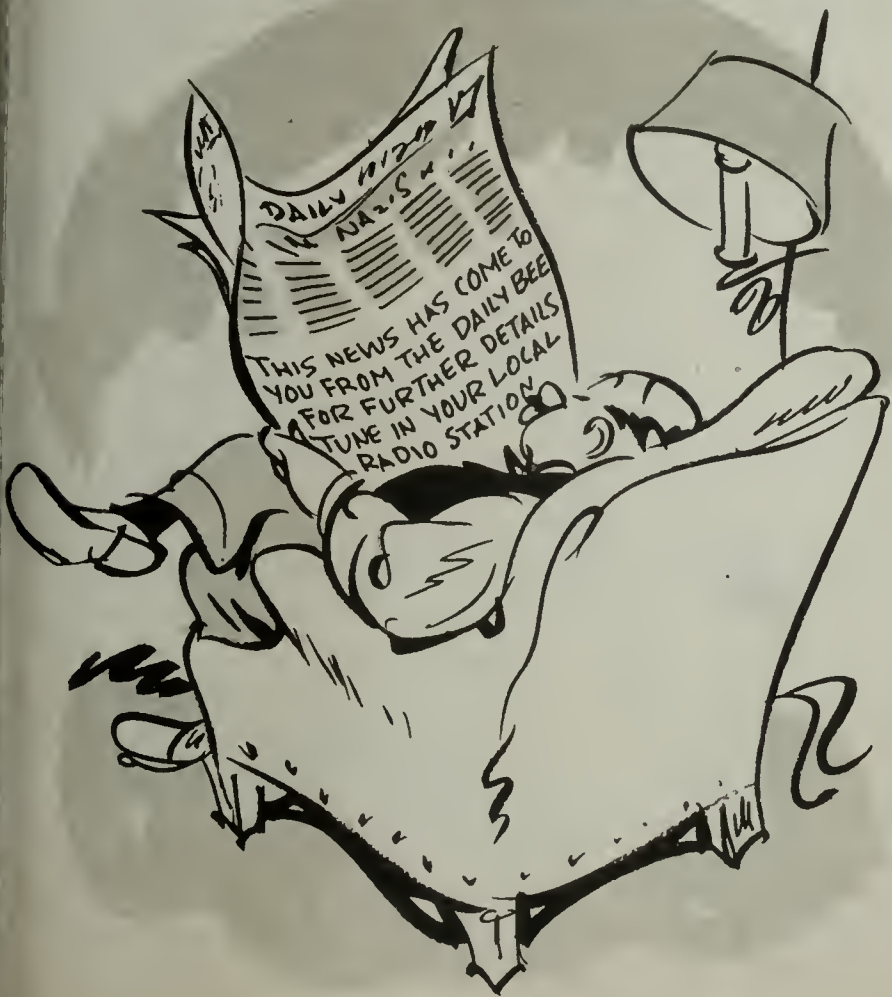
Even as Tibaux crumpled in the front seat, Bogart made his move. The ship was settling into the stall. He pushed the nose down to regain control and laid it violently over on its side into a long, sickening slip



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T-30 RCBB transmitter-receiver is an extremely efficient and dependable 2-way aircraft communication system. It's the "pilot's preference" because every flying need has been foreseen and every installation problem solved in advance — everything is at the pilot's finger tips.

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TRANSMITTER

LEARADIO  
LOOP





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# EBERHARD FABER

Leadership IN FINE WRITING MATERIALS SINCE 1849

## Food to Fly On

Continued from page 13

All these men had to be housed and clothed; they had to have planes to train in, and airfields to train on; but they also had to be kept well and well fed. So along with all the other branches of the Air Force, the Medical Branch was reorganized, and Mr. Power, bearing in mind that connection between food and efficiency, saw that it was organized to include a number of doctors who in civilian life were experts in nutrition.

They had their hands full almost before they started. Complaints were already sifting in from various air stations. The men, in spite of the new standard ration which had been adopted, were complaining in classic fashion about their food. It was too heavy, they said. It made them feel logy and uncomfortable. They didn't like it.

Under any normal circumstances the men might have been told, "You're in the army now. Eat your food and like it—or else!" But they weren't in the army; they were in the Air Force, and there were those nutrition-minded medical officers. They thought maybe they'd go around to a few air stations and take a look at this carefully balanced ration the men were griping about.

### Proof of the Pudding

When they saw it, it didn't look very different from the old army ration. In quite a few of the air stations, the cabbage was gray, the meat was gray, the potatoes were gray. In some, the spinach and peas and tomatoes were brown. When they talked to the cooks, the cooks said, "We've always cooked it this way," or they said, "We have to cook it ahead or it won't be ready when the men come in and they'll be sore." Sometimes they just stood there and looked bored. A man doesn't join the Air Force to be a cook. If he has to do kitchen work he'll do it but he won't like it.

The medical officers looked at the cook and they looked at the food and they looked at one another. Then they got some little bottles and some preservative, and they took samples of the food the men were getting (samples of it raw and samples of it cooked) and sent them to a laboratory.

"Test these samples," they said, "for calories, minerals and vitamins."

They knew what they were going to find. They knew the simple little kitchen rule that if food looks good and tastes good, it is apt to be good for you, and if it looks awful and tastes awful, it probably is awful for you. They knew what all of us ought to: That if cabbage, for instance, is cooked ten or fifteen minutes in the proper amount of water, it not only will stay pretty and green but will keep about four fifths of its raw vitamin C content; but if it is cooked three times as long, it will only keep one third.

They knew that potatoes mashed and left on a warming table an hour lost practically all the vitamin C they had when raw or when baked whole. They knew that milk allowed to stand around in bright sunlight loses all its vitamin B<sub>2</sub>, and that milk is the chief source of this vitamin. They knew, but they wanted proof and they got it.

When the tests came back, the calories were high enough, probably too high for airmen who spend more time in technical study than on long marches. The minerals were all right, too, but the vitamins just weren't there. They had been there on paper when the committee on nutrition had planned the standard ration, but they weren't there by the time the food was served to the men. Half of them had gone

down the sink, and most of the other had burned up waiting around on tables. In actual cold figures it turned out that as much as 85 per cent of the vitamins that were supposed to be in the food had been destroyed by the time it was served to the men.

Now you hear a lot of talk about vitamins, and some of it is too technical, some of it is too extravagant, and you get pretty tired of it. But the fact remains that, to be really well, a person has to get certain well-balanced amounts of vitamins there are, and he has to get them regularly. The Red Cross both in the U.S. and in Canada doesn't spend hundreds of thousands of dollars sending millions of vitamin capsules to devastated countries just as a gesture; and it's perfectly correct that, to be a really efficient soldier, a man can't feel just sixty or seventy-five per cent well. He has to feel a hundred per cent well.

Probably the food was too heavy, probably a few less calories and a few more vegetables and fruits would be better for the Air Force. The medical officers thought that away for change when they came around to it. But what was more important, probably a lot of the airmen felt the food was heavy because they were vitamin deficient. What if most of them had gained eight or ten pounds since they came to service, they still might not be getting enough to eat to keep them fit.

The medical officers did certain vitamin tests on selected groups of the airmen just to be sure they were right; and they were right. Then they turned their fire over to the members of the Air Council.

Now the RCAF is somewhat proud of the fine co-ordination and co-operation of all its divisions, and with reason. When the Air Council looked at the RCAF there was no making excuses or passing the buck from one department to another. Something had to be done. The only question was what, and that didn't take long to decide.

If the trouble was in the kitchen, who were the kitchen experts? Women, of course. To this time, the problems of the kitchen and mess halls had simply been dealt with by one of the officers at each air station. He always had his other regular work to do and he probably didn't know much about food anyway. Everybody wanted the men to be well fed but nobody wanted to be messing officer, nobody really had time to give to the job.

### The Lady is Willing

But the RCAF already had a Women's Division like our Waacs and WAVs who were driving cars and doing housekeeping. How about getting some women into the Women's Division to do real kitchen work? How about women mess officers? It was revolutionary, it was unheard of, but nobody could figure out quite what it should not be, so they went ahead.

They looked over the field and picked out a dietitian who was running the mess hall in one of the biggest department stores in Canada. They offered her the position of chief dietitian with the mission of flight officer. The command generously loaned her to the RCAF for the duration. They took her through several of the airmen's messes.

When she had seen everything, she said, "The quartermaster will supply proper food, we'll supply the proper organization, if you will work out an organization that will get the food to the men properly cooked for their health and enjoyment. Will you do it?"

That was in February, 1942. By March



we seven more dietitians heading  
in commands into which the RCAF  
side, and the RCAF cooking school  
which more in a minute. The RCAF  
had eight new-type messing officers,  
and the biggest hotels, hospitals and  
organizations in Canada for the

where are seventy more in charge  
of the RCAF kitchens in Canada, and the  
on the lookout for some twenty  
others. There are women cooks  
of the RCAF kitchens and  
kitchen helpers. Each kitchen still  
but a third men workers for the  
work such as lifting, butchering  
baking. Each kitchen still keeps  
a cook to see that the orders are  
out, but the dietitian gives the or-  
der. The dietitian plans the menus from the  
ration, supervises the prepara-  
tion of food, and tastes, and  
every single dish before it is  
served to the men.

#### Food to Keep Men Fit

of course, all been as simple  
as possible. Women taking over desk  
kitchen jobs so a man can get  
on, women driving cars and be-  
lieving was one thing. As long as  
it was a convenience, let them wear  
blue if it made them happy.  
When officers in the kitchen, talk-  
ing waste and spoilage and cooking  
temperatures, women telling ex-  
sergeant-cooks what to do, that  
was a disgrace and an outrage. But they  
were told and they were told.

Medical officers were given a brief  
course in nutrition and the nu-  
merous of the RCAF, and the medi-  
cal officers at each post were reminded  
that their first job was to keep the men  
fit. This part of this job was backing up  
the medical officers in her projects.

There have been other subtle changes  
in the airmen's messes besides the  
appearance of good food freshly  
prepared and served. Many of the mess  
halls are acquiring coats of paint and pic-  
ture walls that once were plain bare  
walls. A few have partitions built up, so  
that a man has finished his meal and  
is sitting in, he doesn't have to  
eat dirty dishes and garbage but can  
eat his plates in through a small  
window and go on about his work.

Many of the mess halls are acquiring  
place mats. The women's touch,  
Do the men feel scornful of it  
or do they do not. The medical officers  
concerned about the health of the  
men so may the Minister for Air, but  
the messing officers are basically in-  
terested in that the men should enjoy  
their meals, and that is what the men are  
interested in, too.

Of the little ironies of this whole  
revolution is that the setup has  
provision for the officers' mess,  
which has always been separate so that the  
officers could have the little luxuries they  
deserve and the better cooking they  
deserve. But now, many of the officers  
are complaining that the men get better  
than they, and are coercing the poor  
officer into supervising their kitchen  
work spare time and planning their  
meals along with those of the men. And  
the dietitians, as officers, have to eat  
in the officers' mess provides, they are  
not hard to coerce.

There is a radical change like this, in  
the RCAF as big as the RCAF has now  
taken more complicated organiza-  
tion just the installation of women  
messing officers. There had to be test  
kitchens, test kitchens and training  
kitchens, and there are. The Ontario Agri-  
cultural College at Guelph, which is some  
miles outside Toronto, has helped the  
RCAF to set up a cooking school where

women enlisting in the RCAF as cooks  
are sent for an eight weeks' course in  
RCAF cooking—five weeks in general  
principles and three weeks in the actual  
conditions of an air station kitchen com-  
plete with coal stoves and large-scale  
preparations.

There is a test kitchen here, too, where  
new recipes are being constantly tried out  
and improved and standardized before  
being sent out to all the air stations. Both  
the cooking school and the test kitchen use  
for their trial flights an Air Force Wire-  
less School which is also at Guelph. But  
the men do no complaining. With the  
school and test kitchen in the hands of  
women messing officers who know their  
business, the Air Force Wireless School  
probably eats better than any other air-  
men's mess in Canada.

Also at Guelph is one of the four nutri-  
tion laboratories that are being set up in  
four different universities, to keep a con-  
tinual check on the food in the various air  
stations. Samples of food, both raw and  
as it is actually served, are sent to these  
laboratories from each air station at inter-  
vals, and a report is sent back on the vita-  
min content. Then the dietitian can do  
more than say, "This cabbage doesn't taste  
right." She can say, "I have a report here  
that proves you might as well be serving  
boiled newspaper," and she probably will.

The reason for establishing the labora-  
tories in universities is parenthetical but  
interesting. The Minister for Air is look-  
ing ahead of the war and hoping that these  
laboratories, when peace comes again,  
won't simply be abandoned, but will be  
taken over by the universities as part of a  
nation-wide program for better nutrition.  
And the universities hope so, too.

In fact, the only people not entirely  
happy now are the Minister for Air and  
the nutrition-minded medical officers.  
They expect to be happy soon but there  
is still one little problem. You order  
proper rations, you see that they are prop-  
erly prepared and served, but they still  
don't do the men any good unless they  
are eaten. And the men in this British  
Commonwealth Air Training Plan, which  
the RCAF is running, come from all over  
the British Empire, from places with all  
sorts of different eating habits.

#### Forced Feeding—Painless Style

Many of them weren't used to getting  
fruit juices and milk and fresh vegetables.  
Some of them didn't like milk. Most of  
them didn't like raw salads. But maybe  
if they knew just what fruit juices and  
fresh vegetables and salads and milk actu-  
ally did to their bodies, if they knew how  
the absence of these substances affected  
their efficiency as men and as fighting  
machines, they'd learn to like them.

So the RCAF has put it all into a  
movie: What foods an airman needs for  
absolute top health and how these foods  
produce top health and why, all in color.  
They're showing this movie now at the  
various Canadian air stations and they're  
following it up with a booklet. This book-  
let, also in color, tells the same story and  
is going to every man in the RCAF—a  
compulsory ration. The booklet, just as  
an interesting example of wartime co-op-  
eration, is being paid for by the life insur-  
ance companies of Canada, which plan to  
distribute it throughout the civilian popu-  
lation as well—one step toward a health-  
ier and happier Canada.

If with this intelligent propaganda, plus  
the perfected RCAF ration which went  
into effect last June, plus the highly  
trained women messing officers, plus the  
nutrition laboratories, the RCAF boys  
don't continue to be the best-fed service in  
the British Empire, it will only be because  
some other service has taken a good look  
and started a bigger and better revolution  
in its own messing department.

THE END

## So timely \*\*\* fits your food needs at any meal!



So **CRISP** they  
**Snap! Crackle! Pop!**  
Whole grain food values.  
Instantly ready to serve.

stored to whole grain food values in  
thiamin (Vitamin B<sub>1</sub>), niacin and iron.

Use crisp, nourishing Rice Krispies  
to perk up your limited menus—to  
save time, fuel and work. They're a  
perfect dish for times like these.

"Rice Krispies" is a trade mark (Reg. U. S. Pat.  
Off.) of Kellogg Company for its oven-popped rice.  
**MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK.**

★ Wartime meal planning needn't be  
such a problem. Here are tempting  
Rice Krispies—ready instantly to give  
the family good nutrition at any hour.

And what a welcome dish! Brimming  
with fine flavor—thanks to Kellogg's  
exclusive recipe, oven-popping and  
gentle toasting. Their lasting crisp-  
ness "talks"—snap! crackle! pop!

Rice Krispies give you lots of vita-  
mins and minerals to carry you  
through these busy days. They are re-





# The Life of McKinley

By Arthur "Bugs" Baer

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL BLOSSOM

The old lady was Mrs. Welliver. In a few minutes she came running down off her porch in a red quilt thrown over her nightgown and started off in the footprints



THE screwiest story I ever worked on was in a little Vermont town that only had streets in the summertime.

The rest of the year the snow was up to your pockets.

It takes a lot to make a Vermonter open a window and a bureau drawer will do just as well. But one frostbitten night in January a series of interlocking screams went rapidly down the center of the town. When the intrepid old ladies looked out their windows they saw footprints making themselves. Invisible hands were punching wet stencils in the snow to the musical backdrop of a long, pulsating shriek.

While one old lady looked to see what was parading down the street in back of the agonized calliope, the footprints hit a sharp curved right across the place where her sidewalk would blossom and ran up her porch.

The old lady called, "Who's there?" and the footprints answered, "Welliver's dead."

The old lady added a rich, toothless contralto to the choir.

The old lady was Mrs. Welliver. In a few minutes she came running down off her porch in a warm, red quilt thrown over her nightgown and started off in the footprints that made them but in the opposite direction. Other townies chased after the quilt. The quilt went two blocks and then turned into a two-story building with the upper floor lighted behind black blinds.

In five minutes everybody in town was trying to get up the street where Mrs. Welliver had gone. They made way for the doctor, the village coroner and the mayor, who were all one distinguished citizen. He came down pretty soon and then ran up again. He slushing around said, "Welliver's been murdered."

Welliver was a pretty important man in town, next to the mayor. The brass sign on the building alongside the door that the stairs said he was a lawyer, notary, trustee, estate manager, real-estate agent, life-insurance agent and other things. He was what you might call an all-round handy man, with a diploma to prove it. By and by, the doctor came down like he meant it this time and said, "No murder. Just a stroke."

Whatever it was, Welliver was dead. Mrs. Welliver was down the steps in her red quilt, and all her neighbors went with her and into her parlor.

Welliver's office was only a quarter mile from his house. He slept in his office five nights a week.

He said he was busy and had to work nights. He had broken his ankle nine years or so ago and it never healed right. He said he tried to keep off it as much as he could, especially in the pery weather. He did his own cooking on a little gas burner. The grocer said Welliver had quite an appetite for a thin old man. In fact, he said Welliver ate enough for two.

THE neighbors in Mrs. Welliver's parlor sympathized with her, and she finally stopped heaving and gasping. Suddenly she looked around at everybody and said, "Where is she?"

Well, there were a lot of her's around in the parlor, and Pringlette said, "Do you mean me?" and the schoolteacher said, "Do you mean me?"

But Mrs. Welliver said, "No, the woman who told me he was dead."

The ladies were looking at one another, when something came into the parlor out of the dark dining room and said, "It was a woman."

You had to look twice to see it was a human being and three times to tell it was a woman. She had on a white nightgown, her feet were bare, her hair was straggly white, her eyes looked cold tapioca, and her face was whiter than a plasterer's hat.

Her lips were blue-gray. She was so faded you couldn't see her against an ironing board.

You would look that way too if you had lived in a six-foot office storeroom for nine years. That's why she looked that way and that's why Welliver's ankle never healed.

There was an inquest the next day, and all that came out of the coroner impaneled a jury of twelve good men and true. The man was Spinner Beevan, who was a widower. Those men on the jury sure looked at one another when she said she had lived in Welliver's office storeroom for nine years, and the town not expecting anything more wrong than a boy writing to Santa Claus.

She had come to town when she was about twenty-two, she made her thirty-one. She was a book agent. One day she walked up the stairs to Welliver's office and never came down again.

The title of the book she was selling was The Life of McKinley.

Welliver was dead, and there was nothing to be done about it but turn her loose. He just had a stroke and went out as near the State House lawn. Spinner Beevan announced the jury's verdict, and she was free. He said he would drive her to the railroad depot, but first she wanted to stop at a drugstore, the beauty parlor and Welliver's office. That took all of two hours, and when she came down the steps, she looked pretty good. She had rubbed her lips and her cheeks. Her clothes didn't look out of style in Vermont town after a mere nine years. Spinner took her back and helped her into his sleigh.

On the way to the depot, she opened her bag and took out her books. She asked, "Could I interest you in The Life of McKinley in two volumes?"

Spinner looked at her and clicked to his horse. Down at the more Crossing where you bear left to get to the station, Spinner bore to the right.

A SHORT STORY  
COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

Earl Blossom





## MORALE IS A LOT OF LITTLE THINGS

LIKE THE FIRST BRAVE CROCUS, for instance, that pops out of the grass on a raw spring day...

That's one of the little things almost guaranteed to cheer you up... to boost the old morale.

The first crocus... that letter the censor thought was just like a million others... a lift to work in a neighbor's car...

Little things, sure. But little things that mean a lot, somehow.

They keep us smiling... help us to take the bad news with the good... they build morale.

☆ ☆ ☆

It happens that millions of Americans attach a special value to their right to enjoy a refreshing glass

of beer... in the company of good friends... with wholesome American food... as a beverage of moderation after a good day's work.

A small thing, surely—not of crucial importance to any of us. And yet—morale is a lot of little things like this. Little things that help to lift the spirits, keep up the courage. Little things that are part and parcel of our own American way of life.

And, after all, aren't they among the things we fight for?

*A cool, refreshing glass of beer—a moment of relaxation... in trying times like these they too help to keep morale up*





**I**T is not pleasant to have your peaceful life upset by wartime needs and restrictions and activities. . . . It is not pleasant to die, either. . . . Between you who live at home and the men who die at the front there is a direct connection. . . . By your actions, definitely, a certain number of these men will die or they will come through alive. If you do everything you can to hasten victory and do every bit of it as fast as you can . . . then, sure as fate you will save the lives of some men who will otherwise die because you let the war last too long. . . . Think it over. Till the war is won you cannot, in fairness to them, complain or waste or shirk. Instead, you will apply every last ounce of your effort to getting this thing done. . . . In the name of God and your fellow man, that is your job.



The civilian war organization needs your help. The Government has formed Citizens Service Corps as part of local Defense Councils. If such a group is at work in your community, cooperate with it to the limit of your ability. If none exists, help to organize one. A free booklet telling you what to do and how to do it will be sent to you at no charge if you will write to this magazine. This is your war. Help win it. Choose what you will do — now!

**EVERY CIVILIAN A FIGHTER**



## Double, Double, Toil and Trouble

Continued from page 69

at the nervousness of that period. To distract himself he went to the jeweler's on Unter den Linden to see the diamond ring again. But he paid it. He bought the high monthly installment rate.

But he paid it. He bought the high monthly installment rate.

But he paid it. He bought the high monthly installment rate.

But he paid it. He bought the high monthly installment rate.

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"It's a pity," he complained, "that you shut yourself off from me. It happens so rarely that one finds a person who radiates inspiration, vitality. My task is not easy. The world of today simply won't admit that there is something beyond crass materialism. A man who believes it his mission to establish a faith in the spiritual, in ideas not directly perceptible through the senses, cannot shrink from coarse means; he has to advertise every success crudely."

Her reason fought against his phrases. But slowly there crept over her again that sweet, paralyzing, intoxicating sensation which she had felt the first time she had been together with him. She had done him an injustice; she had let Paul stir her up against him. The ostentatious ring on his finger, the tasteless luxury around him, were not his true self; they were the external means which he had to employ against his will. She should have recognized that of her own accord.

He sensed that he had struck the right note, that the old bond was re-established. And that drove him on, gave him a higher inspiration. Suddenly, blissfully, he felt that faint inner sound, as if thin silk were being torn; he "saw." Mysteriously stirred, profoundly drawn to him, Käthe witnessed how Oscar Lautensack's face suddenly became empty, how his jaw dropped involuntarily, almost idiotically, how his strangely unseeing and immeasurably deep gaze penetrated her physical self, through skin and flesh and bone. Yes, against her will and at the same time joyfully, with sensuous pleasure, she had to surrender to him what lay hidden behind her forehead.

In a drawling voice, pausing frequently, he told her: "And now I also see what stirred you up against me." And sure enough, he described Paul, described him spitefully, with malice, but unmistakably: the unbeliever, the enemy, who had no feeling for true "perception," for all that mattered.

She listened to him and paled. Now he was expressing, was putting into words, the very element in Paul which had alienated her. What she had left of critical sense told her that perhaps this man had informed himself about her half brother. But her doubts evaporated before they had really become thoughts. Her face showed plainly her amazement, her shrinking from the uncanny, her admiration. "Am I right? Am I right?" he asked her insistently, and, "You must free yourself of this person," he demanded fiercely. "You must not live in the same atmosphere with him any longer."

DR. FRITZ KADEREIT, having taken a shower, lay on his couch in his bathrobe, steaming luxuriously. He could still allow himself a few minutes; there was plenty of time before he had to change for dinner. The Kadereits were expecting guests: Herr Hitler and other prominent members of the Party.

Kadereit had indeed come to a kind of agreement with the Nazis. He had decided to back the Party, he was supporting them financially, and he was going to convert a large number of his factories to munitions. That was daring; for if the Party did not soon get control, if a rearmament did not soon take place, then such a conversion meant heavy losses. So this evening he was going to see the lords of the Party at his house. They were no real "lords." They weren't really "proletarians" either, as Ilse sometimes called them. They were simply a bunch of fortune hunters, have-nots, mercenaries, whom he and other industrialists hired to play off against the increasingly presumptuous workers and peasants. It was a risk too, to keep such a private army; for once one had got control

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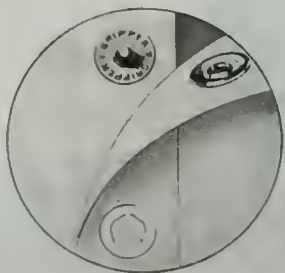
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of the workers, how was one to get rid of the bandits?

Many of his friends washed their hands after they had had anything to do with the bigwigs of the Party. He, Fritz Kadereit, had a certain fondness for this Hitler, the great circus performer, the ridiculous and imposing clown. And he had a liking for Oscar Lautensack too. That mixture of an uncomfortable, rather uncanny gift with much theatricalism and even more shameless fraud was interesting. The Nazis had had the right idea when they had secured the services of that fellow for themselves; without doubt they could make good use of him. Even on Ilse, hard-boiled as she was, he had made an impression, a little too much of one.

He went over to Ilse's room. She was already dressed, wearing a blue-black gown. "You look marvelous," he said, "and very animated. You seem to be looking forward to our barbarians."

"I'm expecting to have a lot of fun," replied Ilse. "It's something different for once. Do you think I can invite our prophet to perform after dinner?"

He scrutinized her with his clever, veiled eyes. "This Lautensack fellow seems to occupy you a lot."

"He impressed you too," she said, "admit it."

"Well, yes," Fritz Kadereit answered with an amused expression. "He has his points."

They went into the reception room; the first guests had arrived. Hitler had sent word that he could not come till later; he had asked them to sit down without him.

Oscar Lautensack, however, came early and was in good form. The prospect of seeing the Fuehrer again and in such a small circle stimulated him. And it was a satisfaction to him that he had himself to thank, not Hannsjörg. He had prepared himself for the meeting, had asked Hannsjörg, and even that disagreeable Petermann, to instruct him about the details of the political situation.

AT FIRST, to be sure, things did not turn out so well as he had expected. True, he found Ilse Kadereit even prettier today than last time; she attracted everybody, especially Count Zinsdorff, and that excited him even more; yet for him she had only an occasional, absent-minded smile, and at table he sat far away from her.

Even when the Fuehrer finally arrived, the evening did not become any more exciting. Hitler turned out to be tired, preoccupied, unsettled. The elections for the Reich presidency were coming up; in the next days his candidacy was to be announced; he had important decisions to make.

For a long time he maintained a significant silence. Then, suddenly, he began a speech of some length. He held forth on the subject of elections and parliamentarianism, gathered impetus as he spoke, orated to the small circle as to a public meeting. But it was not a public meeting, and Hitler's rhetoric, in spite of the good will of all present, estranged rather than electrified them. He felt this, and just as suddenly as he had begun to speak he relapsed into his brooding.

Oscar had been obliged to wait a long time to meet the Fuehrer, and now that he had managed it at last, Hitler seemed unapproachable. Yet Oscar was not to be frightened off. He rallied his powers, inwardly begged and implored his revered leader, and behold—the Fuehrer looked up and gave Oscar a look of invitation.

Oscar arose and walked over to him. In his mind he quickly reviewed once more what he had heard from Hannsjörg and Petermann: namely that Hitler, foreseeing a certain defeat, had agreed to run against old Hindenburg with reluctance, and only because the prestige of the Party demanded it.

The Fuehrer, indeed, began at once to

complain. "We don't have an ear," dear Lautensack," he said. "The Party is a thorny one." The fallen silent. With reverence to the conversation between them and the clairvoyant.

Oscar weighed his words; steadily: "It must cost a man like is so imbued with the creed of the great self-denial to compete with field marshal, who after all has military virtues."

"There now, you've put my intelligence into striking words, my dear Lautensack," answered the Fuehrer.

OSCAR took pains to reassure respectfully. "The president, man, and you, my Fuehrer, are years of age. There is no doubt win in the long run."

"Yes," said Hitler, visibly and the last analysis my confidence great and well founded. It wavered." They looked into each other's eyes; they felt a common bond among the members of high society of the city clerk and the customs inspector. They had grade. They had not only forced mission into the upper crust, but had to stand around them full of listen with strained attention to each other as they spoke.

"You have grasped it rightly," and the Fuehrer began again after "To be forced by circumstances the aged field marshal wrings his vitals."

"That inner agony," Oscar continued, "is to be found from the beginnings of our history among all Germans. Even as schoolboys with emotion that beautiful old poem about Hildebrand and H. Father and son must fight each other, same blood runs in their veins, heroic philosophy lives in both must fight each other, with blood even unto death. One can't see why; it makes no real sense; but it commands it."

"Yes, yes," brooded the Fuehrer, the Valkyries' Ride rang in his just that fate demands it. Here reason has to hold her tongue; see the deeper causes," he went inspired, portentous tone, "but our very blood, my dear Lautensack, is to be found from the beginnings of our history among all Germans. Even as schoolboys with emotion that beautiful old poem about Hildebrand and H. Father and son must fight each other, same blood runs in their veins, heroic philosophy lives in both must fight each other, with blood even unto death. One can't see why; it makes no real sense; but it commands it."

And Hitler agreed: "Now you have an expression for my conflict, with touch, one might say."

The conversation with the secretary had aroused the Fuehrer. During twenty minutes more that he was to stay he spoke cheerfully now to another; he even laughed several times that sonorous laugh he had learned from the actor Karl Bischoff. As he left, he said to Dr. Kadereit: "Nice evening. I thank you, Herr Kadereit."

"I'm delighted that you enjoyed it at my house, Herr Hitler," Kadereit replied.

"Siegheil," said the Fuehrer.

"Heil, Herr Hitler," returned Kadereit.

The others were highly appreciative of the fact that Oscar had known how to cheer up the Fuehrer. Frau Kadereit, however, was as obstinate as ever in regarding Oscar as a clown. "You see, in mocking admiration, 'now you succeed in amusing even the Fuehrer,' Oscar remained indifferent. Most brazenly, he looked into the Fuehrer's face; he looked the graceful little up and down. He was sure of himself and of her.

Paul Cramer was at work. He



Käthe in his pleasant, deep voice. He picked up and down, molding his sentence as he worked on an essay about the emergence of a new age of magic. A logical application of one's reasoning power demanded exertion and courage. Man's business preferred to take refuge in the notion of a miracle worker, who in the worst of need would be sure to appear rather than to summon the strength of his own reason. This was why the world of today was so powerfully attracted to everything shadowy and obscure. This was why the Hitlers and their followers found such an easy task in winning the

She wrote unwillingly. She had a feeling that the bright, keen mind. But what was all this theorizing? Never had he written anything practical.

Interesting what a face you're making, Paul unexpectedly. "Does what give you a stomach-ache?" She knew that her reactions were so clearly in her face. She gazed at her, surprised yet not conscience-stricken. He stopped his work. "We go out? To the movies or to a party?"

He had an appointment with Oscar Laufer, she said; she blushed faintly; her face was defiant.

His gaunt, expressive face showed an air of despair. He had had to look on with a plunged head over heels into her enthusiasm for this clown; he had tried to free her of that madness. But all his arguments had failed before her; criticism and irony had only driven her deeper into the infatuation. "Then I will go to the Sociological Institute," Paul said with a somewhat forced smile and left the room to change.

Alone, she told herself that she was not Paul; she did not sufficiently appreciate his solicitude in her behalf.

He made no effort at all to penetrate her confusion. His psychological analyses were nonsense. But without any analysis, with a sleepwalker's assurance, he did the very thing that was her state of mind.

He could feel when Käthe belonged to him. But that was not enough. He did not want to have her for minutes or half an hour; he wanted her to belong to him completely, to believe in him. He waited. He did not want to spoil anything by excess.

One day he felt that the hour had come. "Listen to me, Käthe," he said, "I can't go on like this. I've got to tell you openly about this. You're not yourself out with that business of not living or dying. Wouldn't you work exclusively for me?"

He had seen this coming for a long time. He had not wanted it. Her fair face flushed; the three sharp vertical wrinkles appeared above her nose. "I want any charity," she said in her voice.

"We are stupid bourgeois prejudices," he answered with unaccustomed vehemence. "I'm not going to let you get away from me. You're simply too valuable to write letters for Herr Muller or to work for me."

"Have your Petermann," objected

"It doesn't mean anything in my life," he returned scornfully. "I need you; I want you. You help me by your mere presence; you inspire me. Don't act as if I'm asking you anything new. From the first day, it was settled that you must work for me alone. My offer isn't pity. I hadn't any money I would invite you to drop every other job and be here with me. Then you would just have to

not give up my work for Paul," said

Käthe decidedly. In suspense she waited to see what Oscar would say. Paul, in Oscar's place, would have limited himself to a clever, ironical remark. Oscar would simply forbid her to work for her brother. But she would not let him forbid her.

Yet Oscar did neither the one nor the other. He just said: "Very well, go on working for your half brother Paul." And he smiled, a slow, insolent, cruel, superior, contemptuous smile. He smiled Paul Cramer away. He disposed of him far more thoroughly with that smile than he could have with rage or scorn or the cleverest criticism.

Then, with his white, fleshy, well-cared-for, brutal hands, he reached for her. His ring—the new one with the large stone—cut into her flesh and hurt her. With fear, revulsion, pain, and rapture she suffered the embrace in which he crushed the objections of her clever brother Paul.

KÄTHE lived with her brother as if nothing had happened. Sometimes she still looked to him for an understanding of her relations with Oscar, for sympathy. She felt how greatly he endeavored to help her, but the way he expressed his feeling hurt her more than it helped.

Not only at home, but everywhere now, Paul came up against the Nazis. They gave him more cause for anger than flesh and blood could stand. They stood at every corner. Wherever one spat, they were there, giving themselves airs. And nowhere was there a serious determination to put an end to the evil. Everybody retreated before them, made concessions. It was enough to turn one's stomach. More and more publishers and newspapers hesitated to irritate their powerful opponent, and told Paul they must dispense with his collaboration if he would not drop his attacks on the Nazis.

He attacked the rabble all the more violently. He knew no fear and no caution. He attended Hitler meetings, heckled the speakers, got involved in fist fights.

Paul and Herr Kiepenrath, his publisher, sat in a recess in the lounge of the Eden Hotel; it was around teatime. Herr Kiepenrath was explaining to Paul why unfortunately he must refuse to publish his book on Richard Wagner.

They were still talking of this and that, unimportant matters, when Paul saw his sister come in with that Lautensack fellow. Paul himself, in his recess, could not immediately be seen. But he was well able to observe the pair as they selected a table in the reserved space along the dance floor, sat down, and gave their orders. They made a good couple; they looked as if they belonged together. With painful objectivity Paul noted that the fellow cut a fine figure, that he cut the best figure of any man in the lounge.

Herr Kiepenrath, glad that he had finished with breaking his unpleasant news, declared he must go. But Paul stayed. He sat in his recess, alone; his long, brown eyes stared bitterly at his sister and his enemy.

Oscar felt that something hostile was in the room. He looked around for it. He discovered the man in the recess, the gaunt gentleman with the high forehead, the prominent cheekbones, the bony nose. He did not know Paul. But, "Isn't that your half brother?" he asked Käthe carelessly, casually.

Käthe flushed.

"Don't you think it rather impudent," Oscar asked after a little while, "the way he's staring at us?"

Käthe retorted defiantly: "After all, Paul's got a right to sit here in the Eden too." But it was an awkward situation for them all. Paul sat there and stared across at them, turned his glance away, stared afresh. He felt that Oscar was behaving with much more assurance than he himself. He was sweating. He raged at his own awkwardness. Oscar would be able to

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dispose of a clumsy lout like himself in less than no time.

Oscar pretended to be unconcerned, chatting cheerfully. But he was not unconcerned. In the middle of an irrelevant sentence he interrupted himself and said with a wicked little smile: "He's going to have to pay for his impudence." And as she looked frightened, he added even more wickedly: "Don't be afraid. I won't make a scene. It won't be so bad. But I, too, want to have my little joke."

They sat thus, Oscar and Käthe at their table in the reserved space next the dance floor, Paul in his recess, for a long time. Neither wanted to retreat. Oscar and Käthe danced, went back to their table, chatted. Paul sat in his recess, read a paper, read a second, a third, then the first again. Finally, after an eternity, he called the waiter and paid.

From that moment on, Oscar did not let him out of his sight. He fixed his gaze first on Paul's face, then on his side, then on his back. Thus his eyes accompanied his enemy attentively, coolly, on his way from the recess to the exit, and it was quite a long way. Paul began to walk more stiffly, almost like a marionette. Oscar, always keeping his gaze on him, said between his teeth to Käthe, with grim enjoyment: "Now I'm going to make your honorable brother dance. Just watch."

In anxious suspense Käthe looked at Paul as he made his way out of the room. He walked as if strangely drawn, strangely unseeing. Now he was at the revolving door; she sighed in relief. But strange—he couldn't find the way out. He revolved in the revolving door, around and around; it was a pitiful, lamentable, ridiculous sight. It did not last long, that dance in the revolving door, certainly not a full minute. But for Käthe, and no doubt for Paul too, it was an eternity; until at last the doorman stopped the door and liberated Paul from his strange predicament.

From then on, there was mingled in all Käthe's feelings for Oscar, however close they were to each other, a shade of fear of the uncanny.

THAT same Herr Joachim Tischler to whom Oscar had foretold a weathered gravestone for the near future, and who had thereupon wanted to know further details, had not found it easy to get access to Oscar. First, at the office of the Society for the Dissemination of German World Philosophy they had demanded a staggeringly high fee; then he had to sign a whole list of guarantees: that he would not attempt to mislead the Master, that he would not talk about the consultations in public, that he would not hold Lautensack responsible for damages which might result from following his advice.

Finally, however, a consultation took place, and a second and a third. Oscar gave Herr Tischler advice, very precise advice according to certain instructions from Hannsjörg. Herr Tischler's industrial interests were similar to Dr. Kadereit's. Yet Dr. Kadereit had a wide margin; in his work he could take the long view, and what was permissible for him was too dangerous for Herr Tischler. Herr Tischler's undertakings tottered; it became clear that Dr. Kadereit held legal titles which granted him a certain influence over Herr Tischler's undertakings; Herr Tischler saw himself helplessly encircled by companies which formed part of Dr. Kadereit's interests.

Herr Tischler's face grew grayer and grayer. He directed his rage against Oscar, talked of betrayal, raved unrestrainedly. Several newspapers took up the matter.

Oscar rejected Herr Tischler's outbreaks with a haughty shrug. Nor did Hannsjörg take them seriously. They were insured against indemnity suits by Herr Tischler's signature; to the reporters, Hannsjörg said that Herr Tischler had probably misunder-

stood the clairvoyant. All in all, thought Hannsjörg, the affair merely gave Oscar publicity; people said that there must be something to a man whose advice was sought by the leaders of industry.

In the end Herr Tischler shot himself.

Oscar felt chilled. At bottom he had only intended it as a joke when he had foretold an early death to Tischler. Was that still mere chance? Was it not rather that his words, even when he just let them drop carelessly, were realized by fate? Indeed, his prophecy came true even to the topographical details. For Herr Tischler's heirs, angered by the small pickings, did not carry out his expensive wish of having his corpse transported to his home but had him buried in Woodland Cemetery.

But soon Oscar's dismay vanished, and instead of shuddering at fate he felt something like satisfaction, even something like admiration for himself.

Käthe, however, obviously felt otherwise. The next time he met her she was withdrawn, chill. This time it was Käthe who "saw." She saw, as if right before her eyes, how he wiped every trace of Herr Tischler, dead or alive, from his memory forever. But Oscar, the clairvoyant, the blind man, did not notice how his attitude had shaken Käthe's affection more than all Paul Cramer's clever analyses.

However that might be, Oscar's prophecy had come true; that was a fact. And if Herr Tischler had contributed to the heightening of Oscar's popularity by his curses and by his accusations that Oscar was responsible for his misfortune, his death was even greater propaganda for the seer. Not many felt revolted like Käthe; instead, the men and, above all, the women in the leading circles of that Berlin of 1932, were attracted by the faint odor of blood with which Oscar, like Count Zinsdorff, was now enveloped.

Oscar found an invitation to the Kadereits' in his mail. There was a note saying, "The Fuehrer is expected," and Ilse Kadereit had added in her firm, neat handwriting: "We need a little amusement." She had left it open to interpretation whether those words referred to the Fuehrer or to the seer.

Although Oscar had to be prepared to hear some of Ilse's sharp comments when he went to the Kadereits', he was full of pleasant expectation. He hadn't seen Ilse again since that evening; he found her very attractive, and—he knew his high and mighty women—in her eyes Herr Tischler's

suicide would be no less become new tails which the masterly hand the tailor had created for him.

This time it was Dr. Kadereit who badgered him with all sorts of gibes. "Your prophecies, my dear Oscar," said the blond giant, "are as good as a horse doctor's remedies. The robust patient, but finish off! He followed his joke with a kindly kind. Oscar took his quips in good nature.

The Fuehrer came early that evening and stayed a long time. That meant he was in the midst of the election campaign, and the battle was heated. He had to keep one's most important backer in a friendly mood; on that point Proell had insisted.

HITLER, incidentally, was in a bad form; one could hardly rush and overwork him. He was he singled out Oscar. "What is it, Comrade Lautensack?" "How are these elections going out? Is your premonition fulfilled?" Oscar plunged his gaze into the crowd and while all listened in suspense, he pronounced without haste, without voice, quietly assured: "It will be but an honorable German defeat."

No one spoke. For a while Oscar maintained a somber and portentous silence. Then he said: "I thank you for your honesty. After all, you can't help it, Lautensack. It is fate which imposes the humiliation of this demonstration."

"At least you're a courageous man," Ilse Kadereit whispered to Oscar in a sharp tongue.

Hitler, however, took a few steps back, then came back to Oscar. "Well, then, comrade," he said, looking into his eyes, "and I shall not let you foretell the tricks of fate, as we assume control," he pronounced. "I shall found a school for those days of which you have proved your shining representative."

Oscar thanked him warmly.

Then Hitler took his leave. "I shall be back," he said, "that my presence in the election circle must be so short. Sieg Heil, Herr Hitler," Dr. Kadereit answered.

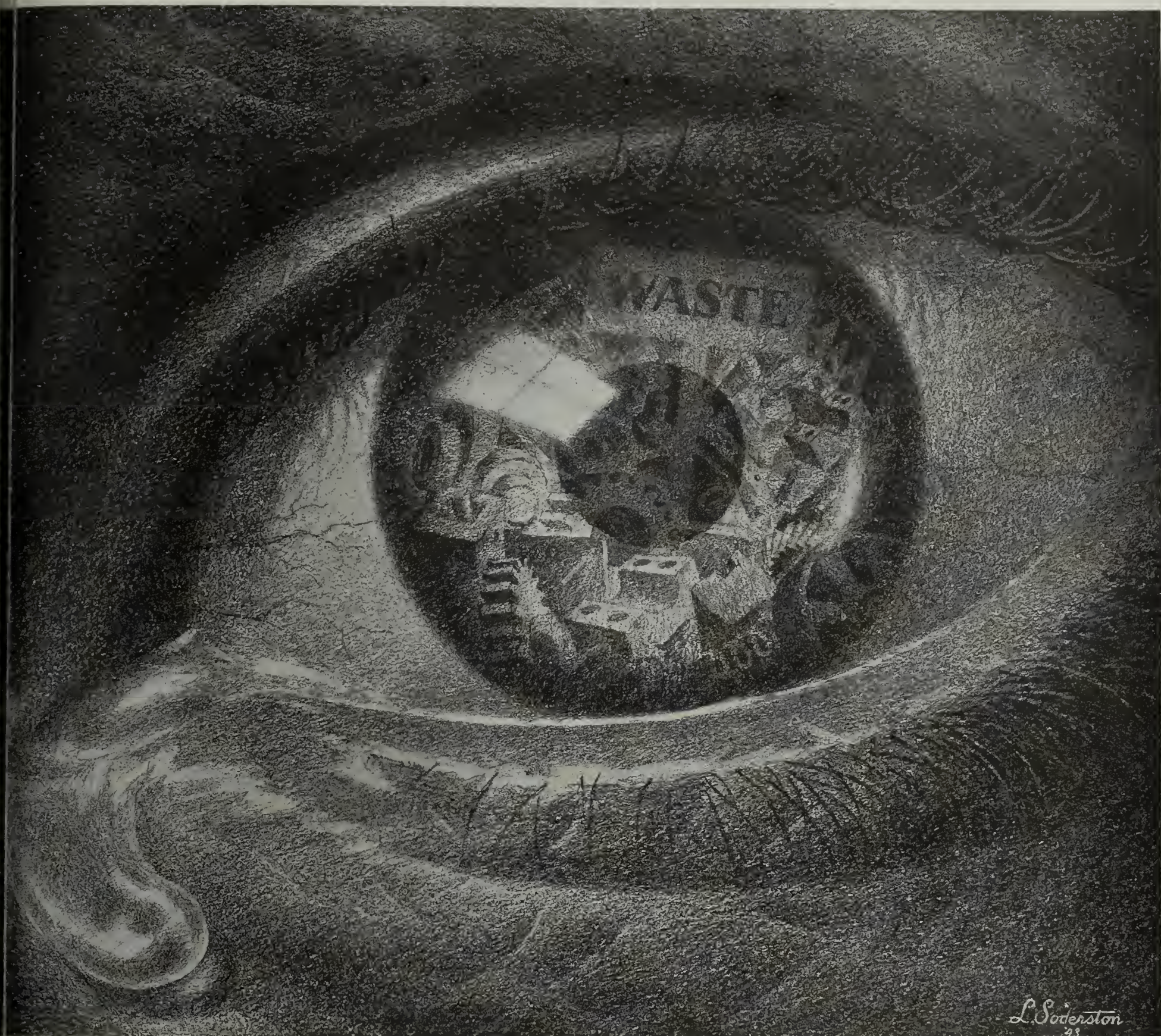
When Oscar said goodby, Ilse told him that Dr. Kadereit would have a trip to the Ruhr in the next week to tend to his affairs in a factory in



COLLIER'S

"Ah-h-h—he's just a slugger"





L. Soderstrom  
23

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**Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads**

quired from the late Herr Tischler. It would be nice of Oscar if some time during Dr. Kadereit's absence he would entertain her in his accustomed style.

THE presidential elections had brought the Nazis the expected defeat. A reaction followed; the Party's private army was banned, their funds were low. They had counted on this, but now it was important to adjust, to cut down on things.

All the Party organizations felt this, first of all the German World Philosophy.

Hannsjörg had to inform Oscar that he was no longer in a position to accede to his limitless demands; he would have to give up his present standard of living.

Oscar had thought things would continue in their progress upward the same as before.

And now Hannsjörg stood before him and dryly informed him: "It's all over. Your bubble's burst."

"For the time being," the little fellow now explained to him clearly and tersely, "I can promise you two thousand marks a month. But not one penny more."

"Two thousand marks," retorted Oscar grimly and contemptuously. "Now I know what to think of your promises."

"You are the most ungrateful piece of scum I've ever come across," said Hannsjörg. "Two thousand marks is a cabinet member's salary. If somebody had told you in Deggenburg or Munich that I was going to offer you a monthly stipend of two thousand marks, you'd have said the man was touched in the head."

Oscar could not well dispute that. He abandoned the fruitless debate and contented himself with summing up the situation with the words: "What a stinking mess." He sat there looking sullen and defeated.

This was where Hannsjörg wanted to have him. "Perhaps," he began cautiously after a pause, "I know a way you could bolster up your finances." Oscar looked up hopefully. "Your contract with the German World Philosophy stipulates that you shall be exclusively at the disposal of the society. In view of the circumstances, and loyal, stout and true as the society undoubtedly is, it would perhaps be willing to reconsider that clause."

"You mean—" asked Oscar in joyous excitement.

"Of course I can't guarantee anything," grinned Hannsjörg.

"Of course you can," Oscar contradicted him. "The German World Philosophy is you."

"All right," replied Hannsjörg, flattered and magnanimous. "If you're willing to appear publicly, there's no objection to it as far as the German World Philosophy is concerned."

OSCAR was inwardly much excited. When Alois had talked to him about doing an act together, they had been thinking of medium-sized towns, at most, of Munich. Now Oscar saw the Scala before him, the greatest vaudeville theater in the Reich; he saw his name in lights, giant billboards, crowds of onlookers hanging on his lips, staring at his hands, those hands which Tirschenreuth had represented so cruelly and ambiguously. Yes, the inner receptiveness of the crowd would inspire him, just as it did the Fuehrer; it would pour strength into him.

True, his offerings would have to be made even more sensational, his tricks even cruder; the mask would hang even higher and farther away from him, and it would be even more difficult for him to live up to it.

He was a fool if he let such considerations hinder him any longer. He would appear. Of course he would. He had just been waiting for Hannsjörg's offer. So now his economic difficulties were turning out to be a blessing.

"All right," he said in a martyred tone,

"if you can't find any other way out, I'll give a public performance."

Alois also was full of enthusiasm when he heard about the project. The expectation of being allowed to demonstrate his real art on a real stage instead of in "chamber performances" revived him like a plant that feels the rain after a long drought.

Oscar and Alois had often occupied themselves with the working out of an act such as was now expected of them; they tested every detail anew. Approved, accepted, discarded. They praised each other, called each other nincompoop, felt their two hearts beat as one, hurled spiteful character estimates at each other, were entranced by each other's ideas, quarreled, broke off for good, made it up again.

They agreed on the following: The act was to be called Fiction and Truth. First, Alois was to perform the best of his magic tricks. But these tricks were to be designated as such; in this way the genuineness of Oscar's manifestations which followed would be the more strongly underlined. Oscar himself was to begin by performing several telepathic and hypnotic experiments, as a matter of course without the use of tricks. Then he intended to climax his performance with a sensational offering: the raising of a spirit from the dead, combined with a prophecy.

After they had tried out a number of dead personages and discarded them, they decided to call up the dead naval hero, Brittling, from his watery grave. Alois wanted to make visible, if not the ghost himself, at least certain of his attributes; he was wonderful at those things. But Oscar refused sharply. He was relying on his powers of suggestion. If he was well prepared inwardly, then the dead man would speak out of him so clearly that everyone would see him.

He prepared himself inwardly. Alois brought him piles of pictures of the dead man and phonograph records of his voice. Behind locked doors, safeguarded by soundproof walls, Oscar practiced with Alois. The dead man's voice must sound so that it startled those who had known that voice; on the other hand it must have a slight admixture of the macabre. Finally Oscar hit it off so well that sometimes he had to restrain himself from speaking with the dead naval hero's voice on unsuitable occasions.

So far so good. But what was the ghost to foretell? After all one couldn't drag

him up out of Oscar's depths; his sepulchral voice utter a lot of lies. Oscar racked his brain, himself in his den, and stared at the wig's proud, noble face, at the pictures of the dead naval hero, nation came; Oscar's breast rent and dead.

In his dire need he confided in Hannsjörg. He scratched his head, relatively simple to find out the stances of those whose future "seen" until now. But this time Hannsjörg had to produce an event which concerned everybody, a great political move. He was tempted to say: "Do some dirty work." But he saw the dead man's eyes, it flattered him that in his distress had again been turned to him, and, "All right," he got you an event that you can

THE evening came nearer. Every technical detail had been worked out, but Oscar's heart felt heavier and heavier when he considered that he would never know what sensation he should expect the ghost foretell.

Then, two days before the performance, Hannsjörg appeared at his brother's apartment, excited and hurried. "I've got something to announce, beaming. Inwardly Oscar took a deep sigh of relief. But, "So?" said, acting as if unconcerned. However, he did not waste any time. He gave Oscar a rap for his insolent pretence; he was too full of his means of a tortuous game of hide-and-seek. He explained to his brother, they had decided to go to the point where he would dismiss the minister of war, the worst enemy. The newly appointed minister would then lift the ban on the private army. It might still take a while before this happened, but it was settled. Only a very small crowd was expected about it.

Oscar reflected. Then, casually, he said: "It's nice to hear you have taken the trouble to bring me news. It confirms what my inner voice has been saying."

For a fraction of a second Oscar was stupefied by this piece of effrontery. But again he controlled himself. He patted his brother on the head. "You really are something."

"Yes, we Lautensack brothers, we

(To be continued next week)

## ALFRED

by FOSTER HUMPHREY



"Well, what if Alfred didn't do so well in the weight-lifting contest? After all, he's more the intellectual type"

COLLIER'S





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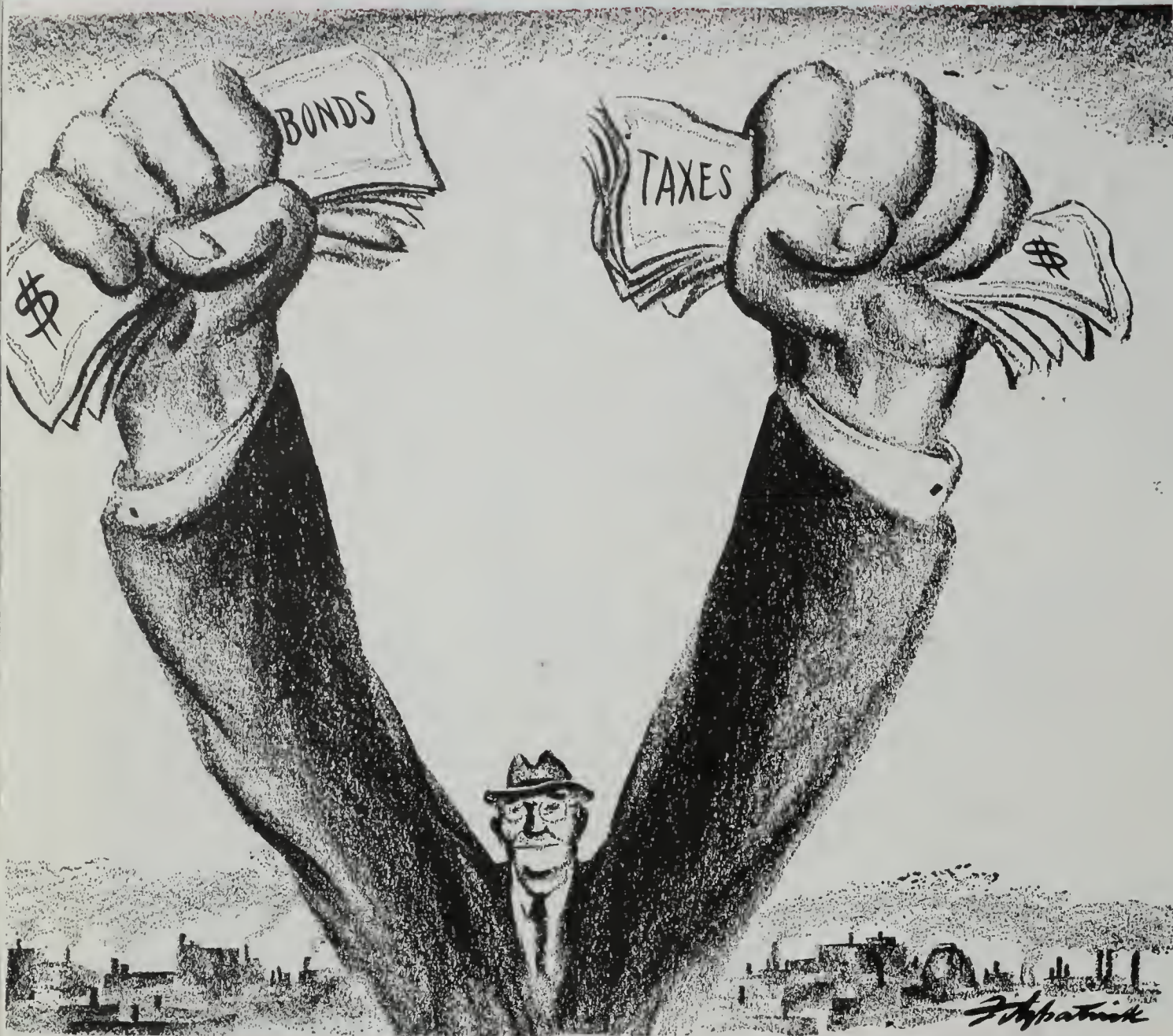
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## Bonds and Taxes for Victory

**A**S THE Treasury Department keeps pointing out, it will take a lot of taxes and a lot of War Bond purchases to round up the money to pay for victory in this war.

We're glad to mention the matter here again, and to renew our earnest recommendations to our readers to do their utmost in both of these fields. In time of war, it is one of the citizen's chief duties to pay his taxes promptly and to buy all the War Bonds he can.

We would like to add, however—still in the same constructive mood—that if we had a pay-as-you-go system of income-tax collection, both the taxation and the War Bond pictures would be looking healthier than they do look now.

It is feared (and we think reasonably) that numerous income-tax payers, come March 15th, are going to have to cash some of their War Bonds in order to meet their first installments of income tax. The most cogent reason why this is feared is the fact that millions of these people never paid income taxes before, and a lot of them did not figure out their taxes soon enough to put aside enough money to pay them.

The big puzzle to us in the whole affair is why

the Treasury opposes the simple, clear-cut and businesslike Ruml plan for putting us on a pay-as-you-go basis at one jump, and why it keeps pushing muddled-headed, jumbled-up plans of its own.

Beardsley Ruml's scheme is the now well-known and widely approved proposal for "daylight saving" on income-tax collections. Under it, we would pay income taxes as usual, beginning March 15th, but they would be called payments on income earned this year, instead of last year. Appropriate safeguards would be set up against undue profit in isolated windfall cases, and the Treasury would lose money only in theory. Actually, it would collect taxes from people now making money, it would operate on a businesslike cash basis, and it would by-pass a myriad of unavoidable tax defaults in the year after the year in which the war boom ends.

To repeat, we hope everybody will pay taxes and buy bonds with the greatest enthusiasm for the duration. But we also hope the Treasury will come around pretty soon now to the common-sense attitude toward the Ruml plan. We further hope that Congress will adopt the Ruml plan, whether the Treasury likes it or not.

CONGRESS owes it to its own integrity, and to the American people, to repeal the so-called wartime limit on incomes. Congress is the body in which such alleged reforms should be made, if they are made at all. This one was made by decree, not by Congress. Hence, Congress should know better without ceremony or compunction.

The history of the so-called \$25,000 income limit is instructive. It was first noised through newspapers, early in the war, that British incomes were so high that nobody in England was able to make more than \$28,000 a year, no matter how much he might make.

This struck the Communists in the United States as a splendid idea. Presently it impressed President Roosevelt as a fine idea, too, and she began to talk about it in My Day. The Administration twice asked Congress to impose such a limit on incomes in this country—not by taxation but by flat decree. Congress twice refused. Then Jimmy Byrnes, economic adviser, went ahead and said it was the law.

Thus our government apes a British income tax, but does it in a completely underhanded and extralegal way.

To make matters more ridiculous and unjust, it is not a \$25,000 limit on all incomes. Actually, it is a \$67,200 limit on incomes earned by working on incomes from bonds, stocks, rents, etc. It is a decree which discriminates against industrious, enterprising people, in favor of people who live on their big money without at present working for it, though some of them worked in the past to produce the reserves on which they are now living.

On all counts, the thing is a mistake and an injustice. If it is allowed to stand, there is nothing to prevent the Executive branch of government, no matter what Congress may say, from limiting us all to \$2,500 a year, or \$25 a year, or even a few cents a year. This "law" which is not a law, can be kicked out, and kicked out fast.

## Nisei Soldiers

**N**ISEI is a word which up to now is known only to Americans east of the Pacific West. But now we have a notion will be well and favorably received by all of us before the war is over. A Nisei is an American-born citizen whose parents were Japanese.

There are a large number of Nisei in the United States. Most of them are as loyal to the United States as any other group of Americans. Until recently, they were not eligible for service in our Armed Forces in this war with Japan and its Axis allies.

About a month ago, Secretary of War Henry Stimson announced that Nisei from then on would be accepted for training in special units, including artillery, engineer and medical personnel, and would see actual fighting service in due course. Under present arrangements, Nisei can get into the military through draft boards in their communities.

It seems beyond dispute to us that this is the best way to handle the matter. We feel confident that these men will become tough and valiant soldiers for the country of their parents' adoption. From our boys' experiences with the Japanese in New Guinea and Guadalcanal, we can well understand why we want to turn some Japanese-descended fighting men against the original Japs.

We got the old familiar "That's the stuff!" out of this piece of news—a renewal of the confidence that American democracy can do such things and get away with them gloriously, because of its ability to attract and hold the loyalty of all manner of people. In opening the Army to the Nisei, we think the War Department did its best single day's work in



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# Collier's

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## ANY WEEK

FIRST LT. E. LOUISE STEWART, Cover Girl, this issue, was sworn into the Women's Reserve of the Marine Corps, February 10th, one of its first five members. Got the yen when she edited a column "Your Men in Uniform" for a monthly magazine. Is now barnstorming the country, helping recruit girl Marines. Wellesley '39, home town, Villanova, Pa., Lieutenant Stewart is as pretty as her picture.

LONDON: For a simple guy with a genius for being provincial, who is always scared when faced with the prospect of leaving his native shores, we are really doing quite well in London. We're becoming quite international and we'd not be at all surprised if one of these days we'd be poking around in Velikie Luki or swimming in Lake Chad. Since our last column, we've been on a ship which caught fire, which sprang a leak, and which once, presumably bound for an English port, was less than three hundred miles from Gibraltar. Incidentally, we lost our luggage and most of our clothes en route. Frankly, we've had quite a time. When we got to London we were in a frame of mind like that of an Army lieutenant colonel who told us, "I'm sorry I joined up, but I don't regret it."

BETWEEN chores, while dashing up and down England, we've had time to drop into a court of law or two. We heard a gentleman who is supposed to be working in war production fined twenty dollars for being persistently late for work. The judge was going to be lenient with him until he discovered that the fellow lived next door to the shop. And then we began to shudder to think of the strike which would have followed a sentence like that in America. But the papers are full of such stuff.

RENO NOTE: When Mr. Justice Hodson parked himself on the woosack in Divorce Court the other day, he granted divorces to 728 couples in 27 minutes.



NATURALLY, Mr. Justice Hodson didn't take testimony, all that having been done in advance. So we had a look at the record. In one case a disillusioned man testified: "My mother-in-law hooked me for her daughter by giving me a marvelous dinner and say-

ing her daughter cooked it." And a woman who was tired of it all had told the court: "When our first-born cried for its bottle, my husband's mother said that it took after its father." War or no war, things are going on like that every day. Over at Newport on the Isle of Wight, Mr. Sidney Charles Wills was arrested. The newspaper reported Mr. Wills' predicament thus: "He was found in a curtained car in a disused chalk pit and was fined two pounds for misusing petrol. A police sergeant said that the car was lighted and was warmed by an oil stove. He was satisfied, he said, that Wills was courting. Wills, who had told the officer that he was delivering honey, and produced several bottles, said in court that he had had time to spare, so he drew off the road for a few minutes."



WE'VE been concerning ourselves with the postwar ambitions of British people—soldiers and civilians. The plans of the American soldier are easily discovered. All you have to do is drop in at any pub and listen. He wants to own a jeep. When this war is over, he intends to get that jeep, drive around to his girl's house and, with her, tour the United States. He intends to do this for a year before settling down. The jeep is by far the most popular of all war creations. It has almost become an almost mythological thing like the Flying Fortress. The jeep can fly over mountains and seas. It soars across the heavens. It is as swift as the wind. There is nothing real and unreal that it can't do. We overheard an American soldier talking jeep with a New Zealander. The latter said that he, too, was going to get a jeep after the war. He would tour the world. The American shook his head. Jeeps were not for anybody but an American. To any other national, a jeep was just "a cast-iron jalopy." And the American boy added, "Mister, I drive a jeep that makes its own gasoline, parks itself, don't think nothin' of bangin' right through a hill instead of running over it or 'round it. Don't need no garage for it because it burrows a hole in the ground for itself at night. I come out in the morning and can't see it. All I do is call its name, and it comes runnin'. Name's Wendell Willkie." . . . W. D.

## THIS WEEK

MARCH 27,

### SHORT STORIES

#### BEN HECHT

Concerning A Woman of the first of two parts. Orlando gets the shock of his life.

#### JOSEPHINE BENTHAM

Those Beautiful Beginnings way of eating your cake having it.

#### DOROTHEE CAROUSSO

One Flash of It. A soldier's kind of peace that's never.

#### MARY FREELS ROSBOROUGH

A Ship in Norfolk. Facer loves, she had to renounce.

### THE SHORT SHORT STORIES

A Hero in the Family, Shaplen.

### SERIAL STORIES

#### LION FEUCHTWANGER

Double, Double, Toil and The fourth of eight parts.

#### PEARL S. BUCK

China Flight. The eighth of

### ARTICLES

#### NIKOL PAPPAS

Greek Tragedy: Valor While there's life in their Greeks won't quit.

#### HARRY HENDERSON and SAM SHAW

Week End in New York. lions are having wonder

#### COREY FORD

Forgotten Front. Fogs, ga ness, Japs—these are our the Aleutians.

#### HAROLD L. ICKES

Confessions of a Sourpuss. curmudgeon and how he litically.

#### FRANK GERVASI

Globaloney Girl. Repre Clare Boothe Luce is that bination, glamor and bra

#### WALTER DAVENPORT

Uncle! Uncle! The A.E.F. blitzed orphans of Britain

#### FRELING FOSTER

Keep Up with the World.

#### WING TALK.

### EDITORIALS

#### Manpower.

"You Help Someone You Rickenbacker.

#### COVER:


LT. (J.G.) JON WHITCOM

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# CAUTION!

## Tuberculosis usually increases in Wartime



**D**OCTORS KNOW that tuberculosis usually increases in time of prolonged warfare. Such increases occurred during the last war, and have already been reported in some of the nations now at war.

*Thus forewarned, the people of our country can forearm themselves with the facts about tuberculosis, to help avoid this dangerous disease.*

Discovered early, tuberculosis is not often hard to cure. Unfortunately, early tuberculosis seldom advertises itself. Weeks or months may pass before even such vague signs appear as "touches of indigestion," a tired out feeling without good cause, or a steady loss of weight.

By the time more definite symptoms appear—a cough that hangs on, persistent pains in the chest, or blood-streaked sputum—severe damage may have been done. Curing the disease will then take longer and be more difficult.

Furthermore, during this period of development an infected person may have spread the germs among his family, his friends and his fellow workers. For tuberculosis is a germ disease and it may be "caught." Often the germs picked up in childhood lie quiet for years, only to become active at some time when bodily resistance has been lowered through sickness, undernourishment, or unusual physical strain. Wartime demands upon our energy make it doubly impor-

tant to guard against such conditions.

### How to be forearmed

If you have the slightest suspicion that a member of your family has tuberculosis, or if any member has been in contact with someone who has active tuberculosis, have him see the doctor at once. By means of a thorough physical examination, including the use of the X-ray, the doctor usually can determine whether the disease is present. His advice regarding treatment or subsequent "check ups" should be followed to the letter.

The modern treatment of tuberculosis makes use of rest—complete rest for 24 hours a day. This gives the infected lung a chance to heal. The natural resistance of the body is built up by a well-balanced diet of nourishing food. While it may not be necessary to "go away" to be cured, the doctor sometimes advises a stay in a sanatorium. The latter assures scientific treatment, educates the patient in self-care, and protects members of the family from possible infection.

In both peacetime and wartime, the best preventive measure against tuberculosis is to *keep physically fit*. Sufficient sleep, rest and exercise, and a well-balanced diet build up the body's resistance to most kinds of disease.

Metropolitan will send upon request a copy of a helpful booklet, "Tuberculosis."

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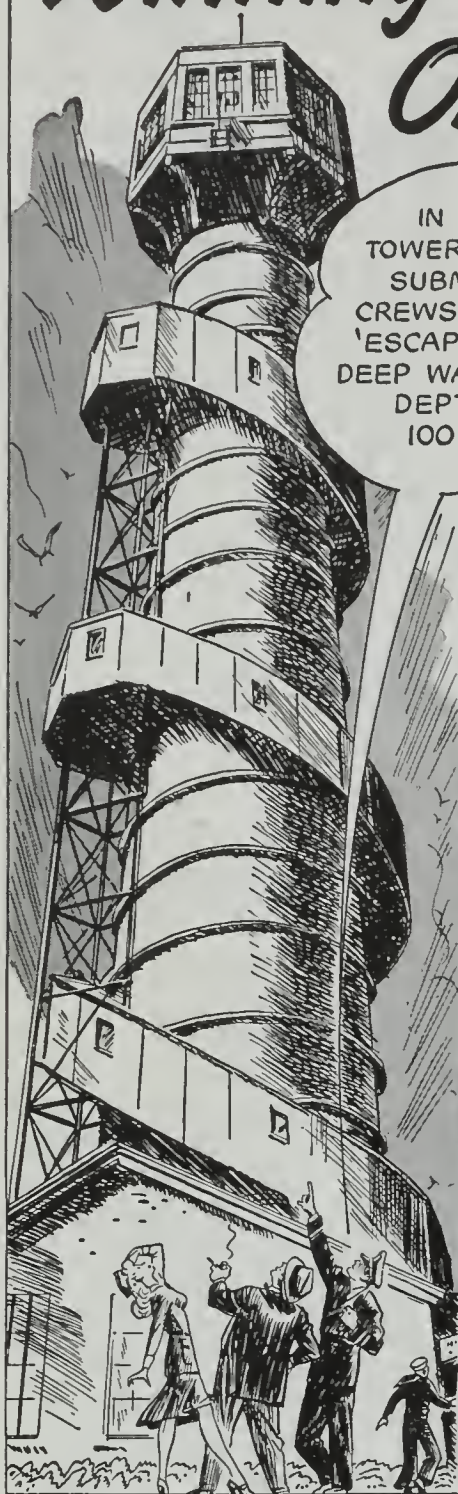
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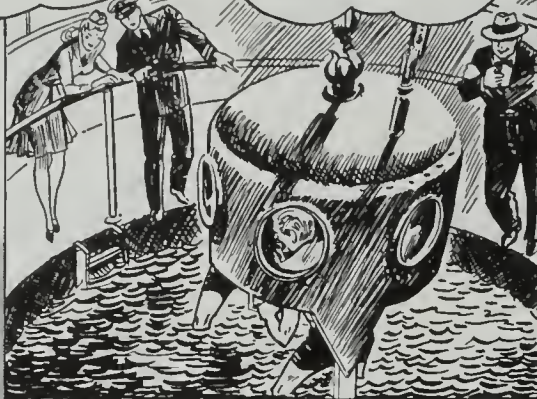


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BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

ITS SURPRISING HOW EASY PRINCE ALBERT IS ON MY TONGUE, CONSIDERING THE GOOD, RICH TASTE. IT'S THE NO-BITE TREATMENT

THAT GOES FOR P.A. 'MAKIN'S' SMOKES, TOO—PLUS FAST, EASY, NO-SPILL ROLLING



## PRINCE ALBERT

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE



## KEEP UP WITH THE WORK

By Freling Foster

Because animals are not allowed in public air-raid shelters in England, large numbers of them are killed or injured during bombings. At the height of the air raids in London, the number of animals buried alive and rescued totaled 7,241 in one week, many of them being so injured that they had to be sent to hospitals.

Of all the ships that have sailed in the 20,000 convoys which have been escorted by British naval vessels since England's entry into the war on September 3, 1939, only five ships per thousand have failed to reach port through enemy action.

In a recent experiment to determine the friction in a vacuum-type centrifuge, a small steel ball suspended magnetically in a vacuum was spun at 6,600,000 revolutions a minute by a magnetic force. When the force was cut off, the ball lost only one per cent of its speed in the first hour, which led to the estimate that it would have continued to spin for more than two months.—By R. K. Iler, Cleveland Heights, Ohio.

About 800 anti-Nazi or underground newspapers are being published today in the occupied countries of Europe. Their combined issues total approximately 1,500,000 copies, which have a hand-to-hand circulation of nearly 30,000,000 readers, who run the risk of being executed or imprisoned if they are caught possessing one.

America's first "life expectancy" tables for teeth, recently compiled from data on nearly 50,000 white adults of all ages in 130 localities, show that the average person has lost two teeth at the age of 18, five at 28, fourteen at 42, and twenty-three at 70.

Scientists now study living processes in humans and animals by feeding them harmless quantities of salt, iron or phosphorus, made radioactive artificially. Their course through the body may be traced with a Geiger Counter, an amplifying detector that converts the radioactive emanations into sound.

Victory gardens this year expected to reach a total of 6, on farms and 12,000,000 in cities. The vegetables produced by garden will be worth about \$10, a crop valued at \$420,000 anticipated.

In a recent poll, a number of Americans were asked if the Iri State had gone to war again many. Three per cent said yes, forty-seven per cent said they know.

The name of the Red Square in Moscow has no connection with socialism or communism as did the Red Army and the Red Star paper. The square was given its name centuries ago and its English form of the Russian "krasnaya," which means both beautiful.

The war is now costing the United States 61.9 per cent of its national income, the United Kingdom 60 per cent, Canada 45.4, Australia 40 per cent, New Zealand 63.4.—By Charles W. Ton, Wheeling, West Virginia.

In the production of the engines for a large bomber, the cost on the cutters and other tools from \$3,200 to \$4,000.

About thirty-eight per cent of the people of this country will not be able to afford all the meat which they are entitled to purchase under rationing.—By Robert Goodhue, Punta Florida.

Vatican City, the state within a state, is not wholly self-contained. Under an extraterritorial arrangement with the Italian government, some of its forty buildings are outside the walls of the Holy See, some at a considerable distance.

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## FM radio brings you "natural color" music

is just the difference between a photograph and  
n's best girl, in person!

entists will tell you that every note of music  
ear is composed of (1) a "fundamental" tone,  
(2) a series of "overtones."

r technical reasons, which needn't concern us  
conventional radio cannot reproduce all the  
ones of a given musical instrument. As a  
t, something is lacking — some of the depth  
urity of tone has been lost.

t a new kind of radio, known as FM, repro-  
s tones and overtones as they have never been  
duced before . . . brings you "natural color"  
e without static or interference of any kind!

The General Electric FM (Frequency Modula-  
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veloped by General Electric engineers working with  
Major E. H. Armstrong, originator of FM radio.

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oped other amazing electronic tubes which open  
doors automatically, peer into tiny viruses believed  
to be the cause of the common cold, accomplish the  
miracle of television, and promise a safer, more  
comfortable world for all of us.

Today, General Electric FM radio is fighting the  
enemy on land, on sea, and in the air. Tomorrow,  
General Electric FM radio will offer you a wholly  
new conception of radio performance!

**FREE:** Fascinating booklet, 32 pages in full color,  
tells the story of FM radio, television, and other  
electronic wonders. Write for your free copy of  
"Electronics — a New Science for a New World,"  
to Section 4-A, Electronics Dept., General Electric  
Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

Tune in on Frazier Hunt and the News every Tuesday, Thursday,  
Saturday evenings over C. B. S. On Sunday night listen to the  
"Hour of Charm," over N. B. C. See newspapers for time, station.

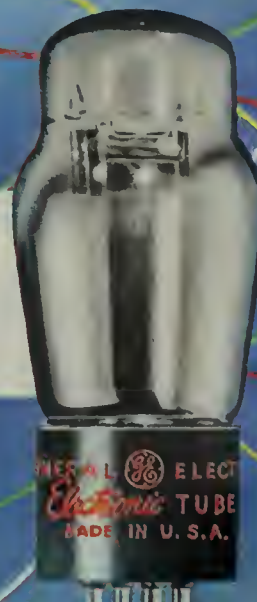
**GENERAL ELECTRIC**

Leader in radio, television, and electronic research

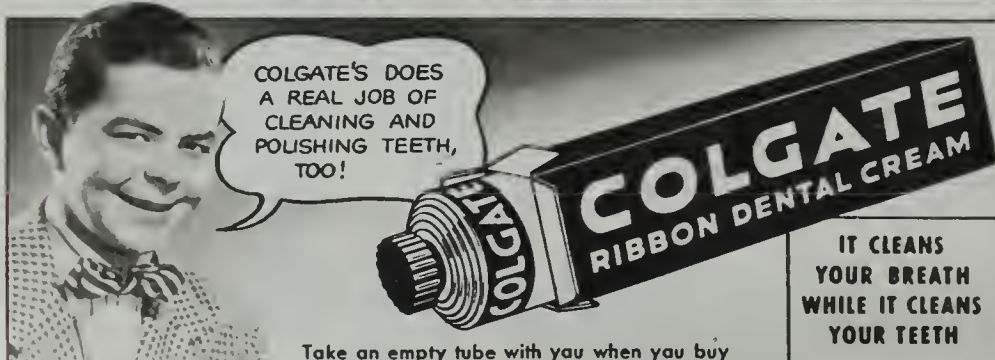
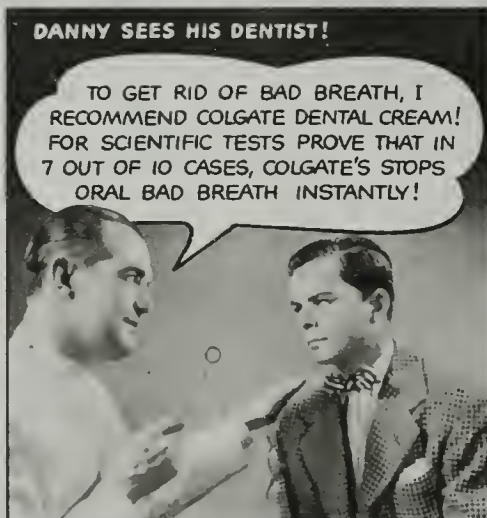
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### Every General Electric Radio is an electronic instrument

This is a General Electric electronic radio tube, similar to those used in all  
G-E radio sets. The radio-phonograph illustrated is the General Electric Musa-  
phonic, the most distinguished of the many G-E radio receivers for the home.







Take an empty tube with you when you buy

# WING TALK



After twelve days of feasting, the flier was brought to Tulagi by the natives in a war canoe

**A**MONG the occupational ailments of airmen is the beach-crash grin, a form of facial paralysis which has a land equivalent in the ground-loop grin.

The beach-crash grin happens this way: You take a PBY or other seaplane out of a line of similar craft moored along a dock or a beach. Under your own power, you unpark the ship, get her in the air and have a pleasant, successful flight. You come down and head back to your place in the mooring line. You have a tail wind, and you can't decide whether to use power or to cut your engines and let the wind bring you in. It would be pretty flashy to let the breeze do the work, so you decide to drift. You figure the wind, taxi into just the right spot, from where you are perfectly certain the wind will push you exactly into the mooring space you want to reach.

But after you've drifted along a bit, you realize something's wrong. Either your figures were sour, or the wind has shifted, or you forgot about the current, or something. Your engines are off, and you can't possibly get them started in time to regain control of your ship. You are heading, not for the empty mooring place, but for another craft tied near by. Nothing you can do can keep you from crashing. It won't be a serious smashup, but instead of coming in with easy, well-timed elegance, you will arrive in a pocket of ripping wings and humiliation.

At which point your face freezes into the beach-crash grin. It's a silly grin, like Charlie McCarthy's. It is an embarrassed, apologetic grin. There's nobody within a hundred yards to see it, but you beam most ingratiatingly at the empty air around you—until finally the crash snaps you out of it.

The ground-loop grin fastens itself upon your face as you come in for a clean landing and suddenly realize that the loop is inevitable. The grin stays fixed until the loop ends, usually when you tear off a wing.

**T**HOSE who think that any old guy with reasonable reflexes and measurable common sense can fly a plane make two major points. First, they say the RAF has taken everything from soda jerkers to New York playboys and made them into elegant military pilots. A good many of the boys in the Eagle Squadron—the groups of Americans who started fighting as part of the RAF before we were in the war—had been rejected by our Army Air Forces. Yet they did some of the finest flying of the war. Obviously, any male cannot handle military planes, even if he's above average physically and mentally. But the antisuperman clique insist that we needn't be quite so choosy as we are in selecting Army and Navy pilots.

The second point goes back to the argument that anyone who can drive an automobile should be able to learn to fly a private plane, even the least foolproof pre-war private plane. The family airplanes after the war will be even easier to handle and safer. The whole future of private fly-

ing in this country depends upon convincing the public that Mom and Pop can fly their own planes just as readily as J can.

We will have thousands of young left over from this war, who can fly a thing. But by themselves, they won't make a family affair, as the automobile is. Yet the manufacturers will have family planes all ready for us. They use new miracle materials, light and cheap. They will be surprisingly priced and simple. If enough people are willing to fly them, we will have a new era in transportation. Don't worry if you haven't even one little superman in your home. Joe Doaks will be able to do as well. You don't need to be a B. Oldfield or a Malcolm Campbell to fly a flivver.


**A** NAVY flier in the Solomons recently became so absorbed in his work that he ran out of gas. After considerable maneuvering, he managed to crawl whole from a crash landing on an island near Guadalcanal.

As he unraveled himself from the wreckage, he found he was surrounded by a ring of rather frightening natives. He looked like illustrations out of the National Geographic Magazine. He was thoroughly prepared to be boiled in something, and to have his memorabilia petuated by having his skull faster a pole in the chief's yard. Instead, he was escorted to a native village and seated on a festive board. Eager natives put all manner of fine food into his mouth.

After twelve days of gorging on some sort of roast duck and broiled fish, he was brought back triumphantly to Tulagi in a war canoe. He was fatter and happier than his more fortunate colleagues who hadn't cracked up, but who hadn't been eating any too well for a while. . . . **ROBERT MCCOY**







# Could **THIS** *hasten the day of Victory?*

IS HARD TO REALIZE that Guadalcanal and Bizerte are really the far corners of our own front . . . That the men fighting this "far away" war are fighting to defend or destroy our own towns, our homes and families . . . That Americans dying thousands of miles away are dying to keep Axis hordes off your very doorstep.

When enemy bombs rained down tonight on a sleeping American town . . . If the plaster of our own bedrooms, shattered by concussion, came down around our heads . . .

We'd instantly move months closer to victory! We'd suddenly find it easy to dig up *more* dollars for War Bonds. We'd face the truth that our dollars will be worthless—if they don't buy victory!

Yet the need for those dollars is no less today than when our soldiers battled on our very doorsteps. The fury of war *will stay far away only if our dollars join our men* to keep it there!

It's no less our war because our men dig their foxholes out of sight of our homes. No less our freedom is at stake—because we're spared from hearing the scream of shells and bombs our soldiers listen to day and night. No less our fight—because our men face danger without asking us to share it.

Think of your War Bonds as "Your War" Bonds, ask yourself if *your* freedom isn't worth some other sacrifice. Remember that War Bonds really give you nothing—that they're only dollars *loaned*, to be paid back again, with interest, for you to spend again.

And remember that dollars *loaned* for just one War Bond could mean another Axis plane brought down in flames. Or a deadly machine gun nest silenced forever. And the lives of American soldiers saved.

**STEWART-WARNER  
CORPORATION**  
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

THIS message is published solely in the interest of national understanding and unity in the war effort. Stewart-Warner plants have long since been converted to the making of essential materials for war and war production.





*The man who had* "NEVER WALKED A MILE"!



... he's proud of the privilege to serve his sector now... to set an example for calm confidence... to do his part, like millions of others, at home.

## EVERYTHING'S CHANGED NOW

Yes, instead of General's extra safety and long mileage for the highway... it is tools of war today. The same manufacturing skill that brought you General's peacetime Top-Quality is now giving our fighting men countless rubber products vital for Victory. That's why rubber is so precious; why you must *save your tires*.

But, as General's technicians discover new materials, new compounds, new

methods to make rubber *fight better*... they are discovering also how to make an even finer tire for your car.

Thus, on that great day to come, you can look forward to still more change... *for the better*. General's quarter-century leadership in *Top-Quality*; its unique ability in getting *the most* out of rubber... are your assurance of a General Tire even farther ahead of ordinary tires than the famed Generals of the past.

THE GENERAL TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY • AKRON, OHIO



### COMING? SYNTHETICS, RAYON, NYLON?

The General Tire of the future is well worth dreaming about! Imagine for yourself what new materials and processes may mean. Think of mileage that may outlast your car. Think of much less air pressure; no blowouts; lighter weight, yet more strength; the heat problem ended. *True? You'll have to wait to see!* But, you can count on this: General will continue to give you the best things first, just as it has for 25 years.

*The*  
**GENERAL  
TIRE**





The child solemnly crossed her heart and answered, "Hope to die." There was a hush in the office. Miss Flannigan tittered

## Concerning A Woman of Sin

Ben Hecht

Illustrated by Gilbert Darling

ennervating story of Daisy Marcher and her conquest of Hollywood, an event from the movie capital will never recover. And perhaps you won't either. This is the first of two parts

EVERY year or so, a new conqueror appears in Hollywood and, seizing it by the tail, swings it around his head. And for the year or so, this conqueror rides a gold elephant to work and lives in a dream boat. Sometimes there are two, three or four conquerors in Hollywood all at the same time, and all swinging it around their heads. On such occasions the hostesses, bar-keepers and publicity departments of the movie capital break down and the neigh-

boring spas become crowded with convalescents.

But before I can start this account of Daisy Marcher's conquest of Hollywood it will be wise to explain a few things about the movie capital. It has been my experience that it is best to approach a tale of cinemaland like an anthropologist and discuss the odd tribal customs of the place so that the reader will be partly persuaded at least that one is not writing with an opium pipe in one hand. I will confine these preliminaries only to that phase of the movies which make possible the unnerving advent of a Daisy Marcher.

**I**N HOLLYWOOD a star may receive from \$100,000 to \$150,000 for acting in a single picture. This chore occupies about ten weeks of the star's time, which means, on a basis of an eight-hour day, that the star receives roughly from five to seven dollars a minute for acting. This includes the many minutes (more than two thirds

of them) during which the star lies dormant in the dressing room; also the many minutes in which the star gets mad and won't act at all; likewise the many minutes during which the star is kept from the full practice of his or her art by infidelity, amnesia or a hang-over.

Similar pots of gold are handed over to the top writers and directors of movies, who are sometimes incapacitated for whole weeks at a time (while on salary) by being unable to think at all. But whether they are thinking or merely sitting staring at the wall, these artists receive from four to six dollars a minute. In fact there is no one connected with the artistic side of movie-making—not excluding somebody called the producer who usually just comes along for the ride—who does not receive some staggering sum for his participation.

There are many reasons why we movie-makers are so prodigiously rewarded for tasks that might well come under the head

of trivia. I will skip most of them as having nothing to do with Daisy Marcher and offer only the one that is pertinent—the Hollywood agent. Foremost in the forces that have skyrocketed the earnings of the movie artist has been this peculiar sleight-of-hand worker.

His emergence on the Hollywood scene some twenty years ago was occasioned by the fact that most of the movie artists were unable to add or subtract and also needed someone to look up telephone numbers for them. From these humble beginnings the agent (the Great Agent) has risen to breath-taking heights.

The Great Agent has under his wing today bevy of stars and geniuses whose venality he has inflamed (a not difficult task) with purring tales of their worth. The peddling of these treasure-troves is the simplest part of his labors. For it was the agent who first uncovered the Basic Principle of Hollywood. This is that the Pharaohs who run the studios measure their own greatness by the amount of money they are able to spend. There is, in fact, no other activity open to them. The Pharaoh who can spend the most money on stars and geniuses becomes automatically the most dazzling figure in the cinema capital. Thus the competition to run the studios into bankruptcy is an extremely hot one. That all the studios are not quickly

(Continued on page 30)



THOSE

# Beautiful Beginnings

By Josephine Bentham

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF



Together, in a very indignant fashion, they marched out of the house, and Julie looked after them wistfully

**JULIE HERRICK** woke up in the morning with the names of men tumbling around in her mind, but after a second or two, the right name would come clear to her drowsy consciousness. She remembered, on this particular morning, that she was madly in love with Bob Waldron. Captain Waldron of the U. S. Army. She smiled and turned a flushed face back to the pillow.

It was easy for Julie Herrick to fall in love and, contrary to all the solemn

preachments, it was just as easy for her to recapture, each time, all the breath-taking wonder of falling in love.

The present affair had begun, as had several others, with a vague and exciting sense of recognition. "I'm sorry I was staring!" she would say with a queer little catch in her voice. "But—haven't I met you somewhere before?" This was no part of any planned technique. She was sincere about it. She would feel that she must actually have known this particular man—

if only in her childhood—if only in her dreams. He would be sincere, too, when he said that she couldn't have met him before, that he would have remembered the meeting, that he would have been thinking, in fact, of little else.

The first date would follow this conversation with practically no delay, and the memory of this first date would have Julie burying a flushed face in her pillow—as she was doing now. And each time she would assure herself that this time it was

It cost little to know Julie most, a broken heart. And was a small price for her loved one of the truly remarkable young girls of our

the real thing. This was going to last time it was the right one—Bob Waldron was the right one. In all the other instances, the preliminaries had faded into bleak, unmemorable intervals which the man had got mad and away or married another girl or taken up stamp collecting. And she would be ready and free again for the stab of rapture and wonder. . . .

"Well!" her sister Martha said thoughtfully, "you were never coming down for breakfast!"

Julie smiled.

"I don't have to go to work on days," she said cheerfully. "Just this afternoon."

Martha's face failed to brighten in otic assent. It was one thing to set teens for the entertainment of the service. It was another thing to make the main attraction in a canteen for and neglected young officers. This project Martha had disapproved from beginning. It would lead, she felt, to good for Julie.

**THERE** had always been enough in Julie's life, but since the war, there had been more men, and more attractive. In the old days, Julie hadn't been able to resist a really good tweed coat—stand no chance at all with a uniform.

Martha frowned faintly and cornered her thought aloud. "And you were a teen," she said, "your last birthday."

Julie sputtered over the rim of her cup. "Don't make me laugh when I have my mouth full of toast! What's my nineteen got to do with anything?"

"It's just that I think it's time you get some sense. If you're ever going to get married and settle down—"

"Martha!" Julie's impetuous protest upset the sugar bowl. She put it back on its fat blue legs and leaned forward angrily. "That's just what I want to talk about! I want to tell you first of all that I am going to settle down! I'm so happy about it—I've never been so happy in my life! It's Bob, Martha!"

Martha had her own recollection of dreamy but acute. She had heard her say something very much like this. It's Garth, Martha. It's Jimmy. It's Beechy. . . .

Nobody but Martha had ever bothered to keep track of them. It was Martha who bore the whole burden of her younger sister's frivolity. George, who was Martha's husband, wouldn't listen to a word Julie said. She couldn't help being impatient. That was part of her. Martha was to remember how you were. Martha was to be patient. In these days, Julie would find the man who could really hold her—keep her by one fireside for the rest of her life—that was George's theory—and it had always been a trifle fatuous. Julie was concerned.

They were both indebted to Martha. Martha was ready, if not eager, to help. When George came out of the hospital last fall, Julie had moved into the home to contribute more than her share to the household expenses. Then, to her had been wonderfully good to the children. Junior and little Gladys dearly loved their Aunt Julie—and this may have been cupboard love, but it also may have been

(Continued on page 74)





# GREEK TRAGEDY-1943

BY NIKOL PAPPAS

Two years ago, the Axis occupied Greece. Since then, Greek history has been an incredible story of human endurance. In the face of calculated starvation and disease, Greeks still find the strength to fight their enemies

All day and every day, Athens' citizens search for food. When starvation overtakes them, their bodies lie in the streets unidentified by their relatives, who thus avoid turning in their bread tickets



NIKOL PAPPAS is a name like John Smith in America, and not my real name. I cannot tell you what it is, for I still have friends in Greece. I am one of those who recently escaped to America. Of course, I cannot tell you how that was managed, either. But I can tell you something of what things are like inside that stricken country, for I lived there through nearly two years of German occupation and saw with my own eyes things that are almost unbelievable.

At the time of Greece's capitulation, I was practicing medicine in one of the hospitals of Athens. When the Germans and Italians marched in, they took over, along with everything else, all the hospitals. There were roughly 4,000 beds in the Athens hospitals. Of these, 200 were left for Greece's dying and wounded. When it became a question of serving only my country's oppressors, I resigned from the hospital and went into private practice. The Germans had enough doctors of their own, so they made no effort to stop me.

Three months after I had started my private practice, I was no longer able to obtain medicines. There were some to be had, but the price was prohibitive. I still went out on calls—in fact, the number of them steadily increased—but they were little more than a gesture. What good were prescriptions without medicines? More important, what good were medicines if no food was available? The most I could do—and the same went for other doctors—was provide a little moral support. But moral support doesn't keep people from dying of disease and starvation.

In Athens, all business had resolved itself into the business of keeping alive. You walk along the quays and see children picking up the heads and bones of fish and eating them greedily. Others go from door to door begging for food. From the ends of their thin, ropelike arms swing small tin cans in which they collect the scraps of food given to them. Their complexion is straw-yellow, their eyes wild and feverish, their bodies swollen with edema. Mutilated soldiers, sometimes without arms or legs, are wheeled around in soap boxes, grinding their teeth with pain. The wheel chairs have all been taken by the Germans.

One day a young woman with a baby in her arms knocked at our door and pleaded for food. Our first impulse was to turn her away. There were so many knocks on the door. But she was so pathetic-looking that we let her stay and gave her a few beans and raisins. Her breasts were torn and bleeding, the baby had sucked them to shreds. The baby itself was no less pitiful. Eczema had made its face an open wound and its fingers were literally chewed to the bone, with pieces of raw flesh hanging from them.

Not far from my home lived a war widow with two children. One of her children died and she buried him secretly at night in her own courtyard. By not reporting his death, she was able to retain his bread ticket. With that extra ration she hoped to keep her other child alive.

Dead bodies clutter the gutters of Athens. They lie there, sometimes a week at a time, unidentified by their relatives, who thus avoid turning in their bread tickets; the people of Greece have learned of necessity to think only of the living.

Many of these corpses had been tubercular cases who had come in from outlying villages. Their friends and relatives, unable to help them, had sent them to Athens for medical attention. There they were turned down by one hospital after another. Finally, becoming too weak to go any farther, they had died in the street.

The Italians and Germans, of course, have an abundance of everything. They have taken over the best hotels, movies, restaurants and practically all the fuel. They drink beer, wine and vermouth. The

(Continued on page 76)



# WEEK END IN NEW YORK

By Harry Henderson and Sam Shaw



Hotel lobbies, restaurants, subway exits are crowded meeting places. Sgt. John Paluch is caught meeting—and kissing—his wife Veronica on hotel steps

Itinerant chorus-girl photographer takes a souvenir picture of the Zieder family at Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe, glitter night club for out-of-towners. Most of the city's new visitors don't go to the swank, soft light places on the East Side, but prefer the noise and tinsel of Broadway



**T**ODAY, Broadway's lights are blacked out and New York is cool with cash. Manhattan has become the week-end spot of the world. Everyone is making money, spending money, and there's plenty of money where that came from. Aircraft workers, girl riveters, soldiers and sailors of the world and their relatives crowd the sidewalks and subways, and girls turn down offers of \$100 a week, hot-dog stands become restaurants.

It's not just Broadway that booms. Department stores from 14th Street to Central Park are crowded with buyers. The only problem is finding something to sell them. Recently one store got a shipment of 8,000 pairs of nylon and before the store could advertise them they were gone.

The Statue of Liberty boat shoves off from the Battery with as many customers as it can handle and the Empire State Building officials, reporting their five-millionth visitor, declare today's crowds exceed anything seen since the World's Fair. The straight rubberneck business is so good that sightseeing people, who lost their busses to the war, are getting customers to pay \$2.25 each for a three-hour walk around Manhattan. New York has become the Standing Room Only capital of the world. There are people standing in line to buy hot dogs, to get a restaurant table, to get a bus, to get a taxi to miss the \$64 question and, Madam, the line forms at the rear.

In one night's wandering you can see uniforms from most of the nations . . . a Polish colonel, a Dutch Javanese sailor, Norwegian men of the R.A.F., red pomponned French sailors, Brazilian naval aviators. With strange instinct each seems to find fellow countrymen among the city's seven millions. French go to the French restaurants in the 40's; Polish go to the Woodstock. Forty or fifty torpedoed seamen from India are in a Mills Hotel, where they kneel in their tiny rooms five times daily and pray toward Mecca.

Perhaps hardest pressed by these new millions are the hotel men. If you haven't reservations, chances are you'll sleep on a cot. To speed up room turnover, most hotels have moved up their checking-out hour and are discouraging permanent guests. Half a dozen Times Square hotels which have been verging on bankruptcy for years were snapped up by realty interests.

It's a popular saying with columnists that if you stand on certain street corners in New York you're bound to see someone from home. Recently two American sailors recognized two French sailors on top of the Empire State Building. They had fought against one another in Africa. An observatory employee acted as interpreter and it wasn't long before the French were asking how to sing Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition.

Thousands who have never been in New York before, thousands who haven't been there since their honeymoons, thousands who used to go South for the winter, thousands who play in New York, all add up to millions who have money that jingle-jangle-jingles.

Six months ago the Broadway Association started a promotional campaign to advertise New York as a vacation playland. But they gave up soon after because there's no sense in hyping a winner.

Honeymooning defense couple from Chelsea, Massachusetts, enjoy breakfast in bed at the Hotel Lincoln. The day before they had become Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Quasarano. She works in a sailors' uniform factory; he is a General Electric millwright. Their itinerary: Statue of Liberty, the Empire State Building, Radio City Music Hall, Leon and Eddie's night







ss is booming at the shooting gallery and pinball emporiums. They go to Florida for the winter, but not now! Cpl. John Robson, above, Helen Heller how to score a bull's-eye on the moving shadow planes



Bowling alleys are being booked solid for twenty-four hours a day. Over 1,000 new alleys have been built to accommodate factory workers' leagues. Marjorie Snook, above, throws a ball which nearly clips the cameraman



and Chambru, torpedoed Indian merchantmen, are impressed by skyscrapers. They live in a Mills Hotel (cheap, cash in advance) at Times Square



Visitors buy armloads of gifts for the "folks back home." Londoners Maurice Prout and Fred Weaver, R. A. F., buy brushes to send to England

avenue shoppers ogle jewels and wear mink. Above 45th Street the demand is for the luxury items, and all stores vie in fancy window displays. With new dimout curtains they can show their wares at night. Dresses, cosmetics, diamonds, furs are rapid-turnover items these days



Machinery-minded youngster Charles Wenzel explains machine-gun sights to his parents at the Museum of Science and Industry. Nearly all city museums report large increases in visitors. Many are natives who, since they can't motor to the country for week ends, take time to discover their city



# FORGOTTEN FRONT

By Corey Ford



Eager ground crews swarm over an Army medium bomber, returning from a stormy session over Kiska, and count the holes made by Jap antiaircraft fire. These are the first color photographs published of our most advanced Aleutian base



In the Pilot's Alert Quonset hut, where combat crews are briefed, the squadron leader points out the location of the Jap camp area on a relief map of Kiska. Cribbage, poker, magazines help pass time until the weather breaks



In fog and cold and silence, these forgotten men fight a nearly forgotten war under heartbreaking difficulties. The life—and death—in an Aleutian out-

**W**E EVEN had a tree. It wasn't much of a tree, but it was pretty good for the Aleutians, for a thousand miles there isn't a shrub taller than your knee. No, that's not quite true—there's another tree, on Umnak Island. A couple of Army men flew it all the way from the Alaska mainland, and it stands inside a wooden stockade with a big sign: "Umnak National Forest." The men pause in front of it and then stare at it in silence. It's funny how you get to long for the sight of a real tree, after a while.

Nothing seems quite real, as a matter of fact, here at our most advanced base in the Andreanof Islands, three-quarters of the way down the lonely Aleutian chain. A bomb's throw from Jap-held Kiska, only a few odd miles from Japan itself. The islands, as you see them, are no more than a staggered series of sunken volcanic peaks, separated sometimes by hundreds of miles of open water: fog-shrouded, obscure as death. Unlike the mainland of Alaska, where the thermometer reaches seventy below, the temperature in the Aleutians seldom gets down to zero; the mountain peaks are perpetually ice-capped but most slopes are bare, covered with an olive-drab grass that gives the island a strikingly military look. Snow comes one day and melts the next; the roads are alternately hip-deep in mud or frozen into a badlands of ruts and holes, over which bump an endless succession of tractors and Army trucks. The men live in square tents, or in round-topped sheet-metal Quonset huts deep into the hillsides at crazy angles, amid a never-land of revetments, trailing telephone wires, holes, concealed gun emplacements. The wind blows day and night with a steady banshee wail; seals and lions plunge in the seething surf; the ubiquitous wheel and bank and race the patrol planes over the tundra. The treeless hills around you are as unreal as the side of the moon.

But the mud is real, and wet feet are real, and without fresh meat or milk or eggs or fruit is real; getting any mail from home is real; there hadn't been a mail boat for two months when I arrived. No baths, no entertainment, no towns to go to, no recreation for a thousand miles is real. The waiting is real—the realest thing of all up here. Waiting for the weather to break. Waiting to try another bombing mission over the Japanese. Waiting for your wings to ice up, perhaps, or to sock in your home field, or your plane to crash against an uncharted mountainside in the fog. A man who flies here carries an undated death warrant in his pocket; sooner or later he knows the weather will get him, sooner or later he won't get back. Waiting, that, day after day, is very real. . . .

## Invasion Route to Japan

It's a sort of forgotten war. You haven't heard much about it. You hear about the war in Africa, the Solomons, but you never hear of the Aleutians. The very name of the islands sounds illusory. You're not entirely sure where they are, until you look at a map of Alaska, which curiously resembles a profile of Uncle Sam, and you see the Aleutian archipelago as Uncle Sam's chin whiskers wagging far out across the Pacific toward the clutching fingers of Japan. You realize, until you measure it on a globe, that the islands stretch so far west; even the beginning of the chain is 500 miles west of Hawaii; our base in the Andreanof Islands is actually parallel with New Zealand; and the Jap-occupied island of Attu, 900 miles from our naval base at Dutch Harbor, is only about 700 miles from the Japanese naval base at Paramushiro in the Kuril Islands. You are surprised, looking at your globe, to see the long sickle curve of the islands slices midway through the shortest route from Seattle to Tokyo. You realize that these forgotten islands offer by all odds the direct invasion route to the heart of Japan.

Oh, maybe you hear of it once in a while. You see a brief Navy communiqué, buried somewhere in the news, stating that our land-based bombers—Army Air Forces, in case the communiqué doesn't make it clear—have attacked enemy shipping again. (Continued on page 80)

Army Air Forces pilots, ready for a mission, in the foreground, to the author (center) the route they plan to take in making their bombing run over the enemy





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# It's fun to be healthy! Try Hemo... drink your Vitamins and like 'em!

## JUST ONE GLASS OF HEMO GIVES YOU:

The Vitamin A in 3 boiled eggs!

PLUS

The Vitamin B<sub>1</sub> in 4 slices of whole wheat bread!

PLUS

The Vitamin B<sub>2</sub> (G) in 4 servings of spinach!

PLUS

The Vitamin D in 3 servings of beef liver!

PLUS

The Iron in ½ pound of beef!

PLUS

The Calcium & Phosphorus in 2 servings of cauliflower and 1 serving of cooked green beans combined!

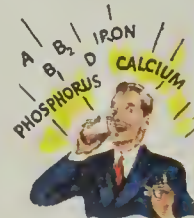
PLUS

Significant quantity of Niacin.



How about you? 3 out of 4 Americans may not get enough vitamins with their meals (Government nutrition authorities tell us so!)... That's why thousands of people add a glass of swell-tasting HEMO to their daily diet...

Look what you get in one glass of HEMO. When mixed in milk, HEMO gives you half your daily requirements of Vitamins A, B<sub>1</sub>, B<sub>2</sub> (G), D, and Iron, Calcium, and Phosphorus... PLUS a significant quantity of Niacin... P.S. We purposely omitted Vitamin C from HEMO... you can get it easily if you drink fruit and tomato juices!



Ask war workers! Many men and women who do vital war work drink HEMO! They need their vitamins every day... and they like 'em the HEMO way! So will you!

Children love HEMO, too! Tastes like the grandest malted—only better! And HEMO's wonderful for them—hot or cold!—with lunch or dinner, or an after-school snack.



Keep HEMO on the pantry shelf. The full-pound jar—24 delicious drinks—costs 59¢ at grocery and drug stores. HEMO for one serving costs only 2½¢!... And here's a tip for fountain lunchers: You can have HEMO made up in any flavor you prefer!



# Borden's Hemo



IT'S BORDEN'S, IT'S GOT TO BE GOOD!



# LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO!

"Getting ready for auction day." Painted from life on a Southern farm by Aaron Bohrod.





DINT of considerable effort, I managed to get to France in the early days of 1918. Because of my bad and an imperfect ear, only the M.A. would have me. My old friend Allen of Kansas transferred from the Red Cross to the Y.M.C.A. about the same time, and together we did our chores in the shadow of the Big Berthas.

When Henry was elected governor of Kansas *in absentia*, he had to return to the state. I accompanied him as far as the train. I was fortified with papers from the War Department requesting G.H.Q. to waive my physical disabilities and give me a commission with a combat force. There it was, my disposition would show my interest against the Huns.

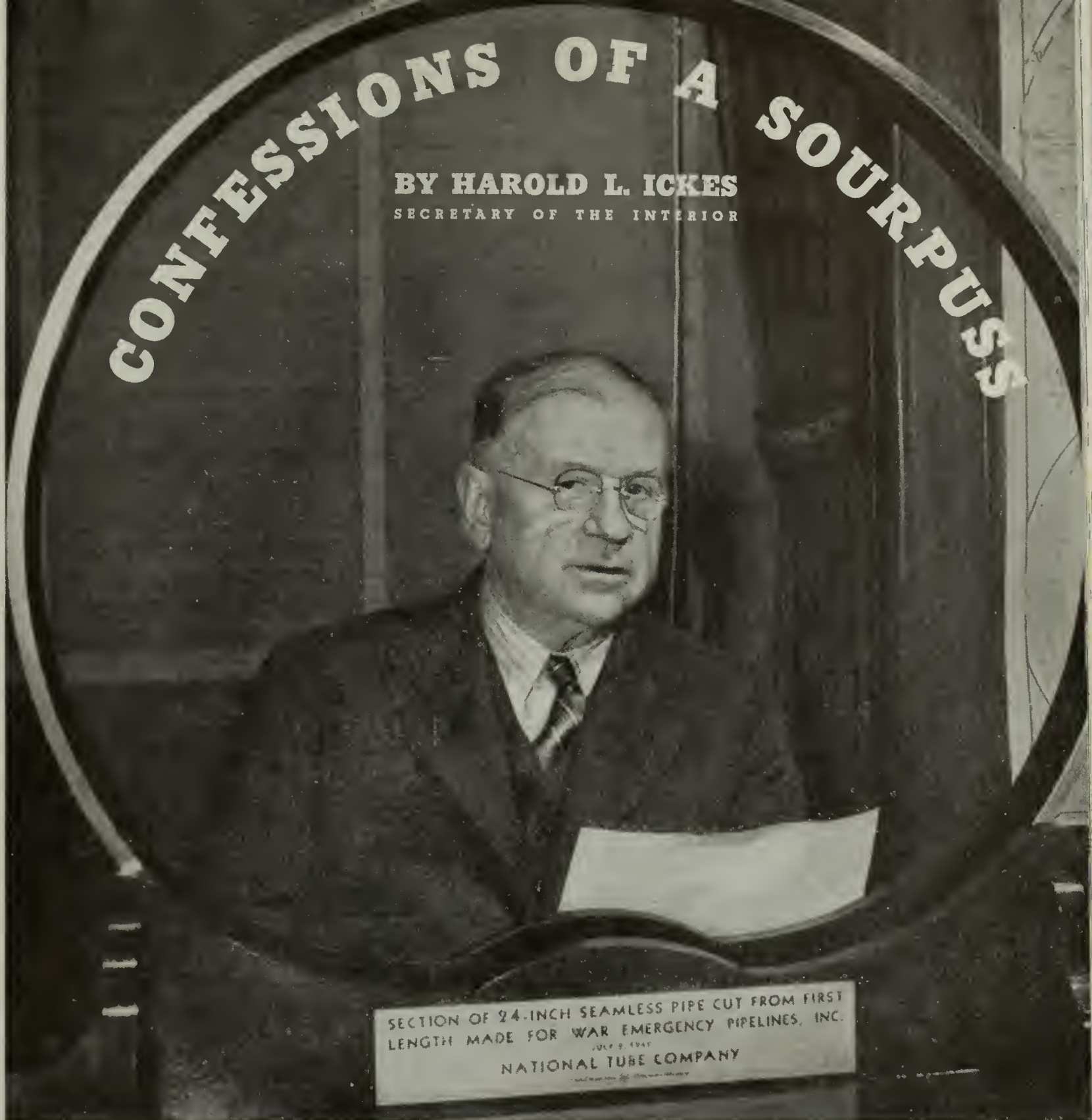
The Huns must have heard what was up, for before I could complete my transfer, the Armistice was signed and I set sail for home.

I arrived in New York on January 1. Theodore Roosevelt was in the city, but I could not see him. When I got off from the train in Chicago a few days later, I was met with the announcement that Teddy was dead. Something had happened to me that has never been repeated.

My interest almost entirely in local state politics. Why try to reform a state that was bullheaded in its inequities? I followed closely the doings in Washington. Woodrow Wilson, whom I had admired but whom I had never supported, was under the strain, and national power slipped from his enfeebled grasp.

Republican irreconcilables were in the majority. Aside from the Democratic regulars, who were not too dependable, there was to be only one man of national standing by Wilson, and this was J. Edgar Hoover, who had appealed to the public for a Democratic Congress in 1918. But even if Hoover had been the only one, on the occasion, he was spending all his time moistening his forefinger and holding it aloft to determine from which political wind might be blowing. He didn't make up his mind whether to support a Republican, a Democrat, or an Independent, and it was still going to be a few days before he decided. He did know he wanted to be President.

Coming over to the isolationist side (I confess it), even for a time, I now know how wrong I was and I hereby



During World War I, Harold Ickes (with his stepson, Wilmarth, left) was with the Y.M.C.A. in France. He asked for a transfer to a combat unit, but the Germans heard about it and called off the war

do penance for that temporary aberration. Behold me in sackcloth and ashes—now a confirmed believer in the principle that we live in the world, that we are of the world, and that we can't play ostrich and safely bet that some rangy (or is "mangy" the word?) beast named Hitler won't sneak up on us and pull out our tail feathers.

The miserable machinations that went on in the 1920 Republican convention—the first political side show in which I could work up an interest after my return from abroad—were nauseating. They gripe me still when I think of them.

Medill McCormick, thumbing his nose at the people, was happily hopping hither and yon as one of the inside group determined upon carrying out the will of the notorious machine which we both had fought sincerely, I thought, and with conviction, in previous battles. Boies Penrose lay on his deathbed in Philadelphia, but he joined by telephone in the conspiracy that was being brewed in the small smoke-filled room where an evil candidate was to emerge from the witches' caldron.

Two sons of Theodore Roosevelt—Theodore, Jr., and Archibald—foresaw the nomination of Harding, who four years before had denounced their father in unmeasured terms and had held him up as an international criminal in the matter of the Panama Canal. They came to see me. Could anything be done to prevent Harding's nomination?

I suggested that they appeal to the thousands of Republicans throughout America who loved their father; that they denounce Warren G. Harding and declare that no true Rooseveltian would support him in the convention or thereafter. The two young men backed away from my proposal.

#### The Republicans Take Over

So what did I do? I, the curmudgeon—Ickes the battle-scarred? I ran my neck out and wrote my own defiance as a former warrior under the egis of Theodore Roosevelt. I signed it and threw it at the delegates in the convention. Too late. Johnson, Wood and Lowden, any one of whom would have made a better candidate and a better President than Harding, got together. The adroit Harry Daugherty, the realistic Crane and Smoot, and the dying Penrose had done their work.

And so came Harding to Washington with his Ohio gang hanging on to his shirt-

tail. But not with my help. The Lord forbid! If a curmudgeon is not true to himself, to whom then can he be true?

Then Harding dramatically died on a trip that he was taking to Alaska. Why and how he died should not be mysteries, but they are.

I broke loose from James Cox and Franklin Roosevelt in that year of 1920, and continued on the losing end; and again in 1924 with Davis. Coolidge, with his pie brigade, had no difficulty in winning both the nomination and the election. As who wouldn't have, with John W. Davis as his opponent? Davis was really the original "poor little barefoot Wall Street lawyer."

With 1928, came Al Smith. The religious issue reared its ugly head. On the Republican side, the leaders had taken the word of Coolidge that he did not choose to run, when all the time it was his eager desire to do so. Enter Hoover, who, finally, after many years and much travail, had decided that he was a Republican. Harding had put him into his Cabinet as Secretary of Commerce, and Coolidge had retained him. He had been building himself for President ever since 1918, and ten years later, he made a three-point landing.

To me, Hoover has always been—well, Hoover. I took no part in the campaign, but I did vote for Smith. I have voted  
(Continued on page 52)







## GLOBALONEY GIRL

BY FRANK GERVASI

Clare Boothe Luce, legislator, ready to meet the exigencies of a tough day at the office

### A strictly male point of view on a controversial subject

CONGRESSWOMAN Clare Boothe Luce (R-Conn.) is thirty-nine years old and the kind of woman who admits it with the same effortless candor with which she acknowledges that she smokes. She is also the kind of woman whom most men adore and most women definitely don't. About her, women say and write things which should neither be said nor printed but invariably are.

An example of the unrestricted warfare between her and almost all other women is the threadbare anecdote about Clare's kinship to a murderer. Clare's father was William Boothe, a violinist. The oft-told

story is that, through him, Clare is distantly related to John Wilkes Booth, Abraham Lincoln's assassin. The cats would have it that Clare's folks added an "e" to their name in an effort to hide the relationship. The story is false. Clare's people came over on The Ark and the Dove, and they settled in New England and not in Maryland, whence came the ancestors of the man who shot Lincoln.

Nature endowed Clare with beauty, brains and health in precisely those proportions calculated to arouse the envious antagonism of her sex. And if nature hadn't insured trouble for her, Clare's own literary aptitude for exposing the weaknesses of the female, which she demonstrated in her play, *The Women*, would have guaranteed it.

A Republican woman worker came to Clare during the election in Fairfield

County, Connecticut, and confessed that she had been afraid to meet her after seeing the movie version of *The Women*.

"Why, you're not at all," the woman said, "like I'd imagine you." Which is about as far as most women will go in the way of compromise in their opinions concerning this cool, shapely, chic and rapier-tongued nemesis.

Those women who envy Mrs. Luce's gifts can draw comfort from her present predicament. After a dazzling career as playwright, editor, author and much-traveled if overimpressible foreign correspondent, she is currently a nobody. This is, however, a state of affairs not likely to endure for one endowed with her metabolism. I asked her about her metabolism. She said it was "perfect."

Clare is now a Congressional freshman. In big-time politics, this is just one cut

above the page boys in the House of representatives, although the Beautiful or the Candor Kid (as she has also called) has asserted herself to the extent of securing a place on the House M Affairs Committee. When the committee meets, she sits at the foot of the where she is made expertly to feel her priority.

Mrs. Luce provided proof of her pressibility in her maiden speech to an attentive House. She added a new to the war's idiom, gave the public to the possible policies of Mrs. Luce Stateswoman and opened herself to terattack from her ancient enemy women. She advocated American do tion of the air lanes after the pea opposed to freedom of the air as pro by Vice-President Wallace.

The latter's global peace plans a ternationalism, Mrs. Luce labeled "loney," which she castigated as a "w sense with a woof of nonsense." Her baloney" went 'round the world. She page one in the Republican New Herald Tribune and page 27 in the pendent-Democratic New York Tin

### The Lady Climbs Aboard

Mrs. Luce campaigned in Connecticut Fourth District under the flamboyant of "Let's fight a hard war instead of a soft war." But she didn't go to Washington with any illusions about men and politics, nor about herself or her ability to revolutionize the capital and the world. She discovered, very quickly, that better learn the ropes of the Ship of State before she attempts to do any stunts. Mrs. Luce has, however, declared her intention of running for Congress from the Fourth District again in 1944, which would indicate strongly that she's in it to stay a while.

For one who's been around and fancied herself a "journalist," she did a few prat falls—as they say in the world of the theater where Gypsy Rogers hangs her G-string. There was the mess of Clare's visit with Democratic Speaker Sam Rayburn. Mrs. Luce had to travel to Washington from Camp Pendleton where she had attended an Army production of *The Women*. Her publisher, Henry Robinson Luce, telephoned her to inform her that the Kitchell, a friend from Texas, was in Washington and to give him a ring. Clare phoned Kitchell who asked her to come to The Anchorage for cocktails with Representative Lyndon Johnson and other members of the House, including Speaker Rayburn, Ben Cohen and Tommy Corcoran.

"Sure," said Clare, "I'd like to meet my new boss."

Almost before the cab bearing Clare to The Anchorage arrived, minutes later, the story was all over Washington, in several versions. One version had Clare had sought out Speaker Rayburn and wheedled an appointment on the International Relations Committee. By the time she got to Republican Leader Joe Martin, Clare's stormy initiation into Washington politics was ensured.

If Joe Martin is a remarkable man, it isn't because he is subtle, nor because he understands women. Through intermediaries, Mr. Martin let Mrs. Luce know he was chagrined and despondent and short, very sore about what she'd done. Mr. Martin indirectly advised the new Clare that Congressional freshmen are to be seen and not heard and, if possible, even seen—and much more. But she added up to the same thing.

This laid the psychological back for Clare's next frosh boner. In other things, Mr. Martin had advised her to keep away from the press. When she arrived at Union Station from Hollywood where she had worked three weeks

(Continued on page 47)



# Belly gunner's prayer at 50 below

"Come on, baby—give!"

Strange things happen at 50° below zero. Rubber  
as brittle as glass. Oil turns to mush. *Metal*  
*shrinks.*

But when a gunner in a high-flying U. S. bomber  
presses the firing button of his gun, it must work  
manently! It does.

Steel gun springs which compensate for sudden  
changes in temperature have been developed by  
years of research in United States Steel and other  
laboratories. These springs keep delicate firing mech-  
anisms working smoothly—at 50 below or 130 above.

That's just one of the things these men of steel  
have done. They've learned how to make cans with  
only a fraction of the tin previously used, to help  
keep America's food supply flowing to our armed  
forces. Air-field runways of steel and of wire mesh  
that can be laid almost like a carpet.

## What will your life be like after the war?

The progress in steel-making born in these war  
years will build an exciting new life for you. Better  
tools will be ready to serve you in a thousand ways,  
more usefully and economically than ever.

When peace comes, the U.S.S. Label will mean  
more than ever, too . . . because it will be backed  
by scores of wartime improvements in steel which  
will make American life better.

AMERICAN BRIDGE COMPANY • AMERICAN STEEL & WIRE COM-  
PANY • BOYLE MANUFACTURING COMPANY • CARNEGIE-ILLINOIS  
STEEL CORPORATION • COLUMBIA STEEL COMPANY • CYCLONE  
STEEL DIVISION • FEDERAL SHIPBUILDING & DRY DOCK COM-  
PANY • NATIONAL TUBE COMPANY • OIL WELL SUPPLY COMPANY  
• TENNESSEE COAL, IRON & RAILROAD COMPANY • TUBULAR  
STEEL CORPORATION • UNITED STATES STEEL EXPORT  
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SITY OF KENTUCKY • VIRGINIA-BRIDGE COMPANY

## NEW STEELS FOR AMERICA

### BUY WAR BONDS EVERY PAYDAY

The money you loan builds America's war strength.  
Yours again to spend in years to come . . . for new  
comforts, products of steel, things for better living.



## UNITED STATES STEEL



*Glenn Grobe*



# "I've Crossed the Ocean for Edgeworth!"



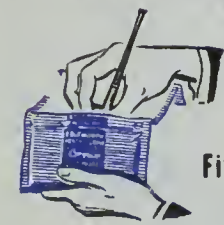
A stranger stopped me on the street and—with a Scotsman's "bur-r-r"—He said: "I beg your pardon but—perhaps you'd point out, sir—The way to a tobacconist's—I'm from a ship, you see, An' dinna know ma way around"—I said: "Sure! Come with me!"

Well, I bought a pack of Edgeworth, and I wish you'd heard his laughter. "Why Edgeworth is the verra thing," he said, "that I've come after—'Tis fine tobacco for ma pipe, but scarce abroad—no joking, I have to come 3000 miles to find such fragrant smoking."



Copr. 1943, Larus & Brother Co.

Easy to fill your pipe



Fits your pocket easily

WE sympathize with the pipe smokers in England, Scotland, Australia, Norway, Sweden, Denmark—and other foreign countries. For since the war it has been hard to get their favorite Edgeworth—the tobacco for which they used to pay 60¢ and 70¢ a pocket tin—because of the import duty.

But you are still privileged to enjoy America's Finest Pipe Tobacco for only 15¢. Edgeworth, by the way, is now packed in the new Seal-Pak pouch. It fits your pocket comfortably—and, best of all—it keeps America's Finest Pipe Tobacco in flavor-fresh condition.

Enjoy a generous sample at our expense. Write Larus & Brother Company, 203 22nd Street, Richmond, Va.

"AMERICA'S FINEST PIPE TOBACCO"

in Kiska Harbor, and scored hits on two cargo ships; and you wonder why we don't drive the Japs out of the Aleutians and get it over with. You wonder what we're waiting for. Well, the men who are flying up here—the pilots who single-handed are fighting this forgotten war—wonder that, too, sometimes. They feel that intermittent bombing raids—regular missions are impossible to schedule in the incredible Aleutian fog—will never permanently dislodge a well-entrenched enemy so near his own base of supplies. They wonder when their aerial efforts will be followed up by an all-out sea-and-land occupation of Kiska and Attu. They wonder how many planes must be lost, how many pilots must die, before the Navy and the ground forces move in to finish the job.

For it is a lonely front—the least-known and loneliest of all our far-flung battle fronts. These pilots are not fighting a glamorous war of blazing guns and gallant encounters in mid-air; they fight an unseen foe, and they fly and die alone. Their enemy is the weather. Their battlefield is a boulder-strewn beach scattered with tell-tale bits of twisted metal, or a snow-covered mountainside where the torn wing of a plane flaps emptily in the wind, or an icy strait into which a flaming bomber hisses into silence like an extinguished cigarette. They do not parachute to safety and a hero's medal; they struggle for a few minutes in the numbing water until their chute fills and drags them out of sight forever. Their citation reads, "Missing . . ."

The flying conditions in the Aleutians, winter and summer, are, beyond any argument, the worst in all the world. These Army bombers go out on missions in weather that would ground any ordinary operations. "We don't think it's too thick to fly," they say, "until you can't see your pilot." They talk matter-of-factly of hundred-mile-an-hour williwaws, or of snow squalls so sudden that a pilot may taxi up the runway in bright sunshine and find the field blanked out by the time he turns to head back for the take-off. One pilot told me of flying formation through a fog so complete that he couldn't see the plane directly ahead of him. "All I could do was to come down fifty feet off the ocean," he said, "and follow the wake made by the blast from its props on the water."

## Target for Today

The day's mission is briefed in the Pilot's Ready Quonset Hut, down near the line. Each morning, after breakfast, the combat crews zip on their fleece-lined leather flying suits and pile into a recon car and jolt down to the hut through the inky blackness of an Alaska winter morning, hoping against hope that today's weather will be okay to make the run over the target. They pack themselves in the car ten deep, sitting on one another's laps, draping themselves along the fenders, straddling the radiator, singing.

In the Ready Hut there is a large plaster-of-Paris relief map of Kiska, resting across two sawhorses. It is very popular, because Kiska Harbor is just the right size and shape to accommodate the average pilot's rear end. You rest the base of your spine on the Jap camp area at Salmon Lagoon, the heavily fortified ridges of North and South Head furnish an admirable support for either buttock, and you straddle Little Kiska Island in the harbor's mouth as you would the pommel of a saddle. The squadron commander stands beside a chart on the wall and talks in a low pleasant voice, as though he were outlining a play in football:

"We're going to about nine or ten thousand on the way out. We'll go north of the

chain, come around the Volcano to Pillar Rock, turn in toward the island here—" He indicates the spot on the chart. "—and make a ninety-degree diving turn. All flights javelin right. First element will use a 6,500 base altitude; second element 5,500. Start your bombing run about here." He points to the chart again. "First element will take the hangars, the second the sub base. Use a loose formation except against fighter opposition, in which case we'll close up as in regular tactics. Shipping in the harbor gets first priorities, of course. Remember, on your bombing run the copilot will maintain air speed, the pilot flies the ship. Rendezvous five miles north of here," putting his finger on a dot on the chart. "We'll have fighter coverage. In case a peashooter has any trouble, you, Mac"—he jabs his thumb toward a pilot, who nods silently—"will lead it back to the base. Maintain radio silence on the way out. Standard frequency. Any questions?"

"Will we have much Zero opposition?"

"I think so, yes."

"Antiaircraft?"

"The Navy communiqué will state as usual that there was no antiaircraft fire," dryly, "but look out for those gremlins." He takes out his watch. "Everybody synchronize his watch. We ought to hear about the weather in an hour or so."

The group relaxes; now there is nothing to do but wait. And wait, and wait. A cribbage game starts up, someone goes to work on a jigsaw puzzle, the men light cigarettes, loosen their flying suits, straddle chairs and read old copies of magazines, fling their leather jackets on the floor and stretch out on them and talk. They talk a

language all their own, a jargon peculiar to pilots. "I had to goose it coming in." "Boy, did I sweat it out . . ." "The I shoveled the coal to it and gunned around again . . ." Strange vivid phrases strike your ear—flying language: Back the throttles. Hang it on the prop. Plunk the tail in first. Balloon over the way. Milk up the flaps. Someone reads their last mission: "When that Zero came alongside you, Dave, did the Jap look like that one you always see in the movies, one that grabs his stomach and bends over and goes 'Ugh?'" "Six no trump." "S wonder why we can't drop a bomb down inside the crater of Kiska volcano and touch it off." "Da da da . . ." "Up," from the cribbage game, "We're ing to add." "Shouldn't it be almost to hear about the weather?"

They tell you the hard-luck story of the popular little bombardier from New York's lower East Side. It seems that Izzy won his bombardier's wings he engaged to a girl, and he went down to buy her a ring. "It costs five hundred smackers," Izzy himself interrupts eagerly, "but when I tell the jeweler I'm a bombardier, he claps me on the back and says, 'My boy, I'll knock off a hundred bucks for every bomb you drop on Germany.' Izzy sighs. "So what happens? So he's sent to Alaska."

## Mascot for a Bomber

Or they tell you about the colonel's dog. The colonel's dog is a big Siberian husky named Scoop, and whenever the colonel leads a mission, he takes Scoop in the bomber with him. Nobody is quite sure how many times Scoop has made the over the target, but the colonel leaves him back at the base. Claims it safe back at the base, with all those going by . . .

You wait, and finally the phone rings and the room is suddenly very quiet. The squadron leader picks up the phone. They know the answer by the look on his face. If his face falls, that means the mission is off again, and someone sighs softly, and they go back to their cribbage and magazines and more waiting. If his face gets very bright and tough-looking, then chairs scrape back hurriedly, zippers are yanked up, they grab brief cases, charts and pile through the door, jostling and shouting over a shoulder: "Keep it hot for me." "If anybody has to bail me out, remember to fill out your Form One." "You're a grand old flag, da da da, da." "Nobody touch that jigsaw puzzle, I'm going to finish it when I get back."

But he never finishes it; he never gets back. It was a tough mission today. Really they buzz the field when they get from a mission; but today they come quietly, one by one. The squadron leader lands his airplane first and taxis to a halt. The ground crews swarm over the ship to count the holes. There are four holes. Jack murmurs apologetically to his crew chief: "I'm afraid I didn't get your airplane much good, Sergeant."

"No, sir," with a reproachful look, "sure didn't."

Russ' plane is late landing; they have a little trouble on the way. One of the bombs jumped its shackle and hung suspended halfway through the bomb doors; the other bombs spilled out of the bay but the first bomb still dangled there. They couldn't get the doors shut again. It looked pretty bad, Russ admits. The landing of the bomb bay was so small it couldn't get through with your chute but the little tail gunner took off his hat and dangled by his hands over empty until his groping feet found support.

## THE FIRST TEN IN CONTRACT BRIDGE

1. Harry J. Fishbein
2. Mrs. Olive Peterson\*
3. Lee Hazen
4. John R. Crawford\*
5. Charles H. Goren\*
6. Richard L. Frey
- 7-8. Sigmund Dornbusch and Samuel Stayman
9. Miss Ruth Sherman
10. Mrs. A. M. Sobel, Tobias Stone and Waldemar von Zedtwitz

\*Philadelphians. All others New Yorkers

There are the top ten players of national championship bridge for the 1942-1943 season, as ranked by Shepard Barclay. Mr. Fishbein scored victories in two title events, from among the eleven contested (including the individual tournament), and gained two second places. Mrs. Peterson had two firsts and two seconds; Messrs. Hazen and Crawford two firsts and one second; the next five had two victories each; and those tied for tenth each had one triumph and two runner-up positions.

Wartime considerations prevent devoting the necessary space for a detailed review of this season.





## "WAR BONDS ROUT HITLER," SAY THE 5 CROWNS

EACH War Bond or Stamp is a thrust  
Where Hitler can't take it—but *must*!  
So let's sock away  
A tenth of our pay—  
We'll win, and the Axis will bust!

Seagram keeps the  
**TOUGHNESS OUT**  
... blends extra  
**PLEASURE IN**

ONE glance at Der Fuehrer's smug phiz  
Will show why he's getting the biz!...  
Lend War Bonds your cash—  
Help Uncle Sam smash  
The worst kind of TOUGHNESS there is!

THE FINER  
**Seagram's 5 Crown**

GRAM'S 5 CROWN BLENDED WHISKEY. 86.8 PROOF. 72½% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. SEAGRAM-DISTILLERS CORPORATION, NEW YORK





**1. The Dormouse** at the Mad Hatter's tea party could fall asleep at the drop of an epigram, a talent many of us would like to acquire. The cares of the world didn't bother him a bit.



**2. He didn't worry** or get jittery—as we do—and didn't lose precious sleep because of it. Apparently he wasn't one whose nerves are jangled by the caffeine in coffee or tea.



**3. But caffeine,** even in small doses, does affect many of us bipeds. If you're jumpy if sleep won't come, caffeine can be largely to blame. So maybe you'd better give up caffeine!



**4. Mind you,** we said give up caffeine—not coffee! For you can continue to drink that delightful, satisfying brew without getting any caffeine effect. You can—



**5. Switch to Sanka Coffee,** the fragrant blend of fine coffees that is 97% caffeine-free! It's all coffee, real coffee; nothing is removed but the caffeine. All the flavor and goodness stay in.



**6. Boy, does it taste good!** When you get your next coffee ration, get Sanka Coffee. You'll get the double enjoyment of delicious coffee and a drink that lets you relax.

# SANKA COFFEE



BUY U. S. WAR  
SAVINGS BONDS  
AND STAMPS!

**SLEEP ISN'T A LUXURY; IT'S A NECESSITY. DRINK SANKA AND SLEEP!**

TUNE IN . . . 5:45 P.M., New York Time, Sunday afternoon. Sanka Coffee brings you **William L. Shirer**, famous author of "Berlin Diary," in 15 minutes of news over the Columbia Network.

he balanced himself somehow, and inched down, and managed to release the bomb.

Mac's plane is the last to land. One tire has been punctured by flak, but the ship wobbles safely to a halt; and Mac sticks his head out of the cockpit. "Bombardier's dead," he announces briefly. You wonder fleetingly whether Izzy's girl will ever know now about that five-hundred-dollar ring.

You stroll back to the hospital with Mac. There is a raw hole in his hand, and he wraps it with his handkerchief as he walks. "Shrapnel," he shrugs; "probably a piece of that Sixth Avenue El we sold 'em." You suppose that when Mac got the metal in his hand, he took some of the sulfa pills which every plane carries for such an emergency. Mac looks a little embarrassed at your question.

"As a matter of fact," he admits, "I didn't know how bad off Izzy was, and I figured the airplane was pretty well stove up, and we might have to make a forced landing somewhere, and there were only a few pills, and I thought he might need 'em . . ."

They're not heroes. Don't call them heroes; they don't want that. They're not Intrepid Birdmen, or Rover Boys of the Air, or Supermen; they're ordinary guys doing a job, getting cold and miserable and lonely and not liking it any better than you would. Heroes are glamorous, heroes don't have wet feet, heroes never get lonely. Over and over the pilots used to ask me, "When you write about us, don't make us out heroes," and I used to wonder why; but maybe that's why. Maybe they felt that if they were heroes, the folks back home would put them up on a pedestal, and leave them there and forget them.

They do a lot of thinking while they're lying around. They lie on their cots and talk, or listen to the radio, or smoke; incidentally, they do not drink much. There was a bottle of Scotch in our Quonset when I arrived; it was still untouched when I left. You see, these men up here are too busy fighting a war to think about liquor. You wish the same thing could be said for the dry politicians.

## Thoughts for the Home Front

But they think about other things, lying around the Quonset of an afternoon after the mission is called off: lack of vital materials for our defense plants at home, for instance, and labor leaders who order strikes while pilots up here are dying because they haven't enough planes, and defense workers who take off a couple of days to sober up after pay day, and contractors who chisel the government for higher profits, and Congressmen who promote sectional interests, and citizens who complain about the ban on pleasure driving, or taxes, or meatless Tuesdays. (Did you ever eat Vienna sausage seven days a week?) When you see a bomber burst into flames over Kiska Harbor, when you see a kid with his face blown full of shrapnel, when you see a shaving brush and a girl's picture and some cigarettes gathering dust on a shelf beside a cot that won't be slept in again; then problems like war profits, or overtime, or gas rationing, or one pat of butter seem unimportant, somehow. Perhaps they would seem less important to the absentee defense workers, or selfish farm-bloc leaders, or business-as-usual businessmen, or politics-as-usual politicians, if they could eat and sleep and live with these kids in the Aleutians, and feel the dampness and loneliness and miserable cold, and look forward to a bombing mission over the target as a welcome relief from the waiting and waiting . . .

Oh, yes. About our tree. We had it on Christmas Eve. The men went out behind the camp and gathered armloads of brown-green tundra moss, and they fastened it together with baling wire in the shape of a tree. They sprinkled shavings from a bar

of soap for artificial snow; and for Christmas-tree decorations they hung some empty 50-caliber shells they found on the floor of a bomber that had returned from a mission over the target, and they made cornucopias out of the red paper backs, film packs, and filled them with pieces of compressed chocolate and sea biscuit from an emergency ration kit. They fashioned a Star of Bethlehem for the top of the tree, by folding a red cellophane gas-mask cover; and someone produced a truly magnificent bell by cutting up a red-and-green tobacco tin and hanging a 30-caliber mortar-piercing shell inside it for a clapper. An enlisted man from Carolina, a gunner with a medium bomber crew, balanced precariously on the back of a chair in his thick-soled leather boots and suspended the bell from the mess-hall ceiling. "Twelve the night before Kiska," he murmured thoughtfully.

## Merry Christmas in Alaska

The long narrow Quonset hut was crowded; the men on the mess tables along the benches and on the floor with their shoulders propped against the knees of the row behind them: shaggy, unshaven boots leaking little pools of black water onto the muddy floor. Most of them were youngsters from the South; they had never seen snow before. The blond, nervous chaplain was trying to be a cheerful Mr. and he kept urging everyone to sing Christmas carols he had typed. "All right, fellows, 'Hark! the Herald Angels Sing' and let's all hear it." They draped their arms around one another's bulky shoulders, and sang in the deep drawl of Texas and the twang of New England and the slow, slack syllables of Alabama. "Little Town of Bethlehem." What do you say, now, fellows?" A couple of officers at the back of the hall joined in softly. The husky mess cook, stripped to the waist, wiped dough from his forearms and strolled over toward the group. Then the chaplain held up his hand, and explained about the presents. There hadn't been a mail, you see, and so there were no packages to put under the tree, no gifts from home, no candy, no cigars; but—his glass winked—they'd managed to dig up a few little things at the PX, only of course they weren't enough to go round, so each man had been given a number, and now the chaplain was going to draw some number out of a hat, and if anybody had a lucky number . . . "Bingo!" someone concluded "Merry Christmas."

It didn't take long; there weren't many numbers. Number 27 was a box of matches; the winner walked back sheepishly through a gantlet of envious eyes. Number 145 was a bar of chocolate; tentmates fell on it and devoured it on the spot. Number 13 opened his present and displayed it glumly. "No woman for a thousand miles," he muttered, "so what I get? An address book!" I remember a towheaded kid from Tennessee, in overalls, size dungarees and heavy G.I. shoes, sitting alone at a table at the end of the hall. He had a letter from his mother. He'd received it on October 14th, and he'd reread it so many times that it had finally come apart at the folds. He was rearranging the pieces intently on the table before him. He was going to read it again on Christmas Eve . . .

We didn't have any turkeys or puddings for Christmas dinner; there had been no boats. Our menu consisted of bean soup; lukewarm stewed tomatoes; boiled potatoes which had been frozen and which we didn't eat; bread, with butter; and Vienna sausage. But I was eating with the combat crews, I was sitting elbow to elbow with these men in leather flying suits who are fighting our forgo war up here; and it was the best Christmas dinner I ever had in my life.

THE END



BURLINGAME  
PUBLIC LIBRARY  
Burlingame, Calif.

# *Maybe you think an army truck isn't spectacular*

**S**URE, the tanks, planes, jeeps, and PT's are headline performers in the theatre of war—but how about the swift, powerful giant that can carry 42 men and a jeep on its back, and haul a 50-foot loaded trailer at the same time—or lug a 155 mm. cannon up mountain grades.

Prime movers they call them, and the Army uses them for nearly every heavy hauling job under the sun.

Endless caravans of supply trucks bring up the thousands of tons of food, water, fuel, and ammunition while bombs and shells try to blast them from the road.

Hundreds of thousands of Army trucks—4-wheelers, 6-wheelers—must be built.


To keep them rolling, millions of replacement parts for engine and chassis must be made, systematically identified, and carefully packaged for world-wide distribution in the face of every conceivable military and climatic hazard.

That's only one job faced by Thompson workers.

Let us hope we prove as dependable, under whatever tough going may lie ahead, as the Army truck.

War Production Drive

LABOR-MANAGEMENT COMMITTEES OF

**Thompson**  **Products, Inc.**

**THOMPSON**  **AIRCRAFT PRODUCTS CO.**

*Manufacturers of Automotive and Aircraft Parts*

General Office: Cleveland. Plants in Ohio, Michigan, California, and Ontario, Canada

Beating Production Schedules on Vital Parts for Planes, Tanks, Submarines, PT Boats, Torpedoes, Jeeps, Half-Tracks, Tractors and Trucks



# DOUBLE, DOUBLE, TOIL AND TROUBLE

By Lion Feuchtwanger

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD

Oscar sat under a livid spotlight; nothing could be seen but his face. But was this his face? The dark eyes beneath the thick eyebrows were more intense, the forehead beneath the luxuriant hair was broader, the nose bolder



## The Story Thus Far:

DURING World War I, Alois Pranner, a magician, and Oscar Lautensack, who poses as a mind reader and clairvoyant, entertain soldiers in Germany—far from the combat areas. Years later—in 1931—the two men are living in Munich. Oscar is desperately poor. He is, therefore, delighted when his brother, Hannsjörg (a murderer who has just been released from prison) shows him the way to riches and power. Hannsjörg ("Hans") is a Nazi. First he sees to it that Oscar meets Hitler. Then, observing that the Fuehrer admires his brother, he proposes that Oscar go to Berlin and win the friendship of the Baroness von Trettnow, an influential Nazi.

Oscar welcomes the suggestion. Accompanied by Pranner, he goes to Berlin. There, his air of mystery, his strong personality, the bunk that he spouts impress the baroness; and within a short time they are close friends.

Oscar's clairvoyance and his mind reading astound the Berliners whom he meets. Soon—after he has become the editor of "Germany's Star," a magazine devoted to racial studies and occultism—he is receiving invitations to parties given by Hitler's satellites. Twice, when he is the guest of the wealthy Kadereits—Dr. Fritz Kadereit and his wife, Ilse, who are backing the Nazis financially—he meets and talks with the Fuehrer, who obviously admires the "great clairvoyant."

Oscar has a secretary—a man. But he feels the need of a woman—sympathetic, understanding, willing to be dominated—to take down his "greatest" thoughts. And he finds one—Käthe Severin, a public stenographer who shares a small flat with her half-brother, Dr. Paul Cramer, a half-Jew who hates the Nazis. For a time, Käthe dislikes Oscar; but gradually she finds herself admiring him in spite of herself.

Next, Oscar decides to demonstrate in public how great he really is. He tells Hans that he is going to astound Berlin by raising a naval hero—one Brittling—from the dead (he has photographs of Brittling and records of his voice). He says that he wants to make a prophecy—something that is sure to "come true."

Hans then tells him a political secret—Hindenburg will soon have a new minister of war, who will lift the ban on the National Socialist Party's private army! Oscar says quietly that his "inner voice" had already told him about the new minister! Hans is stunned by the fellow's effrontery. "You really are something," he says. "Yes, we Lautensack brothers, we're a pair."

## IV

OSCAR, spotlighted on the platform, felt no stage fright. On the contrary, he drew strength and a feeling of happiness from the breath of the crowd that rose up to him from below.

His cheerful assurance at once made the audience surrender. He amused himself and the public most outrageously with the hypnotic experiments. When Oscar invited members of the audience to volunteer as subjects for the hypnotic experiments, Alderman Reitberger—on his wife's urging—at once stepped forward. He was known as a jolly old boy and was always ready for a joke. Fat and comfortable, the alderman seated himself in the chair; he was quickly put to sleep. Oscar suggested to him that it was hot, very hot. Alderman Reitberger became deeply flushed with the heat, puffed, wiped off the sweat. Oscar suggested to him that he was on the way to the baths at Wannsee. Now they were at Wannsee. Alderman Reitberger undressed, stood there in his underwear, while the public howled, screamed, squealed with delight. Now he was about to step into the water, into the orchestra pit. At the last moment Oscar held him back. In stupefaction the alderman dressed again, in stupefaction he went back to his wife; and soon afterward they made their way out.

Not for a moment did it occur to Oscar that his jokes might be too cheap. Instead, he was elated by the feeling of having power over people, of savoring their weaknesses, their credulity, their delight in obeying. He used that delight, played with it. He got the feel of his audience. They were pliant; he had them in the palm of his hand.

Without hesitation they followed him as he made his transition to a more serious mood. A moment before they had laughed, chortled, held their sides; now they sat there in suspense, the way he

wanted them, with serious faces. When he told them, he had received frequent visitations from Captain Brittling, the dead Brittling, the naval hero. To be up to now this had only happened once. Oscar had been alone, or at most in a small circle. So he did not know what the dead man would be willing to take out of him to such a large assembly. On the other hand, Oscar felt that here, in the hall, people were full of good will, earnestly striving for illumination; perhaps the dead man had something to tell the people. He would try to summon him. He asked that no one down in the audience put up any resistance to him; that they wait without skepticism. "Please, do not offer me any resistance," he begged. "Please relax."

Now he was no longer the cheerful, former of a moment ago. A small, round table was placed in front of him and a crystal pyramid and a wreath of white beads. He sat under a livid spotlight. Nothing could be seen but his face. But was this his face? The dark blue eyes beneath the thick eyebrows were more intense, the forehead beneath the luxuriant hair was broader, the nose bolder. And now his face with its somber brilliance grew more taut, the skin became taut, the pupils contracted, the eyelids drew back. With concentration Oscar stared at the top of the pyramid. Even the most skeptical could hardly think the stony, marble Roman head ridiculous. Just before they had been shown before with direct, open openness how amazingly simple it was to produce the "supernatural" by special means, just because before, Oscar Lautensack had behaved so amusingly and with such vulgar prankishness, the audience were now willing to believe in his sincerity, in the miracle which he promised them.

Oscar himself had completely lost the feeling of playing a studied part. Though he had carefully thought out and arranged every detail beforehand, he waited for the dead man to take possession of him, to use him as an instrument of speech. He became one with the awestruck, anxiously waiting public. The twilight which filled the hall became for him the twilight of the other world; inwardly he heard wild music of the phantom ship from Flying Dutchman, and on that wild music he sailed into the realm of shadows. He felt an inner tumult; the audience felt an inner tumult; the excitement of the performance on the stage infected them, and they infected him; they coalesced like a man and his worker and his believers. And now the eyes of the man on the stage lost their exaggerated life, as his face slackened—as they had seen it happen to those whom he had put to sleep a while before—all felt with him: Now he's no longer of our world, now he's on the other side, he "sees." Now, any moment now the dead man will be here.

From the breast of a woman came a sigh of eager expectation; it seemed to come from everyone's breast.

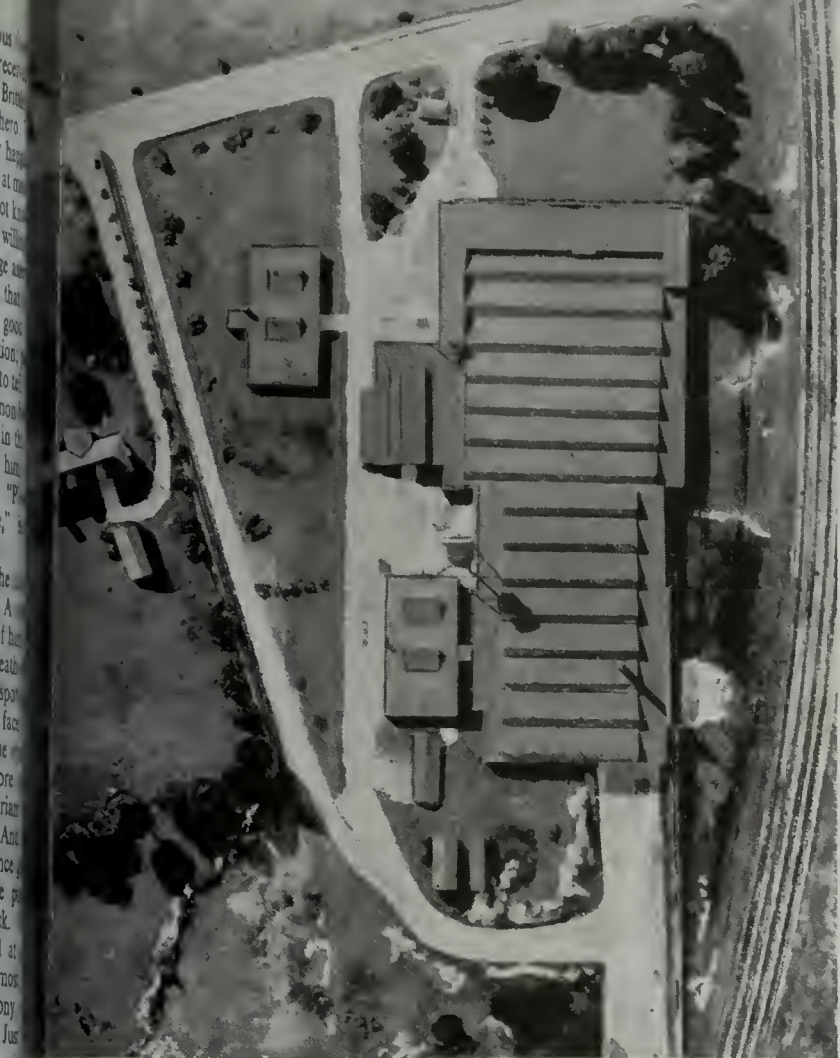
"Present!" a voice suddenly announced from the stage. A moment before, Oscar Lautensack had spoken to them in a voice that was beautiful, a rich tenor, pliant, caressing; but this was a hoarse, military voice, used to command. At the sound of that voice, anyone who had ever seen a picture of Captain Brittling, one of the nation's great naval figures, now saw it clearly and clearly.

There was an oppressive silence in the dark auditorium. Then, the audience being invited to put a question, a man stepped up; and well rehearsed, in a constrained voice, he asked: "What will the nearest future bring for the new Germany?"

"Well, now," answered the rough, hoarse military voice on the stage, "there's an angel of peace, you know, who wants to take our weapons away from us."

(Continued on page 56)





**NOW YOU SEE IT.** Before the camouflage experts went to work, this factory—a model, for test purposes—was photographed from the air on conventional panchromatic film. The bomber's eye would see what you see—a perfect set-up for destruction.



**NOW YOU DON'T.** With camouflage materials—false structures, netting, cloth streamers, paint, and artificial trees—the experts have fooled the camera, and the bombardier. To the aerial camera loaded with panchromatic film, even the marks of erosion on the slope by the railroad track have disappeared.

## Kodak Infrared Film spots the “make believe” of enemy camouflage

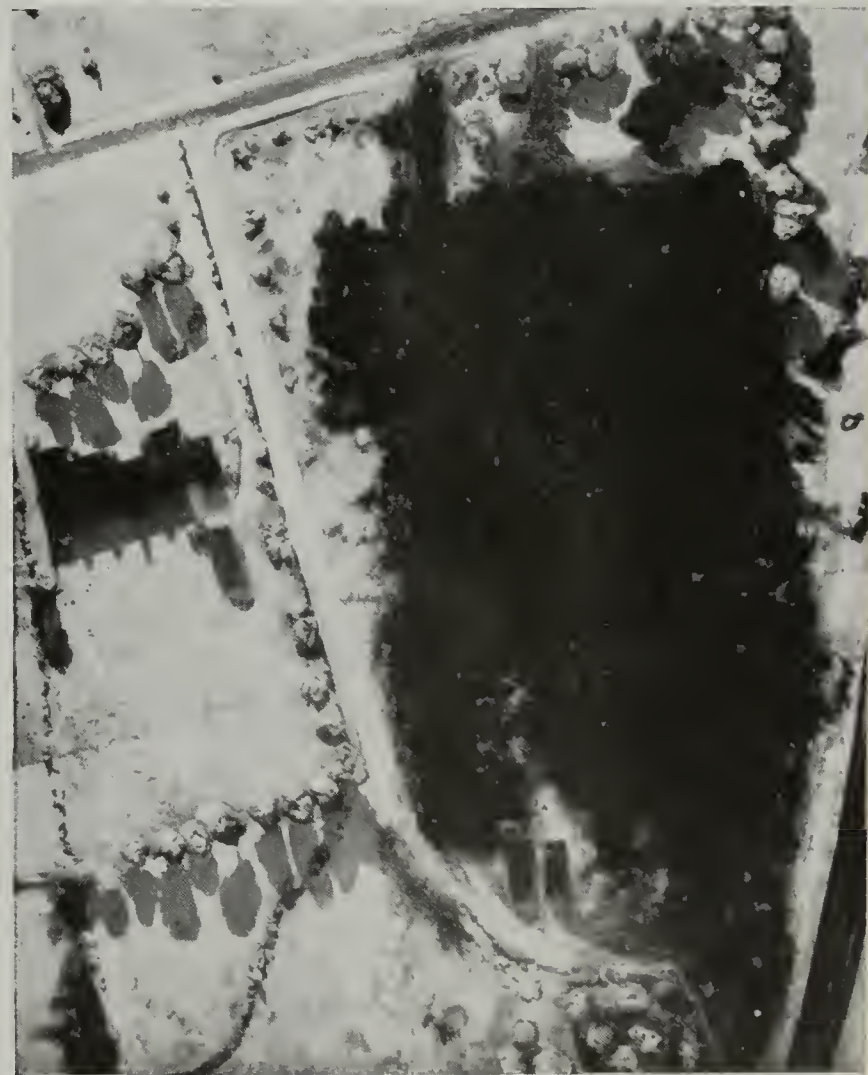
**CAMOUFLAGE** is the highly developed art of pulling the wool over an enemy's eyes... an art which is finding old methods ineffectual, in this war.

This is in a measure due to Kodak's development of a type of film whose vision goes far beyond that of the human eye.

Natural grass and foliage contain chlorophyll—Nature's coloring matter. Camouflage materials lack this living substance. Chlorophyll reflects invisible infrared light rays—and Kodak Infrared Film registers this invisible light, making the natural areas look light in the picture—almost white. In violent contrast, the “dead” camouflaged areas show up dark—almost black—in the picture.

Moreover, Infrared Film is able to penetrate through the haze of a “low-visibility” day, and return from a reconnaissance flight with pictures in clear detail. Here again it far exceeds the power of the human eye.

Working with our Army and Navy flyers and technicians, Kodak has carried this new technique of camouflage detection to high efficiency—and has, for our own use, helped develop camouflage which defies detection... Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.



**BUT HERE IT IS AGAIN.** With Kodak Infrared Film in the aerial cameras, pictures like this are brought back from an observation flight. On Infrared pictures, the false, “dead” camouflage materials look almost black. The natural landscape is unnaturally light. A trained cameraman, with one look, knows where the bombs should strike.

Serving human progress through Photography





# CONSOLIDATED



# No Spot on Earth is more than 60 Hours from your Local Airport

LONG with all that's being said and written about the kind of world we'll be living in after the war, here's one fact you cannot ignore:

No spot on earth today, however distant, is more than 60 hours' flying time from your local airport!"



A Liberator bomber, built in San Diego, were loaded and shipped the 9240 miles to Algiers by sea, it would arrive about a month later.



A Liberator is capable of flying the 6210-mile air route from San Diego to Algiers in about 11 hours' flying time.

If you doubt it, ask the pilots and crews who are flying today's big long-range planes, carrying military personnel and supplies to the far-flung battle fronts. They'll tell you that the Atlantic is only 400 minutes wide—that Australia and San Francisco are a mere

35 hours' flying time apart—that you can hop from the U.S., touch Brazil's hump, and come down in Africa, all in 27 hours' flying time.

Or look at one of the new "aviation geography" maps, like those our children are studying in school. These maps make obsolete the maps we have always known. They show us the world as it really is. In this world, because of the plane, Main Street runs from your home town to London, Moscow, and Chungking. Nations and people we once thought remote are now merely hours and minutes away.



From El Paso, Texas, to San Antonio, Texas, is 617 miles—an 18-hour trip by train.

The Airline Route from New York to London is 3480 miles—a 17-hour flight.



Today, of course, the global skyways are reserved for war. But after the war, when freedom of the air returns, trade and travel by plane will become as much a part of everyday life as the use of cars, trucks, busses, railroads, and ocean liners. It is no dream of the future to count on global transportation in giant planes which fly almost with the speed of sound itself. Even today, such planes are being designed.

The Air Age has come, sooner than we thought. Already we have had to learn that wars must be won with the aid of the new Air-Age geography—not in spite of it. And we are beginning to see that the peace we win must be built on a clear understanding of this new global geography and how it can work for us.

## AIR-AGE TIMETABLE

FROM	TO	AIRLINE MILES	HOURS
New York	Berlin	3960	20
Chicago	Singapore	9365	47
New York	Capetown	7801	39
San Francisco	Wellington	6759	34
Washington	Moscow	4883	24
London	Rome	887	4½
New York	London	3460	17
London	Berlin	574	3

The tens of thousands of men and women who make up the U.S. aircraft industry believe that America must be supreme in the air—to win the war today, to win the peace tomorrow.

They know that air power alone will not win the war. But they find it difficult to imagine a nation which possesses the finest planes, and the most planes, going down to defeat.

## Consolidated Aircraft Corporation

San Diego, California • Fort Worth, Texas  
Tucson, Arizona • New Orleans, Louisiana  
Member, Aircraft War Production Council

## QUICK FACTS FOR AIR-MINDED READERS

The famed Liberator (B-24) is a Consolidated bomber, built by mass-production methods, on moving assembly lines, at the huge Consolidated plant in San Diego and Fort Worth. The two Consolidated heavy patrol bombers known as the Coronado and Catalina also are built at San Diego.

The 4-engine Liberator Express, transport version of the Liberator bomber, is built at the Consoli-

dated plant in Fort Worth, Texas. This giant plane, with its trans-oceanic flying range and multi-ton cargo capacity, is daily shuttling military supplies to our global battle fronts.

"... today we are flying as much lend-lease material into China as ever traversed the Burma Road, flying it over mountains 17,000 feet high, flying blind through sleet and snow." From the President's address to Congress, Jan. 7, 1943.

Consolidated designed and perfected the Liberator, which is also being built, today, by Ford and North American. Consolidated Catalina patrol bombers are also built in the United States by the Naval Aircraft factory at Philadelphia and in Canada by the Canadian Vickers Ltd. and Boeing.

Major General "Jimmy" Doolittle was the first American aviator ever to take off, fly, and land "blind". He did it in 1929, piloting a Consolidated training plane known as the NY-2 Husky.

At the Consolidated plant in San Diego, there are testing laboratories in which the temperature is maintained at 80 degrees below zero.

One of the test pilots on Consolidated's staff has to his credit over 20,225 hours in the air. His total flying time equals more than 852 full days, or two and one third years.

# AIRCRAFT

DESIGNERS AND BUILDERS OF THE LIBERATOR,  
CORONADO, CATALINA, LIBERATOR EXPRESS



# Concerning A Woman of Sin

Continued from page 11

ruined by these royal extravagances is due to a single factor out of their control.

The popularity of the movies has become almost equal to that of sex. And as in the case of the latter enterprise, no amount of extravagance, disappointment or mismanagement seems able to impair the success of the studio product.

Such a situation has enabled the agent to mature from a menial who originally looked up telephone numbers to a power who thinks in them.

Yet nobody in Hollywood, least of all the movie artists whose incomes he has tripled, has ever a happy word for this magician. The industry regards him as a combination beggar and pirate who divides his time between harassing the Pharaohs for alms when they have no need of him and scuttling their studios when they have. And his clients are inclined to think of him as a Quisling bent on selling them out to the bosses and solely responsible for their decline in public favor.

Burdened by these calumnies, with a status wavering between that of a white slaver and a crooked senator, the Great Agent has nonetheless found a certain sweetness in his toil. For today he is richer than any one of his illustrious clients. He, too, is one of the conquerors of Hollywood, albeit a minor one. And the Pharaohs themselves, though they howl behind his back that he is a parasite and a highwayman, must greet him with the hand of royal fellowship.

**ORLANDO HIGGENS**, who is the villain of my story, has been my Hollywood agent for seventeen years. His depredations as my representative have been, however, modest ones. It was as Daisy Marcher's agent that Orlando succeeded in almost wrecking Hollywood. And, as Orlando himself says, if that be villainy, make the most of it.

Whatever other achievements I may have in Hollywood, Orlando is my true bid for fame. It was I who started him as an agent. He was originally a tall, scatterbrained and explosive financier, at least financier was what he called himself when I first met him in his twenty-fourth year.

His claim to the title of financier was a little premature for at that time Orlando's ship had not only not come in, it had not, apparently, even been launched. He had firmly turned his back on all the careers open to young men newly out of college, declaring that he was out after "a million or two," and didn't want to be tied down by any grubby tasks.

"Lots of rich men," Orlando conceded, "have wasted a lot of time by starting from the bottom. Pretty dull way to start, I think. If I ever started at the bottom, I'd stay there. It saps your vitality."

At the time of these pronouncements, the youthful financier was without any visible means of support.

We were sitting in my house one evening seventeen years ago discussing a trip around the world on a chartered yacht that Orlando had planned—to involve twenty-five congenial souls at \$10,000 apiece, which would nicely cover all expenses including his own salary as financier. Somehow during this discussion Orlando stole an unpublished manuscript of mine from my desk. Five days later he wired me from Hollywood asking me to wire him back immediately \$1,500 as his ten per cent of its sale money. He had disposed of my manuscript (a foul one) to a movie studio. This was Orlando's first taste of porch climbing.

How it befell that my friend, whose chief characteristics were an inability to tell the truth on any subject, an evasiveness worthy of a bank embezzler and a child-

like abhorrence of all toil—how it befell that so giddy and incompetent a character could rise to the heights of Orlando Higgens, Inc., is a matter I will skip. For like most Hollywood facts, the rise of Orlando Higgens belongs more to the field of magic than biography. I give you merely Orlando in all his grandeur just as mythology gave us Minerva who jumped fully dressed out of Jupiter's head. To cap the mystery, I will add that seventeen years of huge deals and masterly manipulations had in no way changed my friend. He was as incompetent, evasive and irresponsible a character as head of Orlando Higgens, Inc., as he had been in his lowlier days. Apparently his inability to remember anything—an inability bordering on amnesia—his habit of lying about everything to everybody and his chronic state of confusion were the very talents that had brought him success. These and possibly the fact that he was one of the nicest men I have ever known. . . .



I was sitting in Orlando's office on one of those glaring Hollywood afternoons when everything including your own soul seems made out of shiny new stucco, when the telephone rang and Orlando's fourth secretary (there were six in all) informed him that a Miss Daisy Marcher wished to speak to him.

"Who the devil is Daisy Marcher?" Orlando inquired peevishly.

"She's an author," the secretary said.

"For heaven's sake!" Orlando yelled, "do I have to talk to every half-witted author who calls up. Tell her I'm busy."

**HE HUNG** up and beamed at me. "You used to like authors," I said, "before they made you rich."

"Before they drove me crazy," said Orlando. "I loved 'em, seventeen years ago. But I swear to you the way I feel now about authors I can't read a book any more. I know them too well. Talk about hams!" He shuddered. "Authors are worse than boy sopranos."

The phone rang. There were five differently colored instruments on Orlando's fifteen-foot Italian antique desk and each had a different ring. After seven years Or-

lando was still unable to tell which ring belonged to which phone. He picked up two at a time and called out in a clipped efficient voice, "Hello. Who is it?"

"Mr. Sylvester for Mr. Higgens," Secretary Number Two answered on one of the phones. Orlando winked at me.

"This is going to be fun," he whispered. "That fathead!"

"Hello, Syl," he chuckled into the phone, "nothing doing at Fox. Nope. No dice. . . . Yep. I'll hop right on it. Okay. Goo'by. Right . . . Goo'by. What's that? No, Zanuck read it personally and thinks it stinks. . . . Yep. Will do. Goo'by."

**ORLANDO** hung up and cackled happily as he always did when any of his clients were in despair.

"I can't sell that big know-it-all for peanuts," he grinned. "Did you read that last book of his? It turned my stomach."

"What's happened to Sylvester?" I asked. "He was pretty hot a while ago."

keep bothering me. I told you to tell I'm busy."

"We've told her that seven times," Secretary Five. "I've hung up on her self three times in succession and keeps calling right back and asking speak to you, as if nothing had happened."

"What do you know?" An admiral light came into Orlando's eyes. "A huh?"

"I'm afraid so," said the secretary.

"Put her on," said Orlando.

"Is this Mr. Higgens?" a purring voice inquired.

"Yes, this is he," said Orlando.

"This is Daisy Marcher," the voice continued. "I would have called you sooner but I have been ill with a fever. I could not get out of bed. Today is first day up."

"Is that so?" Orlando beamed. "How do you feel now, Miss Marcher?"

"Oh, I feel all right now," said Marcher, "as long as I keep my muffler around my neck."

"Well, thanks for letting me know about your health," Orlando chuckled. "Anything else on your mind?"

"Oh, yes," said Miss Marcher. "I'm getting very impatient to know if you have sold my motion-picture drama. That's why I called."

Orlando winked at me and whispered "Some foreigner—probably a Hindu."

"What is the name of the drama?" spoke into the phone.

"It is called A Woman of Sin," Marcher said.

**ORLANDO** winced. "Let you know tomorrow how it's coming along," he said.

"You've had it already two weeks," said Miss Marcher, "and I can't understand why it should take so long to sell."

"Oh, is it that good?" Orlando asked.

"Yes indeed," said Miss Marcher. "Consider it the best motion-picture drama that has ever been written."

"You don't say," Orlando purred. "Well, when you get your strength back drop in and we'll have a drink."

"Thank you very much," said Miss Marcher, "but I don't drink—ever."

"What, a great author like you does drink! I can't believe it!" Orlando chuckled. "I bet you're soused to the gills right now."

"I think you are a horrid man," said the gentle voice, "an utterly nasty man and I am sorry I selected you to be my agent."

There was a bang. Miss Marcher hung up. Orlando sat glaring at the instrument. Miss Betha Flannigan entered and walked to her desk in the corner. As Secretary Number One, Miss Flannigan shared the Higgens sanctum.

"What do you mean by letting half-witted like that send us scripts?" Orlando demanded of her. "Did you hear that title A Woman of Sin! Are we sending out just like that?"

The round-faced Miss Flannigan, who had no idea of what Mr. Higgens was talking, answered soothingly:

"I'll have it checked right away."

"Fire that manuscript right back at her as fast as you can," Orlando growled. "A Woman of Sin. It turns your stomach—just the title."

"I'll double-check," said Miss Flannigan firmly.

A phone rang.

"That's your private phone," said Miss Flannigan.

Orlando paled. Only his current sweet hearts and his most important clients were permitted to call on this number. Any one of them meant trouble. He picked up the instrument and spoke guiltily into it.

"Well, he ain't hot now," said Orlando with a snort.

One of the phones rang.

"Did I tell you Chick is in the conference room?" Orlando continued. "He moved in two days ago with a case of Scotch. Great fella." He looked proudly at the leather-paneled door of the conference room and chuckled.

"I thought Chick was directing the Dietrich picture," I said.

"He is," Orlando beamed. "But he said he hit a snag and is going to drink himself out of it. Nobody knows where he is, so don't say a word." A larkish light filled Orlando's eyes and he murmured in an awed voice, "It's costing Empire a mint of money. If they don't find him by tomorrow they may even have to call the picture off."

I picked up the ringing telephone.

"Miss Daisy Marcher wishes to speak to Mr. Higgens," said Secretary Five.

"It's Daisy again," I said.

Orlando's face reddened and he seized the instrument.

"What's this all about?" he demanded. "I've got five secretaries" (he had six) "to see that I'm not disturbed. So they all





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ello. A voice rumbled back. "Right," Orlando answered with a snap. "Will do. p. Immediately. Yep. Is that so? Will take care of it right away." He hung up with relief. "That was Chick," he said. "I thought he was in the conference room," said. "He?" Orlando stood up, glaring at the leather-paneled door. "He called from the phone. He says he's dying and I should get a doctor. Come on, let's go to lunch." "Shall I send for a doctor?" Miss Flannigan asked. "Certainly not," Orlando said. "And I'll stay out for lunch so long because I'm mixed up when you're away."

At four o'clock when we returned, we decided to spend the rest of the day in Orlando's office divan, it being the only place in town. Orlando entered the office with a businesslike, "What's up, Miss Flannigan." "Chick Howser has left," she said. "I'm disappointed at the leather-paneled door. It was open." "Paramount," Miss Flannigan continued, "and they want you to call him immediately. Mr. Zanuck says to call you at 2 A. M. in his office. And he called."

"Freddie Blue, eh?" said Orlando with a frown. "H'mm. No likee." "Freddie Blue was part of Jerome B. Hierarchy. There were several figures in the throne of the Pharaoh. Freddie was Shock Troops."

"Freddie Blue," said Orlando. "Somebody probably found out about him camping here. Am I going to be howled out? How did he sound, Freddie?"

"He's a great guy," said the secretary. "He's a great guy now."

"Orlando chirped heartily, 'How's the world's greatest lagoon? . . . Never mind, I've heard of it. . . Fine. Great. Listen, how's the hearts' game tonight? . . . Okey-dokey. Tomorrow's a date. . . What's new, Orlando? What's that?' Orlando's eyes widened. 'You don't say! Glad to hear it. She's a great girl. Brilliant. We're handling Daisy. Been keeping her covered for months, sort of coach. Yep! Right. Get hold of her immediately. Call you right back. . . Yep. . . Goo'bye.'"

"What do you know about that?" Orlando blankly and turned to Miss Flannigan.

nigan. "Get hold of that half-wit what's her name—that Hindu or whatever she is."

"Daisy Marcher?" Miss Flannigan suggested.

"That's right," said Orlando. "I'm kind of stunned. Empire is buying A Woman of Sin. Can you beat that?"

Miss Flannigan spoke into her private phone, an ordinary black one.

"Have Mr. Horowitz contact Daisy Marcher right away," she said. "Mr. Higgins wants to speak to her personally. It's important."

I didn't know as I dozed off on the divan that one of the greatest calamities ever to threaten Hollywood had been officially launched. . . .

Orlando arrived at my hotel shortly after midnight. I was just leaving my room. The producer of the picture on which I was working had decided we needed a new ending. He was waiting in the studio for me with the director, and my presence there was a matter of life and death, he insisted.

"Forget about Walter," said Orlando when I started to explain. "I'm in a pickle. In fact, I've been going crazy all day."

We started out of the hotel together.

"I can't find that half-wit Daisy Marcher," said Orlando. "I've called seven hundred people. Nobody ever heard of her. And Empire's gone nuts about A Woman of Sin. Stark, raving nuts. Freddie Blue's been hounding me to close the deal. And Mike Devlin's been hounding me, too."

I was impressed. Mike Devlin was Mr. Cobb's royal right hand. He had in his youth gone nine rounds with Jack Johnson, and then retired from the ring and cast his lot with the motion-picture industry, beginning as a physical culture trainer. How so honest and so humanly worthy a character as Mike Devlin had ever climbed the shenanigan heights of Hollywood was always a mystery to me. It may have been with his fists.

"I'd like to read that script," I said. "So would I," said Orlando. "There isn't a copy in the office. It got sent over to Empire by mistake. Some bumble-head put the wrong script in an envelope. I'm going to fire half the staff tomorrow. You can't run a business that way."

"A fascinating situation," I said, "genius rising above the handicaps of an agent."

"Genius, my eye!" Orlando snorted. "J. B. Cobb's gone crazy—that's all there is to it."

"What's he got to do with it?" I asked.

"He read it," Orlando said. "That's part

of the whole mistake. Once you start a mistake it keeps on. That script got on his desk somehow." He chuckled. "The title must have attracted him."

The thought of Mr. Cobb reading a manuscript was truly astonishing. Mr. Cobb never read manuscripts or concerned himself with any of the details of movie-making. It was his function to preserve a fresh, unused mind so as to be able to harass all the nobles under him when they did wrong. Nobody could harass Mr. Cobb for the reason that he never did anything. And there was no questioning his genius because he was getting constantly richer and more powerful.

"He read it," Orlando repeated, "and it went to his head like a shot of hop. I'm betting that script is pure drivel."

Jerome B. Cobb was standing on the curb outside the hotel waiting for his palanquin. Two viziers were in attendance. Mr. Cobb looked at me coldly but his heavy face lighted at the sight of Orlando Higgins.

"I want to talk to you, my boy," he smiled.

The two viziers immediately hailed Orlando with shouts of camaraderie.

"You have done a lot of things I haven't approved of," the Pharaoh began in measured tones, "such as selling me material which was nothing but low-grade rubbish. And holding me up for it."

"Oh, come now, J. B.," Orlando protested. "In the first place I didn't sell it to you. I sold it to Empire."

"I am Empire," Mr. Cobb quivered and then controlled himself. "Now please don't interrupt me because I am going to say something of importance to you. I consider that you have finally redeemed yourself in my eyes by sending us this new story."

"A Woman of Sin," Orlando murmured.

"I will be frank with you," said Mr. Cobb. "I read the story myself, busy though I am. And I'm glad I did. Because it might have slipped by us. My boy, I consider that story not only a great masterpiece but one of the greatest pieces of box-office entertainment we will ever make. I'm going to shoot it without a single change and I am going to make it an all-star production."

"I'm glad you like the script," Orlando purred.

"Like it!" Mr. Cobb raised his voice to a shout. "I'm crazy about it! It's what this country needs—a great sex story." The Pharaoh turned a stony face suddenly on Orlando.

"I want that deal closed by tomorrow at ten," he said, "and if you try any Orlando Higgins tricks with any other studios, I'll ruin you. I'm telling you openly and aboveboard."

"WHAT are you talking about?" Orlando said peevishly. "I would have closed the deal today except for that fool writer."

"What writer?" Mr. Cobb demanded darkly. His thought was unused to delving this low in the movie business.

"Daisy Marcher," said Orlando.

"What's the matter with her?" asked Mr. Cobb.

"She's asking too much money," said Orlando. "And I simply don't want to stick Empire. It's bad business for me in the long run, J. B. I've been arguing my head off with her."

"How much does she want?" Mr. Cobb asked coldly.

"It's preposterous," Orlando feinted, "but I can't budge her."

"How much?" Mr. Cobb shouted.

"Seventy-five thousand dollars," said Orlando in a contrite voice. "And frankly, J. B., I don't think that script is worth it. No script is."

"It's a deal," said Mr. Cobb quietly. He turned to one of the viziers. "Get Blue on the phone immediately and tell him that



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seventy-five thousands dollars is the price we will pay for A Woman of Sin."

He held out his hand to Orlando.

"We'll shake hands on it like old friends," Mr. Cobb said, "and remember we got witnesses."

ORLANDO'S phantom bonanza fascinated me and I hurried to his office as soon as I could get off the set on which our new ending was being shot. It was noon. I found the three outer Higgins salons in turmoil. Phones were ringing and voices barking in all corners.

Orlando was pacing in his sanctum, his coat off, his suspenders moist and a gleam on his face.

"I haven't slept a wink," he greeted me.

"Find her?" I asked.

"No. I sicked a detective agency on her at seven this morning," he grinned.

"How about the Screen Writers' Guild?" I suggested.

"Those fatheads," Orlando sneered. "They never heard of her. I've been tracking her down from every angle. She's a myth, that's all."

"How about telling Freddie Blue the truth?" I said.

Orlando laughed contemptuously.

"For one thing they'd never believe me," he said. "They'd think I was trying to pull something crooked. Besides," he added, "I haven't got her signed up yet."

"Mr. Cobb on the phone," Miss Flannigan announced. "The green one."

"Hello, J. B.," Orlando began quickly. "Listen, I've been talking to Miss Marcher half the night like a Dutch uncle. But I can't get her to see it our way. . . . Yep. Yep. . . . Nope. . . . Nope. . . . Listen, J. B., she absolutely refuses to sign any contract that doesn't give her a percentage of the gross over and above the seventy-five grand. . . . Yep. Right." Orlando raised his voice to a righteous scream. "I told her it was absolute lunacy," he cried, "and that I thought she was behaving like an absolute stinker."

His wrath subsided as he listened to Mr. Cobb's bellows. When he spoke again it was in a sad voice. "That's exactly what I've been begging her to do, J. B.," he cooed, "go over and talk it out with you. And that you were the fairest man in Hollywood. But she spit in my eye and told me to go to the devil and we both almost lost her. . . . Nope. Nope. Listen, J. B., all I know is that she just simply won't go see anybody connected with a studio. She hates movie executives or something. It must be some kind of a curious quirk."

Orlando listened with a suffering expression. Then he spoke again. "J. B., honestly I'm going nuts with this," he said. "These writers drive you crazy. . . . What? How much? Now wait a minute, J. B. I can't stick you like that. I'll try my best to get it for the seventy-five grand like we agreed and shook hands on. Yep. Right. I'll tell her. Will do. Call you back."

ORLANDO listened with a suffering expression. Then he spoke again. "J. B., honestly I'm going nuts with this," he said. "These writers drive you crazy. . . . What? How much? Now wait a minute, J. B. I can't stick you like that. I'll try my best to get it for the seventy-five grand like we agreed and shook hands on. Yep. Right. I'll tell her. Will do. Call you back."

ORLANDO hung up the instrument and sat looking moodily at a Picasso on the wall.

"This crazy business really exhausts you," he said and added thoughtfully after a breather. "He offers one hundred thousand and will go higher."

"How long can you keep this up?" I asked.

"Frankly, I don't know." A grin brightened Orlando's face. "But I've got an idea! Flannigan, get me Freddie Blue." He sat humming and staring at me with a larkish beam. "You know, this is a very interesting situation," he said.

"Mr. Blue is on the red phone," Miss Flannigan announced.

"Freddie," Orlando cried. "Listen, honey boy, you've got to help me. Yep. I've talked to J. B. But I want you to do this for him and me both. I want Empire to put out a story that they're buying A

Woman of Sin. . . . I know it's against the rules but it's our only hope. If that silly fathead Marcher sees her name in the papers, it'll soften her up. . . . No, use psychology, Freddie—it won't make her worse! I tell you I know her like a book. She's fame-hungry. It'll show her you people are sincere. . . . Okay. Thanks. That's a pal. Right. Yep. Absolutely. Call you back."

Orlando hung up and beamed.

"That'll smoke her out," he said. "Come on, let's go swimming. It's hot as hades." He turned to Miss Flannigan. "You know where to find me if that hambo Marcher turns up."

"This is a great town," said Orlando happily, as we drove to the beach, "the only place left where a fella can use his wits."

THE movie columns the next morning carried enfevered accounts of Empire's new project—the production of the screen drama A Woman of Sin, considered by Mr. Cobb the greatest study of human emotions ever attempted by the cinema. The picture was going to be blessed with an all-star cast. At the tail end of the publicity stories which recounted mainly the brilliance of Jerome B. Cobb as a master showman was a single line identifying the author of the screen drama as a newcomer named Daisy Marcher. This was an unusual break for Orlando, for it is rarely that a writer, unless he is adept at blowing his own horn, figures in the symphony of adulation that cinema critics offer to the industry.

I reached the Higgins office at two o'clock. Orlando was having lunch at his desk.

"Kind of exciting, eh?" he greeted me.

"Daisy turned up yet?" I asked.

"Nope," Orlando chewed thoughtfully on his food. "I've got a theory she's dropped dead somewhere."

"Mr. Cobb is on the phone," said Miss Flannigan, "the blue one."

"Tell him I'm in conference with Miss Marcher," said Orlando. He resumed his thoughtful chewing.

"What makes you think Daisy dropped dead?" I asked.

"Drink," said Orlando. "She was drunk as a coot when she called me. You remember. And she said she's been laid up with a cold. Well, you take a lush like that and give her influenza, and they never recover. Flannigan, get me all the obituary columns for the last four days. I want to look them over." Orlando beamed at me. "That's irony, isn't it?" he chuckled. "To end up in a drunkard's grave, with fame and fortune as your pallbearers. Real irony. Make a great movie."

Orlando kept on chewing. The phone rang.

"Miss Daisy Marcher to see you," Flannigan announced and her voice dropped a little of its coolness.

Orlando turned and stared at her. "No kiddin'," he said softly. "Who's she?"

"In the waiting room with Mr. Witz," said Miss Flannigan.

"Have her come right in—and be she's alone," Orlando ordered. "It's her out, just as I figured it would. I all hams, drunk or sober."

He had no more than finished this ment when the door started opening three of us looked expectantly. It's to open rather mysteriously.

"Come in, come right in," Orlando called in a saccharine voice.

A child with blond hair falling on shoulders appeared. It was an unusual small child. It wore a very short dress from which its long bare legs protruded. On the top of its head sat a large hair ribbon. The tot regarded with a pair of frowning and unwavering eyes.

"What do you want?" Orlando peevishly.

"I'm Miss Marcher," said the child in a slightly awed voice.

"Well, tell your mother to come you wait outside like a good little Orlando smiled winningly. But his were jangled. Turning to his secret added, "Flannigan, can't I have this run the way I want to? How many secretaries do I need?"

"I have no mother," said the little tot. "I am an orphan." She looked her solemnly and inquired, "Which you is Mr. Orlando Higgins?"

"I am Mr. Higgins," said Orlando slowly. "Why?"

"Is that so?" said the child. "Oh oh, dear—that's too bad."

"It is, eh?" said Orlando testily.

"Yes, it is, indeed," said the child tones had now become firmer. "Because don't think I'm going to like you."

"Why not?" I asked, always into in character analysis of Orlando.

The little visitor flashed a smile. "Because he has red-rimmed eyes," said, "and an insincere look."

ORLANDO was staring with his open. Repartee failed him.

"So you're Daisy Marcher?" he finally.

The child nodded.

"Well, that's very interesting." Orlando leered at the tot. "And I suppose also the author of A Woman of Sin."

"Yes, I am," said the child. "In am."

"You're nuts!" Orlando exploded leaped to his feet. "Do you know



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happens to little girls who tell lies—dirty, rotten lies?"

Daisy sniffed.

"Oh, don't be silly," she said. "I can't bear silly men."

"Good Lord!" Orlando cried. "What is this? Is this a gag or something? This is the damndest, most idiotic thing that ever happened!"

"I wouldn't swear in front of the child," Miss Flannigan said.

"You keep out of this," Orlando roared.

"Oh, I don't mind at all," Daisy's gentle voice stopped him. "I am used to profanity. People always swear at me."

"I'll betcha," said Orlando witheringly.

"Especially if they got red-rimmed eyes," said Daisy.

Orlando pulled himself together.

"Listen," he said haughtily, "I am not in the habit of quarreling with babies."

He walked around the table and, lifting Daisy to its top, stood looking fiercely into her eyes.

"What I want to know is," he continued coldly, "are you actually the author of A Woman of Sin. Cross your heart and hope to die."

Daisy solemnly crossed her heart and answered, "Hope to die. Yes, I am."

"Yes you are what?" Orlando was not to be taken in by half oaths.

"I am the author of A Woman of Sin," said Daisy, "hope to die."

There was a hush in the office. Miss Flannigan tittered. No one spoke. The little visitor remained on the table top swinging her legs and fluttering her eyelids. She seemed very happy now. Orlando broke the silence.

"That hair ribbon is what kills me," he said hoarsely. "Take it off."

"What for?" Daisy asked.

"It gets me nervous," said Orlando.

"Oh, but it makes me look taller," Daisy smiled. "My mother gave it to me."

"Oh," Orlando snapped. "I thought you said you didn't have a mother."

"On her deathbed," said Daisy demurely, "when I was a little girl."

"Listen," Orlando's voice was firm and he seized the tot by her pipestem arms, "I want the truth. About everything. You're an orphan, eh?"

"Yes," said Daisy. "My father ran away with another woman who afterward stabbed him to death in a saloon brawl. And my mother hanged herself because of a broken heart."

"I thought you said she died in bed," Orlando snarled.

"Oh, yes," Daisy agreed. "They cut her down and she lingered because her neck hadn't been broken. Only twisted."

THE child swung her legs over the table edge and sighed, "I've been through a lot."

"Never mind about that," said Orlando peevishly, "where do you live?"

"Oh, in the hills," Daisy waved a little hand. "I like the wilderness."

"I suppose you live in the hills all alone," Orlando sneered, "like a hermit."

"Not altogether," said Daisy. "Because my grandmother is there."

"Now we're getting somewhere," Orlando beamed at me. "What's your grandmother's name and what's the address?"

Daisy frowned and was silent.

"You're just wasting my time," Orlando cried. "Where does your grandmother live?"

"It wouldn't do you much good to meet her," said Daisy softly.

"Why not?" Orlando demanded.

"Because she's an Indian," said Daisy, "and like most Indians she doesn't care to talk very much. She goes for a whole year sometimes without saying a single word. Her name is Minnetonka. And she's very old. A hundred and ten, I think, anyway. So you see it's *you* who will be wasting your time talking to her."

Orlando listened spellbound.

"Jee-rusalem!" he cried. "You're the worst liar I ever met!"

The child started climbing breathlessly down from the table.

"How dare you!" she cried, "after crossed my heart and hoped to die and everything, and now you call me a liar!"

"Shut up or I'll spank you!" Orlando face was red.

"Why of all the nasty men I ever met, Daisy screamed and started for the door."

"No, you don't!" Orlando grabbed her. "Come on, Flannigan. We're taking the brat home and finding out the truth about her if I have to skin her alive."

WE LEARNED a number of things in the next hour.

Daisy Marcher lived in a modest apartment over a grocery store with a stout and amazingly coy mother who had never hanged herself. Daisy's critical sense had apparently invented the hanging. There was no grandmother and there were no Indians. Daisy's father, whose picture was shown us, had been a Methodist clergyman until he succumbed to pneumonia during her teething period. The mother an expert knitter (she knitted calmly during the entire conference) had supported herself and her precocious baby by supplying several local knitting goods counts with a steady line of sweaters and socks. The mother's name was Lillian Egelhofer. Daisy Marcher was a nom de plume. The child was nine years old and had always been called Mildred. There was no question of the authenticity of A Woman of Sin. Mrs. Egelhofer had seen her child put the story down page by page and had not added or removed a word—only corrected the spelling.

"The child will simply not learn a spell," the mother explained with a martyric sigh, "although I've told her it would be a great help to her career. Haven't darling?"

"Oh, Mother! For heaven's sake!" said little Mildred, doubling up as if with cramp.

Mrs. Egelhofer fed herself a large chocolate cream out of a half-emptied bowl and settled her billowy figure more comfortably into the chair.

"Sugar deficiency," she explained in sad voice. "The doctor says I must wait out for it." She munched the chocolate cream like a Spartan. "Well," she resumed her needles flying, "those are all the faces I can think of about little Mildred. Unless you care to have me tell you about her aura. I'm very susceptible to auras and have made quite a study of them. He changes from a delicate yellow to a sort of magenta."

Little Mildred made a noise in the back of her throat like a tiger on the flanks of a bullock.

"Come here, darling," said Mrs. Egelhofer, "and let me fix your hair ribbon. These gentlemen will think you're a little street Arab."

"Mother!" Daisy exploded. "This is too much!" Her little face could not do justice to the look of murder in her eyes.

"Why, babykins," Mrs. Egelhofer extended a plump hand full of knitting needles, "where are your manners?" She looked at her child with a reproving but tender smile and in her distraction connected with another chocolate cream.

"Stop it! Stop it! Stop it!" Daisy cried through clenched teeth and threw herself face downward on the couch. It appeared for the moment that the child had burst into tears. But this was erroneous. Daisy wasn't crying. She was biting the cushion under her face.

"An uncontrollable temper," said Mrs. Egelhofer. "Her father, you know, was just like that. Dark purple, most of the time. I always felt that it was his aura that killed him. Not pneumonia at all."

"Flannigan," said Orlando watching the child tearing the pillow with her teeth.



"Daisy into the other room. She's only disturbing her mother."

"Oh, thank you," said Mrs. Egelhofer, "but I'm used to her."

She bit into the medicinal chocolate cream.

"I want to talk business," Orlando said confidentially.

Isis sat up.

"Oh, no, you don't," she cried. "Oh, I should say not. I don't leave my mother alone with you. You'll cheat her."

"What the gentleman says," Mrs. Egelhofer smiled archly at her little girl.

"Oh, on, get out!" Orlando stood up and moved his neck.

"Don't strike her," said Mrs. Egelhofer faintly.

"I'm not going to strike her," said Orlando peevishly. "I'm going to take her and throw her into that other room—from here."

Isis got to her feet and looked up at him thoughtfully. . . . Then holding her high she walked proudly and slowly out of the room.

"Get in there with her, Flannigan," Orlando ordered, "and keep the door bolted."

"She needs a firm hand," Mrs. Egelhofer said and continued her knitting. "Wouldn't you be kind enough to bring me a glass of water? These scenes are really bad for me. My heart, you know." She smiled at the door.

ETCHED the water. Orlando outlined his plan. It was very simple. It involved neither giving him power of attorney nor himself and the guardianship of Mildred Egelhofer alias Daisy Marcher for one year. In return she would receive \$2000 minus the ten per cent commission. Orlando paused a moment and added that there would be another ten per cent reduction to cover the expenses of the baby's keep. Mrs. Egelhofer continued knitting calmly.

"Oh, I don't know, really, if it will do any good," she sighed, "you know I've loved so hard."

"It will be roughly a hundred thousand dollars," said Orlando soothingly, "after the necessary deductions."

Mrs. Egelhofer nodded. There seemed a little difference to her between \$100,000 and \$125,000.

"Oh, I'm not thinking of that," she said. "I'm just worrying about little Mildred. After all, she's my first concern. And all the money going to her. It may spoil her character entirely. She's so simple and unassuming now."

"The money is not going to her," Orlando said firmly. "It's going to you. It's your money to do what you want with. It would be criminal to hand over that money to a crack-brained infant like that."

"Poor babykins," Mrs. Egelhofer sighed, "I hate to deprive her of it. But I'll be able to do so much for her. After all, she needs an older head."

"Done and done," Orlando snapped and then explained the second phase of the situation. This was the need for complete secrecy. No one must find out that a child of nine was the author of *A Woman of Sin*.

"You see it's this way," Orlando said candidly. "Empire is going to sink two million dollars into this picture. Maybe more before they're through. And they're going to advertise it as the most sophisticated sex drama ever filmed. That's the angle they bought it on. In fact"—a hysterical light came into Orlando's eyes for a moment—"Mr. Cobb himself told me he considered it the most penetrating study of human passions ever attempted on the screen."

Mrs. Egelhofer nodded over her knitting with motherly pride.

"And if it was found out," continued Orlando, "that a child of nine—a mere baby—had written it, it would not only ruin Empire but give the whole movie industry a black eye. Oh, boy!" he added, and looked mistily out of the window.

"Oh, yes, I know," said Mrs. Egelhofer. "The public is very fickle."

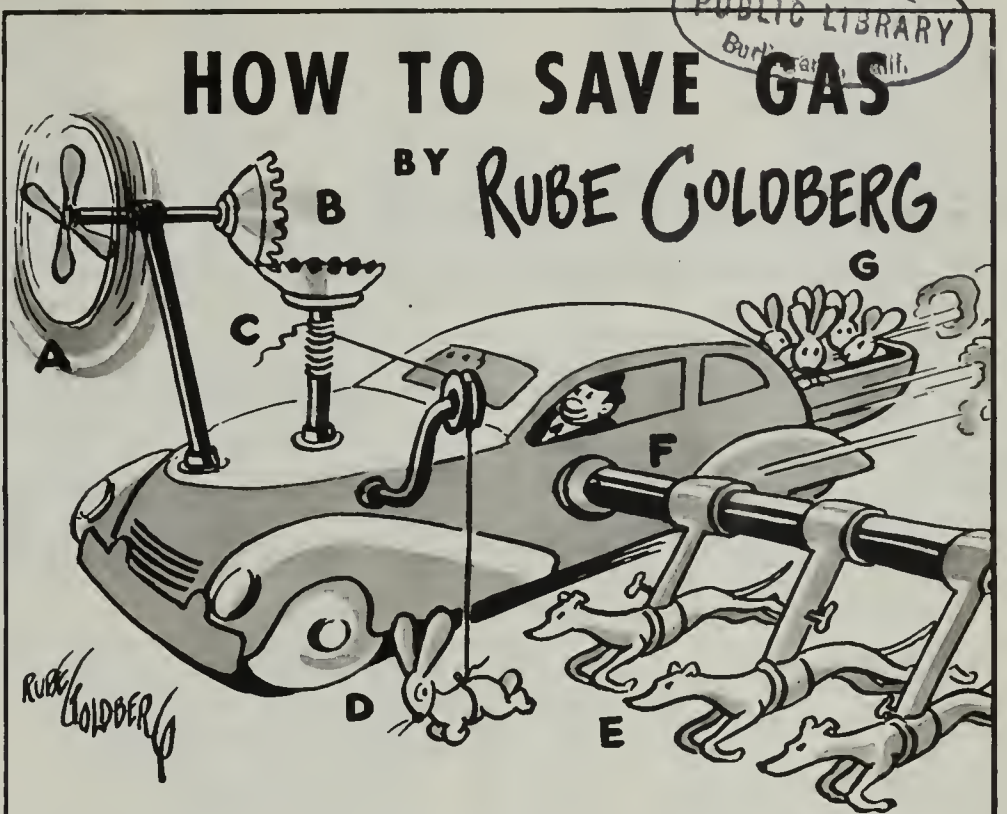
"That's right," said Orlando. "In putting over this deal for you I'm taking a terrific gamble. Do you know, for instance, what would happen to me if Empire found out about her?" He pointed to the bolted door. "I'd be lynched. I mean it. Lynched!"

Orlando drew a deep breath and went on brightly. "The only way to avoid that sort of thing is to have Daisy put in my charge. I'll provide a fine home for her—and keep her locked in it—till after the picture is released. Of course, you can come to visit her whenever you want."

"Well," said Mrs. Egelhofer with a sigh, "I've got a bad back." She groaned by way of illustration. "It's very difficult for me to get around."

"You mean you won't let her go?" Orlando demanded.

"Oh, no," Mrs. Egelhofer sighed again, "you can have Mildred. I wouldn't think of standing in her way. And I know you'll be sweet to her. But couldn't we arrange it so that if the child gets lonely for her mother you can bring her to me at the seashore? You see, I want to go away and



BREEZE TURNS PROPELLER (A), CAUSING COGS (B) TO UNWIND STRING (C), WHICH LOWERS RABBIT (D) - GREYHOUNDS (E) CHASE RABBIT AND PULL CAR ON ROD (F) - USE GAS ONLY WHEN RABBIT GETS TIRED - FIND EXTRA RABBITS IN REAR TRUNK (G).



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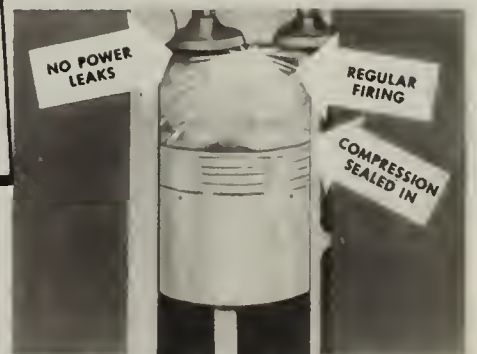


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"To think that I saved only the heads of these animals!"

LEO GAREL



try to recover. I've been through a lot, you know."

"Will do," Orlando snapped. "It's a deal!"

He walked to the bedroom door.

"Okay, Flannigan," he called, "you can let her out."

The door opened. Daisy was sitting in a large chair with her nude legs thrust rigidly in front of her.

"I heard every word you said," she announced.

"That's a lie," said Miss Flannigan, "we couldn't hear a thing."

"You couldn't," Daisy sneered, "but I heard him cheating my mother, plain as anything. You threatened her with a gun and said you would blow her brains out. I heard you. You said she must choose between death—and something worse."

Daisy paused to get her breath. Orlando stood looking at her admiringly.

"I notice you don't deny it!" the child cried.

"I not only threatened your mother," said Orlando, "I shot her three times through the temple. She will never knit again. Come on, we're going," he added happily. "Never mind taking any of her clothes along. We don't want her looking like a circus freak."

Daisy stood up.

"Am I going with you?" she asked softly, ignoring the insult.

"Yep," said Orlando.

The child dropped to her hands and knees and removed a pile of confession magazines from under the bed.

"Let's hurry up," she said.

**T**HERE were a score of telephone messages waiting in the office, most of them from Jerome B. Cobb.

"Get J. B.," Orlando ordered, "and then lock her up in the conference room. Go on, baby," he beamed on the authoress.

"I don't have to go home any more?" Daisy asked slowly.

"Not for a whole year," said Orlando.

With a cry of joy the child went skipping after Miss Flannigan.

"I want you to be a witness to this conversation," Orlando grinned at me as he held the phone. "You'd better take notes. Because it may be very important—afterward."

"Hello, J. B.," he said heartily into the instrument. "Well, it's in the bag. All settled. Yep... Yep... Nope. No royalties. I put it over for you. I had to practically blackmail her. Just a hundred and twenty-five thousand flat, payable on signing the contract."

There was a slight rumble over the wire.

"Can't help it, J. B.," Orlando spoke up

firmly, "she won't consider taking it in three payments. And, by the way, I'm signing the contracts for her. She's given me power of attorney."

There was a larger rumble over the wire.

"Listen," said Orlando, "I can't perform miracles. She simply refuses to see you or any other movie executives. Even talk to them on the phone. It's got something to do with psychoanalysis. . . . Oh, didn't I tell you before? She's going to one. She's suffering from some kind of a shock, I guess. . . . Yep. Yep. That's what makes her a genius."

Orlando listened and yeped happily for several minutes.

"That's fine," he resumed. "And now that you've agreed on the deal and everything's settled I want to go on record with something, J. B. And please don't interrupt me. I want to say frankly to you that I've read that script and I think it's pure rubbish. Worst I ever sold you. It could only have been written by a half-wit or some child of nine."

Orlando listened to Mr. Cobb's shout with a happy smile.

"I'm not trying to double cross you, J. B.," he resumed. "I'm just trying to be honest, for once in my life."

The Cobb roars crackled out of the instrument.

"All right, I'm crazy," Orlando agreed cheerily. "But I just want to go on record that in my opinion A Woman of Sin is a piece of unadulterated childish rubbish and should never be made by a grown-up company."

Orlando jerked his ear from the receiver and sat staring blandly at the instrument as it threatened to explode in his hand.

"Okay," he resumed in a contrite voice, "maybe I'm wrong. No, I don't pretend to know as much as you, J. B. And if I haven't convinced you that only a child could have written that script, I'm willing to take your money. No, I'm not against your making great pictures. . . . No, J. B., I gotta be honest, it didn't make me cry when I read it. . . . It did, eh? How about Mike Devlin, did he cry, too? Is that so? Well, maybe I'm wrong. . . . Listen, I'm an agent, not a genius."

His voice grew crisp: "Yep. Tomorrow morning at ten. Bring all the contracts over. Yep. Okeydoke. Ten o'clock. Be there. Right. Will do! Call you back."

Orlando hung up the phone and leaning back in his chair laughed until the tears came from his eyes.

"The picture of Jerome B. Cobb crying over that brat's script is worth anything that happens," he said. "Gosh, I love this town."

(To be concluded next week)



COLLIER'S

"He doesn't seem to miss our Sunday drives any more"

CLAUDE SMITH

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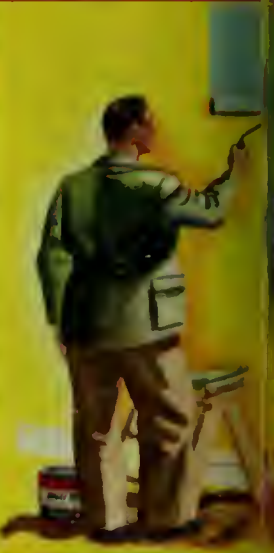
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They came out suddenly on a ledge, and the mountain dropped away to a view of a little town of small white houses in the palm of the valley

## ONE FLASH OF IT

By Dorothee Carousso

ILLUSTRATED BY WENDELL KLING

**A soldier learns that the things that give a man peace can also go with him to war**

EVERY Saturday night the busses came into the terminal from the Army camp, noisy and khaki-filled. Letty stood behind the bright-lit luncheon counter and watched the soldiers burst out of the busses and scatter through the white-hot light of the terminal to the friendly shadows of the streets of Altonville. Few of them stopped now for coffee or a sandwich. They would stop later at her counter—later, when they straggled in by half-dozens or dozens, sleepy, their eyes dull, their voices ringing sharply against the cold walls of the deserted terminal.

Letty thought: You can tell after a while just about how long they've been in. You've watched so many of them grow.

You could tell the rookies, the pale strain around the mouth, the nervous lips and hollow cheeks, and the terrible wide bewilderment in their eyes. Their smiles were too quick, half courage, half resignation . . . it tore a fellow to pieces but there was no help for it; there was a war to win and no going back to an old way of life until it was won.

Letty did not see much of the fellows when their basic training was really under way. They did not come to town much then. When they did come, they brought their own fog with them. They stood

around on street corners and outside the windows of stores where the darkness hid them. They didn't drink then. They were too bewildered to drink, too tired to reason.

They stood alone in darkness, and then, when it was time to return to camp, they moved their feet and stood on line and boarded the bus to camp, swearing angrily all the way back. It was a little taste of hell, every muscle cursing with pain, and every nerve sending off a red mist of agony, and a careless word from a guy who beefed called down the whole jittery barracks on his head, and everyone was sore at everyone else for a couple of days. It was no way to live. It was the way to become a soldier.

They learned then, and when they stopped at Letty's counter their eyes were hard and cold, their voices quiet and firm. For some of them, it was growing up. For some of them, it was growing old. And for some, like the big dark one with the black, glittering eyes, it was some mad assurance that nothing could touch the depths of his heart again.

There was something good about that bright recklessness; it made a good soldier in a tight spot. Letty knew that the big dark one would make just that, driven into the thick of it by the bravery born of fear, to win and escape, or to win and die, all the same in the shocked dumbness of his heart.

He got drunk a lot in town after the basic training was over and he was put down on the airfield to do refueling while

waiting for his application for the Flying Cadets to go through. He got drunk, in fact, every time he came into Altonville. Not noisy, not boisterous, never vulgar. Just a lovely, silly edge that made him laugh at odd things and got everyone around him laughing, not quite sure of what they were laughing at. He was a strange fellow, in some ways like all the soldiers in the world, in some ways like no one Letty had ever known.

HE WOULD blow into the terminal about midnight and order coffee and a Western sandwich, and tell Letty that he had met a fat girl with green eyes who insisted that he liked tall thin dogs and only tall thin dogs. Then he would laugh like crazy and Letty would laugh with him, not quite knowing whether he was drunk or crazy or a little of both.

He usually came in with a gang, and Letty would hear them coming a long way off, laughing with and at that goofy guy, and Letty would start to smile even before they heaved in sight, knowing that he would have some crazy story to tell her before he waved good night and swung up the bus steps.

Letty knew a lot about him; knew that his name was Garret Ives, that he liked Western sandwiches and coffee, that he was from New York and had been an editor of a detective story magazine; that he had a married brother whom he loved and admired, whose clever letters he carried with him everywhere and read aloud, he said, to drunken Irish tenors, and bored

bus drivers, and streetwalkers, and bers and ministers.

He had, Letty knew, an expensive watch and a full wallet, and the bag he carried when he went home on furlough was downright swank. Money. Letty's heart sank because she liked him so much, and money was one thing the Army could not change in a man.

They had known each other about three months. He called her Letty and she called him Proivet Oives, kidding him because he was from New York. He knew nothing at all about her. She was Letty at the luncheon counter in the bus terminal, a small girl with brown hair and gray eyes and a smile that you looked for when you thought of something funny.

Then, one night at the counter they were all talking about death to a short soldier named "Butch," who insisted he was not going to die and never find out who won the war and what they did to the world after they got it.

Garret Ives gave Butch a whack on the back, struck a dramatic pose, and quoted Omar:

*"And this I know: whether the one I love is kind to love, or Wrath-consumed quite . . ."*

Letty, pouring coffee from the big silver urn, finished it aloud, laughing softly, cause all charming drunks quoted Omar. *"One Flash of It within the Tavern can be Better than in the Temple lost outright."*

When Letty put Garret's coffee down in front of him, he was staring up into



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COLLIER'S

VIRGIL

face, those bright, black, glittering eyes intent upon her. And Letty saw something in him that moment that was real. Not the soldier with the cold eyes and the quiet voice. Not the reckless Proivet Oives with the wonderful silly edge that made everyone laugh. There was no war in that moment; just a man and a girl who saw in each other a reality that had been born in peace, and remembered it.

**B**ACK at camp, Garret wrote to his brother, "I met a waitress who quotes Omar Khayyám . . ."

"Drunk again," his brother answered, "and hiding behind Omar's tent."

"Drunk as usual," Garret wrote back. "There's nothing else to do, and bored to death waiting until I know enough to go out and get my head blown off. Her name is Letty and she is majoring in science at the university here. She is going to be a chemist in another six months. This is a wonderful country. I go out to battle, so girls like Letty can study chemistry all day and sling hash all night, and then mix smoky substances for a few years until she finds some broken-down yokel that even the Army won't take, who will give her a home and nine sons to start another National League with when this mess is over."

"Is that supposed to be clever?" Letty said angrily when he told her about it.

"Not especially. But true."

They were walking through Memorial Park on Letty's night off. The stars were few and smoky, and a lazy wind rolled the leaves over and over along the narrow path. They came to a bench and Letty sat down and Garret sat down beside her and folded his hands between his knees.

"In my home town, which is Mavis," Letty said crossly, "there are some mighty nice men. They're not broken-down yokels that the Army won't have. The Army has them all."

"Don't tell me there's 'a boy back home?'" Garret grinned.

"There's no one," Letty said.

They were quiet for a long time. Then Garret said: "Well . . . there was a girl back home . . . if you can say that a girl is 'back home' in Greenwich Village. It was going to be quite a marriage. I broke it up."

"Why?"

"Because the bugles were blowing, my good woman. And when the bugles blow, a man doesn't belong to love and respectability. He belongs to dust and mud and heat and cold and blood and death. What could we have of a marriage now? And the future is a complete blank."

Letty leaned back and closed her eyes. What would a girl back home in Greenwich Village be like? Dark and pretty

with all the bright sort of words at command. New York made girls that way. When you came from a little town called Mavis, and worked your way through a science major at a small university, you were different. You thought things deeply, with hope, with hurt. It was when you lost out on your chance for a career, it was final, and the fear of life out lived with you every minute like a poison to attack.

"And did she agree with you about that?" Letty asked in a low voice.

"She saw the point," he said abruptly.

The hurt in his words struck her like a blow and with swift intuition she put together all the odd unfitted pieces. That boy's recklessness which assured him that nothing could ever touch him again. The things he laughed at and made others laugh at. The dark brooding of his eyes when he sat alone at the counter, where there was no one to laugh with. This was the real Garret.

He moved restlessly on the bench beside her. He had asked her out tonight, knowing that he should not, knowing that it was only loneliness and the fact that she was pretty and laughed at his jokes. He was interested, too, in any girl who wanted to study science enough to sling hash and a bunch of wisecracking khakis six nights a week. But he knew this was not the kind of girl he should ask out. Not this girl with the soft gray eyes like a velvet gown, eyes that belonged with firelight and a grant tea and gentle, earnest conversation. That was why he had told her about himself so quickly. He had not told the others; not the one in the dance hall who wore much cheap lilac perfume . . . not the one with the green eyes who insisted that he liked tall thin dogs and only tall thin dogs . . . but the little waitress who quoted quatrains from the Rubáiyát, who had small clean hands, and something in her face remembered of peace and loveliness.

**H**E GOT up from the park bench and pulled her up and tucked her arm through his. "You wanted to walk," he reminded her.

They walked along through Memorial Park, through Altonville, watching the smoky stars and the leaves that fell whispering beneath their feet. They stopped at a bar with soft golden lights and mellow sweet juke music where, to Garret's surprise, she ordered Scotch and soda. He said it was a clean drink, whatever it meant.

Then Garret took her home to a quiet-looking boardinghouse with a high ceiling and broken-down cement gateposts.

Letty put her hand on his arm and thanked him for the evening. He thanked



he for coming, laughing to himself at the quaint formality. She did not turn away then and go through the broken-down gateposts behind the high hedge. She stood quietly, her hand still resting on his arm, while he wondered if he should kiss her good night.

"She'll wait for you, though, won't she?" he asked him.

"Oh... Helen?"

"Yes... Helen."

He laughed a little at the question, evaded it with another:

"Wouldn't that be rather silly?"

"Why silly?"

"I might not come back. It might be yes. Or I might come back..."

"Dripped?" she suggested.

"That's the idea."

He looked up into his face, and even in the darkness he could see the light gray of her eyes and the glinting of her clean brown wind-blown hair.

"You want the future on a golden platter, you two!" she said angrily.

"Well, we want a future, anyhow."

"If I loved a man," Letty told him, "if I loved you, I'd wait forever. If I loved you, I'd take the chance against any odds."

His eyes were in shadow but she saw the straight hard line of his mouth relax in a smile. He took her chin in his hand and kissed her full on the mouth.

"Thanks for the plug, Letty," he said.

HE TURNED and walked away, disappearing quickly down the shadowy path. Letty stood with her hand on the post and felt the warmth of his lips lingering in memory. The words of her thoughts tumbled after him like blown leaves.

Because when you love a man, you love him whether he has one leg or two, whether he's across the ocean or walking along the street with you... whether he's alive or dead. Don't think you can forget a person who walks right into you, right into you, and is a part of you and is always a part of you as long as you live."

He went through the gateposts then, behind the tall hedge, and into the quiet, dark, carpeted house that smelled of milk and lemon oil and lamb stew. She

turned on the light in her room and saw her worn-out bedroom slippers in front of the rocker and her textbooks open on the table and the narrow bed that was hard and flat.

She sat down on the edge of the bed and looked at herself in the dresser mirror and told herself that she was a fool.

BUT he asked her out again the following week. He asked her at the last moment, while the bus driver was hollering at him that this was the last bus for camp.

"I have this Sunday off," she told him.

"Sunday, then. I'll call at the house for you."

She hated to have him call at Mrs. Rodgers' boardinghouse in the daytime. It was shabby enough in the darkness, but in the bleak light of a cloudy autumn Sunday, it looked like a house that no young person should live in. There was something about its unpainted, weather-beaten ugliness that gave it a hopeless air. It was an ugly frame for a young girl, and Letty hated to have Garret see her in it. Yet she felt it was worse to meet him at some random street corner. At least Mrs. Rodgers had a bell to ring and a parlor to wait in, and people who had enough interest in Letty to peek into the parlor and see what her soldier boy looked like.

Coming down the stairs, seeing the crowd of boarders scatter discreetly, Letty thought: I'm poor and he may as well know it. I'm not going to break my heart trying to impress him.

Garret was sitting on the edge of a parlor chair talking to Mrs. Rodgers, looking bewildered and amused. Mrs. Rodgers was a dear little puttering old lady, slightly cracked in the upper story. Letty thought enough of her to put an arm around her thin shoulders and present Garret to her with drawing-room formality. It was nice of Garret to be so gallant about it. He made the little old lady's eyes shine with the dear memory of more graceful days than these, and she took his arm to see them off at the door.

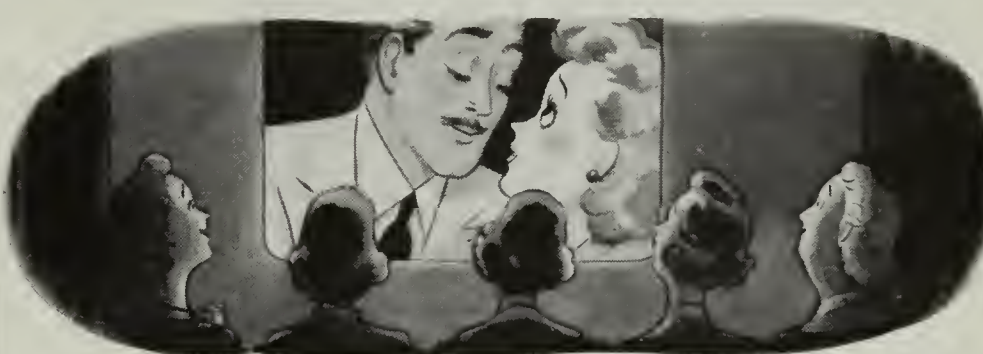
"Letty will show you the garden, Captain Ives," she said, completely ignoring the fact that Garret was a private, and that the garden was nothing to see on a cloudy

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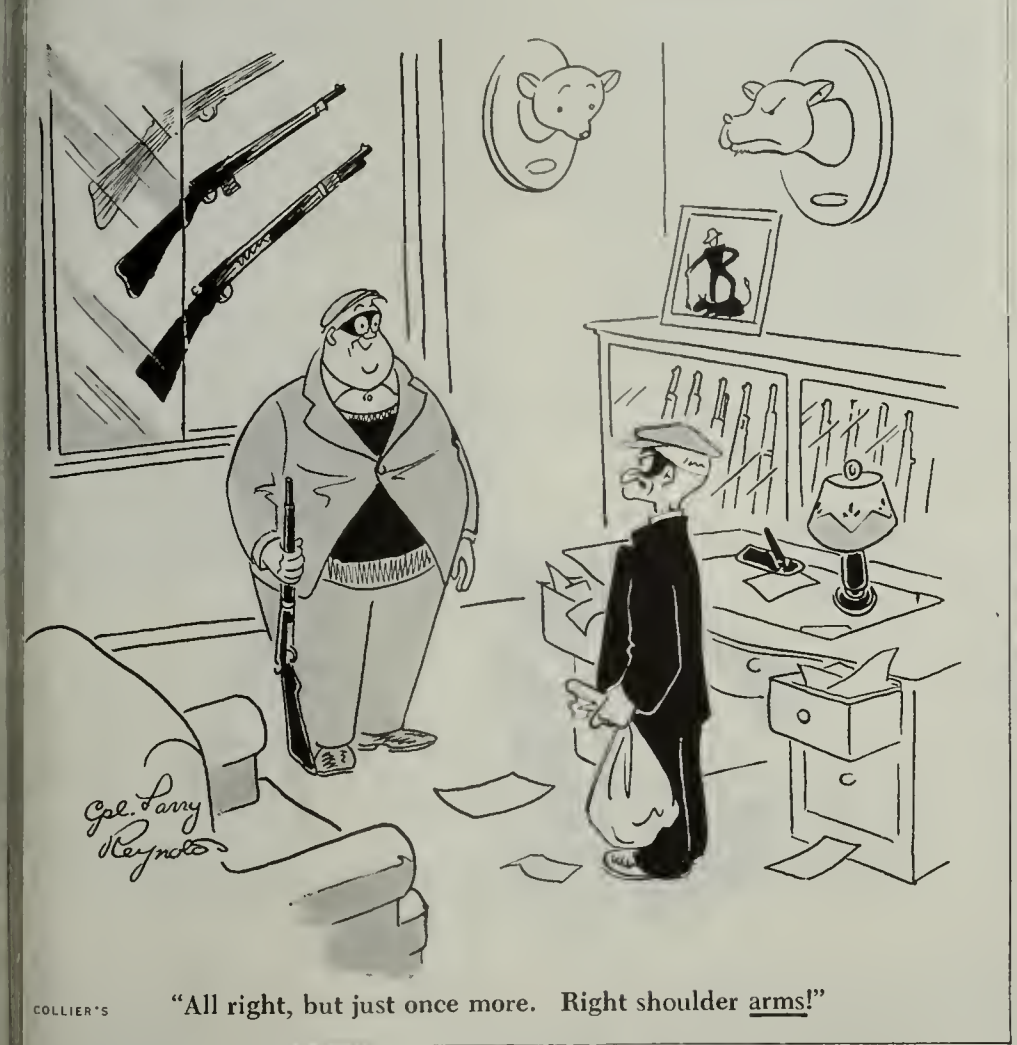
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"All right, but just once more. Right shoulder arms!"

COLLIER'S



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WAXIDE

CLEANS... WAXES... POLISHES... ALL AT ONCE

November afternoon. "You will excuse me, I'm sure, but the cold troubles my shoulder. Neuritis, you know."

When the door closed behind them, Letty walked across the porch and stood on the top step, her back to Garret.

"She'd show you the garden herself," she said, "if it wasn't for the fact that she doesn't own a decent-looking coat."

"You didn't *have* to tell me that!" he answered in deep cold anger. "And you don't have to show me the garden, either."

"She'll be watching from the window, and her feelings will be hurt. It's all she has to offer in the way of entertainment."

He followed her straight narrow back down the stairs and across the gravel walk to the withered garden. There were a few shabby chrysanthemums, hanging head down in the frost, and one late zinnia wilted drunkenly on its stem.

"There was a rose," Letty said, leaning down and lifting the brown bud for him to see. It was a pink rose that had not had its chance to bloom before the frost came, and looking down at it he saw old Mrs. Rodgers and her house and her nondescript boarders. He saw Letty standing there in the withered garden under the dark gray sky, miserable with shame, not looking at him, only the proud set of her chin daring him to say one wrong word.

He reached for her cold hand suddenly and held it tight in his own as though in this way he might keep her always the one young rose in this awful scene of withering. Letty looked up at him and began to smile, and suddenly they were both laughing at crazy old Mrs. Rodgers and her rickety house and her faded brown garden. They went on out through the broken-down gateposts and stepped gaily down the street.

The bars were warm and cozy-looking, but Letty said it was too early in the day for a drink. They turned toward Memorial Park but when they had walked around the park twice, it began to rain, a mean cold rain that slashed at their faces and soaked their shoulders. They stopped walking and turned to look at each other.

"Well, where do we go from here?" Garret grinned.

"At this point, I should say let's go home and have waffles and tea," Letty said uncertainly. "But home is a hundred-odd miles away. I don't think we can make it."

"Why not?" he said with sudden inspiration. "I'm on a three-day furlough."

Letty stared at him. "And you didn't go home?"

"No," he mocked her with an evasive laugh, "I didn't go home!"

"Helen..." she started to say.

"You were inviting me for waffles and tea," he reminded her.

"Yes..." she said, still staring at him absently. Then her eyes began to light up with mischief. "I'll get a bad cold standing out here in the rain. I'll be sick in bed for a couple of days!"

"At least!" He took her arm and they started down the path, running to the taxi stand at the park gates.

"The bus terminal," Garret told the grinning driver.

"Oh, we'd better not!" Letty protested. "The boss will see me. We can pick up the Mavis bus out at Five Corners."

AT FIVE CORNERS, the bus was just pulling out as they came up in a sluice of mud, but the taxi driver, honking madly, shot ahead of the bus and stopped it by cutting it off. The bus driver and the taxi driver hurled friendly, hair-raising epithets at each other while Garret paid the fare and Letty scrambled up the bus steps. Then they were on their way to Mavis, spinning through the rainy countryside, sitting side by side in the empty bus, grinning at each other because this was such a crazy thing to do and both of them were enjoying it. It was dark when they got into Mavis,

and Letty said she was disappointed that he could not see the mountains in the rain.

"Well, you'll see them tomorrow," she consoled herself.

It was then, for the first time, that Garret realized he was going home with Letty, and he wondered what sort of reception Letty's people would give a strange soldier who had persuaded their daughter to play hooky with him.

"Oh, they're grand people!" Letty assured him. "They love company!"

They turned in through a low friendly stone fence and Garret saw a gray stone house through the night rain, with windows golden-bright and a great white door that opened wide and a black and white terrier that leaped at Letty with a yelp of agonized joy.

They've lit the fireplace! Letty thought gratefully. As if they knew what a picture they made sitting there!

Garret saw the picture of them, like a Christmas card, saw them getting up from the fireplace with cries of happy surprise, with loud kisses and laughter and warm handshakes. A short, stout woman with bright blue eyes and a bashful smile, and a tall gray-haired man with a shabby smoking jacket and a Sherlock Holmes sort of pipe and thin, long-fingered hands with a strong grip.

Letty flung off her coat and tousled the dog, telling them how they had decided to play hooky and come home for waffles and tea. Mrs. Norton began to fly around through the rooms with her hands full of food, scolding Letty with good-natured banter. Mr. Norton sat down again in his armchair and regarded Garret with deep, kindly calculation.

GARRET thought guiltily: They think I'm in love with her. They think I want to marry her.

He felt uncomfortable at once. He had come here with a little waitress who quoted quatrains from the Rubáiyát. This was a different girl who curled her legs up on the sofa and feasted her eyes on her home and her parents. It was Letty's dog and Letty's huge yellow cat and Letty's books in the bookcase and Letty's battered upright piano. The house wove a fable of a different girl than the one who had stood in the withered garden and leaned to lift a shriveled unborn rose.

It was a strange thing to come suddenly upon the realization that a girl isn't born majoring in science and slinging hash for the privilege. A girl is formed by living in such and such a house, with a certain kind of people, with a dog like Rip and a cat like Mrs. McGillicuddy, and a battered upright piano and a deep golden fire sparkling in the November night.

He thought suddenly of Helen. Helen, who was born a commercial artist and lived in a smart two-room apartment in the Village and talked sensibly about marriage in a noisy night club. He did not have a home, nor a short story mother with a bashful smile, nor a father who wondered if Garret was good enough for her... nor a dog named Rip, nor a cat named Mrs. McGillicuddy. Neither did he. These things were all things he could never have. They shut him out with a finality that frightened him.

LATER, up in the "comp'ny" room, Letty sat on the edge of the "comp'ny" bed and fingered the tiny patch in the blue spread. He looked around the spotless room—at the threadbare rug and the handmade chintz drapes and the finely mended net curtains, and he thought: This poverty-stricken gentility is smothering me!

But he knew that it was not smothering them; that they met it with a nobility more enduring than anything he had known.

The thought of it irritated him.

He threw back the spread and stretched out on the bed, fully clothed, smoking a cigarette, frowning at the flowered wallpaper. In the next room, he heard Letty getting ready for bed, dropping her shoes, opening a drawer, rattling a hairbrush against a comb. After a few minutes she got up and knocked on the old-fashioned connecting door.

Letty put on her old blue wool robe and a pair of summer straw slippers and answered Garret's knock. He stood in doorway, looking at her as though he did not know who she was and cared less.

"I was wondering if I might ask for another blanket," he said coldly.

"Why, of course, Garret!" She smiled, but her smile was puzzled as though she knew there were plenty of blankets on the bed... as though she knew he was the best of guests to freeze for a week before asking for an extra blanket.

She went out into the hall closet and brought the extra blanket into his room and put it on the window seat.

"There now!" she said. "Have you everything you need?"

"Letty..."

He came over to the window seat and took her in his arms, all brush-blown hair and woolly bathrobe, and kissed her hair on the mouth.

Then he held her off, looking down at her with a slight smile. "Good night, Letty," he said slowly.

She was very frightened, and he knew she went swiftly to the connecting door and into her own room. She glanced back at him, puzzled for a moment, before





# 'm a jump ahead of Food Rationing.."

## SAYS MRS. WM. SHARP

Mrs. Sharp knows just what to do about "food alternates". She knows how to use "meat extenders" so that a little meat goes a long way. She has learned how to make one pound of butter do the work of two. In spite of rationing, she still prepares delicious, nourishing meals for her family. Almost from the first hint of food scarcities, Mrs. Sharp has taken this wartime meal planning problem right in stride.

Where did she learn what to do? Who tipped her off? The answer is simple. She, like thousands of other wives and mothers of war workers, is getting such timely help at Health-for-Victory Club meetings.

Already in over 350 top-flight war plants, H-for-V Clubs are helping homemakers keep their war-working families in top physical condition through proper food. Each month trained home economists explain and demonstrate how to plan health-building wartime meals.

Monthly Meal Planning Guides provide tasty, healthful menus, recipes and lunch box suggestions for every meal in the month. All menus take into account current food conditions. All are based on a thrifty food budget of about \$16 a week for a family of five.

The Home Economics Institute Staff at Westinghouse, who originated the H-for-V Club, prepares the Meal Planning Guides, movies and other meeting materials. These professional homemakers translate their "know-how" on meal planning and nutrition into this practical eating-for-health program to help the war effort. Moreover, they've prepared a timely booklet called, "The ABC's of Eating For Health." If you are not a Health-for-Victory Club member, you'll find this booklet of real value in helping keep your family in fighting trim.

NOTE TO WAR PLANT EXECUTIVES: If you are interested in making the Health-for-Victory Program available to the wives and mothers of your employees, or would like to have this program outlined to your Personnel Director or War Production Committee, write to Westinghouse at Mansfield, Ohio.

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### Meat Shortages

#### Don't Bother Mrs. Sharp.

Each month her Health-for-Victory Meal Planning Guide gives a score of new low-cost, appetizing meat alternate suggestions.

"This Is Different from the last war," says Mrs. Martin, helpful mother-in-law of Mrs. Sharp. "Now, our H-for-V Club shows us how to make a virtue out of food shortages."

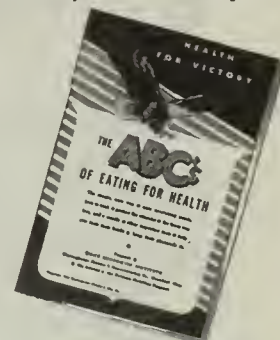


"Bet You Can't Guess What This Is," says Mr. Sharp, as he cuts a robust slice of tempting liver loaf. There's no menu monotony at the Sharp's.

### FREE! THE A B C's OF EATING FOR HEALTH

This 16-page book contains the essential facts about vitamins, minerals, protective cooking and wartime meal planning, on which the Health-for-Victory Club is based. Written in simple, nontechnical language, it's easy to read and highly informative. Free sample copy will be sent upon request. Write to

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"I'll Be Seeing You," exclaims Mrs. Sharp, volunteer Red Cross worker, to her Air Raid Warden husband.

"I've Got To Get Going," says Mr. Sharp, engineer at the duPont plant, as the clock inches toward 4 o'clock shift.

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Everybody loves delectious  
**AUNT JEMIMA**  
**PANCAKES**  
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YOU just add milk or water to Aunt Jemima ready-mix, stir and pop 'em on the griddle! It's easy as 1-2-3. Makes scrumptious Waffles, too!

**TONIGHT! ENJOY THIS OLD SOUTH SUPPER!**

Creamed Chicken on  
**AUNT JEMIMA WAFFLES**  
Tossed Green Salad

Ginger BUCKSNAPS \* Beverage

\*RECIPE: Cream  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup Butter and  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup Sugar. Beat in one Egg. Blend  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon Soda, 1 tablespoon Hot Water and 1 teaspoon Vinegar. Stir into creamed mixture. Sift  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups all-purpose flour, measure and re-sift with 1 cup Aunt Jemima Buckwheat Flour,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon Cinnamon,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon Nutmeg, 2 teaspoons Ginger. Add to creamed mixture, with  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup of Molasses. Drop from a teaspoon onto a greased baking sheet. Bake in moderate oven 375° 12-15 minutes. Makes 4 dozen.

GET BOTH — The Yellow Box for Buckwheats, the Red Box for Pancakes AND WAFFLES!

said, "Good night . . ." and closed the door. He heard her hesitate on the other side of the door, then move off without locking it.

He went to bed then and went to sleep. He did not dream. He awoke in the morning with the feeling of having slept completely with all of his body and all of his mind, and he awoke with a sense of peace such as he had never known. He lay under the blankets and smoked a cigarette.

The rain had stopped in the night, and the sky was high and crisp blue. He lay there smoking, thinking that in one more day he would be on the train to Colorado to the Cadet training school there. After that, overseas, and the blank of the future that he feared without hate, knowing that there was no help for it. He would go, and he would kill, and perhaps himself be killed. And what was it? A moment of dying, so swift, so blessedly swift. A moment, they said, in which all your past life was reviewed in a flash. But he knew that in that moment he would be thinking of only one thing . . . of lying here in Letty's "comp'ny" bed, seeing the distant purple of Letty's mountains, hearing Letty's laughter down in the kitchen wing, as she helped her mother with the breakfast. He would think of it because it was the most peaceful moment he had ever known.

He heard her feet along the hall, then. She knocked on his door and called him. "Come in," he told her.

She came in, smiling at him, holding up a small brown leather box. "Dad's razor."

She set it down on the dresser and asked him if he had slept well. He said he had slept like a top. As she turned to leave, her eye fell on that extra blanket still folded on the window seat. She hesitated a moment, then turned back to him with a determined set to her mouth.

"I thought you understood that I wasn't that sort," she said.

"I'm sorry, Letty," he said earnestly.

HE REACHED out his hand and after a minute's hesitation she came over and put her hand in his. "Don't quarrel with me today," he begged her. "Knowing you has been so nice. You see . . . I'm going away tomorrow. . . ."

"You didn't tell me . . ." she said faintly.

"It's been hard, somehow, to tell you. There's all of today, though. You said we'd climb the hills and you'd show me Mavis the way the angels see it . . ."

"Yes, of course," she said after a moment.

He knew she was fighting tears and he was sorry for her. "Is that coffee I smell?" he suggested gently.

"It's ready and waiting." She turned away. "You'll be down soon?"

It was a delicious breakfast with the sun pouring in across the table, and Mrs. Norton in a pleasant flutter about the wheat-cakes. Letty was quiet. She had been crying and her nose shone pink through a light film of powder. Garret thought: I've got to tell her all in one day and I don't know how.

AFTER breakfast they put on their coats and went out along a country road. They crossed through the fields where the sun shone hot on the dry grass, and their feet sent up a cloud of weed dust around them. There was an old climbing road that led up through a maple grove to a deserted sugar house. Letty told him, as they climbed on, all about the sugaring and about the jackwax the children made by pouring boiling-hot maple syrup on snow and letting it freeze into a gooey candy.

"I guess city people miss a lot," he said. "City children do," she told him. "Grass that they're not allowed to step on, and flowers they can't pick, and squirrels—"

"Why are we talking about city children, Letty?" he asked her. "We ought to be talking about us."

She kept on climbing without answering, without turning her head. In a few minutes, she turned off and he followed her through a tangle of fir trees. They came out suddenly on a broad ledge, and the mountain dropped away to a view of the whole wide valley.

Letty sat down on a rock and looked up at him, smiling at the expression in his face. "I feel," she said softly, "as though I had been here just yesterday. This place lives inside of you all the time."

"Yes . . ." he said, as though to himself. "This . . . this I'll always have!"

He looked down and saw the sun in her hair, and knew that she was dearer to him than anything he had ever known.

"Letty, I know I'm going away tomorrow, and this sounds kind of crazy, but . . . will you marry me?"

She did not look up at him. She looked out over the valley. "Why, Garret?"

He sat down beside her on the rock and picked up her two hands. "Because I love you, darling. If I ever get it all straight myself, perhaps I can explain."

"Don't explain!" she touched his lips with her fingers. "'One Flash of It within the Tavern caught . . .'"

"Yes, 'Better than in the Temple lost outright' . . . it's in there somewhere. Your loveliness . . . and a kind of peace that's never lost . . ."

THE END



"An' not only that—you can tell 'im his draft board called 'im too!"

COLLIER'S

JAY IRVING



## Globaloney Girl

Continued from page 20

scenario, Clare ducked the press. Worse still, she became "inaccessible" at the Wardman Park Hotel.

The press in Washington is an elite corps. It is composed of hard-working men and women. You just don't refuse to talk to Washington press people. Only Franklin D. Roosevelt gets away with that sort of thing and usually he comes up with a good yarn and a friendly smile and an inquiry about the missus and the kids to atone for his crime. Clare's avoidance of the newspaper people on her arrival for the opening of Congress was unfortunate for another excellent reason—the women.

The Washington Press comprises a generous number of implacable females. Some lively nailwork resulted when Clare slipped out of a side door after her train had arrived twenty minutes late. The dear girls had waited. And then when Clare, in a further burst of unintentional idiocy, denied herself to interviewers at the hotel, the heat was on.

### Head Bloody But Unbowed

Next day, the repentant Clare pleaded that she had been fagged after traveling for days on the train and had been late for an appointment, and that her train was two hours late. She said she didn't think they'd wait for her. Someone very cattily, but very accurately, informed Mrs. Luce that the train had been only twenty minutes and not two hours late.

"I checked up," the lady said, drawing blood.

Others later wrote the interview as something of a Vassar week-end homecoming combined with lines from the powder-room scene in *The Women* and moving day on the third floor back. One criticized her for wearing a ribbon in her hair instead of a hat, but as Jane Eads of the Associated Press remarked, those dames would have rapped Clare for wearing a hat if she had not worn a ribbon.

Incidentally, it was a little red ribbon on blond hair which, Clare says, she touches up when needful as what blond woman doesn't? She wore a "stop" red flannel dress and red shoes, and she looked (according to the male versions of the interview) swell indeed.

Congresswoman Luce immediately ran into constituency trouble. She was photographed on the steps of Congress wearing a scarf over her head—she hates hats. In Danbury, Connecticut, which is in her political back yard, they make hats, and they wrote and told her they didn't approve of her antipathy for hats. If you see a picture of Mrs. Luce in a hat soon, you will know that she is taking the easy way out.

The Ladies of the Press had much fun, too, with Mrs. Luce's candid remark that she wanted a place on the House Foreign Relations Committee because "that's what I know most about." This may or may not be true, but it was because she managed to impress Al Morano and other Republican war horses and nearly 7,000 voters who comprised her plurality in polyglot Fairfield County with that fact that the Beautiful Brain went to Washington.

Among those who had faith in Clare Boothe Luce's superior knowledge of international relations was Dorothy Thompson. Pundit Thompson, under whose awe-inspiring bosom beats a generous heart, publicly asserted her intention of voting for Mrs. Luce because, in her estimation, the Republican candidate knew more about foreign affairs than the Democrat, Mr. Le Roy Downs.

If you remember the cataclysmic catfight between the sleek Clare and the buxom Dorothy on the radio and in the papers during the last Presidential election

over the relative merits of Wendell Willkie and Franklin D. Roosevelt, you will admit Dorothy's kudos to Clare was a major piece of hatchet-burying. It's comparable to that imaginary moment when Westbrook Pegler shall publicly kiss Eleanor Roosevelt.

And yet, had it not been for Dorothy Thompson's advocacy of F. D. R. after deserting Willkie, Clare might not be in politics today. When Miss Thompson, who had "discovered" Willkie, switched her loyalties to Roosevelt and began campaigning for him on the air, there was consternation in the Republican camp. They needed a name speaker, preferably a woman, to battle Thompson.

The Republican party's desperation coincided with certain emotions which were gestating in the brain and bosom of Mrs. Clare Boothe Luce. Clare's sense of loyalty was outraged by Miss Thompson's redirection of affections. More than that, she felt challenged. Her husband doesn't call Clare "Mike" without reason. The "Mike" in the lady with the opalescent skin and steady blue eyes, wide cheekbones and pointed chin, was uppermost when she accepted the G. O. P.'s emergency call to action. After the first bout or two with La Thompson on the air, Clare was never able to shake herself loose from party exigencies afterward.

She had had a taste of that exciting, free life of the foreign correspondent, a craft which brings people so close to events that they sometimes feel as though they themselves are actors in the drama of international affairs rather than mere spectators.

Clare's first flight into war reporting had taken her to Poland, Holland, Belgium, France and Italy in the winter of '39 and the fateful spring of '40, and she saw Europe disintegrate like a flywheel gone wild. She wrote it all down, more or less as it happened, in a book called *Europe in the Spring*, which might better have been called *Europe from Behind the Plate-glass Windows of Embassies, the Better Hotels and the Wagons-Lits*. She wrote the book in five weeks, mostly sitting up in bed in an exquisite negligee and, as she says, why not? War reporting is still what Clare Boothe Luce wants to do most, next to writing a really good book.

### A Passport—or Else!

War reporting was very definitely what she wanted to do when, some nine or ten months before Election Day, the ward heelers and machine men of the Republican party of Fairfield County decided that their candidate from the Fourth District was to be Mrs. Luce. Clare had just asked the State Department to give her back her passport to enable her to go to China. The State Department refused. She asked again, this time to go to Australia. If fate or political ability decrees greater things for Mrs. Luce, you may blame the State Department almost as much as Dorothy Thompson.

In her last request for a passport, Clare added an ultimatum: "Give me my passport or, by golly, I'll run for Congress!" Again the State Department, in its splendid consistency, refused Mrs. Luce her papers, and Mrs. Luce ran for Congress, but not without considerable hesitancy. She had to be coaxed.

Al Morano "discovered" her, although some of the credit must go to the shrewd editor of *Greenwich Time*, Mr. Niver W. Beaman. Albert P. Morano says the "P" is for politics. He is a lawyer. He is short, stocky, energetic and, unless he's talking about his protégée, inarticulate and poker-faced. Al had been associated in politics

# "FIRSTS"

## A ZENITH HABIT

A GOVERNMENT official was being shown a new idea in the Zenith laboratories. In passing, he commented upon the outstanding manner in which the radio industry was effecting the rapid and continuous changes necessitated by war requirements. A Zenith official replied—he said:

"... the answer is easy. Radio and Radionics represent a trigger-quick, fast moving business. Concerns that couldn't 'change overnight' are out. In this industry, we're used to fighting with new ideas—only—now we're 'fighting' Japs and Germans instead of each other."

In that statement is evidenced the condition that made possible Zenith's attainment of industry leadership. Ever increasing public acceptance of Zenith name and product resulted from a never ceasing stream of Zenith "firsts"—new features—new devices and new sets which enabled us to truthfully say to the public:

## "ONLY ZENITH HAS THIS"

Today you find as commonplaces—essentials—of most radio sets—features first introduced to the public by Zenith—such as—

### "FIRST"

#### Push Button Tuning

Years—yes, years ahead of the industry—(1928) a Zenith set embodied push button selection of the station desired. Our slogan in 1928 was "Push the button—there's your station."

For over seven years, Zenith Radio Corporation has advertised on our short wave sets—"Europe, South America or the Orient Every Day or your money back." It has never been called upon for a refund.

### "FIRST"

#### House Current Sets

"Way back when" (1926) all home radios were operated from storage batteries until Zenith offered the first set run by house current.

BELOW—A FEW NEW ZENITH "FIRSTS"—"FROZEN" BY ZENITH  
CHANGEVER TO WAR PRODUCTION

### "FIRST"

#### Long Distance Push Button Portable

1942 saw the national introduction of a revolutionary new portable—the Zenith Trans-Oceanic. Without increase in size or weight it gave push button operation for foreign and U. S. short wave stations—tuned in the same way as locals—and standard broadcasts too. It contained a disappearing fish pole antenna plus dual Wavemagnets—operated from battery or house current—was born of Zenith pioneering in LONG DISTANCE RADIO RECEPTION.

### "FIRST"

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The only auto radio you can operate WITHOUT TAKING YOUR EYES OFF THE ROAD—or—YOUR HANDS OFF THE WHEEL—the Zenith Safety Foot Control Auto Radio. This remarkable new radio was on the FORD, NASH, MERCURY, LINCOLN-ZEPHYR, HUDSON and WILLYS. Owners of these cars will gladly demonstrate their Zeniths—give you a "preview" of "tomorrow's radio today."

—AND THESE ARE JUST A FEW OF THE MANY ZENITH "FIRSTS"—

## "MILITARY SECRET"

Today all Zenith production centers on war needs. What we are making is a military secret. But three things we can tell you. First... we are dealing with the thing we know—Radio—and Radionics exclusively. Second... we are learning every day—gaining new knowledge which will reflect itself in Zenith civilian products when the time

arrives. Third... we now know—by first hand experience—that our Army and Navy are more than "up-to-date"—they are alert and progressive in thought and action—almost unbelievably so. This fact is a great reassurance to us here as citizens—it commands our complete confidence as it would yours if you knew what we know.

## RADIONICS

### the New Miracle Industry

Four great industries are destined to lead this country back to normalcy after victory is won.

Planes and Radionics are two of the four. Radio—never a necessity on ship or train—is as essential as the engine itself to that great new form of individual and mass transportation—the airplane.

—a Zenith Radio Dealer near you is giving reliable service on all radios—regardless of make.

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U. S. War Savings Stamps & Bonds

1917 WAR

RUN BY TELEPHONE

1943 WAR

RUN BY RADIO

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LONG DISTANCE RADIO  
RADIONIC PRODUCTS EXCLUSIVELY—  
WORLD'S LEADING MANUFACTURER





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Clean out car radiators thoroughly after draining anti-freeze. Use

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with the late Doctor Albert E. Austin, Clare's stepfather.

"Early in January of 1942," Al relates, "Doctor Austin called me in and told me he was a very sick man. On January 26th, Doctor Austin died, and Mrs. Luce's stepmother, Mrs. Alice Lounsbury Austin, called me in to take part in the funeral arrangements. I was an usher. At the services, I met Mrs. Luce's brother, Dave, who's now a private in the Army.

"Anyhow, seeing Doctor Austin and seeing the family and one thing and another, something clicked in the back of my head, and I kept it there."

What had "clicked" was the inspiration to run Clare for Congress. He suggested the idea to Clare. She said the idea was very absurd indeed, but that she would think it over and give him an answer. Her "answer" was to leave on another journalistic journey to the Middle East. She did write Al, however, her reasons why she shouldn't run.

Al is a tenacious fellow. He talked the matter over with Niver Beaman. Beaman agreed Clare was a natural. Together, Morano and Beaman considered Clare's reasons for not running. These boiled down to the facts that (1) she was a woman, (2) she had considerable knowledge of foreign affairs but was totally ignorant of domestic issues, and (3) she had money.

Meanwhile, Mr. Luce, or "Harry," as he is known to his wife and intimates, had become interested. He, like Clare, loves a fight. Moreover, he thought that if he could interest his wife in something at home which would absorb her fabulous energy—anything except the theater, which would keep her in a world as much apart as having her in India or China—he'd see more of his beautiful wife. He was, secretly, all for this Congress business. Some people had said Clare didn't have a chance.

Immediately Clare returned from abroad, the publisher called a conference of his best reportorial and editorial brains at the Luce place in Greenwich, which the Luces call The House and others call The Purple Palace. At the conference at least one executive flatly advised Clare to stay out of politics. He was quietly but thoroughly reprimanded for having done so the next morning.

Morano, who has since become Mrs. Luce's secretary, Beaman and others bombarded Clare with reasons why she should run. "Maine and Idaho," said Beaman, "may still want their Congressmen to know how to raise the most potatoes per acre, but not Fairfield County." Together they overcame Clare's sensibilities about her womanliness and her wealth. They convinced her that wealth is resented by the average voter in a man, but not in a woman, particularly if that woman happens to be personable, intelligent, attractive if "not darn' near beautiful," and talented enough to have made her money herself.

Clare still wanted to be a foreign correspondent, however, and wrote a long, public letter to Ken Bradley, Chairman of the Republican State Central Committee, reiterating the reasons why she'd make a poor candidate. She still hoped to get to Australia and back to the war, just like a professional war correspondent.

#### She Knew What She Wanted

The turndown from the State Department clinched the matter, together with a personal realization that she wasn't seeing enough of Harry nor of her 18-year-old daughter, Anne Clare Brokaw, born of her first marriage to the late George T. Brokaw, heir to the Isaac Vail Brokaw clothing millions. Clare was 20 when she married Brokaw, who was then 43. The marriage was not a happy one. Clare has always known what she wanted and one of the things she'd wanted had been a

happy marriage. Ten years ago she married Henry Robinson Luce.

One of the charges the members of the social cat kingdom have leveled at Clare Boothe Luce—a rare woman who can wear flowers in her hair—was that she was ambitious. Clare decided to find out whether she really was and looked up the word in Webster's Dictionary. The definition gave the origin of the word as "ambitio . . . a going around for votes." For once, at least, the cats had been right. Clare was ambitious.

She went about Fairfield County seeking office, armed with a Goldwyn joke, \$2,492 in campaign funds, a pun, her "Let's fight a hard war and not a soft war" slogan, roses in her hair, a black silk dress and her St. Christopher medal.

Clare's Sam Goldwyn yarn was made to order for politicians. She visited Sam on the West Coast en route to China. He pleaded with her to write a script for him when she returned.

"Something simple but colossal," Sam said. "Please give me your word of honor you'll do it."

"Oh, I couldn't do that."

"Okay," said Sam in a burst of complete noncomprehension, "if you won't give me your word of honor, just promise me you'll do it."

Clare's campaign expenses were, according to Al Morano, a negligible factor in her election. "She could have won without spending a cent," he says.

It's doubtful too, whether her pun helped very much. It wasn't a very good pun.

"Why does the little Democratic duck walk so funny?" Clare would ask a sea of shining Italian faces in Stamford or Bridgeport or Trinacria. "Because," she would reply, "its pants are down."

#### Getting the Foreign Vote

Clare wowed Connecticut's many citizens of Italian extraction. She told them at Trinacria, which means "Three Corners" and is dialect Sicilian for their island, that she loved flowers and the sun and the arts. She even managed to say a few words in Italian now and then. To the Poles, Clare related her experiences in Warsaw and Lwow. When she repeated the Polish army war cry of "Plotsky, Plotsky, Plotsky," they stamped, whistled and cheered.

All the while she carried, like a white albatross about her neck, her husband's publications. One of these published an open letter to England. The Daughters of the British Empire went for Clare with blood in their collective eye. They saw in the open letter the bellwether of an American imperialism, an overt fifth columnism, a direct "threat" to the British Empire and a "menace" to Anglo-American unity.

"I quieted them," says Clare, proving that politicians, like artists, are born and not made, "with a careful statement, and then Life published an uncomplimentary photograph of the W.C.T.U. Ministers and earnest dries demanded where I stood, and what did my husband think he was doing? Could I tell them that, in these hectic campaign days, I was seeing Harry about as often as I got to see F. D. R.?"

The Candor Kid drew heavily upon her acquired knowledge of foreign affairs and the war for most of her campaign material. At one place she talked about the Indian problem and was distinctly on the side of the Indians.

Billy Prince, the Stamford G.O.P. war horse, tavernkeeper and prize-fight manager, loved it. "You're in," he told Clare. "Every politician is for the Indians!"

But Fairfield County was for her, despite its strange mixture of population. Fairfield County, like Gaul, can be divided into three parts—one, horsy, a second strictly white collar, and a third labor.

A certain Mr. Charles E. Ford, retired Greenwich railroad employee, was carried to the polls to vote for Clare. 'Twas the first time in three bedridden years he'd left the house. The dirty-collar and over-all boys went for her, too. Miss Doris Fleeson, one of the Washington girl reporters, toured with Clare one day. In a pool hall, Doris asked one of the cue artists whom he'd vote for.

"Why, Clare Boothe," the gentleman said. "And you won't have to pay me neither."

Clare stood outside factories in the mill towns and talked to the boys. She gave them paper matches with her picture on the cover, and she told them she was for labor, 100 per cent. Her labor platform was: (1) Labor's gains should be retained, (2) the Wagner Act is here to stay along with Social Security, collective bargaining and old-age pensions. To doubters, who questioned her union sympathies, she showed her own union card, a membership in the Dramatists' Guild of the Authors' League, unaffiliated.

To the horsy set she fed anti-New Deal stuff. News of the President's cross-country inspection tour had just been released.

"According to the President," Clare said, "the people are ahead of Congress. Congress isn't doing its job. Well, we Republicans are going to support the President again by giving him a Congress which will do its job."

Then she went into her "My, my, what bungling!" routine. She told her constituents how the Administration had spent \$100,000 for drums and bull fiddles for WPA projects in West Virginia, and \$260,000 for long-distance calls for the National Youth Administration. She reminded her hearers that Nero had needed only one fiddle to accompany Rome's burning. She wondered, cutely, whether the NYA boys had anything more important to say to one another than, "Hi-ya, kid, feelin' any older?"

Clare learned much about politics during her campaign. She learned, among other things, that the wealthier upper crust is as gullible as the middle-class filling and the laboring lower crust. She was campaigning for a "hard war," but precisely those people who would most dislike sacrifices principally elected her to Congress. Clare lost industrial Bridgeport, for instance, but carried swank Greenwich.

#### A Wishful-Voting Election

It's unreasonable to suppose (and Clare is the first to admit this) that the heavily taxed rich folk of Fairfield County want more taxes, less fuel oil for their big homes, fewer tires, less gasoline. Clare is painfully conscious of the fact that just as many voted for her in the vague belief that she would give them more gas and fuel oil, reduce their taxes and influence the speedy return of Johnny from the wars, as voted her into office really to fight a "hard war." If American troops had landed in North Africa before Election Day, she might never have gone to Congress.

But Al remains adamant. "She'd 'a' won anyhow!"

This Al, whom Clare calls, "my own little Christopher Columbus," is irrepressible. He refuses to regard Clare's success in Fairfield County as a measure of the American electorate's gullibility rather than as a yardstick of his beautiful protégée's political genius.

"There's nothing this girl can't do," he says. "She might even get to be President, or anyway Vice-President. Maybe you noticed the other day Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt or Pearl Buck or somebody said it was imperative a woman sit at the peace conference. You just watch. It might be Clare Boothe."

There might be something in it.

THE END



# ON TIME AT TUNIS

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C-54 "Skymaster"



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## DOUGLAS

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# A Ship in Norfolk

By Mary Freels  
Rosborough

ILLUSTRATED BY  
HARRY L. TIMMINS

For a woman who has known love, it is doubly hard to refuse love when it is so willingly offered to her

FELICITY couldn't get the words out of her mind. The captain's wife had said them so casually in her warm, bubbling-over voice, as she gave Felicity and the twins a lift home in her car.

"The captain's home from his inspection trip, thank goodness! He said there were some English ships in dry dock at Norfolk. I knew you'd be interested."

They'd been to the market and it was another one of those hard, bright, hurting days. There had been no mail.

Felicity gripped the bag of groceries so tight she could hear the eggs crunch softly together. But her voice was cool and crisp as ever: "Ra-ther! Which ones? That is, could one have been the Sussex?"

"Oh, he didn't remember the names. Probably wouldn't have told me, if he had. That man . . ." the gay voice bubbled over, ". . . thinks I haven't any sense about telling things. So, he's careful never to let out information of military value."

How clever of him, thought Felicity gazing stonily out at the rustling palms.

"Is Lieutenant Fenwick on the Sussex?" asked the captain's wife.

Felicity said "Yes" abruptly, then was

silent. She knew she was being difficult and Mrs. Daniels was being kind. Americans were all kind, and it was as warm and overwhelming, sometimes, as their too-bright sunshine.

The captain's wife was a small boyish young creature with frank eyes and short curly hair. Her husband was head of the naval base, near by, and he was young, too. Youth seemed to be a fetish in America, or a brilliant, efficient habit.

THE car turned down a narrow street with scattered, silent houses. The last one was where Felicity and the twins lived, and around it the woods encroached . . . a Florida jungle of palms, scrub oaks, and magnolias, draped with Spanish moss. It had fascinated Felicity at first, but now she feared it. She dreamed at night, smotheringly, that it was growing right on over the house.

But the captain's wife was making another effort. She was still being kind. . . . "Come tomorrow at six, for cocktails," she said, as they stood by the car. "The captain has asked some British officers who are touring the state. You'll enjoy

meeting them, hearing English voices again."

"I don't know why you're so nice to me!" Felicity smiled, and it changed to grave, young face, completely.

"Goodby, darlings!" Mrs. Daniels waved to the twins, whom she made much of. They stood sturdily beside Felicity, waving and calling goodby in their clear voices.

Felicity glanced down at them. David and Diana didn't even look like the same children, any more, so chubby and tan. When they sailed, their brown eyes were enormous hollows in white faces. Now, even their voices had changed, with slang and Southern speech, easily acquired for them, were only four and a half. . . . Eight months since she had fled with them, blind panic, from London. Two years now, since she had seen David. . . . It was always a mistake to run away, even if it did it for someone else. This running away was like death . . . so easy to go, so impossible ever to return. . . .

It was raining the next morning, (Continued on page 67)

Bill smiled at her, as the twins tore open toys and candy. "It's not a new approach," he said, "it's really good-by. I've been ordered away. Sea duty"







## *How American it is... to want something better!*

IN THIS LAND of the free where every woman wants a "different" hat and every man a "different" necktie, it might not be surprising to find strongly differing opinions even about a moderate beverage such as ale.

But wait a minute. What all Americans are really looking for—is "something better." Thus, so *many* have found an ale—one particular ale—which lives up literally to the "Purity," "Body," and "Flavor," inscribed upon its 3-ring trade mark, that it has become...

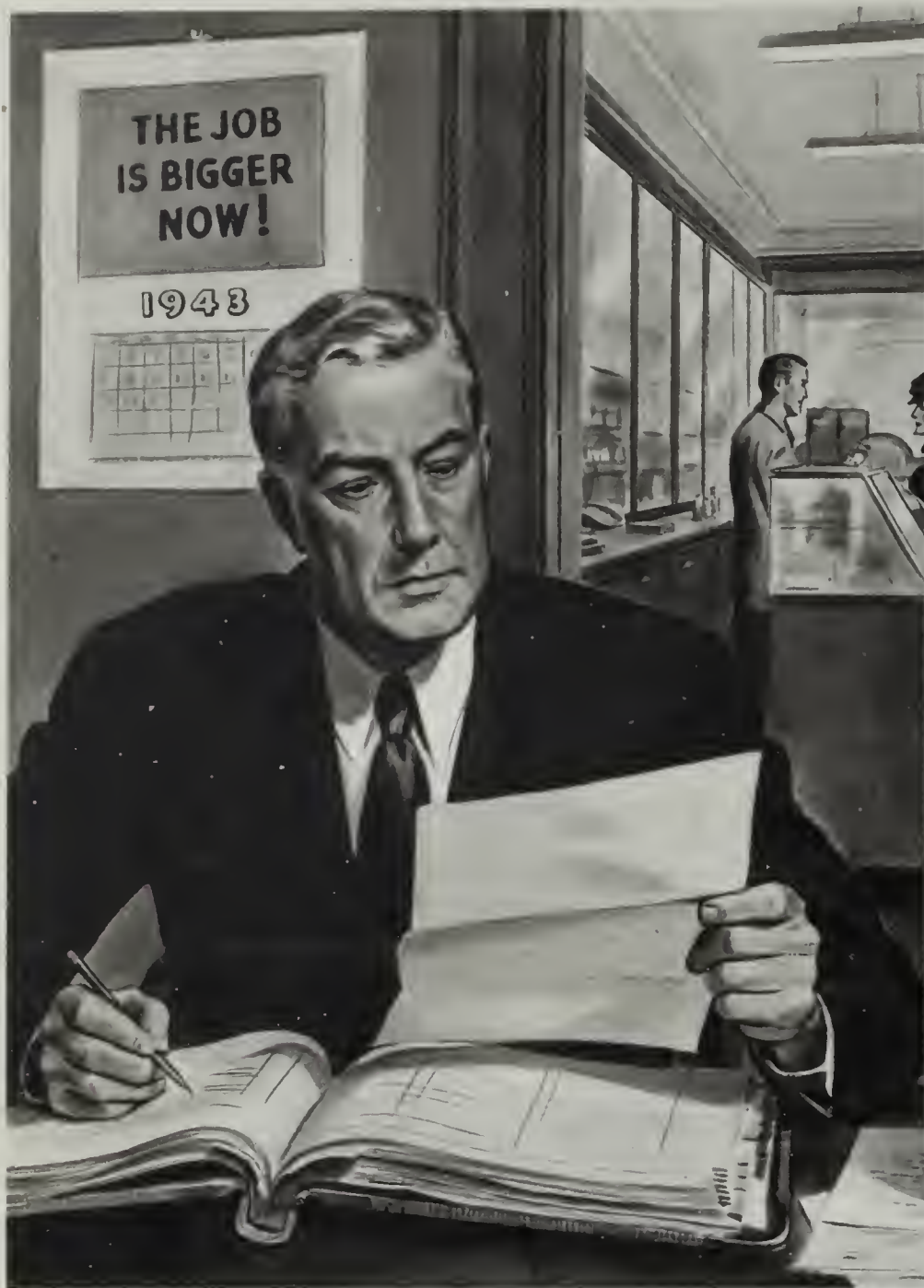
*America's largest selling Ale*





# Confessions of a Sourpuss

Continued from page 19



## In the THICK OF THE FIGHT —your local merchant!

Plagued by shortages and ceilings, by rationing and delivery problems, your local merchant finds himself "the man in the middle." Give him your cooperation by shopping in the early days of the week... making one trip do the work of several... and by keeping your good humor despite wartime inconveniences.

"The merchant of security"—the man who represents Mutual Life in your community—is also earnestly continuing his efforts to serve you in the face of rubber and gas handi-

caps. By special training and experience he has qualified himself to bring you the comfort of family protection through a sound life insurance plan.

So when next he phones or calls for an appointment, give him a hearing, because he cannot make extra calls now. He brings timely news of Mutual Life's 4 new, "premium-saver" policies for husbands and fathers—like you—who want insurance safety at a cost that leaves cash for War Bond purchases.

Write today for this free Booklet

It explains how life insurance can give your children a fair start, free your widow from the burden of a mortgage—meet many other vital needs. Ask for Booklet C-7.

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IN PREMIUMS CAN DO  
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# THE MUTUAL LIFE

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Lewis W. Douglas, President



1843... OUR 100th ANNIVERSARY YEAR... 1943

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for every Democratic candidate for President since Hughes ran for the office. I was becoming more and more weary of politics. I didn't mind being on the losing side; I was getting used to that. Perhaps I even took some pride in it.

I do not feel that I owe anyone an apology—or even an explanation—because I have shifted from party to party in search of the best candidate. It must be admitted that the ones I went down with were, with rare exceptions, better than the ones I preferred not to win with. At the worst, it has left me free to follow my own bent. At the best, it was like rubbing one's fingers vigorously over a nutmeg grater.

I had been a delegate-at-large to the Progressive convention in 1916, and to the Republican convention in 1920. I did not know then—in fact I would not have dreamed it—that I was to be a delegate-at-large to the Democratic conventions of 1936 and 1940. If there is anyone in the United States who can come close to this record, let him say so now—or else.

### A Fall Off the Fence

With few victories and a long list of defeats to show for my political efforts, I came up to the barrier in Chicago in 1932 to lead off for Thomas J. Courtney, Democratic candidate for chief county prosecutor, and for the late Anna Wilmarth Ickes, Republican candidate for the Illinois State Assembly. I was of the opinion that if I made a creditable showing in these two campaigns, that would be about all that could be expected of me, and my average would be raised accordingly.

Basil Manly, now a member of the Federal Power Commission, came to Chicago about that time and asked me to join up with the Democrats backing Franklin D. Roosevelt. I told him that I was sick unto death of politics. If, I argued, I should get into another Democratic campaign, I might find myself off balance. Besides which, my Republican candidate was already worrying about my political bilinguism.

How I did get into the Roosevelt camp and campaign in spite of my high resolves, and how I received my appointment to the Cabinet has been told many times. Sometimes the telling has been straight, although it has pleased some to insist that it was in payment to Hiram W. Johnson for his outstanding part in the campaign. I don't know what it takes to convince them that what Hiram Johnson did was to say, when President Roosevelt asked him about it, that in his opinion it would be a good appointment and that he was for it. He could have blocked it. That he didn't is probably the blackest mark on his otherwise very fine political escutcheon.

Suffice it to say that President Roosevelt offered me this job—to which, to the disappointment of many, I have clung like a leech ever since—the first time that he laid eyes on me. Perhaps if he had taken another look, he mightn't have made what so many have regarded as a major mistake.

He did sleep on it, however, giving him an interval during which he could try me out on Senators Walsh, Johnson, Cutting, Hull, Norris, LaFollette, et al. I hope that none of my readers will acquire a violent distaste for these men for not at least making an effort to keep me out. Let's give them the credit of assuming that they didn't know what they were doing.

Back in Washington from New York, I read in the newspapers that I got the job because, according to Roosevelt, he "liked the cut of my jib."

The fact was that I was to be the Secretary of the Interior. Not a bad job for jib! Roosevelt had told me that he wanted a man at the head of Interior who could say "No." (And who, may I ask, can say it louder and more disagreeably than a curmudgeon, and especially a curmudgeon?) Roosevelt had "followed my career," he told me (I wonder if really had!), he and I had "stood for same things," and he had "about concluded that the man he wanted was Har Ickes of Chicago." Would I come back the morning for a final verdict? Would I?

I went into the big English oak-paneled Secretary's office and hung my hat on convenient hook with the resolve that the end of any day, if conscience dictated it, I would put that same hat firmly on head and close the door behind me good. If a man goes into public office such a state of mind, he can get along with himself all right, even if he may not be able to get along with others. I had many ideas anyhow as to how much it was worth grant favors just for the sake of being regarded as a "good fellow."

A favorite story of mine has always been the one about the Speaker of House of Representatives, "Uncle J. Cannon. One day he was swinging along in picturesque fashion in a street in his home town of Danville, Illinois. He was accompanied by a friend. There approached them a citizen of Danville who Uncle Joe had known well for years. They passed each other, Uncle Joe was his hand in friendly fashion and greeted his fellow townsman heartily. There was no response. Just a stony stare. Uncle Joe turned to his friend at his side and remarked, "What's the matter with that of a gun? I never did him a favor."

I have never done favors just to make a good fellow of myself. I have made quota of enemies during the ten years I have been a member of the official family in Washington but only a few of them have been really personal. I have made my friends too. (Cries of "Oh, come now, let's not exaggerate!") And I have enjoyed the work, even during my frequent enforced retreats to my specially constructed brickbat shelter.

### Freedom of Speech

Which raises another point: I believe that Americans penalize the holders of public office as no other race of people does. It almost seems that we don't want our public officials to go straight and do a good job. Else, why do we invent smug when there is nothing authentic to smug? Cain with or about? If there doesn't happen to be anything particular to criticize you can confidently leave it to somebody to manufacture a juicy bit.

Before coming to Washington I lived already a long political life (too long according to many), made up mostly of reverses. My ten years in the nation's capital have been in the nature of a postgraduate course leading to the degree D. C. (Doctor of Cussedness).

When I leave it, I will have passed through all the stages of distemper and will have demonstrated all that the greatest living expert can do in the way of smug, surface, and aerial attacks upon the smug and the self-righteous, to nothing of the hypocritical and the whose feet have become warped through trying to walk straight on a crooked path.

Here I am, at the age of sixty-nine, corny, chronic and conspicuous grocer who is variously referred to as "the contemptible Mr. Eye-ks," "the ill-tempered Mr. Ix," "the vituperative Ick-ee," "Itchy," or just plain and simple "Sc-



p.s." To some folks I am "a bilious fish-we," "horrendous Harold," "a hatchet man"—in other words, I have arrived and at the moment enjoying the distinction of having driven a lot of newspapermen and in their search for new names that will express their own bilious feelings about me and at the same time pass through the mail without stirring up the postal authorities.

It isn't long ago that the Seattle Times told its readers that "we have yet to hear that Mr. Ickes has a friend in Alaska." Of course, the Times is closer to Alaska than I am and probably has checked the matter more carefully than I have been able to lately. But I am wondering if it conveyed the territory adjacent to Wood-Clapper, just south of Mastodon and the Precupine River. The reason that I ask is that I have understood indirectly that there was a fellow right in there somewhere who claimed to be a friend of mine and I was wondering if anything had happened to him or if he had moved.

The Kansas City Journal ran an editorial—a good-will editorial—in which it praised everything on the earth and wound up by saying, "We don't like the weather we have been having, nor Harold Ickes." Such flimsy stuff is a public man's reward built!

I am under a particular debt (which I hereby acknowledge) to the newspaper columnists who have hewn out a special place for me in their cold and clammy mental crypts, where I am kept to await the day when their syndicate bosses will dig out for a horrible example. Then I am dragged across the front pages of the country to the explosive delight of fifty million readers! Now, they do say that fifty million Frenchmen can't be wrong! So what about fifty million Americans? Magazine articles, which have been manufactured about me with presumed authority after long and painstaking "investigations" into my known and unknown past, have done much to create a character that has been widely accepted as a faithful portrait of Harold L. Ickes.

They picture him as a crusty geezer, intuitively come out of total obscurity to preside over one of the great departments of the government—an unfeeling old gink who sees to it that people don't get the gasoline they need; that they shiver for want of fuel oil; that the men and the women who work for him extend themselves beyond the reasonable limits of their endurance.

#### Influence of the Press

According to the writers of these articles, he has built up an OGPU, if you please, which he uses to pry into the private lives concerning which he may have a unhallowed curiosity; he has never been known to smile except at his own jokes and, as a matter of fact, he has no sense of humor; he doesn't feel that he has started the day right until he has bitten at least one mouthful out of the leg of a fellow Cabinet member.

There is no gainsaying that the newspapers as a class have done something through the years to make me what I am, and I love them for it. It is impossible to say what I would have achieved without their valued help.

Foremost, of course, and almost in a class by itself among newspapers that are allergic to me is the Chicago Tribune—good old WGN, run by good old Robert Rutherford McCormick, a man of many marvelous self-acclaimed military exploits. Almost the last time I saw "Bertie" McCormick was in Paris during the last world eruption, when he told me that he was there suffering from "slight shell shock." I never realized that it held on so long as it has in his case.

"Cissie" Patterson, who presides over the destinies of the Washington Times-

Herald is, you may know, a cousin of Bertie's, although neither boasts of it, naturally. This may explain a lot of things. Although discreetly mum about the relationship, each is the other's own best tout. What Bertie or his minions think of me become the inspired thoughts and words of Cissie just as soon as the Tribune reaches her desk. Of course, if the New York Daily News, run by her brother, Captain Joe Patterson, gets there first, Cissie clips and pastes the leading editorial and rushes to press. Why belabor the tired and befogged brain when a pair of shears will do the job so much better?

Running the Chicago Tribune, the Washington Times-Herald and the New York Daily News a close second as an Ickes hater, is the New York Herald Tribune, whose owner, Ogden Reid, will be grieved to be reminded that many years ago his beloved paper was contaminated by a lot of copy written for the Chicago Record by a young and half-starved but budding curmudgeon by the name of Ickes.

#### Sour Notes from the Orchestra

I will not attempt to rank the columnists as I have the newspapers in the order of the contribution, gratefully acknowledged, which they have made toward the eminence that I have reached in my chosen profession. It is enough to say that I cannot imagine Westbrook Pegler, Paul Mallon, David Lawrence, Arthur Krock, Henry McLemore and a few other choice ones yielding even to one another in the intensity of their high disregard for me!

Reading from left to right in hate-symphony formation (but not, as I say, necessarily in the order of the usefulness of their antagonism to me) are Pegler, master of the rattlebones; Mallon, who beats the tom-toms; Lawrence behind the *corno di bassetto* playing, not truly, but loudly; Krock blowing into the *contrafagotto*; McLemore straining himself at his penny whistle.

Said one of them deprecatorily not long ago with reference to my work as Petroleum Co-ordinator (now Petroleum Administrator): "Any of the newspapermen of whom Mr. Ickes is so contemptuous could have told him how to use his opportunity, but he missed it."

Fortunately I proceeded on the supposition that there was likely to be a scarcity of petroleum in the Atlantic Coast states on account of a deficiency in transportation which was even then apparent and likely to be accentuated as more tankers were sunk or diverted. Had I taken the advice of one or two of the columnists whose names I will not mention, we would be in worse straits today. As luck would have it, I had the benefit of more expert counsel.

I wouldn't feel that even this sketchy peek into my past would be complete if I didn't drop a word of encouragement for the sourpuss of tomorrow. Don't forget that grouching is not without its compensations. It even has its high rewards. For instance, Reichsfuehrer Adolf Schicklgruber once made me a diplomatic incident—as though anything about me, even an incident could be diplomatic. He gutturalized his contempt for me just because he couldn't buy some helium from us.

And Mussolini! By the way, whatever happened to the buzzardly Benito? Still with the Italians?

It's good to have such enemies. Of course, they have since been so busy that they have forgotten all about me, but it makes one feel that it does pay, after all, to grouse through life—a little, anyway.

So with a bit of philosophy to be found in one of my favorite Latin texts, *Frustra laborat qui omnibus placere studet* (He labors in vain who tries to please everybody) I take my leave, reasonably certain that I haven't pleased anybody.

THE END



## 8 miles straight through a mountain

To an embattled America, the Cascade Tunnel on Great Northern's main line in Washington has attained new and tremendous importance.

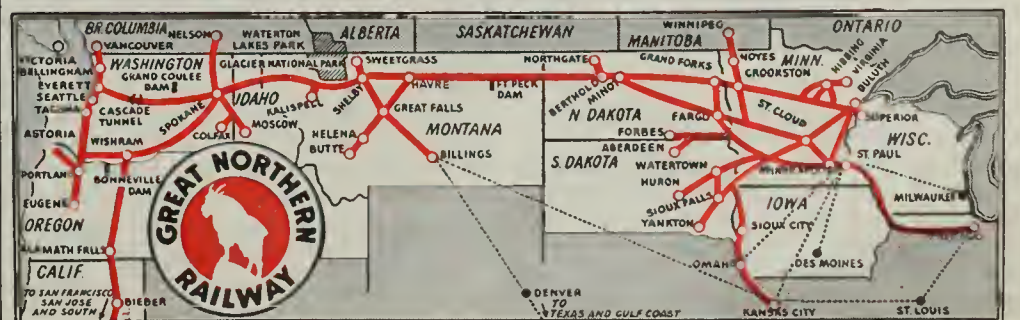
Piercing the Cascade mountain range for 8 miles, this longest railway tunnel in the Western Hemisphere permits swift, safe movement of men and materiel of war through rough country when speed and dependability of transportation count heavily for Uncle Sam.

Men fought stubborn, solid rock for three years in constructing the Cascade Tunnel. When the bore, straight as a rifle barrel, was completed in 1929, many time-eating, over-the-mountain miles of line were eliminated, further reducing what already was the shortest rail route between the Great Lakes and Puget Sound. A complementary improvement was electrification of 75 miles of railway through the Cascades, including the tunnel.

Symbol of never-ending improvement in Great Northern's service to the nation, this peacetime engineering achievement saves precious hours and miles in America's surge to victory.

## GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY

ROUTE OF THE EMPIRE BUILDER—BETWEEN THE GREAT LAKES AND THE PACIFIC







"Uncle" Sgt. Pat Connolly of St. Paul, Ill., delights his "nieces"—three little girls his unit has adopted—by visiting them on his first leave

## UNCLE! UNCLE!

By Walter Davenport

BY RADIO FROM LONDON

The hearts of America's soldiers go out—in typical soldier fashion—to Britain's forlorn war orphans—the bewildered tykes who give so much more than they receive

SINCE that night when we were lost in the stifling blackness of that West Country road. Ned Pan has become a nephew of the United States Army.

An hour or two down from London, an innkeeper told us that all we had to do was to follow the road and we would surely come to the Army camp. And if we would keep on going, he said, flinging his arms hugely upward where the sky must have been, we would come to the boiling ocean, beyond which, to him, was that almost mythical country, America.

"Jehovah made it with a nod of his

good head," he called from his window, "and I am not the one to speak ill of it." We guessed that he was speaking of the Atlantic.

But the road was narrow and it twisted and spun like the path of a field mouse, and the blackness was as thick as the West Country accent. We were about to turn back, or maybe back up, and ask the man to bed us for the night. Like the dull cold, the blackness had us discouraged and perhaps a bit frightened. Our driver, who smoked a pipe which never went out, although we never caught him loading or lighting it, was discouraged too.

Coming down from London he was garrulous enough for a while. But now he had chucked all that and was content to growl the strange oaths of his home country, which we gathered was somewhere up along the Scottish border. He cursed Hitler for the most part for making the war

but damned Parliament, too, for not giving a man the light to find his way to perdition in—"Be dom' to it."

But we didn't turn back or back up. From just ahead (in the thick blackness that deafened, distorted and confused as well as blinded you) came a small eerie piping—an unearthly falsetto tootling which didn't help our morale any. We shouted, "Who's there?" But we might as well have shouted into a bale of cotton.

The tootling drew nearer and presently out of the black there emerged a very small, shrunken boy in an awesome collection of somebody else's clothes, playing over and over a little refrain on shepherd pipes—like Pan's pipes.

We can't give you his surname for reasons that we will set down in a moment or so. It doesn't matter what his family name is anyway. His pipes, his mysterious, sudden appearance out of nowhere, his small

wise smile and his somewhat pitying tolerance of us made him Pan to us—Ned Pan. He is a Cockney kid from London, from Mile End. In the blitz of 1940, his mother had been crushed to death in the wreckage of the slum tenement they had lived in.

Sometime later—and Ned Pan was not quite sure when—his father, a soldier, died in the Far East. The British social service people had distributed the kids seven of them. And Ned Pan had come to rest for the duration on a farm in the West Country. Thus we summarize a tale of horror.

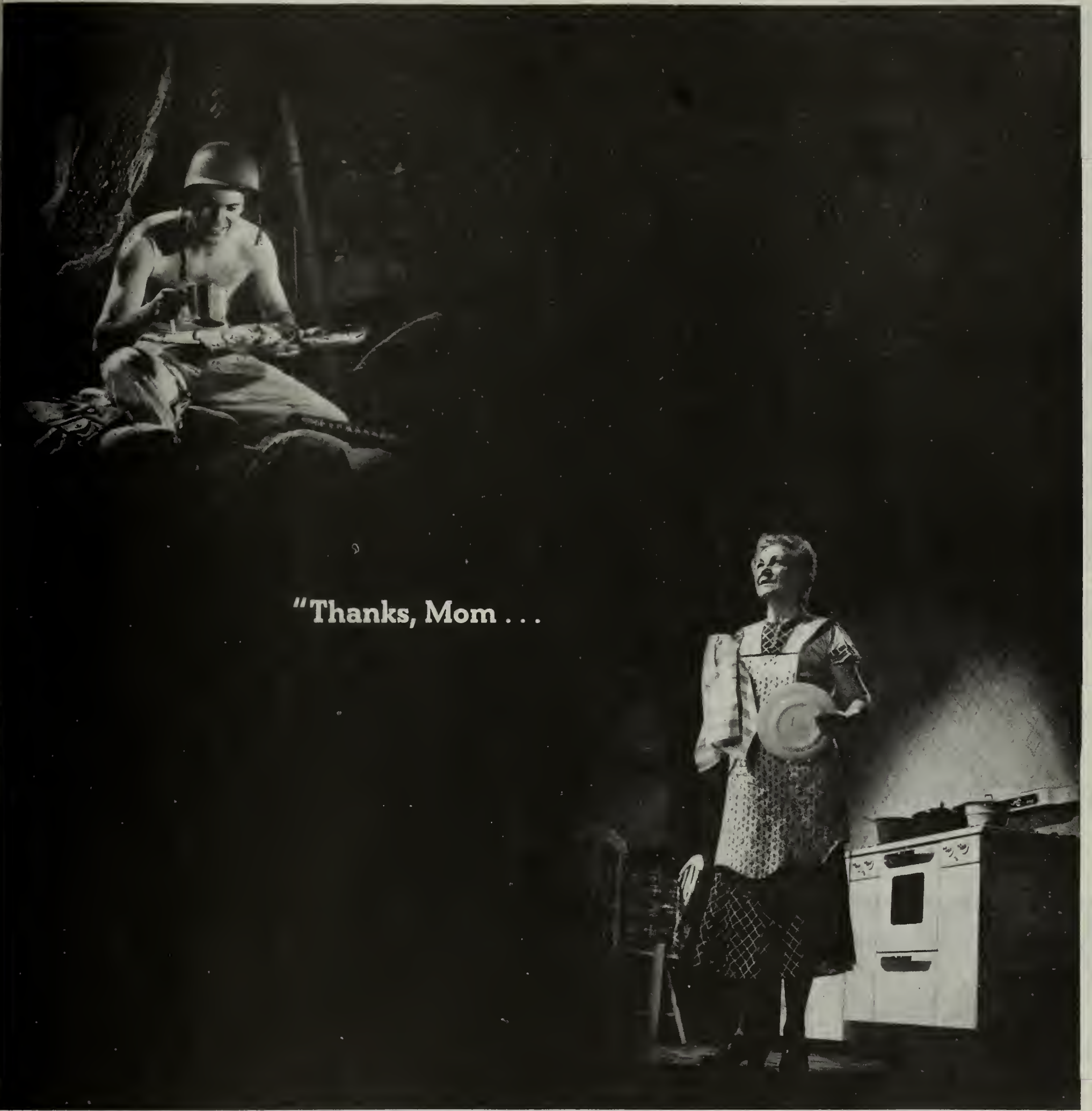
When we Americans called it horror Ned Pan, whose parish records say that he is twelve, whose face is the face of a man but whose body is that of a child of eight smiled indulgently at us and said, "You gets used to it, sir!"

Ned Pan knew where the camp was and didn't think much of them as didn't. Of course, he would ride with us to show us the

(Continued on page 80)

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY ROBERT CAPA





"Thanks, Mom . . .

"Thanks for all the things you do every day that will help bring me and the rest of the boys home sooner . . . When I see men out here giving their all for Victory, it's easy for *me* to understand why it's so important for the folks back home to sacrifice and do without. But *you*, Mom, are doing a swell job even though you're far away from this mess . . . and that makes me specially proud. Thanks for saving fats and greases . . . I hear them go off with an almighty bang every day. Thanks for saving food . . . I'm eating some of it now. Thanks for saving Gas at home . . . God knows we need the tanks and guns and planes that are produced with Gas. Honest, Mom, I think they should give medals to women like you who are fighting the good fight for freedom back on the home front!"

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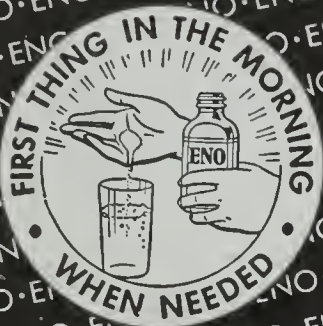
Continued from page 26

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Just rub it on the gums

won't take place in a month of Sundays. That fellow will get short shrift. He's going to be kicked downstairs." And the voice went on talking in crude, rather general terms. Nevertheless, it was clear what he meant: Namely, that the hostile minister, who had persuaded Hindenburg to ban the S.A., would fall, and that the Party would get back their private army, their S.A. division. There was no one in the dark hall who did not understand that.

There was a silence; people held their breath. Into that silence, unexpectedly, frighteningly, Lautensack roared in his natural voice: "Don't laugh! I forbid you to laugh. Laugh if his words do not come true." But no one had laughed.

And again there was a silence. But then out of the darkness came a thin, timid, and yet maliciously challenging cry: "And when will that be? When will your words come true? When will the minister of war be dismissed?" About this, Oscar had no information; it might be some time yet, that was all Hannsjörg had told him about it. So he was silent a moment. And immediately the thin voice went on asking, mockingly: "Will it be this year, or in five years, or in ten?"

Oscar had to answer the insolent questioner, at once and unambiguously, else the whole effect would be lost. He closed his eyes, went into a trance, and, in his ordinary voice asked into the other world: "When will the minister of war be deposed?" He listened into himself. Then, after a long silence, painfully digging the words out of his inner being, with several pauses, he announced: "He says it will be within twenty-eight days." Not even the most spiteful quibbler could say that was vague or left the prophet too great a margin.

Stupefaction possessed the audience. The curtain fell; the lights in the hall went on. For a moment they still sat in a stupor. But then they awoke, and then came the applause, scattered at first, for many were still stunned, then stronger and stronger; and finally it was that shattering, deafening applause which Oscar had heard in his dreams.

He had conquered these two thousand human beings. They wanted to believe. They believed.

OSCAR could not have explained why he had said "within twenty-eight days." He could just as well have said, "within twenty days," or "within sixty." It had really been his inner voice which had spoken.

Hannsjörg was very uneasy. "You, with your setting of an exact date, have turned the whole thing into a pure gamble," he complained.

Oscar, however, hardly listened to him. He was full of cheerful superiority; he would not tolerate the faintest doubt about his prophecy, either in himself or in others.

The newspapers reported the prophecy as a curiosity. Then when fourteen days had gone by, twenty days, and still the prophecy had not been fulfilled, they made fun of Oscar, some subtly, some broadly.

The minister himself felt safe as a ship in harbor; he had the word of the marshal, of his brother officer.

But the group around the president continued to make his former comrade distasteful to the Old Man. Finally, the minister, to his own and the whole country's great surprise, was sent packing.

"There's only one thing on which one can count in Germany these days," he said bitterly to his friends, "that's the disloyalty of the Old Man." However that might be, he was out.

The news came on the twenty-third day after Oscar's prophecy.

Two thousand people had heard the prophecy with their own ears, the prophecy which had now been so gloriously fulfilled. They spread Oscar's fame. His two thousand followers became twenty thousand, the twenty—two hundred thousand. Hannsjörg, with the aid of the Party's propaganda machine, heightened the sensation. The two hundred thousand followers became two million.

The circulation of Germany's Star rose about four hundred thousand. Untold numbers who tried to book a consultation at the office of the Society for the Dissemination of German World Philosophy had to be turned away. Night after night, Oscar was able to bathe in applause. All the vaudeville theaters of the German-speaking countries tried to engage the Poetry and Truth act.

There was no thought of limiting the Landgrafenstrasse standard of living any more. "The pig's in clover again," Hannsjörg said cheerfully, and he himself encouraged his brother to be spendthrift, to "live on the fat of the land."

More and more, Oscar's dreams were fulfilled. He was one of Posener the jeweler's constant customers. He loved colors; he loved jewels. On the desk in his "den" he now had a bowl of costly wood, filled with semiprecious stones, and he liked to run his large white hands through the colorful glitter. From the Bernheimer Galleries in Munich he bought the Flemish tapestry called The Alchemist's Laboratory.

Oscar also ordered the building of a princely yacht. It was to bear the simple name of Sea Gull, but was intended as a setting for sumptuous feasts, a vessel more luxurious than anything to be seen on the waterways surrounding Berlin.

Enough was not enough; Oscar was driven still further. He had noticed an estate near Potsdam, a small ancient manor house called Sophienburg; it stood on a grassy rise and its simple, elegant façade fitted his idea of the front of his future living and working quarters. The interior of the house was old-fashioned, in bad repair; the whole building needed a thor-

ough remodeling; but this was exactly what he wanted. He bought Schloss Sophienburg and took over the heavy mortgage on it.

Nevertheless, things did not look quite so delightful in Oscar's inner as in his outer landscape. He needed more than the admiration of the masses, more than Alois' and Hannsjörg's faith. Oscar thirsted for assurance; every new proof of his greatness, however petty, was welcome to him, the more naïve the better.

Around that time, little Alma, the seamstress, was joyfully amazed to find herself receiving more and more frequent visits from her great friend. But little Alma's faith did not suffice him; it was too weak a tonic for his inner discomforts; he needed something stronger. "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his soul?" Still, from time to time, that Biblical sentence in his grandmother's harsh, awkward, literary German would drone in his ears. True, the passage did not apply to him, his soul was in better shape than ever, but at bottom, for all his art, his success, and his gift, he had not snared a new human being for a long time.

KÄTHE, if he wanted to be honest with himself, still wasn't in his net. He hadn't had a serious discussion with her since that scene after Tischler's suicide. She was affable, she was always at his disposal, accepted his moods, pleased him with little attentions, did not torture him with reproaches or jealousies; she loved him; she was a beautiful, friendly, lovable mistress. But he would have liked her to be more. He wanted to live with her, wanted to marry her. Yet with all his inner brazenness he had not brought himself to speak to her about it. He waited for her to make the first move. But that was exactly what she did not do. Obviously she was satisfied with the bond between them as it was. She loved him, but she did not belong to him. Behind all her friendliness and amiability he sensed disbelief, distrust. She doubted his gift, his whole personality.

One day he could not stand it any longer. "Do you really believe," he asked her challengingly, "that I'll still make the



"I think you deliberately let me oversleep this morning so you could have my cup of coffee!"

COLLIER'S

BEN ROTH



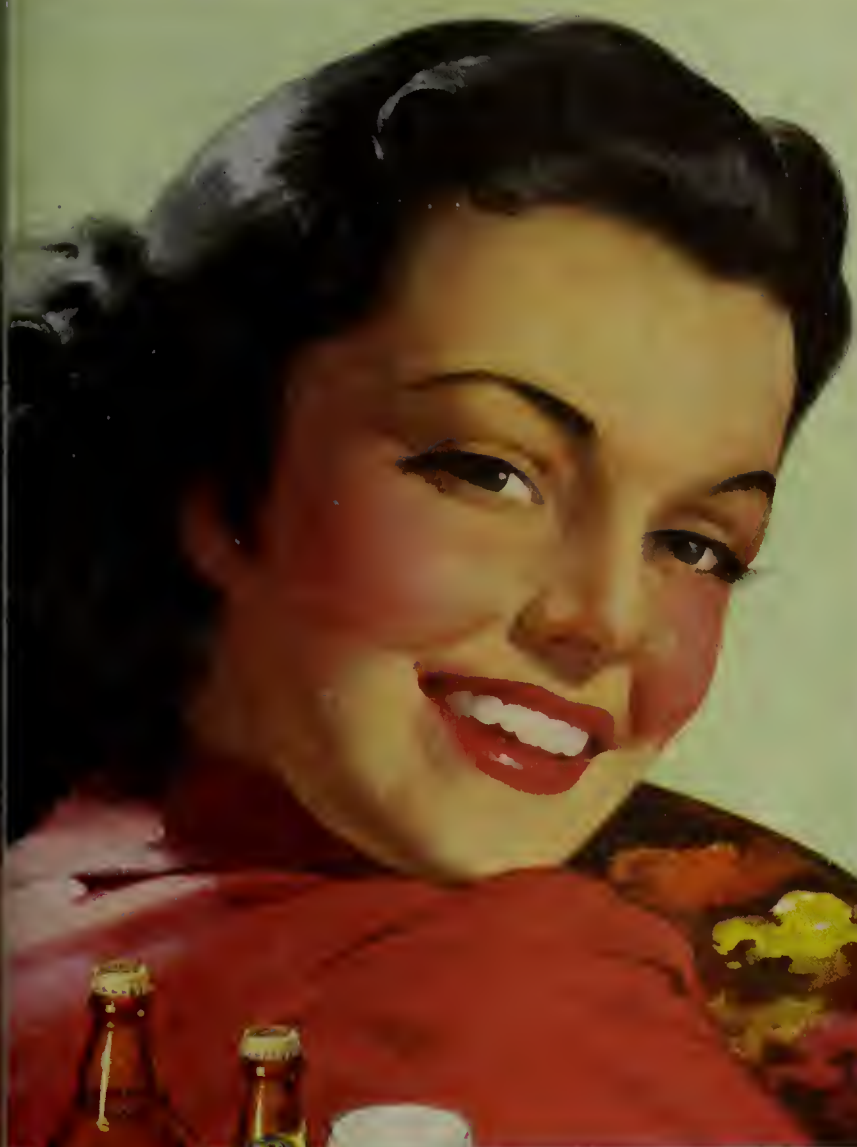
Rubbing shoulders in these days of hard work and common purposes makes us know each other better. We're finding that things we've had to give up are more than balanced by our gains—by the pleasure we get from seeing our neighbors more—the fun in swapping yarns with old-time friends, or having Cousin Charley's family in for supper. *These are true and solid values*—made richer, happier still with a glass of friendly Schlitz.



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grac, that I'll live up to the mask? Do you believe I have the stature?"

Käthe had feared this question. She did not know what to answer. She didn't believe, and yet she did believe.

"Do you believe I have the stature?" Oscar asked again. He waited. He heard his own heart. For one tense half-minute he waited. Then at last her lips opened; a faint troubled smile appeared on her clear, trusting face.

"I don't know," she said in her crisp voice and the way that she spoke those few words with an effort, rejecting yet sparing him, condemned him more profoundly than a long speech of accusation.

But no—he wouldn't resign himself so quickly. He made a renewed and desperate attack. "But you, yourself," he began, "witnessed how I saw into your being. You witnessed how I named that the minister would have to be the date nobody could have known. I know that I have the power."

"That isn't it," she rebuffed him, "that's the point. That's not significant," she added, more decidedly, and she was conscious that in her last words she used one of Paul Cramer's favorite phrases.

From this decision there was no appeal. He abandoned his efforts.

She said, with a little attempt at joking: "Don't make such a dreadful face, Oscar. Let it be enough for you that I love the way you are." And almost with bitterness she added: "I have to let it be me too."

ON HIS desk in a distinguished but little-read periodical, Oscar found an article which Petermann had marked for him. The article was entitled *The Conscience* and its author was Paul Cramer. Oscar read it. It was a long, thorough article. Herr Dr. Cramer had exerted himself first he enlarged on the symptomatic aspects of the increasing success which accompanied the activities of Oscar Lautensack the charlatan. He pointed out the social and economic causes of that suc-

cess. He compared the effectiveness of Lautensack the orator and miracle worker with that of Adolf Hitler the orator and miracle worker. Oscar smiled, angered and flattered. Why, this was a regular dissertation! The fellow took him seriously; he couldn't complain of that, and the company in which he put him wasn't the worst.

Then Paul Cramer's essay went into details about Oscar's life, psychological details. The doctor had very exact information about Oscar's biography, as well as very exact information on the technical aspects of clairvoyance.

But now Oscar knew why that slinky Petermann had marked the article for him. He grew more and more gloomy. With an objectivity which in its dry, aggressiveness seemed doubly mean, Herr Cramer poked around in Oscar's past. Where could he have dug up all this material? Now he was even turning his attention to Oscar's school days in Deggenburg. He told an anecdote, with malicious comment.

In a school assignment the fourteen-year-old Oscar had quoted a remark of Goethe's, to prove some daring point; the remark, however, was not Goethe's at all, it was Oscar's. The teacher, a little suspicious, had asked in which work the quotation was to be found. But our Oscar, without embarrassment, lied impudently and cheerfully: "In Wilhelm Meister." He had thought that the discursive novel would contain much that might just as well be by him, Oscar, and certainly the teacher would not hunt through the whole long book for the quotation.

So much of the story Paul Cramer might tell; Oscar wasn't annoyed by that; he himself had often told it. But Paul Cramer went on to recount how Oscar, while he was lying, had looked urgently at the teacher and had commanded mentally: "You must believe me, you must, you must." And that made Oscar see red with fury. For much as he was accustomed to dress up his inner self, to praise it, to display it to everyone whether they wanted to see it or not, he had jealously locked up

in himself just this one little detail. It had been the first time that he had become conscious of his power over people.

Only one person knew about it. He had told Käthe, in a moment of intimacy.

And now Käthe had profaned this secret of his, one of his most valued possessions, had been the first to betray it to an enemy.

Oscar had felt a sensation of guilt toward Käthe since that conversation, since that "I don't know." She loved him although she did not respect him, she loved him not for his gift but for himself. Therefore, he was in her debt. But now she had betrayed to his worst enemy what he had confided to her in a sweet moment of friendship. They were quits, Käthe and he. This Paul Cramer's mean attack had a good side, too. Oscar was filled with a keen delight that he now had a weapon against Käthe.

On that same day he gave her the article, asked her to read it at once in his presence. And while she read, he watched her beautiful face and saw with satisfaction how a deeper and deeper flush mounted in that face, a flush of anger, of shame. But mixed with her anger and shame was the memory of the hour when Oscar had told her his little, childish, odd experience. He had been very lovable when he told her, humble and yet full of a naïve self-esteem, thoroughly Oscar, with all that was good in him and all his weaknesses. He had been proud as a peacock that even as a boy he had been able to force his will on an adult. Yes, she had loved him at that moment, loved him very much, just as he was, knowing exactly his limitations and his weaknesses.

In such a mood, in good faith, she had told Paul the little story, on one of those rare occasions when she had spoken to him about Oscar. But Paul had abused her confidence.

Oscar sat in silence, watched her read and felt what she thought, and was clever enough not to allow himself one word of triumph. She, too, after she had finished, was silent for a long time. Then she said, "Oscar, he's done you an injustice," and her voice sounded even crisper than usual. It was also the first time in a long while that she had called him by name.

He was filled with a deep satisfaction. And the best of it was that the enemy himself, tripped up by his own cunning, had given him this day of joy.

THAT very evening, before they had finished eating, she spoke to Paul. She reproached him with the article, called him mean, despicable. Her long, brown eyes were wrathful; her expressive face mirrored her excitement.

Paul was sitting there in his smoking jacket and slippers; he had been sitting, chatting, glancing through the newspapers, comfortably, as was his habit. When Käthe began to speak he looked up. He did not interrupt her, and even when she had finished, he said nothing for quite some time, contrary to custom. He had listened to her attentively, and attentively now he looked at her. She was beautiful in her anger, she was his beautiful, dear sister. She had many of the traits of her harsh, stormy father; when she was angry she talked nonsense like him. But Paul loved her most when those severe, vertical furrows cut into her well-shaped forehead.

Yet at the same time indignation mounted in him. What had he done that was so wrong? To call his essay, his calm, considered essay, despicable—that was going too far. Unexpectedly the memory of the encounter in the Eden Hotel lobby came to him. He did not know how he had got out of the lobby that time; he did not want to know; he did not want to ask his sister. That fellow must have done something embarrassing, something humiliating to him, and even now when he thought of the encounter, there was a

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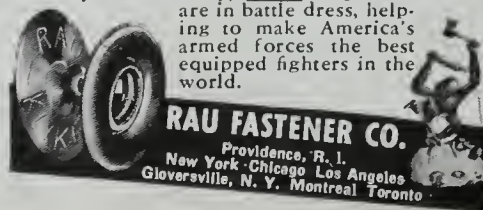
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measureless, unreasoning fury in him against that man and against his sister.

"Did you really expect," he asked, "that I would spare this Lautensack because you've become infatuated with him?" His deep voice climbed higher: "Did you really think I'd be chivalrous toward him. I wouldn't think of it. I'm no courtier. I'm a writer." He stood before her in his patched smoking jacket and his worn slippers; he lisped a little in his excitement; in his face was honest, fighting anger.

"Courtier, writer," mocked Käthe. "You can't impress me with your hair-splitting. You've committed a breach of confidence, you've done something shabby, you can't argue that away. And, anyway, you only attacked him because I'm his friend. Otherwise he'd have been much too small for you; you're so revoltingly arrogant."

"I'm sorry," he answered, with rising bitterness, "that you've become involved with him, that's true. And it's also true that your Oscar Lautensack isn't a very worthy object. I attacked him because the scoundrels around him are using his miserable accomplishments for a lot of rotten political chicanery, and because he lets himself be used for it. He's no ordinary charlatan, your Oscar Lautensack, he's dangerous. He's got to be denounced. He's got to be crushed. And I'm the man who has to do it."

THEY faced each other with eyes full of hate. That there was a kernel of truth in Paul's unrestrained denunciation enraged Käthe twice as much. She would not have Oscar besmirched and debased. She would not let Oscar be taken from her. Through him she had felt what greatness was—inspiration, trance, exaltation.

"So you just throw mud at him for objective reasons?" she returned, and her crisp voice was tense with indignation. "You say that to my face? You dare to?"

"Yes," he said to her face, and again, "yes." True, he had wanted to rid her of those maggots, that, too, but that hadn't been his most important reason. "I want to annihilate him because he's a danger to all," he said, less loudly now, but there was unbridled fierceness in his gaunt visage.

And she, all revulsion and furious contempt, answered, "That was your best point: that up to now, you at least didn't lie. But now you're lying, too." And working herself up, with a little rush, she declared, "There's no sense in my living here any more. I belong with him, just so you know it. I don't belong with you. You're too"—she wanted to say "too Jewish," but she said, "too different," after an infinitesimal pause.

She was pained even by her modified words. She hoped that he had not understood her whole ugly meaning. She hoped that he would answer passionately and unjustly. Then she would have felt easier.

But, of course, he understood the ugly meaning of her words, and it did not occur to him to answer passionately and unjustly. Instead, all his anger had suddenly evaporated; another Paul Cramer, the thoughtful one, had become master. Slowly, dragging his feet a little, he went over to the table; he looked strangely aged and wise; mechanically he picked up a spoon, looked at it, and in a heavy, reflective voice he said: "Nietzsche once in a similar case wrote to his sister: 'Poor Lama'—when he was especially fond of her he called her Lama—'poor Lama, now you've sunk to anti-Semitism.'" And still looking at the spoon, he said, "It's a pity," and added, "Poor Käthe!"

She went wearily toward the door. "Goodby, Paul," she said.

"You want to go today?" he asked. "Yes, I'll pack and go now," she said.

And he, the spoon still in his hand, repeated again: "A pity. A great pity."

Two days later, after much inner vacillation, Paul wrote a new popular article against Oscar Lautensack. He wrote with

skill, with hatred, with poisonous calculation. He wooed the masses with the same means as his opponent. Oh, Paul Cramer could be coarse and effective if he wanted to. And now he did want to. He pained in all its stench the glittering cesspool that was Oscar Lautensack's world. He did not limit himself to discreet hints, but gave exact details, gave figures. He described Baroness Trettnow's salon with its menagerie of snobs, adventurers, careerist politicians and mercenaries; he described the office of the Society for Dissemination of German World Philosophy. He named the sums which were tracted from the patients there as fees Oscar's consultations. He showed how profitably things from the other world could be materialized in the form of a bank account. No, this time Paul Cramer was by no means dignified; he paid his opponent in the same coin; and as Oscar Lautensack had called up the dead captain Brittlings, so Paul resurrected the murder charge against Hannsjörg. He pointed with emphasis to the played in Lautensack's manifestations the good, old, honest magician Cagliostro. With complete frankness he called them by their right names, he called a spade a spade and Oscar Lautensack an avid reerist, a swindler and a charlatan, dangerous through his political connections.

A great number of newspapers printed the article. A renewed wild clamor arose around the clairvoyant.

Oscar did not know what line to take. He was flattered that he was represented as a man of power: on the other hand there were digs there that rankled, through that were hard to parry. How should he parry them?

Hannsjörg calmed him. Like all International Socialist leaders he had a profound contempt for the masses. What the newspapers wrote about one was unimportant; he thought; the essential thing was they wrote about one. The only effect of the attacks was that the sensation about Oscar had been heightened, and from whole uproar the readers would remember only the name Lautensack. One must let oneself be provoked; one must on account go into details. To ignore it completely—that was the solution.

This advice suited Oscar exactly. He longed-for summer lay before him; he had let Alois go to his beloved Munich and had taken a vacation himself. He did not want to fight, he wanted to enjoy in these summer months he wanted last to pocket the benefits he had earned by his prolonged, hard efforts. So he got Paul Cramer's attacks and filled summer with a wild pursuit of pleasures.

BOTH Hildegard Trettnow and Kadereit had country houses in the vicinity—Hildegard in the Mecklenburg district, Ilse in Cladow—and contrary to their usual custom, both women were spending the hot season near Berlin; his sake, Oscar flattered himself. He had frequent visits, now to one, now to the other, and drove about wildly here there, from one friend to the next.

He hurried the shipbuilding firm was constructing his yacht; it was finished in a very short time; he drove every other day to see how the work going.

The way to the shipyard led past Phienburg. He often stopped there walked about, mentally elaborating plans for the remodeling.

The summer was again full of political events. Once more the cabinet had fallen. Once more they were in the midst of an electoral battle, into which the Nazis thrown themselves with enthusiasm. With the same certainty with which he prophesied a defeat in the presidential campaign, Oscar now prophesied a victory in the Reichstag elections.

Once during this period he met



Führer. To him also he predicted with fervent conviction that the elections would result in an overwhelming triumph, exceeding all expectations. Hitler answered with satisfaction that he, too, was convinced that the wave of the movement was again rising mightily.

It was this conversation with Hitler and the conviction that he would not have leg to wait for the founding of the Academy of Occult Sciences, which now caused Oscar to tackle seriously the remodeling of Sophienburg.

He had one last interview with Sanders the architect. The latter resisted violently. He was known for his bluntness and he told Oscar flatly that what he wanted to do for himself would look like an occult ink pile and that it was too bad to spoil the noble, simple façade of the house with the claptrap Oscar wanted to set up behind it.

But Oscar remained firm. "If you aren't too much, you're too little," he declared, and, "What I visualize, my dear Sanders," he admitted, "may be barbaric. But it is the barbaric grandeur of Richard Wagner. Please understand me," he urged. "The Fuehrer has promised me an academy of occult sciences. The house of the president of this academy must be something representative, a symbol. Just in the true seer, fierce and magnificent visions are hidden behind a composed expression, so the great battle between the Apollonian and Dionysian forces shall rage behind the calm façade of Sophienburg." "Applesauce," said Sanders. "I build obediently, or I don't build at all."

Oscar was about to put on his Roman manner. But he had to have Sanders. Kingsor's magic palace could only be a success if Sanders built it. So he begged and implored him, he spoke about the Fuehrer's enormous building projects, he flattered and he threatened, and finally he succeeded in persuading the architect. Suddenly the latter declared he was ready to be on the job, and that seemed to Oscar the least of his triumphs.

TWO days before the elections Ilse Kadereit called up from her country house in Cladow. "Tell me, Oscar," she asked, "is this going to be one of our usual unimportant victories tomorrow, or a great, a real one?"

"It will be an enormous, overwhelming triumph with decided consequences," Oscar answered.

"Are you perfectly sure?" she asked in mocking, young girl's voice.

"Our victory," he said impetuously, "is as certain as my admiration for you."

"All right," she said, "then I'll make you a wager. If it does turn out to be that kind of victory, you'll get my black pearl you once admired so much. If not, then I'll get the opal from your bowl."

Oscar was almost frightened. Was this one of her jokes? Her black pearl was extraordinarily valuable; she was offering him an enormous present. He could not quite understand her. Did she, then, love him?

"I can't accept that," he said uncertainly. "Of course you can," said Ilse, "and you'll have a stud for your dress shirt made from it."

"I am grieved," he said, "that you still don't believe in me."

"I believe and I don't believe," said Ilse, and this time it was her bird voice that came over the wire. "I don't believe—that's why I made the bet with you; and I do believe—that's why I'll invite guests this very day for the evening of the election, to celebrate the victory. Of course, you're coming, too."

"With pleasure," he answered. "And the wager stands," she said, concluding their conversation. "I'm already looking forward to your opal."

The black pearl. Ilse. Sophienburg. The elections. The academy. Possessions. Fame. Power. Oscar's dreams came true so fast that he was almost dizzy.

THEN came the day of the elections. Oscar's program for that day led him to expect only pleasant things. For the forenoon he had appointments with Sanders the architect and Posener the jeweler. In the afternoon he intended to drive out to Spandu with little Alma, eat lunch there, and inspect his yacht Sea Gull, which was practically finished. Then in the evening he would drive to Cladow, to Ilse's.

Yet in the course of the forenoon as he was coming home from voting, he was suddenly overcome without cause by a paralyzing depression. Everything and everyone was repugnant to him. He was filled with a wild, sinister fit of misanthropy. He did not even cancel his appointments with Sanders and Posener; he gave orders that the gentlemen were simply not to be admitted.

Petermann the secretary stole in. In his blotting-paper voice he announced that Herr Hannsjörg Lautensack had called up; the election returns that had come in were favorable beyond expectation.

"And you disturb me for that?" Oscar barked at him. He uttered a snort of grim scorn. Yes, they were coming in, the treasures of this world, they were coming in, in shoals. So now he had the pearl. That was to say, he didn't have it yet. He had to go and get it. He had to pay for it. Probably she'd make a fool of him, poke fun at him. Probably she'd want him to do his little act. He didn't want to. He wasn't a dog that gives his paw before he gets his lump of sugar.

"Call up the Kadereits," he commanded Petermann, "and tell them I'm not coming this evening."

Petermann, well trained though he was,

# DON'T BRUSH FALSE TEETH WITH MAKESHIFT CLEANERS



## DON'T DO THIS

TOOTHPASTES, TOOTH POWDERS, soap, household cleansers, are not intended for dental plates. Dental plate materials are softer and more easily worn down than natural teeth. Many makeshift cleaners are *abrasive*,

wear down the important "fitting ridges," may ruin costly dentures.

In addition, continued use of these makeshift cleaners scratches dental plates, actually causing film and stains to collect faster, cling tighter.



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"Now you see that line I just drew? Well, as it just so happens it is the equator"

COLLIER'S

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# Dewar's "White Label" and "Victoria Vat"

THE MEDAL SCOTCH OF THE WORLD

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glanced up in astonishment. "May I give a reason?" he asked.

"If I'd wanted to give a reason," said Oscar roughly, "I'd have told you already."

The secretary, standing there humbly, shot a malicious little glance at Oscar's back. Then he withdrew. "Stupid fellow, stupid," Oscar cursed after him, "slimy scoundrel." Yet he was not yet rid of Petermann. Instead, after a few minutes, the secretary returned with faint but visible malicious glee. "Frau Dr. Kadereit wishes to speak to Herr Lautensack himself," he reported.

"Say I'm sick," Oscar ordered him, enraged. "Or—no," he corrected himself, "I'll have to attend to her myself."

At the telephone he said simply, crossly and decidedly, "Unfortunately I cannot come this evening." He expected her to urge him. But she did nothing of the sort.

She just said, "So?" and after a short pause, in her usual mocking tone: "And what excuse have you thought up for yourself? Aren't the elections going according to prophecy?"

"The elections are going even better than expected," he replied, flaring up. "If I don't come this evening," he went on insolently, "then it's simply my inner voice that's keeping me away. I don't want to; you're quite right."

AGAIN there was a very short pause, then, with particular amiability, she replied: "Well, of course, that's a reason one can't dispute."

Inwardly he had to admit that her easy irony showed to advantage against his clumsy Deggenburg incivility. She meanwhile, still very lightly and amiably, went on, "Well, then, till another time. It's too bad you don't want to come and get your pearl yourself. I'll just send it to you," and she hung up.

He sat at his end of the line, slightly dashed. His heart had swelled as he told that high and mighty lady a thing or two. But now, immediately afterward, his pleasure in his rebellion evaporated. She had been too amiable. She was a powerful woman; Hannsjörg had dinned that into him often enough: he had offended her, and she wouldn't swallow that, and the whole business would not end well. "The queen beats the knave," his father had always said in such cases. Perhaps it would be wiser to eat humble pie, to call her up, to explain that the whole thing had been a mistake, a joke, and, of course, he was coming.

Then he decided he wouldn't. It was an inherited humility in the pressure of high society that was stirring in him. He was not like his father, who felt flattered if he received an invitation from Herr Kommerzienrat Ehrenthal.

Peevish and morose, he sat around in his apartment all day, at odds with himself and the world. Late in the evening, Petermann the secretary came slinking in once more. "Excuse me for disturbing you," he apologized, "but I saw your light was still on. And I just had to tell you the results of the election have come in. It's a much greater victory than we expected. This Reichstag will have 586 seats and we have 230 of them. The runners-up, the Socialists, have only 133. It's a colossal, unprecedented victory."

"Thanks," said Oscar. It seems we have the pearl, he thought. High card wins!

ILSE KADEREIT sat on the terrace of her country house in Cladow with a volume of Proust. It was hot. From the terrace she could look across the little lake into a friendly unpretentious Brandenburg landscape. Ilse Kadereit loved the summer and heat, she loved Proust, she loved to have no company but her own from time to time. But today she was not enjoying any of these things. She forced herself to read; but after a few minutes she let her Proust fall again and with annoy-

ance threw back the pale brown head. She was full of unrest and anger. She was dissatisfied with herself.

And yet everything was settled. And the fact that Oscar wouldn't catch on for a while, that was really the best part of the joke. She herself would not be able to tell the two pearls apart, the genuine one in the safe and the false one that Oscar had admired. Let him be happy with the false one.

Had she really been happy with the false Oscar. She had known from the beginning what there was to him, and what there was not. She had told him right to his face: "What I like about you is your stupid, brutal hands and not your stupid distinguished face."

He had let her say that to him, that and a thousand other insolent, sharp things. He had counted on her paying him in the end for the amusement he had afforded her. That was why he had suffered it and controlled himself. But at the last he had not been able to tame his inborn provincial impudence and unmannerliness.

She always paid her debts. She had been willing to pay him, too, to give him the pearl. But he had not fulfilled his part of the bargain. She enjoyed imagining what a face he would make when he found out that the pearl was false. False as the deep, demonic looks with which he had gazed at her.

The joke with the pearl wasn't bad. But it wasn't enough. The fellow had been too impertinent. For his sake she was sitting here in Cladow instead of in Venice or in Ostend, and he had as much as said shamelessly: "I'm not coming to your house, don't feel like it, it bores me."

What was the matter with her anyway that this Oscar's rudeness should upset her so? She had always looked upon him as the court jester, never as a lover. She had shown him that. There was an understanding on that point.

Obviously there was not an understanding on that point. He had rebelled, had the court jester. That was what rankled so—the rebellion, the mutiny.

She bore part of the responsibility for their having become so deeply involved with the Nazis—her husband and the others—for having hired the bandits to dispose of the Reds. Perhaps that was a bad error. We think we're playing with them and they're playing with us. One can see it in this Oscar; as soon as they think they're on top they slap us in the face.

We'll have to use tougher means than the joke with the pearl to show Oscar that we're still on top.

No, that business with the pearl was not enough. She must get at him with something else. And she knew with what.

Yes, she knew it, and she had decided she had a plan, she was satisfied. It was a beautiful, hot day, the kind she liked. Above the lake the air glittered with the heat; the buzzing swarm of gnats danced in the sun. Ilse turned back to her volume of Proust, and now she read with interest and enjoyment. . . .

THE next day, in a conversation with Fritz Kadereit, she said casually: "I only your Nazis weren't so impossible in questions of taste. Now that you've taken up with them you shouldn't be so tolerant of certain esthetic errors."

They were sitting at dinner on the terrace. With his shrewd, sleepy eyes, Fritz Kadereit looked cautiously across at his wife. Your Nazis? Now what was coming? One could never know with Ilse whether it was something unpleasant or enjoyable. "I'm slow in catching on again, my dear," he said amiably. "It's probably the heat. Won't you express yourself a little more clearly?"

"Well, for example," she answered with unaccustomed languor, "there are those violent attacks on our Oscar in the Reich press. They aren't vague; they go into de-



It seems to me that it's no help to the prestige of the Party if a prominent member continually lets himself be slandered as an ordinary swindler. It seems to me he should defend himself."

Fritz Kadereit raised his wineglass, which was chilled and faintly bedewed, and intently eyed the wine, a Moselle, sparkling and greenish yellow in the sun-faded glass. Then, still very slowly, he drank. He wanted to gain time, to think over his answer. Inwardly he was smiling. What was coming seemed to be something pleasant.

Fritz Kadereit loved Ilse. He did not pretend to himself that he did not suffer from her love affairs. He had understood that Oscar's popular romanticism had had no effect on her—sometimes he called her a little snob; but it rankled that she had looked out this Lautensack in particular, whom he had watched with growing anxiety as he became more and more deeply engaged in her game. Now he noted with relief that she wanted to take the impudent blow down a peg. The affair seemed to be approaching its end.

He must not agree with her at once; it was wiser to contradict her carefully. "Do you really think it's necessary, my dear," he asked, just as phlegmatically as she, "to say anything about these attacks?"

He answered exactly the way he wanted it to. "I've always told you," she lied coolly and naively, "that you make too much of our Oscar. He's amusing, certainly, but he's a heavy load for the Party to carry. Or what do you think?"

Fritz Kadereit suppressed the beginnings of a smile. "You know, Ilse," he answered, "it's said of one of our kind that he's a swindler, a rascal, for reasons which may be water or not, we think it necessary to go back. That's how we were brought up. But these people, these Hitlers and Lautensacks, they belong, after all, to a different milieu. They just haven't any feeling for decency and dignity. I don't know whether our Herr Lautensack feels it an insult when he's called a swindler." These were adroitly phrased words, and Ilse reacted as he wished. "It's not a question of Oscar's opinions," she said in a moment's reflection, and looked full in the face. "It's a question of the Party behind which stands Fritz Kadereit. We can't let these calumnies go unanswered, for our sakes." These were uncommonly decided words for Ilse.

For our sakes, thought Dr. Kadereit, that may be so. But again he swallowed his smile. "All right," he replied, and obligingly, with his manner of a good-natured bear, he promised her: "Since you think it's the thing to do, I'll take the necessary steps to get things going."

DR. FRITZ KADEREIT gave the Party ready money and had presented some of its leaders with shares in his business concerns. He was a man whose word was listened to, and for whom one was glad to do little favors.

So, shortly after the Kadereit couple's conversation, Manfred Proell said to Hannsjörg, "Listen, a thick skin is a good thing, but it mustn't be too thick." He had laid his soft, fleshy hand on the other's shoulder, and Hannsjörg noticed at once that this geniality boded no good.

"It pleases you to speak darkly, Comrade," he joked. "I'm not my brother; I can't see in the dark."

"It's just your brother I'm talking about," answered Proell. "He's the man with the thick skin. We've been sent newspaper clippings, a whole bunch of them; you know about that, of course. They call him a charlatan, a swindler. There are people who count it against him that he stands for it."

Hannsjörg was dismayed. Now whom had Oscar been antagonizing? "The Reds just want to make a scandal," he said. "I myself advised Oscar to lie low."

"I know you have sound common sense," Proell admitted amiably. "But in your brother's case, unfortunately, higher powers demand that we cast aside the advice of sound common sense."

"May one ask what is the name of these higher powers?" inquired Hannsjörg.

"Their name is Fritz Kadereit," replied Proell.

"You really mean, Manfred," asked Hannsjörg, uncomfortably, "that we have to sue for libel?"

"I'm afraid," answered Proell, "that you'll not be able to get around it. A few perjuries will have to be committed; you owe that to the honor of the Party. But perhaps," he suggested, "your worthy brother will get in touch with Ilse Kadereit directly."

From the very beginning of his next meeting with Oscar, Hannsjörg was sharp and grim. Without beating about the bush he informed him that Dr. Kadereit was astonished that such a prominent party member as Oscar Lautensack should let the aspersions of the Red press go unanswered. The Party shared this surprise. It wished Oscar to clean up this affair.

OSCAR felt that something unpleasant was brewing; he did not perceive the connections. Of course, he thought of that unhappy telephone conversation with Ilse. But that was all straightened out again; mild and dark, the black pearl gleamed in his dress shirt. Just what did Hannsjörg want?

He assumed his Roman expression. "Clean up the affair?" he asked with raised eyebrows. "There's nothing to clean up. Oscar Lautensack isn't going to brawl with that crowd. You yourself said that was the only proper course."

"That was the only proper course," replied Hannsjörg and sharply stressed the "was." "But, meanwhile, you've obviously made some other mistake." And since Oscar still did not seem to understand him rightly, he went on: "I've told you often enough you can't treat Trettnow or even Kadereit like your Ali or Petermann or me. That just won't do. Dr. Kadereit is the man who has the money, and he who pays the piper calls the tune."

Oscar sat huddled up, overwhelmed with dismay. "The queen beats the knave," he had said to himself warningly. But how could this be? After all, she had given him the pearl. To be sure, he had not seen Ilse since that stupid conversation; somehow it had never worked out; never when he had wanted to come, had she had time. But she had given plausible reasons, he'd had telephone conversations with her three or four times, and she had been awfully friendly. There had been a little mocking inflection, that was true, but she always had that.

Yet in his secret heart, while he considered all this, he knew that Hannsjörg was right; actually he had known all along, ever since that stupid conversation, that the affair would not end well.

"I wouldn't think of going to court," he said decidedly. "I'm not going to sue."

Hannsjörg forced himself to be calm and took a puff at his cigarette. "You are uncommonly slow on the uptake," he replied. "The Party has decided that you are going to sue. It's not advice, it's an order."

Oscar saw how hopelessly he was encircled. Hannsjörg, a slight figure sitting in the huge armchair, watched him pacing up and down grinding his teeth.

"I'm not going to court," Oscar broke out again. "I'm no fool."

"Yes, you are a fool," answered Hannsjörg, "and a hundred per cent one, too."

Exhausted, Oscar let himself drop into a chair. He sat dully in his great, flowing purple dressing gown in the middle of the gorgeous library, in front of the old Flemish tapestry.

(To be continued next week)

## BILL, THE PLATFORM MAN

It is 4 minutes to midnight—11:56 P.M.—in a Railway Express terminal. The man is a Railway Express platform man, one of many thousands stationed around the country. The package is a shipment of medical instruments. The destination—a military secret.

The package might have been some other type of war material or a commercial shipment to some factory which must "keep going". It might have been . . . anything.

To Bill, the platform man, and to any other of the thousands of employes who work for Railway Express, their job is to keep things moving so that trains and vehicles may maintain their ceaseless deliveries to the four corners of the nation.



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*"I'm going your way, Soldier!"*

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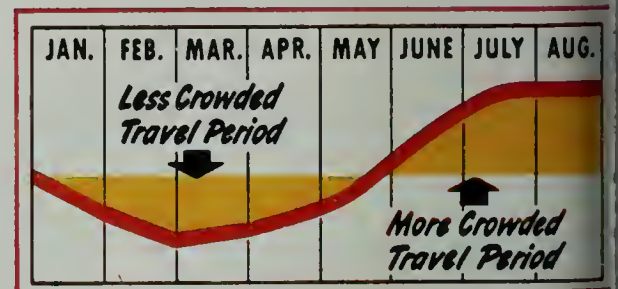
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The man with the kit of precision tools must get to a bomber plant served only by motor bus—the non-com from the air corps is checking a new plane at the same plant. The girl who works at the arsenal—the WAAC rejoining her unit—the selectee headed

for an induction center—the mother visiting her son in camp—the businessman, the farmer, the nurse, the teacher—all have essential places in wartime America.

Greyhound is proud to carry millions like these—determined to keep its fleet of buses fully in service for America, in spite of severe wartime restrictions.

All of you have taken occasional discomfort like good soldiers—responding willingly to suggestions for making the most patriotic use of wartime travel. *Thank you—please keep it up!* And when Victory is won, look to Greyhound for brand-new standards of highway travel comfort, convenience, scenic enjoyment. They're coming, sure as sunrise!



### TO KEEP WARTIME TRANSPORTATION SERVING AT TOP EFFICIENCY:

*It is best to plan necessary trips for the less-crowded Spring months—and for midweek days. Whenever possible, avoid travel during the crowded midsummer months, on week-ends, and on holidays.*

# GREYHOUND





In the subway on the way to work, Mr. Grayson sat with his paper in his lap unread and thought about Mike—the hero

ON THE morning that Mike became an American hero, the telegram arrived before Mr. Grayson was away. He had just turned over for those last precious ten minutes when his wife, who had got up to make breakfast, came stumbling through the door. He saw her waving a piece of paper, but she was far too excited for him to understand her.

Grayson finally managed to get up. It was from Mike and had been sent east from San Francisco. GOT OFF FOR SKY STRIKE. ALL WELL. NOT FOR JAPS, it said.

Grayson got out of bed slowly. "I wonder what he really did," he said. His wife didn't seem to hear. "It's wonderful," she said. "It's so wonderful." He spoke dreamily and stared out the window. "I can't wait to tell Mrs. Mol," she added.

On the subway on the way to work, Mr. Grayson felt as he had never felt before. No longer was he hiding behind his newspaper, sunk in the gray obscurity of the city car, a pudgy little man with his hands gobbled up the headlines. He sat there with his paper folded in his lap, and thought about Mike—the

THE lobby of the tall downtown building where the insurance firm had its offices, Mr. Grayson barked "Good morning" to the cigarette vender. The man looked after him. To the elevator operator Grayson hurled the same voluble greeting. When the car stopped at the twentieth floor, Mr. Grayson scurried down the hall, making his leather heels click. He walked briskly to his desk and hung his coat and hat on the rack. One of the stenographers looked up. "Feeling better this morning, Mr. G.," she said.

"Fine, fine and dandy," Mr. Grayson said. "Never felt better in my life."

Somehow he didn't want to say anything about Mike yet. It would be better to be modest. He sat down, opening his mail.

Mr. Grayson had been with the firm twenty-five years. There had been a time, not long ago, when he had done pretty well as a salesman. Nowadays it was harder. The younger men called him "Old Man Grayson." He had heard them once talking in the washroom.

He went over the desk, slicing open the letters with a paper cutter, Mr. Grayson found that the news of Mike made his thoughts swing backward, reminding him of his own obscure position. He discovered he was losing his feeling of elation. At a time he stopped thinking, but the feeling wasn't quite the same.

The next hour went slowly. He made a few phone calls and worked on some letters. Suddenly he looked up and saw Mr. Roberts, the vice-president, bearing down on him with a wide smile. "Grayson," Mr. Roberts boomed, "this is wonderful. My sincerest congratulations!"

The vice-president was carrying a newspaper, dangling it as he spoke.

Mr. Grayson lifted his eyes to meet Mr. Roberts'. "Why, I didn't know . . ." he began. "I didn't think it was . . ." His voice died and he had to stop to clear his throat.

"You mean you haven't seen it?" Mr. Roberts boomed again. "You haven't even read about your son becoming a hero?"

Mr. Grayson started again. "Why," he said, "we had a telegram this morning, my wife and I, but I had no idea . . ."

Mr. Roberts threw back his head and laughed loudly. By now a cluster of employees had gathered around Mr. Grayson's desk. They were laughing because Mr. Roberts was laughing.



## A Hero in the Family

By Robert Shaplen

ILLUSTRATED BY WINFIELD HOSKINS

A SHORT  
SHORT STORY  
COMPLETE  
ON THIS PAGE

Mr. Roberts put the paper down on the desk and flattened it. There was a picture of the commanding general pinning the decoration on Mike's breast. The caption read: "Lieutenant Michael Grayson receives Distinguished Flying Cross at South Pacific base. In announcing the award the War Department said Grayson shot down three Japanese Zero planes when attacked in midair by a formation of seven enemy fliers. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Grayson, of 13 Westmore Street, Brooklyn."

The employees leaned over the desk and stared. There were audible murmurings of approval. Someone was pounding Mr. Grayson's back and someone else was pumping his hand. He felt there were tears in his eyes but he didn't dare take off his glasses. He heard a man's voice say, "You know, Mr. G., he looks just like you," and then everyone was staring down at the paper all over again and muttering agreement. A moment later they straightened up. Mr. Simpson, the president, was coming toward the desk. Mr. Grayson felt his heart go faster.

Mr. Simpson spoke in a low voice and everything was suddenly very solemn and serious. He shook Mr. Grayson's hand and said something about the firm being proud of such a father. Mr. Grayson was having a hard time by now with the tears, but so were some of the stenographers. He wasn't fully aware of what happened in the next few moments except that he remem-

bered Mr. Simpson asking him to step into the front office later on.

Then it got quieter again, although every once in a while someone would pass his desk and slap him on the back. Mr. Grayson went out to lunch with one of the younger men. He put off going to Mr. Simpson's office until about four o'clock because somehow he was scared. When he went into the small reception room fronting the glass-enclosed chamber the secretary smiled at him and said she had heard about the wonderful news. Mr. Grayson thanked her and sat down to wait. Presently she told him to go in.

MR. SIMPSON was seated behind the broad shiny desk, writing. When he looked up, Mr. Grayson felt like closing his own eyes tight. He was sure Mr. S. was going to ask him to retire.

"Oh, yes, Grayson," Mr. Simpson said, "I'm glad you've come. Grayson, I've got a little surprise for you. This is a fitting day to tell you." He paused a moment and looked out the window. "I wish," he said, his voice lower, "I wish I had a son as well as two daughters." He turned back and his voice became businesslike again. "Beginning next week, Grayson," he said, "you will be assistant director of the research department here. There will be a seven-dollar raise for you."

Mr. Simpson got out of his chair and came over and took Mr. Grayson's arm. Mr. Grayson had trouble with the words

again. They just wouldn't come out the way he wanted them to, but he felt that Mr. Simpson understood.

It was nearly six when Mr. Grayson left the office. He was one of the last to go. There had been so much time wasted during the day he thought he should get some letters done first. The air was sharp and clean when it hit him in the face on the other end of the big revolving door. Suddenly he decided to walk across the bridge. He hadn't done that in a long time and there was so much to think about. He ducked through the traffic, a small, darting figure, running through the twilight. On the bridge he slowed up. It was growing dark now, and the sky behind the tall buildings to the rear was a smoky gray. He walked along slowly and once he stopped at the rail. There was a plane cutting across the harbor, coming toward him. Mr. Grayson stared at it, and it made him feel strong and proud, looking up at what man had made. It reminded him sharply of Mike, swooping and diving through the clouds, fighting. Mr. Grayson almost involuntarily raised his hand and waved to the plane above him.

Then he put his collar up and hurried on. He was still thinking of Mike, remembering the day, long ago, when he and his wife had gone to the orphanage to pick him up when he was less than a year old, and the way the nurse had smiled when she handed him over, wrapped in the small blue blanket.





## EVER FACE A FIRING SQUAD?

**T**AKE A good long look. This is what a condemned man...or woman...sees at twenty feet. No one has ever come back to describe that last moment before the scene is suddenly blacked out with a rattle of fire and a burst of lead.

But even a brave man or a courageous woman facing such a scene must hope feverishly that this is all just a bad dream from which there will be an awakening...a vision from a remembered movie in which someone will come, will come, in time. But no one comes.

Thousands...hundreds of thousands...of human beings, like yourself, have had just such a last glimpse of life during the past few years. And they, too, have hoped it was a dream. But it wasn't.

How far removed do you think *you* are from play-

ing the star part in such a performance as this? Two years, three years, maybe four years...if the Japs and Nazis win.

And don't think that you can talk yourself out of it if the time comes. Don't think that you can turn coat; that begging for mercy on bended knees will spare you; that promising to be good, to cooperate, will help. Some patriot in your neighborhood will kill one of their officers in the night, and the next day you will be rounded up with nine or nineteen or ninety-nine others...to be shot.

This is something for all of us to think of...to dream of while we can still awaken to the clean air of freedom.

It is something to make all of us resolve that all our waking effort will be bent to the one job of

winning this war...that whatever we know we *can* do, we *will* do...and that whatever else we can *find* to do, we will also do.

For unless *all* of us put the winning of this war before everything else, a lot of eyes that now look on this page may face that same scene in reality.

Not somebody else's eyes. *Yours...*

## AMERICAN LOCOMOTIVE

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# A Ship in Norfolk

Continued from page 50

was glad, getting out raincoats and umbrellas. "To go for the mail?" Davie was asked, but Di pressed her nose against the screen, because Evelyn's pet chicken, was out in the rain. The cat, with much more sense, was asleep on the back porch. However, the entire family, in raincoats, stood around the green tangle that was the door and found the bedraggled man, with lavender wings. Felicity alighted at the sight of it. A neighbor given it to Di, who had promptly given it to Evelyn, for an aunt vaguely associated with presents. Now, Evelyn had passed her first fluffy charm, but the color of heliotrope still dyed the ends of its wings. It was lovely walking in the rain. Felicity listened to it pattering against the window panes, with the unwilling realization that even the rain wasn't soft and warm as English rain. She wanted vaguely to make these unbidden comparisons . . . of a host who had given them kindness and welcome.

Y came to the village of the little seaside resort. A knot of people waited at the post office, which meant the mail was not yet up. Several spoke to the English girl and her charming, sun-kissed children, as they went into the

then, Felicity saw him, the tall of- tightly buckled raincoat, rain shield and trim white cap, standing at a dis- counter. His back was to her, but there was something in the shape of his front forward intently, the width of his shoulders in Navy blue, that was both strong and heart-tugging. . . . David's was like that, always thrust forward and listened. . . .

stood holding the hand of each child, staring at that familiar back. It couldn't be, of course. . . . It was absurd. Something of emotion or shock within seemed to flow down her arms and communicate itself to the small hands she held. The twins looked up at her wonder- fully as she whispered, "Why, that looks like Daddy!" and they gave a leap of excitement, away to run the length of the store, shouting: "Daddy!"

"Davie, Di! Come back this minute!" Felicity explored, hurrying after them.

He had seized the young officer by the knees, and he rocked for balance, turning a bewildered and strange face to her.

"We're sorry!" Felicity gasped, pulling the children away. A blush swept her face. "Not at all," he stammered. Then he said, "I thought retribution was at hand and my past catching up with me!" She could not smile, just stared at him in silent distress, because he wasn't and he couldn't be David. Then she turned back and hurried off, leaving the young American officer staring after her.

The blessed sound of English voices in Mrs. Daniels' living room, that afternoon made the color rush over Felicity's face, so that when the gray, bristling lieutenant colonel took her hand, he smiled with pleasure at so pretty a creature. Her complexion, her very fair coloring gave her a delicate fragile charm, and the blue dress made her eyes more violet than ever.

Then she realized, with fright, that she did not know what the colonel had said, un- hesitatingly inquiringly.

"I'm sorry," she stammered, "I didn't know you, Colonel, because I—I was listen- ing to your voice."

His eyes twinkled. "Homesick, eh? It's true you couldn't live at Norfolk. There's

a nice little English colony staying there."

She clasped her hands, tightly. "Oh, I want to, Colonel! I've heard that British ships come into Hampton Roads for over- hauling. You've just been there—are any ships in, now?"

His face went quite blank. "I couldn't say, my dear. I'm an army man and I know very little of the navy's business."

She withdrew to a wide window, as new arrivals claimed the colonel. She stared out at the sea . . . then at the cocktail table—and saw again that familiar back. At that instant the American officer of the market turned around. He came straight across the room to her. . . . "Hello! This is the second time you've looked startled at the sight of me. Is anything wrong?" He smiled in a friendly fashion.

He did not look at all like David at close range. He had a quick, alert face and

recovered. "Perhaps you'd like me to stand with my back to you?"

She smiled, cheered because she had told him. "That wouldn't help."

He remarked, "Yesterday, I felt so optimistic, I knew those children were your small brother and sister . . ."

She laughed, shaking her head. "Twins. Mine." She picked up her bag and gloves. "And, I must go back to them."

"So soon! . . . But, it's blowing a gale outside, and getting dark. Let me take you?"

She stopped, surprised. "I don't even know your name."

"That's easy. I'm Bill Markham, Lieu- tenant, junior grade. The captain will vouch for me . . . I think! And you're Felicity Fenwick."

"How on earth did you know?"

"I asked," he said, blandly. "I always

them, and Bill! walked back to the corner with her, as she scampered off home.

Felicity was waiting in the lighted door- way, when he returned.

"I came back to say good night."

They stood a moment in the small liv- ing room. She did not ask him to stay. She saw that he was looking at a picture on the table in a tooled-leather frame. . . . An officer in the Royal Navy. . . . David Fenwick's deep brown eyes looked back at Lieutenant Markham, steadily.

Just then, the bedroom door swung open and a tousle-headed boy stumbled sleepily across the room. ". . . you were gone, Mums! . . . I thought you were lost! . . ." And Davie wrapped his arms fearfully around her.

She hugged him. "Oh, darling, you'll catch cold. It was only a bad dream. . . . I'll never get lost from you! . . . Run back to bed, darling!"

He sagged sleepily against her, and Bill said quickly, "Let me help," and, stoop- ing, picked the child up in his arms and carried him swiftly into the dim room. But, when he put him in bed, Davie aroused and protested, "Wait! I forgot to fix my shoes." He leaned out and turned his small, scuffed shoes upside down.

"What's the idea?" Bill grinned, as he covered him up.

"Why, you know!" Davie was sur- prised, and wide awake now, ". . . so if bombs land near and break windows, lit- tle bits of glass won't fly in your shoes to cut your feet up!"

"I see," muttered Bill. He came out, his face grim. "Whew!" He stared at Felicity. "Even the kids! . . . It makes you sick."

"They're young," she said, composedly. "They'll forget."

THEY walked to the door, and he asked with frank curiosity, "How did you ever land in this little out-of-the-way spot?"

"Living is cheap here," she murmured, "and the climate is gentle."

"Wasn't it difficult getting passage to this country?"

"Very. But we were sponsored by an American friend of the Fenwicks." She hesitated, then added, "Perhaps we came on false pretenses. You see, when we landed, I found that the friend was the head of a lecture bureau, and intended for me to lecture to women's clubs . . . about bomb raids and such things." She shivered. "I couldn't! I simply couldn't speak of what had happened." She raised distressed eyes to his.

"I don't blame you!" He was indig- nant. "Exploiting you like that!"

"No. She didn't look upon it so. It was her business. She wasn't unkind when she saw it was quite impossible for me. But I had to come away. I couldn't trespass upon her generosity any longer. There was a chance of coming to Florida. So we did."

She stood wondering why she had told him so much. It must be his frank inter- est and sympathy. He made her feel help- less and dependent, as if she needed taking care of . . . she, who had made her own decisions for so long. It was a dangerous feeling.

"Good night, Lieutenant Markham." She held out her hand.

After he had gone, she thought: I'll never see him again. But the next morning, the twins rushed in with stalks of sugar cane, cut neatly into short lengths. "Bill!" had brought it, they said, and had shown them how to eat it. . . . Wasn't Bill nice, Mums? Felicity said mildly, that he was.

Later that week he dropped by with a message from the captain's wife. He de- livered it so carefully, and it was so un- important that Felicity guessed he had

## MR. FALA OF THE WHITE HOUSE

by ALAN FOSTER



COLLIER'S

"Irresponsible critics are a disturbing element!"

his eyes were a reckless blue, instead of steady and brown like David's. He had perfect teeth when he smiled, which he seemed to do a lot, perhaps to hide the stubbornness of his chin.

He went on gaily, "You're English, aren't you? Then we're allies. We've got a lend-lease pact."

"Does that mean I should talk to you?" She smiled, faintly.

"Absolutely. I'll lease you my voice and you lend me your ears! We'll get along famously. . . . May I get you a drink?"

She indicated her glass on the window sill, and then she said nothing more, because she couldn't. She was overwhelmed by that same frozen despair which had swept her the day before in the market, because he was so like, and so unlike David.

He studied her in silence. "This won't do! The American Navy must be slip- ping!" Then he asked, gently, "What is it? . . . I look like someone . . . ?"

"The back of your head looks exactly like my husband's," she blurted.

He blinked at the impact of this, then

ask the name of the prettiest girl in the room."

"Suppose you help me find our hostess," she said calmly.

Outside, as they walked through the early dark, he asked: "Who stays with your children?"

"A baby-sitter. I must hurry home so she can get her lessons. A group of high- school girls make spending money that way. A young neighbor is our baby-sitter tonight."

HE CHUCKLED a little at the absurd name. They bent before the wind, and the moon, struggling out between racing clouds, threw their long black shadows ahead of them.

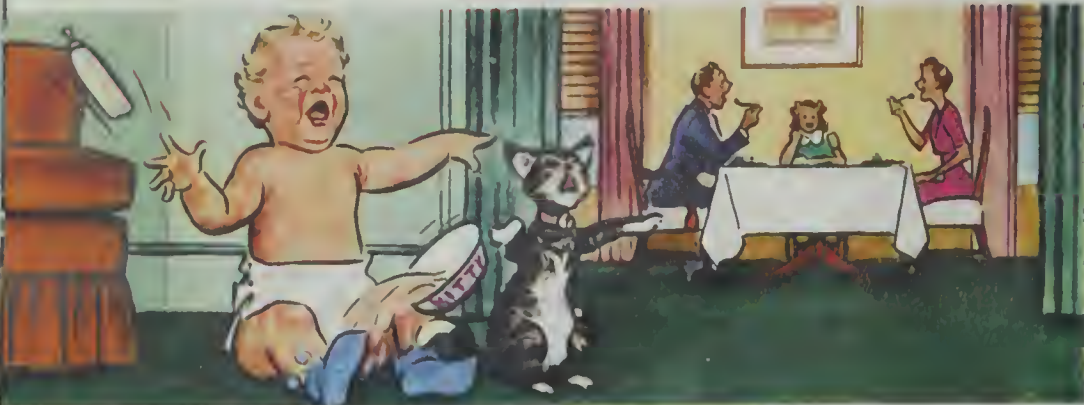
He looked up. "Nice . . . we've got a moon."

"A bomber's moon," she said, absently, thinking how still it was, except for the beating of the wind and that the stillness held peace. She did not know he was look- ing at her very hard.

When they turned at her corner, the dark little street did not seem so lonely as usual. The "baby-sitter" was watching for



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\*National average (includes potato)



"Don't forget to remove the restaurant wrappers from the lump sugar before the guests arrive"

snatched it from a casual conversation as an excuse.

The twins followed him up on the porch.

"We have a daddy just like you," Dave declared. "I mean, like your clothes."

"I knew that the first time," Bill told them, grinning, "when you tackled me like the whole Notre Dame backfield."

The twins bent double with laughter, and hung on his words, their round red mouths slightly open. They liked his laughing voice, the bright blueness of his eyes.

"It's really amazing, the thundering effort I made for a legitimate reason to come!" he declared. "I practically forced that message from Mrs. Daniels, and didn't fool her in the least. And I can't understand why I'm so repressed! . . . If I were stationed anywhere else in the United States, and there was a very pretty person . . . married—unfortunately, for me!—well, I wouldn't let it bother me too much."

Felicity's voice was light: "Perhaps you feel noble because I'm English."

"And I'm jittery all the time," he worried on, his eyes twinkling, "unsure of myself! The odd part is that women have been known to find me attractive."

"I'm sure of it," Felicity said politely.

"And there are thousands of American girls just as blond," he marveled, "just as fair. Prettier, even. Why must it have been you?"

"It's not I!" She stood very straight and tried to look stern. "You're very gallant and American and feel terribly sorry for us. That's all! You know quite well there is some charming American girl you're in love with." She saw his face change slightly, and added quickly, "And have quarreled with."

HE LOOKED away and his mouth grew tight, and she knew she had guessed correctly.

"That has nothing to do with this," he said smoothly. "I never quarrel with our allies. That's not the Navy's policy."

He took her hand. It lay cool and quiet in his. It was the first time he had ever touched her, and it was like touching a Dresden statue. Cool and quiet, with no heart at all beating through her finger tips.

Her violet eyes dwelt in his with depths in them he could not read.

He sighed suddenly. "Well, I've got to shove off." Then he threatened, "But I'm coming back!"

He ran lightly down the steps and she watched his back—that tall, familiar back, which always made her heart stop a little. She went quickly into the house, and stood leaning against the wall. To her surprise, her knees were trembling.

However, Bill's comings and goings while short and spasmodic, made a difference in their life. He was someone to swat with, in his off-duty hours, and he had light hand with an omelet, Felicity four. He fixed the floor lamp that blinked, and once helped catch a bird which had fluttered down the chimney, scaring the two out of their wits. And he even made fourth at bridge, one night, at the captain's house. An easy, effortless companion through bright days which grew short and cooler.

NOW, in the early morning, mist swirled thick and gray, waist-deep the trees, wind-churned waves rushed deserted beaches, gulls flew inland. Winter was coming.

Then it happened, with quick footsteps on the path, up the front steps one night and Davie and Di running to see who was. . . "It's Bill, Mums," they shouted excitedly, "with presents!"

Bill smiled at her, as the twins tore open toys and candy. "It's not a new approach he declared, "it's really goodby. I've been ordered away. Sea duty."

A shadow crossed her face. So, she would take him, too.

"When are you going? And where she asked.

Incredibly, he answered, "To Norfolk Tomorrow."

Her face paled slowly. "Take me with you."

He did not move, although she could almost see him reel from the jolt. He answered, instantly. "Of course. I'll be delighted. Have you any preference as to trains or automobile? I don't think I have time to go through the countryside."

"Train," she said, her lips still white.

He took her hand and led her to the couch. "Let's get this straight, Felicity, I take it, it isn't a joke? . . . No, I don't think so. Well, then, why?" He kept his hands firmly in his, his face carefully blank. "Any sentimental attachment for me?"

She shook her head.

He sighed. "Just for the ride?"

"I've got to get to Norfolk, Bill. Ever where I go people mention it—the English colony there, British ships in port. The place has haunted me. It's where I should have gone at first."

He nodded. "But I ought to warn you Felicity, there's not a chance in a thousand of your husband's ship ever coming into Norfolk."

"I tell myself that, too. But I'd be the if it did. And then I could live near other English people, who speak of persons at places I know. And we have friends the service. They might have news David."



"So the Royal Navy still leads?" She looked at him gravely. "Do you think it possible for me to change myself from one kind of person into another?" "I—guess I was crazy! But it sounded like if you had. It was my fervent hope!" "Oh!" She withdrew her hands, sat up very straight. "I see. Of course. Then forget I asked. I must have been mad. Anyway, I couldn't repay you for a long time, and it's far too expensive." "Not for me and Uncle Sam! Remember our lend-lease pact? . . . No qualms, now. You're leaving for Norfolk with me, tomorrow night. Er . . . just name the conditions!" "It's not for me to make conditions, is it?" Quick color burned over his face. "That's not fair . . . you're putting me on the spot!" Then he laughed, recovering himself. "Why, usually, when a lady asks me to elope with her—" "Poor Bill! It won't be very romantic eloping with us. Remember the twins—nothing of Evelyn and Ink!" "Good Lord, four obstacles to hurdle!" She laughed with him. "Oh, we'll find the pets good homes, here. But seriously, Bill, think before you commit yourself. Commitments are hard to explain to—other women. You see, I'm thinking of that girl, somewhere, whom you've quarreled with." "Where do you get such stuff? Are you psychic, or something?" He looked astonished, nettled. "You know very well I don't tell you I'd quarreled with her." "There, you've admitted it! Please be serious. Don't ruin your chances of happiness, by this gallant idea of helping me." "Perhaps," he said, low, "this is my chance of happiness."

THEN, before she could speak, he turned swiftly and called to the children, "How'd you fellas like to go to Norfolk with me, tomorrow night, on the train?" Davie rushed over, his eyes shining. "On a real train? Where will we sleep?" Felicity leaned back carefully against the couch, as if she dared not move too suddenly or breathe too deeply, lest this smothering bubble she lived in break. "I'll get you a little room, if possible, for you and your mother," Bill said. "I know," Di cried, rapturously, "like a little house. We peeked in, on the other

train." Then she added, generously, "You can sleep there, too." Sudden, hysterical laughter crowded Felicity's throat at Bill's blank face. Joy was tearing at her control. They were going to Norfolk! Nothing mattered but that. "Oh, I wouldn't dream of crowding you," he said politely. "As a matter of fact—" "You mean, 'as a matter of fancy,' don't you?" she said, her eyes shining at him. They both laughed, in abrupt release.

IF FELICITY had any doubts, the following day, she thrust them away from her. She packed rapidly, stripping the shabby little house of her own few belongings. When they went for the mail, she told the real-estate agent that she was giving up the house. She left careful instructions at the post office for mail to be forwarded to her, in care of the British Consul, Norfolk. Just writing the name sent a surge of excitement through her. And she resolutely kept her thoughts away from Bill Markham and the advantage she was taking of his friendship.

The long day passed. Then it was supertime, and it seemed that a very short day had passed. The three of them were dressed in their traveling clothes, feeling queer and stiff and very formal.

When Bill came for them, he was formal, too. A brother officer was driving them to the train. He showed no surprise at their traveling arrangements. He thought it was nice for Bill to have company; Felicity murmured that it was nice for them to be assisted on their journey; Bill remarked that the twins would cheer up anybody. Amid such formalities, they made the train.

The twins were enchanted with the drawing room, and Bill helped stow luggage and tossed Davie into the upper berth to try it out. He left them being firmly put to bed, and sat outside in the car where the porter made up berths. Then Felicity joined him and they sat quietly talking amid the steady clatter of the train, the passing of passengers.

Felicity stared out through the darkened window, beyond her own transparent face, where shadows of trees and houses and street lights flickered by. It was as if she had left reality and was swept by a rushing wind to some unknown destination. Somewhere away, beyond knowl-



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edge or wish or thought. It was a queer dream-like moment, empty and vague, as if there were no twins, no David. She tried to summon their merry faces, David's steady eyes, but there was nothing there, only the dark trees swinging by and the shadow of Bill's profile beyond hers.

"Please let me know the exact amount of our tickets," she said quickly, "so that I may repay you."

"Certainly," Bill said mildly. He was very quiet, as if he were tired.

"You've been very wonderful to your allies, Bill."

He did not smile back. Instead, he rose to his feet. "Here comes my porter now. I'd better tuck you in. I know you're tired."

They went to the drawing room. Di woke as the door opened. She held up her arms, sleepily. "I want to kiss Bill good night."

He came in and bent softly over her. He was tiptoeing to the door, when she said, surprised, "You forgot to kiss Mums good night."

Bill said, "So I did. . . . Good night, Felicity."

She stood swaying with the motion of the train. The dim light made her face look very pale.

Bill bent his head. "May I?"

She nodded.

He caught her shoulders, pressing her hard against him. When he kissed her, her hand went up and touched the back of his head.

He pushed her away, jerking down her arm. His hand was clenched around her wrist. "You closed your eyes and thought I was David, didn't you?"

"Please!" Her lips trembled.

His eyes burned into hers. "How could you? . . . When I love you so . . . !" He wrenched open the door. Because he was so angry, so bent on getting out of there, he did not hear her whisper, "I had to think of David. I was afraid not to . . ."

The door closed between them, and she was left staring in terror at its dark polished panels, where the white blur of her face was reflected. . . . A whole, dim, strange outline of herself was reflected, as if she were turning into another sort of person, after all.

THE windows of the apartment in Norfolk overlooked Willowby Bay, and beyond that, the gleam of Hampton Roads, where sometimes English boats came into dry dock for repairs. It was surprisingly wintry, the trees stripped and bare, the water cold and gray and desolate.

Felicity moved restlessly around, getting settled, unpacking. The British con-

## SMALL TALK FROM AUSTRALIA

IN COMIC strips, when a wandering American speaks with a native in a distant or primitive land he uses a combination of slang and Brooklynese which is supposed to be pidgin English. Actually, pidgin is of China Coast origin, and it doesn't sound like comic-strip talk. American troops are picking up pieces of it in the Southwest Pacific, but fundamentally it's not easy to master, and because it's a living language it changes constantly.

For instance, *balus* used to mean pigeon; now it means airplane. A *garamoot* is a native gong, and *musket* a firearm. Recently *Garamoot belong musket* was coined to describe a machine gun. *Lamp walkabout* is a portable kerosene lamp, which is not used as much now as a *shootlamp* (flashlight).

The written vocabulary for pidgin looks—and is—simple; the catch is to use the proper pronunciations and inflections which are based not on English but on tribal dialects. We can't be sure of the proper inflections on the words in the following typical pidgin sentence, but there it is, with a translation.

"Ear belong you 'e want 'im spell; me workim moulic, one time sugar. You savvy finish?" ("If you're tired listening I'll go off and make myself a slightly sweetened lemon drink. Do you understand?")

Several soldiers, just back from the battlefield, unanimously agreed that a bull session was in order and that they could reminisce much better if they had some beer. A Southerner in the group thought he knew where he could get a bottle or two and was elected to fetch it. Time passed—slowly—but eventually the Southerner returned with a bulky, newspaper-wrapped bundle. Triumph and supreme achievement showed in the smile on his face.

"Did you get the beer?" chorused his eager pals.

"Nope," he said. "Something bettah."

"Wine? Whisky?"

"Nope." His smile was even broader. "Watermelon."

An American warship came limping and listing into an Australian port with its superstructure damaged and gaping holes in the hull. It had been outnumbered in its engagement with a portion of the Japanese fleet, but it had fought hard enough to sink two enemy ships and to damage two others. The sailors, naturally proud of their achievement, wanted in some way to distinguish themselves from the crews of other ships. The problem was finally solved. Every man went out and bought and put on a pair of gold earrings.

Technical Sergeant Ira Kannard, originally from Oregon, was amazed when he received in Australia a birthday package that seemed to have been sent from the States just six days before. To add to his surprise, the package had been incorrectly addressed and had bounced around several camps before it reached him. While Kannard was marveling at this sort of delivery service he looked again at the postmark. The package had been sent a year previous, for his last birthday.

PVT. CHAS. D. PEARSON

sul had helped her find a place to live and meet the English colony. There was even a day school where the twins could go, leaving her free to find work.

But she had a let-down feeling. She was in Norfolk and nothing had happened. Had she actually expected to see the Sussex, gliding silently into port, as she came into the city? It was childish of her. Such things only happened in books.

It was the telephone that bothered her the most, she decided, as she wandered restlessly through the apartment. She never looked toward it, but it was there waiting and still, challenging her. Perhaps it was because she was remembering Bill's words when he said goodbye and left them

in the consul's care. . . .

"I won't see you again unless you send for me," his voice so impersonal, his eyes their most blazing, reckless blue. . . . "All you have to do is call me—if you want me—and I'll come."

She stared now at the phone as if it were some instrument of magic . . . black magic. Unbidden, she remembered the strength of his hands, his tenderness. . . . Hands strong enough to let her go. . . . The phone seemed to draw her across the room. To get away from it, she flung on her things and went out to walk for a long time down cold, strange streets.

Then one day something snapped inside her, like a string pulled too tight for too long a time. She walked straight over and picked up the phone. It was cold and black and heavy in her hand, and she spoke to someone, saying piteously, "It's been so ghastly lonely . . . for so long."

But no one answered, and she began to dial a number with cold fingers.

In the midst of this there was the scramble of feet on the stairs outside, the high clamor of children. They burst open the door . . . the twins, home from day school, their hands full of gaily crayoned papers . . . and mail!

"Look, Mums, what we found in the box. . . . A letter!"

Across the room, the small white square in Davie's mittened hand seemed to glow with a luminous quality.

Automatically, carefully, she put the phone down and stood breathing quickly as if she had been running. Running away, again . . . this time from herself.

The letter was from David, forwarded from Florida, ironically. She sat down because her knees would no longer hold her and tore open the envelope.

It was one of those V-letters, sent on microfilm. Its photographed copy in her

shaking hand did not seem quite real. David's hand had never touched this sheet of paper. But it was his writing—he still didn't cross his t's properly—and it was real, because David asked if she'd heard whether the strawberry plants had bloomed this year. Had anyone written her whether the évacué children from London were living in their house as they had planned?

She read the letter to the children. And now, all the loneliness was gone; she was herself again.

She sat for a long time, the letter on her knees, reading it over and over. Her arms were wrapped tightly around herself, as if she must hold something close within

her, warmth or joy, or her very heart which was beating in great, slow, full beats, as if it had just got around to living again.

Then, that night, when she came in carrying their supper in her arms, the twin staggering under bundles, there was Bill Markham waiting disconsolately on the top step in the dusky hall.

"Bill!" The twins dropped their bundles in delight.

He hugged them, looking at Felicity over the tops of their bobbing heads. "Had to come after all. I've only an hour before I leave—"

She interrupted: "I've heard from David!"

He stopped, dashed, then exclaimed "Why, that's fine, Felicity! How grand for you. What's the news? Did he say anything about an overdue leave?"

She shook her head, then said, con- tritely, "But you said *you* were going?"

"Yes. This is really goodbye." He began helping the twins with their bundles.

IN A FLURRY of excitement, they got the door unlocked and the twins, themselves, and all the bundles into the apartment. On the way to the kitchen, Bill murmured, "Our last moments together are always so domestic, Felicity."

She stooped and picked up a thin kitten. "Don't step on it!" She looked at him troubled. "We're going to miss you."

"Are you all settled and happy, Felicity?" Bill asked.

She nodded. "The letter . . ." she hesitated . . . "made me myself, again."

He glanced at his watch. "It's very odd," he said, with difficulty, "to leave a place or a person or a moment, and feel that never again will it figure in one's future."

"Now is so terribly important. Bill. There's no time to worry about any future." Then she said steadily, "But the girl of yours we talked of once. I can help thinking about her. . . . She might be crying, right now, about you—"

"Probably in some other fellow's arms," he said, harshly.

Felicity smiled, gently. "Well? . . . And you . . . ?"

He colored, painfully. "Felicity, do you think I'm a heel?"

"I think you are a very great gentleman," she said, softly, "and it would quite break my heart if I thought I had—spoiled things for you. . . . Write her, won't you?"

He began walking to the door. "If I will make you happier," he muttered.

She gave him her hand. "Thank you, Bill . . . for everything."

The children followed them to the door. He shook hands all around and they said goodbye, casually, and Felicity was painfully reminded of other goodbys. There had been so many partings in her life. And you never knew which goodbye was forever, until afterward.

WHEN the door closed, she went once to the wide window overlooking the bay, as if she must cling to it. Cling to that strip of water that gleamed under the quiet stars like dark, rippling velvet. All around them lay the dim city.

After a long while, the incessant ringing of the doorbell brought her to herself. The twins ran to open the door. Over their brown heads, she saw a messenger boy holding out a blue envelope . . . cablegram.

Somehow, she crossed the room. As she was suspended in timeless waiting until she signed the book, tore open the cable and read the words: "CHRISTMAS LEAVE WITH YOU. DAVID."

She found herself at the window again, the twins tight in her arms, tears raining down her face. Together they watched the darkening water, where sometimes English ships came in from the sea.

THE END





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# CHINA FLIGHT

BY PEARL S. BUCK

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTHA SAWYERS

## Story Thus Far:

WHILE houseboating in China with his friends, the Hatfords—Arnold Hatford and wife, Leone—Lieutenant Daniel ("Dan") Hatford, of the U. S. Marines, hears about Pearl Harbor. Losing no time, he goes to Shanghai; his ship has sailed, and he is arrested.

With him, when he is interrogated, are two women: Jenny Barchet, an American newspaper correspondent; and a Mrs. Shipman, who runs a house for unfortunate girls: the "Gate of Mercy." Shigo Kuyoshi, a Japanese official, controls all three of the prisoners. He sends them to prison. He has the girl and Mrs. Shipman interned.

Wanting to see James again (she has fallen in love with him), Leone Hatford deserts her husband and goes to Shanghai and takes refuge in the home of her grandfather, old P'an Lao-yeh. While, Jenny realizes that Shigo is in love with her. He makes many advances; then, guessing that Jenny is in love with Dan James, he asks James to become his ricksha man!

A short time later, assisted by Shigo's chauffeur, a man named Ling, James gives his guards a slip and goes to the home of P'an Lao-yeh. Convinced that her girls are in peril (Shigo has abducted one of them), Mrs. Shipman closes her house and she, too, goes to the home of P'an's grandfather.

In an evil mood, one day, Shigo goes to Jenny's room (on the third floor of her hotel) and attempts to force her to accompany him to his home. But Jenny defies him; running to a window, she jumps out. The fall does not kill her; it renders her unconscious. And Shigo takes her to his establishment.

Learning of what has happened to Jenny, Ling goes to James. The American—alone and unarmed—can do nothing. But Mrs. Shipman tells her she can save the girl. Rushing to Shigo's home, she makes her way to Jenny's bedroom. Finding the girl still unconscious, she insists on staying with her, watching over her as a mother.

While the Japanese search for James, Leone Hatford, noted Chinese guerrilla leader—the "Silent Wolf"—enables him to make his escape from the city. The Silent Wolf does not accompany the American: in love with Leone, and hoping to see her, he remains at P'an Lao-yeh's. . . . Under Mrs. Shipman's watchful eye, Jenny regains consciousness. Whereupon, Mrs. Shipman and Ling, working together at night, carry Leone through a window to Shigo's wall-surrounded home. While they are climbing the wall, someone sees Mrs. Shipman. "They've got me!" she cries. "Run for it, Ling—save the girl!"

## VIII

LEONE looked down in the darkness and saw the dimly outlined faces of two guards. There was nothing for it, she thought. Better it was to save the girl and herself than for all of them to be lost. She dropped the strip of cloth he held and slipped lightly over the wall and picked him up and seizing Jenny under her arms, fled with her to the Chinese city.

"Mrs. Shipman," Jenny whispered. "Where is she?"

"Maskee," Ling said shortly. "She come over side. Too heavy."

"Oh, but is she safe alone?" Jenny asked.

"I can do—can do," he said. If he told the girl the truth now she would want to back. There was nothing to do but to go and save two lives out of three, at least.

IT WAS not quite two o'clock when Leone heard on her door the soft scratch of an old nurse's fingernails. She called "Come in, Foster Mother."

The old woman came in without lighting a lamp and feeling her way to the bed she had over and whispered:

"The foreign girl is here."



Leone sprang from her bed and buttoned a robe quickly about her.

"Draw the curtains and put on the light in this one room," she said, "and bring the girl here. Is Ling with her?"

"He is," the old woman replied.

"And the Old Foreign Mother?"

"No, only the girl," the old woman replied.

Mrs. Shipman was not there! Then where was she? How had Jenny escaped without her?

She waited anxiously until she heard the footsteps coming near her door. Then quickly she put aside the curtains and Ling came in still half carrying Jenny.

"Oh," Leone whispered, "quickly—put her down on my bed. She is fainting."

But Jenny shook her head. "No," she gasped. "I'm not—I won't—"

"Lie down," Leone said with soft authority. "Do not speak. Ling will tell me everything." She turned to the old woman, who stood wringing her hands. "Foster Mother, bring some hot food for her, something easily eaten, soup and a little hot soft rice."

The old woman nodded and went away.

"Now," Leone said to Ling, "tell me first, where is the Foreign Mother?"

Ling had been thinking what to say about this Old Foreign Mother. Well he knew that by now she was already in the hands of the guards, and he knew that if he told Leone so and especially if the American should hear it, such were their natures that they would immediately wish to return to rescue the old white woman. Yet of what use would that be? It would only mean that all would be caught in the trap of the enemy, and doubtless all killed or at most put in the vile prison they kept for those who tried to escape. So he had already made up his mind what story he would tell and now he told it, and thanked heaven that the American girl understood no Chinese.

"The Old Foreign Mother fell and hurt

her ankle as she came over the wall," he said glibly. "You know how much she weighs. Well, when she rose, I saw she could not walk, and rather than lose all our lives, I told her to escape by the back gate to the house of a friend of mine, and the old cook helped her. By now they have her in the fuel house hidden behind the straw where I told her to hide, and there she will be safe for a while, and I told them you would reward them well."

"I will, indeed," Leone said gladly, "and tomorrow I will go and see her myself."

"They will not thank you for that, lady," Ling said hastily. "It will be better if no stranger goes to see them. No, let her rest there and after a day or two when the first noise of the escape is blown away, I will go and bring her here myself secretly and so will all be saved."

"But you," Leone said, "you cannot go back to that enemy house."

"No, I will never go back there," Ling said. "I am escaped also, and they will soon guess it is I who helped in the escape. I will go outside the city and fight beside the guerrillas from now on."

Then he told Leone of how they had escaped, always staying by his lie that the Old Foreign Mother was safe, too, and so there remained at this moment only the question of what to do with Jenny. They both looked at her now and she lay there awake but so pale that her whiteness frightened them.

"Certainly we cannot let her go on tonight," Leone said.

"No," Ling agreed. "Besides, there is the matter of how she is to go. We cannot proceed with her as she is, past the guards at the barricade. She must be disguised, and yet what shall we do to her eyes? There is no stain we can put into them, is there? The hair and skin can be dyed. Can she pretend to blindness?"

"Let us not decide it now," Leone said. "I will keep her here in my room and say nothing until tomorrow. If we can get her

Leone looked at this girl whom she would like to have been. What man could help loving her, she thought

away without telling my grandfather, it will be so much simple good. Now you must go and rest in the rooms where the cook sleeps and tomorrow we will plan."

She pulled out a table drawer as she spoke and took out some silver, and Ling started back as though he were affronted and she pressed it on him, but still he would not take it. Then she said, "At least take it because it may be you will have to spend some money on the Old Foreign Mother before she is safe. There will be someone to be bribed and you ought to have your pockets full." Only then would he take it for the sake of his lie, and he went away.

Then the two were left alone together.

LEONE went over to the bed and sat down and she looked at this girl whom she would like to have been, and the more she looked the more sad and gentle her own heart grew. But of course a man would love this girl, she thought. What man could help loving this beautiful creature? Her soft, fair hair lay on the pillow and her eyes, very brave and blue, looked up.

"How can I thank you?" Jenny whispered.

"You need not thank me," Leone said. "What I do is for someone else—someone who loves you very much."

Over the transparent white of Jenny's skin there came a faint rose. "Is he here?" she whispered.

"No," Leone said gently, "but you will see him soon."

She rose, then, unable to bear more, and pretended to smooth the quilts, and at this moment the old woman came in with the food, and she tasted it to make sure of the

(Continued on page 81)



## Those Beautiful Beginnings

Continued from page 12

their natural response to anyone who was young and pretty and eternally gay. . . .

Julie was on the phone, and Martha lingered in the dining room, listening to the only available end of the conversation. This she did, it would seem, simply to torment herself.

Across Julie's face was flickering an amazement that gave way to delight.

"Garth!" she cried. "Well, am I surprised, for heaven's sake!"

Garth. Martha set her lips in a firm line. Garth was the one before the last. A nice boy—an ensign in the Navy. He was in town, Martha gathered, on shore leave, and he wanted to see Julie very much. Julie, in the meantime, was thinking on her feet.

"Naturally I want to see you! Why, you know I do! But let me dope it out a second. Well, how about lunch? Before I go to the canteen? That would be simply *too* wonderful, Garth!"

Julie put the phone back in its cradle and at once it started to ring again. This time it was Bob.

"Oh, my!" cried Julie. "I'd love to, Bob—you know I'd love to! But, I already have a lunch date. . . . Well, it's with kind of a nice old lady. . . . I know, but she's an old friend of the family and I couldn't very well tell her. . . . Oh, yes, of course I will, Bob! . . . Yes, Bob, darling . . . right after lunch—at the canteen!"

She put down the phone.

"Well!" said Martha.

"Martha! What else could I say?"

"I don't know. But did you have to say Garth was a nice old lady? Did you have to be so *fancy* about it?"

JULIE lifted wondering eyes. "But don't you realize how Bob would hate it, Martha, if he knew I was having lunch with a Navy man?"

"That's the point!" Martha snapped. "You shouldn't be having lunch with him!"

Julie was shocked. "And let him go overseas without seeing me? Let him think I wasn't even a *friend*?" She looked at her sister in deepening perplexity. "Listen! What did you do before you finally decided to marry George? Didn't things ever get kind of a little involved?"

Martha forgot that George had never had any very serious competition. "Of course they didn't!" she said. "But I was a girl who knew my own mind. And now there's just one thing I want to tell you," she went on, even more forcibly. "Sooner or later they're going to find you out—all these poor young men you've befuddled and befuddled. And they're going to leave you high and dry, Julie. You just mark my words!"

But Julie had never been able to mark Martha's words. There were too many of them. Then, too, Martha had always felt it was more important to be truthful than it was to be kind. A sound enough philosophy, but a bit too arid for Julie. She herself had never been able to bear the idea of making people unhappy.

"And particularly when they're in the service," she observed, aloud. "Why, it would practically be sabotage!"

But Martha had failed to follow this trend of thought. She was stalking out to the kitchen, virtue bristling from her very shoulder blades.

Julie soon shook off any slight uneasiness this conversation may have caused her. When the time came to meet Garth, her conscience was as clear as a child's.

And Garth was charming. There was no doubt about it. He was big and blond and sunburned, and he had his own slow and easy way of doing things. Seeing him again was like hearing an old song she had

once known and loved. Her eyes were misty.

"Oh, Garth! Life's sad, I think—life's awfully sad!"

He lifted one eyebrow. "I hope you haven't been doing any thinking, Julie. It would ruin you."

She shook her head. "Now that was the trouble," she told him. "You never took me seriously enough."

"Hey! Sure I did! Still do!" He put his hand over hers. "Haven't you managed to make up your mind, puddin'-face? About you and me? The preacher and the rice and the orange blossoms? You ready for 'em, Julie?"

Julie drew a long breath. Here, as she knew very well, was the time to tell him about Bob, and she meant to do that. She meant, moreover, to be wonderfully gentle and tactful and kind. And no doubt she would have been all those things if Bob hadn't chosen that moment to come barg-

The cheerful smile on Julie's face was getting a bit stiff and anxious. It might have been better, though, if she had continued to turn this smile, carefully, from one to the other. It might have been better if her eye hadn't happened to fall, just then, on a boy called Clem Loomis.

Clem was in the Army. He was a sandy-haired young man with a very earnest expression and he hailed from some little town in Arkansas. That was all Julie knew about him and she hadn't actually been interested in knowing anything more. But at the moment, this previous indifference seemed something to turn to good account. Now she had a way of showing Bob that it was her nature to be friendly to all the world. It wasn't just Garth she was singling out. He'd be able to see that. At the same time, it would be a discreet way of letting Garth know that her interest in him meant no more than her interest in a casual acquaintance like Clem. It would be,

She found it advisable, though, to leave the canteen as soon as she could. She murmured some little excuse about a errand for her sister and tripped out of place without an escort. Safe at home she thought, she could deal with Bob Garth in turn. It would be so much simpler over the telephone.

But the sight of Martha's troubled face put these tactical little problems out of mind.

"It's just been a perfectly fiendish trick," Martha said. "Junior's been having tantrums—and the laundry's lost three of George's best shirts—and now they've got Gladys as the last and final straw. I suppose it's anything serious," she said on, a shade defiantly, "but I've put her to bed and called a doctor. I thought I'd be on the safe side."

Julie was all sympathy at once. "I'm sure you were absolutely right," she declared. "Now you just go and take care of Martha. I'll get the dinner."

Martha was in one of her comical moods, but she could make no real objection to this. Julie—and this always applied to everybody—was a truly wonderful cook. What she could do with a steak and a few potatoes and onions was something to put George Prentiss into a good humor for a whole evening. And later on, he was as much—which was not too tactful a thing to do in front of Martha, a practical person in her kitchen, and economical—never really inspired.

She looked with a dubious eye on the pudding Julie had made. Then, even more dubiously, she tasted it. "You've put too much vanilla," she said.

George immediately rushed to an impassioned defense of the pudding, but he did not linger in the dining room to hear it. The doorbell had rung—and he was already on her way to the door.

THE caller was Clem Loomis and he was naively confident of his welcome. "I thought it would be all right," he said, "for me to drop around."

Julie had forgotten his existence. She had to pull herself together hurriedly. "Why, of course!" she cried. "How wonderful!"

But she was relieved when George came in to take over the burden of entertainment. She had to decide what to do about Clem. She was just feeling her way to some discreet little mention of other engagement when George, who had taken a fancy to the boy, dragged him to the kitchen. They would mix a cocktail of drinks, he said. Julie glanced up at the telephone. Bob, she thought, was not going to like this.

But Bob didn't bother about the phone. The doorbell rang again—and this time it was Bob in person, with Garth standing beside him.

"Well, for goodness' sake!" said Bob with a feeble little smile. "It never rains but it rains!"

They didn't think this was any funny. They came into the room gracefully like a committee. They began to speak without further ado, about the business hand.

"Julie," Bob said, "we want a secretary!"

Julie glanced uncertainly toward the dining-room door. Martha, she knew, would be somewhere around that door listening in to all this.

"Of course," Bob added, "if you're interested—"

"We'll go away!" said Garth.

Now they were so friendly they could both get into the same sentence. They looked at them in growing alarm.

"Of course I'm interested. Only,"



"I want a volunteer for a dangerous assignment. The colonel's looking for a secretary"

JEFFERSON MACHAMER

ing over to their table, looking as if he were in a tank.

He acknowledged, stiffly, his introduction to Garth. Then he turned back to Julie. "Funny thing! I had an idea you were having lunch with an old lady. A nice old lady tottering around on a cane. Now where'd I get a cockeyed idea like that?"

Julie looked at him reproachfully. There was no need, she thought, to be sarcastic. "That poor old lady's got a headache," she explained. "A perfectly splitting headache."

"I'll bet she has!" said Bob.

Julie gave him a placating smile. "Now, Bob," she said, "Garth just happens to be an old friend of mine too—and I think it's wonderful you could meet each other. And isn't it quite a coincidence—our all getting together like this?"

Neither of the young men, it was plain, found it an altogether delightful coincidence. They addressed each other with a guarded courtesy. Neither of them would yield one romantic inch to the other one. Both of them accompanied Julie out of the restaurant and across the street to the canteen.

In the canteen, the situation became even more difficult for Julie. When she glanced in Garth's direction, the line of Bob's jaw would harden to an alarming degree. But when she turned back to Bob, Garth would sink into gloom like a fog.

Julie thought, the smooth way of handling the matter. It would be precisely what a woman of the world would do.

She turned, with this reflection, from both her old love and her new. She leaned forward, with an air of breathless eagerness, to hear what Clem had to say for himself.

"Out my way," he was telling her heavily, "it's very hot. I mean in the summer it's hot."

Julie managed to look remarkably wistful over this. "I'd simply love to go to the Middle West," she said. "It must be fascinating. All those prairies!"

"Well," he admitted, "it does kind of get you." Then he looked at her with compassion. "You mean you've never been out of New York?"

"Oh, yes!" Julie said. "Once to Cape Cod. And several times to Florida."

CLEM dismissed Cape Cod and Florida with a tolerant wave of his hand. He went on talking about Arkansas. In the meantime, Julie observed out of the corner of her eye that Bob and Garth were no longer glowering at each other from opposite sides of the room. They were over by the soft-drink stand, dishing away like old pals. Julie beamed. She saw herself suddenly as a gracious influence in the lives of men. It just went to show, she thought, what a little feminine subtlety could do to a situation.





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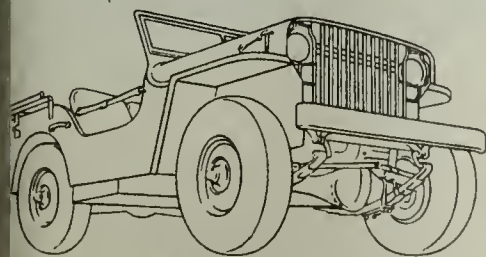


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Under Secretary of War  
ROBERT PATTERSON

of Willys Americans *for the people*, have to their credit the Willys-designed "Go-Devil" engine that drives all Jeeps built for the U. S. Army and our Allies.

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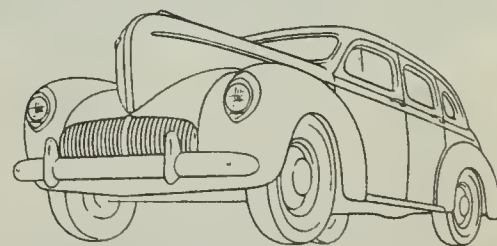


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The sun never sets on the fighting Jeep  
**WILLYS**

MOTOR CARS

TRUCKS AND JEEPS



AMERICAR—the People's Car

THE GO-DEVIL ENGINE—power-heart of WILLYS CARS and all JEEPS



added, "I hate people being so mysterious!"

"Julie," Garth said, "you're the mysterious one."

"No," Bob said patiently. "It's simple. He thinks you're *his* girl. You've got to tell him he's wrong."

"Well—" said Julie.

"Look!" Garth said. "Bob thinks he belongs in this picture because last night he had a date with you. But he's not a guy who'd be jumping to conclusions. Why would you let him get away with an idea like that, Julie?"

There was one of those hearty masculine bonds between them. It irritated Julie very much. She looked coldly from one to the other.

"I didn't think you'd talk about me," she told them. "I didn't think it was considered the gentlemanly thing to do."

"We didn't talk about you," said Garth.

"We've got to know where we stand," said Bob.

"Sure!" Garth agreed. "That's reasonable!"

BUT it wasn't, Julie thought, in the least reasonable. She looked at Bob moodily. It was natural enough for him to be jealous; it was to be expected. But it was not natural for him to be on terms of great amity with the person of whom he was supposed to be jealous. It did not indicate the blind and frenzied ardor to which she was accustomed.

Looking at Bob, she saw him stepping back into the past—with Garth waiting for him there. Before her very eyes, he was fading into yesterday—like an old snapshot, like a half-remembered song. Just for a second, she felt a little pang.

Then her thoughts veered to Clem Loomis, still rattling bottles around in the kitchen. Well! She and Clem could just have a nice quiet evening at home. They could listen to the radio with Martha and George.

"It's a good thing," she announced, with dignity, "that we found out in time about the terrible mistake we were making."

"Wait a minute," Bob said. "Who was the mistake? Him? Or me?"

Julie sighed. "Well," she said, "I guess you both were—weren't you?"

Their lives weren't ruined, but their pride was rolled flat. They almost seemed to have, by this time, a common pride. Together, in a very indignant fashion, they marched out of the house, and Julie looked after them a bit wistfully.

It was not often, after all, that two exceedingly attractive men went out of a

person's life in a single instant. But she summoned a brave little smile for Clem—as George brought him back to the living room. Clem wasn't really such an awful-looking boy. It might be better, anyhow, to have someone around who wasn't too devastating at first sight. A person like Clem, Julie thought, could grow on you.

The first thing to do was to discover the tastes they might have in common. She had just opened her mouth to ask him how he felt about the movies, when he

put down his drink, shot his wrist out of his cuff and stared at his watch.

"Well!" he said. "For Pete's sake! I've got to be going!"

"Going?" echoed Julie incredulously.

He nodded. "Got to get down to Penn Station," he said. "My girl's getting in on the nine-fifty-five."

Julie was stricken dumb—but fortunately he didn't notice that. He had been fishing in his wallet for a snapshot of his girl and now he was handing it over

proudly. The girl was a rabbit-faced person looking self-conscious in a haystack. Julie achieved a smile.

"Why, Clem!" she cried. "She's darling! She's simply too darling words!"

MARTHA was ready, the instant the door was closed, to say what she had in her mind to say. She was prompt in a virtuous and honest wrath. She was quite beside herself.

"I knew it!" she said. "I knew it!"

Julie looked at her uneasily. "What, Martha?"

"Why," cried Martha, "I knew it happen sooner or later. Playing fast and loose the way you have, Julie, I just you'd be left high and dry like the told you often enough. I've told you told you."

"Now listen," George said. "You maybe a little overwrought, my dear."

Martha swept him aside. "And you won't see Bob Waldron again," she told Julie; "and you certainly won't see Garth Randall. And you can't fall in love on this new boy the way you thought you could. And all because you wouldn't take a word of advice from me or anybody else. So what are you going to do? You have a friend left in the world. And I hope you're satisfied!"

Julie's eyes filled with tears. She saw herself as Martha saw her. She saw, stretching ahead of her, a whole time of dreary days and lonely nights, saw herself fading into spinsterhood.

The doorbell rang; she answered because she thought it meant anyone was coming to see her, but because it was her nature to respond, on the instant, to the ringing of a bell . . . any bell.

So it came about that she opened the door—and lifted startled eyes to a stranger who stood on the threshold.

"My name's Cairnes," he explained. "Doctor Homer Cairnes. I believe I'm supposed to see a little girl with a cold."

He was young and—although a little older—he was attractive. He was amazingly attractive. And Julie knew from the moment—as she was to tell Martha the next morning—that he was the one. He was really the one. A sort of para-normal warmth was stealing over her. She felt little dazed and breathless.

"I'm sorry," she said. "I didn't mean to be staring. But—haven't I met you somewhere before?"

THE END



"Mr. Barker says you may all go for a bite of lunch now"

COLLIER'S

GREGORY D'ALESSIO

## Greek Tragedy—1943

Continued from page 13

Italians receive special shipments of food from Yugoslavia and Bulgaria.

One night I was caught away from home at midnight, Greece's hour of curfew, and forced to go to a hotel for the night. While I waited my turn to register, a German officer slammed his fist down on the hotel counter. His cheeks emptied and filled like a bellows, fanning his anger.

"This has got to stop!" he shouted.

The hotelkeeper blinked in amazement. "Yes, Herr Captain, I agree," said the Greek, trying to accustom himself to the novelty of a humane German. At the same time, he wondered how Herr Captain proposed to remedy the situation.

Later, I learned about the outrages that were disturbing Herr Captain. This night and every night, it seemed, Italian soldiers had been bringing young Greek girls to the hotels of Athens—sometimes girls hardly in their teens. Herr Captain, it appeared, had young daughters of his own, and his concern was personal rather than official.

To the Italians, their right to the girls was indisputable; they had bought them, part and parcel, from their parents, and paid for them with that most precious of commodities—bread. The price would frequently range as high as a full loaf, although in cases of extreme starvation, the family might settle for some fraction of a loaf. Starvation not only consumes the body, but enfeebles the mind and destroys the spirit.

### Enforced Starvation

These starvation conditions did not just happen. The Germans knew only too well what they were doing. For one thing, they hoped that if life in Greece were made unbearable, the Greeks would consent to go to Germany as workers.

But the Germans had still another reason to encourage starvation: the black market. The black markets are run by the occupation troops with food taken from country villages. The confiscation is car-

ried out with typical German thoroughness. A strong force of soldiers driving trucks, cars and motorcycles, surround a village. All the inhabitants are herded into the central square and ordered to turn over whatever stores of food are available. Those who refuse are shot at once or removed to concentration camps.

The Germans then establish the black-market prices to suit their fancy. Only the very well-to-do can afford to buy. I left the house some mornings with 10,000 drachma (about \$100) in my pocket. With this sum, I was able to buy about one pound of whatever kind of meat was available, assuming that any was available. With a ration card, one can buy three ounces of bread for 50 cents three days of the week, and five ounces for 50 cents on the other four days. Those are the official prices. At black-market prices, one ocre of bread (a little more than two pounds) costs nearly \$30. Soap, when you can get it, costs about \$70 an ocre.

But the black markets feed only a few,

and only sporadically. In the twin cities of Athens and Peiraeus, the normal rate used to be 40 persons a day. During the two winters since the occupation has seldom fallen below 500 a day. When Allied food shipments were delayed, it rose to 1,700 and stayed at that level for three days.

What about births, the positive side of the picture? There are no longer many births in Greece, or at least so few that they are entirely negligible. Furthermore, a large number of Greek women are no longer even capable of child-bearing. Acute undernourishment enfeebles vital organs and frequently results in premature menopause. Not that any Greek woman desires motherhood today. It is a struggle enough to keep alive herself, whatever children she may have alive.

Greeks are not allowed to enter an American restaurant that has been appropriated by Germans or Italians. Neither are they permitted to sing in Greek or show the Greek flag or listen to the radio. The movie



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SINCE 1894



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FAMOUS SINCE 1894



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of this blend are achieved by the exclusive use  
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Here's an opportunity to earn your choice of many prizes—including athletic equipment and war stamps. It's easy! All you need to do is deliver Collier's magazine (one of America's most popular weeklies), to regular customers whom you obtain in your own neighborhood.

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THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY  
SPRINGFIELD, OHIO



"That happens every time somebody trips over that prayer rug"

COLLIER'S

PFC. HED HILTON

still open, although the only films shown are German, French and Italian. Greeks who have not enough money for food can still afford movies, which are cheap. There they go in large numbers and try to get their minds off their hunger. I was watching a German-made film one day when a table laden with food was shown on the screen. The audience, almost to a man, rushed from their seats and ran up to the screen with hands reaching out greedily. Reason is no match for hunger.

After all the Greeks have been through and are going through, it is astonishing that there should still be resistance. I would not even attempt to explain how that is possible. As a doctor, I know far better the reasons why it should not be possible. The resistance being made by these hungry, enfeebled people makes me very proud to be a Greek.

### Their Resistance Unbroken

No chance is overlooked to show their contempt for the enemy, to sabotage his war effort. Greek nurses have refused to attend German soldiers. As a penalty, they were no longer allowed to be nurses. The German and Italian officers' club in Athens has been destroyed. Seven Greeks suspected of being in on the bombing raid paid with their lives. When twenty English soldiers were led to prison recently through the streets of Athens, the citizens greeted them with cheers.

From the mountains of Epirus, Macedonia, Peloponnesos and Crete, guerrillas descend periodically to disrupt vital enemy communications and supplies. To put a stop to the cutting down of telephone wires in Athens itself, the Italians devised what they considered a neat system: The residents of each neighborhood were made responsible for the telephone wires in their section. Greeks were assigned to various shifts during the day and night and whoever was on "duty" when the wires were cut was executed.

The wires went on being cut just the same. While they were down, the train leaving Athens for Salonika would mysteriously never reach its destination. That

supply line has now been permanently destroyed by the blowing up of the mountain bridge in Papadia. For this act of sabotage, 300 Greeks were shot and about a third of the city of Lamia was burned.

Greeks still continue to escape in droves from the islands of the Aegean. They flee in small boats to Turkey and from there make their way down to Africa, where they join the British army or navy. Some friends of mine were not so fortunate.

A brother and sister tried to escape with party of forty, but their boat developed motor trouble and had to put into port Kythnos. There they were captured. With them were three British soldiers—who made things look even worse for them.

The brother was locked up with the others in an underground cell about twelve feet square, while his sister was shut in the water closet next door. They had no blankets whatever and were given water only once every three days. During the bitter winter the prisoners were filthy with lice and had to huddle against one another to keep warm. The sister developed pneumonia and pleurisy, but miraculously recovered. Both brother and sister are still in prison.

The mother of these two is a widow. Her husband died horribly of tuberculosis after his health had been broken by lack of food. The mother's one consolation is the belief that her other son, a flier, is fighting with the Greeks in Africa. What she does not know is that he was killed in a plane crash the day before he was to start active operations.

### The One Bright Spot

For those who remain behind, the one bright spot on the horizon was the beginning of food shipments from the Allies. Today, eight Swedish ships, chartered by the Greek War Relief Association, carry 18,000 tons of foodstuffs to Greece monthly—a magnificent contribution; before the war, Greece imported 100,000 tons of foodstuffs monthly. The 18,000 tons provide meager subsistence ration for 3,000,000 Greeks. The remainder of Greece's 7,000,000 population starve, or go hungry.

The Nazis tried to establish a National Socialist club for Greeks. In other words, a club for Quislings. A night was set for the first meeting, but before the meeting ever convened, a bomb was set off and the clubhouse was blown to smithereens. A second attempt to organize such a club has been made by the Nazis.

While there is a breath of life in the tired, sick bodies, the Greeks won't give up.

THE END



"Two weeks ago there was nothing here but a swimming pool and some formal gardens!"

COLLIER'S

CHARLES CARTWRIGHT



# All Dressed Up and *No Way to Go*

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PUBLIC LIBRARY  
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**1** *Don't grouse and grumble* if you've had to give up your bridge club or afternoon parties. That kind of driving just *isn't done* anymore. Instead you can keep busy and happy by doing something right in your own neighborhood to help win this war. Here's one good idea...



**2** *Turn on the sunshine* in your home. Arrange to take care of some war worker's children. That's a real contribution that any woman can enjoy making to the war effort. Just get in touch with your neighborhood O. C. D. Block Worker. She'll be glad to arrange everything.



**3** *Yoo Hoo, Mr. Rand! You Too, Mr. McNally!* Those maps of yours are really going to mean something to Mr. and Mrs. America when this war's over. What used to be an all-day drive will be a short, two-hour trip in their Cessna Family Car of the Air. And flying a Cessna will be every bit as easy as driving an automobile ever was for either one of them. Cessna's 24-hour-a-day war schedule, building twin-engined Bobcats and Cranes for the U. S. A. and Britain, has crowded years of engineering progress into hours. That's why the end of this war will see the start of a whole new world of travel, adventure and fun for you in your own Family Car of the Air.

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Be one of the first in your locality to own a Cessna Family Car of the Air after the war. All indications point to a flood of early postwar sales. A priority listing insures early delivery. No obligation to buy. Costs nothing. Write today for complete details. CESSNA AIRCRAFT COMPANY, Box 1616-C, Wichita, Kansas.





## Uncle! Uncle!

Continued from page 54



Should your toes freeze in Wintry Winds  
And chills run up and down your shins

Then, Man, no matter who you are  
Sailor, Soldier or Home-Front Star

Westminster Socks you ought to know  
Will keep you warm, both heel and toe!



For looks and fit, and lasting wear  
No other socks can quite compare  
And now that walking is the rage  
Westminster Socks be sure to page  
Ribbs, or Checks, or handsome Clocks  
They're all "America's Finer Socks."



Westminster  
AMERICA'S FINER SOCKS

way. The road was strite for them as knew it, he said. He sat up with the driver who stopped cursing but seemed a bit suspicious. Didn't like the pipes, he didn't. Ned Pan said little, tootling away and speaking to us only when the driver elbowed him gingerly and bade him answer the gentlemen's question.

When we got to the entrance of the camp and had shown the guard our passes, we looked around for Ned. But Ned was gone, seeped back into the night and the fog just as he had emerged from it. A little way off we heard his pipes. You could almost see him smiling as he blew—a smile of elfin disdain for Americans who were lost in the night, who were bewildered, who had given him half a crown in their childlike delight to have found someone who knew the way.

We were all for chasing back, for taking Ned Pan in with us. But the sentry said that we had better play our luck and stay put. And that was the last we saw of Ned Pan, although the American Red Cross told us later that he, too, was now an American Army nephew, pipes and all.

This nephew-and-niece business started last Christmas. It is known as "The Stars and Stripes War Orphan Fund." Just whose idea it was is of no consequence now. It is something of a hang-over from the first World War when the American doughboy in France became the rich godfather of many French kids whom war had orphaned.

Last December, the American Army newspaper, The Stars and Stripes, began to publish stories of how the homesick American soldiers in the British Isles were preparing to play Santa Claus to blitzed British kids in their camp areas. The idea swept the American troops. There was neither plan nor form to it, and presently it threatened to get out of hand.

A soldier would hear from home—from his children, from his kid brothers and sisters. There was no chance, of course, to send them presents. Therefore, he would do it by proxy. The individual soldier could make or buy such toys as there were and give them and money, and issue candy and cakes to any kid he happened to know.

After all, he didn't care who the kid was. It was the Christmas season, and nine tenths of his heart was three thousand miles away west. The lucky British kid, his arms and stomach stuffed to capacity and more, was only a symbol. Or if an outfit from squad to squadron went to it as a body, they decided after much argument what the child should be—sex, age, and so forth—and put it up to the local people to produce. And that was where eventually the American Red Cross came in.

## Made-to-Order Relatives

Thus far, the American soldier afoot, on wheels or awing has posted about fifty thousand dollars with the American Red Cross. He is doing it by personal contributions on payday, by shows, dances and various kinds of parties. He or his outfit merely specifies what sort of a kid they want to make life easier for. The Red Cross, drawing upon the lists of the British social agencies, finds a fatherless, motherless, or wholly orphaned young one, almost invariably picked out of the slums like Ned Pan, who meets or closely approximates the dream kid specified.

The lads are then notified that they are sponsors of 'Alf, 'Erbert, 'Ennery, Margaret, Jane, Gwen, Vi or Phyllis (last name never given), and a whole crop of new uncles has been created.

Each soldier gets a photograph of the blitz kid he is helping to uncle, and when-

ever it is possible, the child is taken to see his uncles, who give him or her, among other things, the keys to the cities of New York, Chicago, San Francisco, Boston and Atlanta. Quite often the youngster goes home with a massive stomach-ache and a lasting conviction that all Americans are millionaires, wildly generous, affectionate—and slightly screwy.

To be eligible for such sponsoring, it is necessary only that the blitz kid be the child of poverty, that the parent or parents he has lost be the victim of Hitler's bombs or bullets, blitzed at home or slain in battle. For a little more than eighty dollars, a blitz kid can be clothed and saved from malnutrition for five years.

The fund grows daily. So does avuncular rivalry. Having seen the sponsored child, or even a photograph, individual uncles or uncle groups are quite likely to declare that this child is indeed the most beautiful, most intelligent, best behaved, most deserving and altogether the most lovable brat in all Britain and they act financially accordingly. Thus, after having subscribed the money necessary to become a child's uncle, they proceed either to become the uncles of more kids or donate additional funds to the welfare of their selected pride and joy.

## Birth of an Uncle

Ned Pan delivered us that night in time to hear a large uniformed citizen of Texas—Sergeant Morton Popeye Billtong—announce to a mess hall full of American soldiers that on such and such a night, no member of that outfit was expected to drink more than four beers. Moreover, no man was expected to be out of bed later than midnight, leave or no leave. In the morning, shaving should be extra clean, shoes overbright, uniforms fit for inspection by the commander in chief himself.

Sweet Pea, seven years old (the daughter of a guy who died at Dunkirk, whose mother was killed by a taxi in the black London night on her way home in cruel exhaustion from her charring job) was coming on the morrow to visit her uncles. Furthermore, Sweet Pea was fetching her uncles a present, a trifle she had bought with half the money the lads had sent her to go shopping with—an American flag. They knew that she was bringing the flag because she had written to Sergeant Popeye:

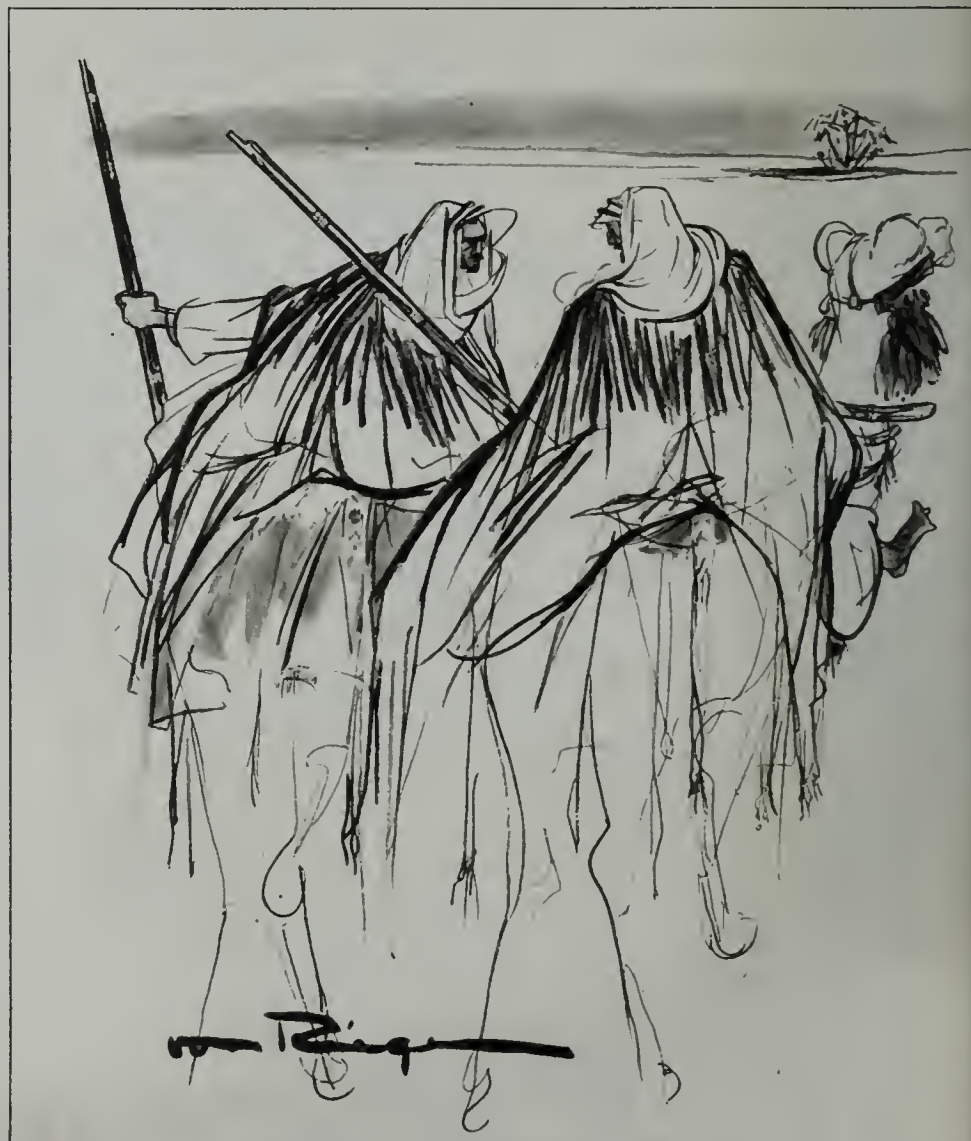
"I am telling you what the present is so that you can let me know whether you would rather that I should change it for something you would like."

We couldn't get to sleep for a long time that night. The radio had told us good news and bad. The Japs were taking a lacing off the shores of New Guinea. The Allies were not faring so well in Africa. Russia was crushing forward to Rostov. Politicians in America and England were viewing one another with alarm. Two soldiers were sentenced to be hanged for murder.

Not that the lads in the camp Ned Pan had guided us to seemed to care. For a long while after Sergeant Popeye announced that Sweet Pea was coming, they talked about her.

Nevertheless, we lay awake a long time down there in the West Country. All night it seemed, planes roared over our heads. All night, soldiers trudged past our barracks, their boots squishing in the soft black mud. And yet, somehow, we seemed to hear, over and over, the eerie, small refrain blown on shepherd pipes by a wizened kid from Mile End—a kid who was an old man. And we could see the pinched small smile on his face when between tootles he told us: "Since 'Itler came over I ain't afraid o' nothin', sir."

THE END



"Nowadays you can't tell whether it'll  
be a water hole or an artillery battery"

COLLIER'S

WM. VON RIEGEN



## China Flight

Continued from page 73

eat and salt, and then took it to Jenny and held the bowl while Jenny lapped from it. She watched the girl eat, her face tender as though she looked at a child, and when Jenny had eaten she herself took a soft cloth dipped in hot water and wiped the girl's face and hands to refresh her. Then she said to the old woman: "Go you go outside my door and stretch yourself on a quilt there, and I will lie at the foot of this bed, and so we will all rest here or two until morning tells us what we must do."

The old woman went away and Leone lit the lamp and she said to Jenny, "Do you mind me if I lay myself at the foot of the bed?"

"I would like to have you here at my side," Jenny said. "It makes me feel more comfortable here—the bed is so wide, and we are not very big, we two."

Leone shrank from this intimacy. "I would rather lie at the foot," she said in a soft little voice. So she stretched herself under a corner of the silk quilt at the foot of the bed and lay so still that soon she heard Jenny's breathing in quiet sleep. "I shall never sleep again, I think," Leone told herself, and within her bosom her heart retreated into its loneliness. She had sent Jenny on her way, and the two of them were gone away together, what reason had she then to live?

MRS. SHIPMAN clung for one long moment to the top of the wall. Then her legs were jerked and she fell heavily.

Two little Japanese soldiers went under her and she was not hurt. She stumbled to her feet and other soldiers seized her arms and collar.

"You needn't grab me," she remarked calmly. "I know what's happened."

A tackle of furious talk burst from them but she ignored it. "Even if I could understand, I wouldn't," she said. Her old head fallen off and her white hair straggled about her face. She seemed to see no one and she talked aloud steadily to herself after the habit of these days.

"Now what'll I do? It doesn't matter for me, but I've got to give that poor child some time. If I can keep 'em busy a little, that's the best I can do."

She tramped solidly along between the soldiers, her big plain face solemn and her eyes bleak. The house was full of noise from top to bottom, and she heard Shigo shouting.

"He doesn't sound good," she said. "Well, I'm afraid of him."

They were hustling her up the steps now suddenly she heard the sound of something being beaten. That is, she heard the sound of rattan or leather through the air. She heard the cutting thin sound of a blow, and the hiss of indrawn breath. There was no outcry. They hustled her into the hall and into Shigo's office. She knew that he was beating the old Japanese woman with a rattan cane, and the sound of his own breath was his own, hissing through his clenched teeth as he beat the old woman. She stood clinging to a chair to keep from falling. Blood streamed down her right cheek and her face was olive-green. She was silent—she did not look up when Mrs. Shipman came in and the frozen soldiers with her. But Shigo's head fell under Mrs. Shipman's furious

"You—you brute of a man!" Mrs. Shipman gasped. "You—you—you Satan—" Shigo threw down the cane and spat a word to the old Japanese woman, forcing herself to move she crept away. Then he turned upon Mrs. Shipman. His face was crimson as though he had been drinking and his eyes were glittering. He stared at her for a second and

then burst into shrieking laughter. "You were going to escape!" he screamed. "You didn't escape!"

"Don't holler at me," Mrs. Shipman said in her loud, flat voice. "I'm not deaf, young man."

There was actually froth of saliva at the corners of his mouth, she observed, like a mad dog.

"Wipe the spittle off your face and stop acting like a crazy fool," she said imperiously. "It makes you look silly."

For one moment Shigo was struck to his heart. Did he look silly? Before his soldiers? They did not understand this woman, but anyone could see that she was not afraid of him. Wavering between her scorn and his pride he suddenly lost himself. He would make her afraid! He felt his brain whirl inside his skull and his heart suffocated him. He clawed the air with his hands and in a tornado of rage he leaped upon Mrs. Shipman and bore her down to the floor. She felt his nails in the flesh of her face and she struggled against him.

"You—you wildcat!" she shouted. Then she felt his doubled fists pounding—pounding—pounding in her lips and mouth and eyes. She heard him shout a command to the soldiers and she felt upon her old body the heavy blows of the butt ends of their guns.

"Paul!" she gasped. "Oh, Paul!"

Shigo leaped to his feet and shouted a command. A soldier whipped a gun to his shoulder and fired into Mrs. Shipman's heart.

LEONE rose before dawn and crept about the room quietly. She changed her outer coat and washed her face and hands and combed her long hair and coiled it freshly. Then she went over to where Jenny still slept. Her breath came long and evenly. This was good sleep, Leone said to herself, healthful sleep. Every hour of it would strengthen the girl and make her ready for the next hardship—whatever it was! For who knew what lay ahead of this lovely foreign creature? Her fair hair was tumbled about her sleeping face, and how could all this foreignness be hid?

Leone sighed and shivered. Somehow she must think of the way to hide it. She must somehow bring these two together again, Daniel and Jenny. In the denial of her own love it seemed to her that if she could see the two together and know that somehow love could be fulfilled, though not for her, it would bring her peace.

Yet how could she do this alone? Who could help her? Her grandfather would only be more terrified if he knew that Jenny was here in his house. Then she thought of the Silent Wolf! He was still here. She had only yesterday been uncomfortable because he did not go away. The days had passed and he made no sign of going away. Why did he not go, she had asked herself, who was so clever at disguise? She had seen him twice talking to her grandfather and once she had been called to eat with them both, but she had not spoken to the Silent Wolf alone and indeed she had kept away from where he was. Now she was glad he had not gone.

She hastened softly across the room on her satin-slipped feet and opened the door and there outside it upon a mat her old nurse was curled and still asleep. She bent over her and whispered. "Wake, Foster Mother!"

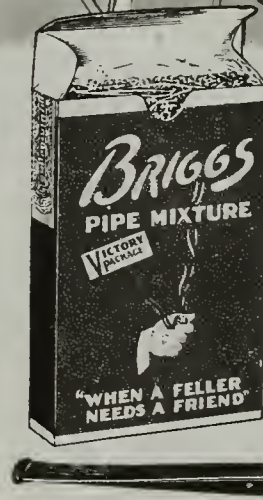
But the old woman slept soundly, and Leone did not hurry her for she well knew that the soul must not be rudely pulled back from sleep, lest it injure the body by its too swift return.

"Foster Mother!" she whispered again. This time the old woman moved and

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opened her eyes. "Go to the other guest and see if he is awake," Leone commanded, "and ask if he will speak with me in the big room. Tell him it is urgent and ask his pardon for calling him early." The old woman struggled to her feet and rubbed her eyes and trotted away on her hands and knees, and Leone waited where she was, leaning back and call and there be none to hear her. In a very few minutes the old woman came back and she said:

"He says he will be there as soon as he has rinsed his mouth and put on his garments, and I sent hot water in for him to wash his face."

"Good," Leone said, "and now you are to stay here lest she wake."

The old woman nodded, and Leone went her way in the main room and sat down. Soon she heard the footsteps of the Silent Wolf coming heartily across the stairs and in another moment he was seated at the open door, and all the light of the morning shone down upon him. At that moment she saw most unwillingly that there was a very handsome man, young and strong and his flesh so firm that the early morning became him like a garment of shining silk.

"You sent for me," he said simply, and she marvelled again that this man who could stammer so much sometimes when he spoke with her was able to speak clearly without defect.

"I am in trouble," she said, and with a movement of her hand to invite him to sit down, she went on: "Last night the American girl was brought here."

His brown face broke into the gayest smile at this news. Now the truth was that the Silent Wolf could hardly have had news that pleased him better than that for he was anxious enough that the foreign girl be found and restored to the foreign man and so divide Leone very early indeed from that one. He cried out before: "How was I not called?"

"I did not want anyone called," Leone said, "lest my grandfather be waked. He does not love such disturbance and at his age he ought to be spared. But here is my trouble: Doubtless the whole city will be searched today and for many days and what if they come to this house? Here we enter you and this girl, and how can we protect you if you are found here and she is?"

Now the Silent Wolf saw that it was a very dangerous thing indeed and he thought first of Leone. If it were known that she sheltered a fugitive, she could not live with her life. He looked exceedingly grave and pulled his lip and frowned.

"Is she able to walk?" he inquired. Leone shook her head. "She cannot walk far, be sure," she replied. "She is lying now and will eat when she wakes, but how is that enough to give her strength all she has suffered?"

"It is not enough," he agreed, and he rested restlessly and began to walk about the room so that the blood could flow more freely to his brain and stir his thoughts up. "She must be carried," he mused. "But how? If we put her behind the curtains in a bride's chair, the guards, being rude men, will lift those curtains to see if she is beautiful or not."

"A bride's chair will not do," Leone said quickly, "for she is very fair and her hair is yellow and her eyes blue."

"So she must be buried, somehow," the Silent Wolf mused. Now as he said these words, he suddenly thought of a plan and turned impetuously at the end of the room and cried:

"Your grandfather—he is so old a man he has a coffin, doubtless, ready for himself?"

"It has been ready since my grandfather died," Leone said wonderingly.

"Where is it?" the Silent Wolf demanded.

"It is in a small room near his study," she replied.

"Let us go to see it," he said and so she rose at once and led him to that room and there the great coffin was, of black wood, double thick, and covered with dust in its waiting. He heaved at the heavy lid and put it to one side and peered down into it.

"Yes, it will do," he said. "It is so deep that she can lie at the bottom, and we can put a false bottom over her. That we will cover thick with lime, as is done over the dead."

"**W**HY should we not simply seal it?" she asked.

He shook his head. "You do not know those enemy guards," he said. "They have been many times deceived and they thrust their bayonets through bundles of straw and packages of all sorts and perhaps they will demand that the coffin be opened, and we must be prepared for it." He frowned and thought a while. Then he went on: "We will send one to find some offal at a

"How many cursed foreigners are in this cursed city?" the Silent Wolf asked, but with good will too.

"She is old and wrinkled," Leone said, "and she has lived here so long she looks like one of us. Ling will manage it."

"Send him in to me with my breakfast," the Silent Wolf commanded. "I am already very hungry now."

He smiled at her and for her life she could not keep from laughing again, so full of merriment his smile was and so bright his eyes, and he laughed too.

"You are better to look at when you laugh than any woman I ever saw," he told her.

This frankness made her blush and she hastened away saying, "I go to send Ling to you and your food."

So she went away and the Silent Wolf strode back to his room very well content, and when Ling came in a little later with a mighty breakfast of meat dumplings and sweet dumplings and rice and fish, he told him all that he was to do, and Ling was pleased beyond speech. All he could do



"I decided to be perfectly frank about them"

butchershop and if it is old so much the better, and when the lid is lifted, they will smell the offal and close it again." He laughed gaily. "A good trick is worth doing well," he cried.

"And then?" she asked.

"Then we will have a funeral procession," he declared. "You must be the chief mourner," he said, "and your old nurse. And I"—he grinned with pleasure in his plot—"I will be the husband of the young dead woman, who died of—of—of Heavenly Flowers—"

"Smallpox!" she cried. "Yes, they will be frightened of that."

"And those dead of Heavenly Flowers are very foul," he said.

They laughed together and Leone thought to herself, half startled: How long it has been since I laughed!

"Now," the Silent Wolf said in yet more triumph, "we will not do it this morning for they will be watching every gate the first morning, but we will do it tomorrow before dawn, at the time when coffins are taken out. But first where is a man to go and find me the offal and the lime and all I need?"

"Ling is the man," Leone said, "for he is a slippery, clever fellow and can make himself narrow enough to go through a keyhole, I think." Then she thought of Mrs. Shipman. "Oh, and I will bid him manage somehow to bring the Old Foreign Mother here today, and she will be another mourner."

was to bob his head up and down and say over and over again, "Eh, that I will—I know how to do that—I can—"

"Do it then," the Silent Wolf said, his mouth full of meat dumpling.

**N**OW Leone would not let Jenny be waked and Jenny slept on and on. That she was not fallen into a trance again was clear enough, for she turned her face, sometimes and smiled in her sleep and sighed peacefully and went on sleeping. Leone and the old nurse both looked at her again and again and whispered together whether they should wake her or not, but the old nurse shook her head.

"It is better not to call back her soul before it wishes to come," she whispered. "You can see it in some happy place and it lingers there."

Leone took Jenny's white wrist delicately between her fingers and tested her pulse and found it strong and so she nodded her head to agree with the old woman, and they let Jenny sleep on. But either the old woman sat in the room to be there when Jenny waked or Leone sat there, and so the day wore on to mid-morning and to the hour when Mr. P'an always rose. He washed himself and rinsed his mouth and ate his little bowl of rice gruel and sat alone for a while in his study. Then he decided that he would send for Leone, his granddaughter, and tell her what the Silent Wolf had said concerning his wishes toward her.

He was prepared for her first refusal but he was determined that in the end she must not refuse. Therefore when he had straightened his little beard and smoked his water pipe a while longer he clapped his hands and when a manservant came running in, he said:

"Tell my granddaughter to come here to me."

"Sir, I will," the servant replied and went and told Leone's nurse, who was combing her gray hair. She had the tail of it between her teeth while she bound the black cord at her neck.

"Tell your mistress the Old One wants her," the man said.

The nurse ran at once, her hair still in her teeth and told Leone, who sat in the room with Jenny.

"Your Old One wants you," she said.

Leone rose in alarm. "Has he heard?" she whispered.

"How do I know?" the old woman said, and now remembered the tail of hair in her mouth and took it out and held it. "There are always too many in a big house like this," she said. "It may be that he knows. Well, he cannot kill you my sweetmeat, and so do not fear him. Old scholars can only make a big noise however angry they are. Their galls are small."

**S**O SAYING she sat down to take Leone's place and Leone went slowly toward her grandfather's study, preparing herself for his anger.

How surprised was she, therefore, when she entered that room half fearfully to see that old man sitting in his chair, his face wrinkled in smiles! Could he be pleased, she asked herself amazed, at what was now going on under his roof? It must be that he did not know, she told herself, and so she sat down and thought that she would not speak of anything until he did.

"You sent for me, Grandfather," she said gently.

"So I did," he replied, "and it is to tell you some very good news. It is true that there are obstacles in the way but these doubtless can be put aside. That is, Heaven's will can be done if men but have the will to do it. I am not one to say that anything is impossible, and while I wish no one dead, I know that Heaven has its own ways of removing those who obstruct the destiny of the ones it loves."

This the old man said without once stopping to take breath, and listening to him Leone could not make out its meaning any more than if it had been wind passing through pines. So what could she do except to nod her head in agreement.

"Yes, Grandfather," she said, in her soft, pretty voice.

The old man pulled his beard twice and coughed once and then said in a loud voice, "In short, he wants you for his wife."

She was so bewildered by now that she could only open her eyes wide. "Me, Grandfather?" she asked faintly.

"Yes," Mr. P'an said firmly, "and I say you must marry him for you will never have a better offer."

"But, Grandfather," she faltered, "who—who—"

"The young man," he said impatiently, "the one who changed clothes with the foreigner—who else?"

"The Silent Wolf!" she whispered.

"Well, that is only his nickname," the old man said pettishly. "He has other names."

He pulled his beard again and she sat staring at him, too much astonished to speak.

"Well, speak!" he cried at last.

So she stammered forth, "B—but, Grandfather, I am married. Arnold—"

"That marriage!" he snorted. "Well, it will be easy enough to—it never was any sort of a real marriage so far as I am concerned. How can a marriage to a foreigner—it can be managed, doubtless. I will pay





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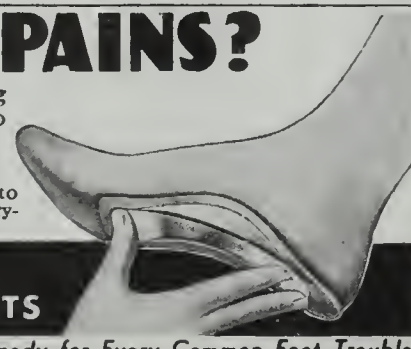
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him off. Besides, you told me you would never go back to him."

"No, I will never go back to him," she echoed. "But—but—I don't want to marry anyone, Grandfather. I want to stay here and live with you."

"Now what sort of talk is that for me to hear?" Mr. Pan said violently. "Am I a foreigner that I allow my own daughter's daughter to live unwed? Is that my duty to you? An unmarried woman is a disgrace in any family, whether she is stubborn or she has a secret disease or the family does not do its duty. No, I will not have you unwed when here is a good son of Han that wants to wed you. You shall do it—or I will have you no longer in this house."

NOW he was angry, and she saw it and what could she do? She could only soothe him because of his age and so she said:

"Grandfather, let us not talk of it now."

But how could he be soothed? He refused her gentleness and when she saw his old blood mottle his yellow cheeks she made up her mind quickly to tell him about Jenny so that he might be diverted from his dear plan of marrying her away quickly, whether she would or no.

"Grandfather!" she said, and she made her voice very firm. "Indeed, it is no time to talk of marriages now. We are all in grave danger." She leaned forward and whispered: "Last night the foreign girl came here. She and the Old Foreign Mother escaped together, but the Old Foreign Mother is hiding elsewhere."

Now she saw him forget all else indeed. He put on a look of horror and he gasped: "Yet another foreigner! Why is it they all come here to my house like bees swarming into a hive?"

"She is very young," Leone said quietly, "and she has been very ill. But we have plans to get her away tonight."

"Today," old Mr. Pan said violently. He rose and began to walk back and forth in the way old scholars walk, planting his feet with the toes out and swinging his robe from side to side.

"No, not until tomorrow morning, Grandfather," and to quell him she said, "The Silent Wolf has planned it all."

Now nothing indeed could have quelled him like that name and so he sat down again.

"Well, if that one is doing it, perhaps it can be done," he said more mildly than he had yet spoken.

"Let me tell you the plan," Leone said, and so she told him. He cried out sharply when she said that his precious coffin would be taken out of the house, and so she made haste to say:

"We will send it back again, Grandfather—it will not be gone above a few days, and we will send it back empty, saying it is a new coffin ordered from Naziang where the coffins are so good."

"What if my day to die would be while it was away?" he asked in some fear.

She smiled at this. "Your day to die is a long way from now," she said.

So she mollified him and indeed he forgot all else except his anxiety to get the foreign girl away, and he said:

"As for me, I shall not stir my feet from this room until she is gone. If any must talk with me let him come here. But tell me no more than I must know. And do not come here and tell me at what hour you leave and tell me nothing of where you are going, either."

He sat thinking for a moment. "You say you and that Silent Wolf are going together?"

She saw his cunning old mind at work again and she blushed deeply. "Grandfather," she said, "put that thought away from you. We have work to do."

He did not answer, but she saw a secret smile hiding in his beard and so she rose hastily and said, "If there is nothing more,

Grandfather, I will go about my business."

"There is nothing else," he said, and she saw good humor come out of his eye again, and so she hastened away all the more quickly, lest he speak out what the good humor meant to him and so make her ashamed still more before the Silent Wolf.

When she went again into her own room she found that while she was gone, Jenny had waked. The old woman was standing by her bed holding a basin of steaming hot water.

"She waked easily and sweetly as a little child," the woman said with pride, "and I have this hot water here for her to wash with."

"I will help her," Leone said, and she hastened forward. There Jenny's face was upon the pillow smiling, and her eyes were as blue as a kingfisher's feathers.

"Do you feel yourself?" Leone asked and she could not keep back her smiles even in the midst of her secret pang at this girl's great beauty.

"I feel nearly as well as ever," Jenny said. "Only my legs seem not quite to be long to me yet. But my head—I feel quite clear. And I remember everything. Then she looked grave for a moment. "Has Mrs. Shipman come yet?" she asked eagerly.

Leone shook her head. "Not yet," she said, "she will come today."

She took the hot white towel out of the steaming water and wrung it dry and began to wipe Jenny's face and hands gently. "How beautiful your skin!" she murmured.

The old woman watched her. "What does this foreigner put on her skin to make it so white and smooth?" she asked.

"She was born thus," Leone replied.

This astonished the old woman well enough. "Do they come out of their mothers' wombs this color?" she cried. "I thought they put something on themselves to fade their eyes and skin and hair."

Leone laughed and told Jenny what the old woman said and they all laughed, and the old woman, encouraged, went on:

"And I have heard some say that these foreigners reverse human nature and are born with white hair and it grows black with age."

THE two girls laughed again, and in the midst of all this danger and trouble somehow it was sweet to them to laugh together, and it was sweet indeed to Jenny to know that she was alive and out of that fearful house.

Only when she had eaten and after the old woman had brushed her hair and she lay ready for what must come next did her face shadow. Leone, watching its every change asked:

"Why are you sad?"

"I have to forget so much," Jenny said. She covered her face with her hands. "I want to forget everything of these last months."

"You can forget," Leone said most kindly, and then bit by bit she unfolded the plan that was being made that day and Jenny lay and listened without a word while Leone told her everything, and how it was planned that she and Mrs. Shipman were to escape.

"And after we come to the village, then what?" Jenny asked.

Leone flushed and her heart ached, but she paid no heed to that heart of hers. She said bravely: "Daniel James is there—waiting for you. I think you will be safe enough."

The two girls looked at each other and in that instant Jenny saw Leone's secret clearly. She put out her hand and took Leone's hand and held it.

"I must thank you for everything," she said softly. "And I will—as long as I live."

Now Ling had spent his whole day at one place and another, to find out in any way that he could what had become of



the Old Foreign Mother. First he went to the teashop near the Japanese compound sitting himself at the smallest table in the dimmest corner, he listened to the gossip he heard about him. But he heard nothing except that the foreign girl had escaped somehow and that the Japanese Shigo Yoshi was in such a torment of rage that he bit his own fingers until they bled. He tore the curtains at the windows and behaved as though he were mad.

At the second place Ling went, which was a bean-curd shop, he heard that in the Japanese compound an old woman had died. He was uneasy then until he bethought himself of a way to find out who she was. He bought a tenth of a pound of pickled bean-curd and while it was being wrapped in a lotus leaf, he said carefully:

"These little devil dwarfs, they do not bury their dead decently. I'll swear they burned the poor old woman who died, yesterday."

The man who was wrapping the bean-curd said innocently. "That they did. I heard it from one who had heard it from the cook there. He will not buy his bean-curd from me, because he has a fifth of sin in the shop on the next street and he does not get benefit from him, but it told me that the cook said that they burn the old woman to ashes and put her in a bottle and sealed it to return to her country."

Then Ling knew it was only the old Japanese woman who had died, whether by his poison or by Shigo's anger, who was? He was sorry if it were by his poison, for he was averse to taking any life and he had tried most carefully to poison her only so much as would let the prisoners escape. But still he was not sure enough to be sure that the Old Foreign Mother was not also dead.

While he was thinking of burying and dead he bethought himself of a coffin maker who lived near by, and it came to him that since this man was near it would be the likeliest place to order a coffin if one was needed. Thither he went then, chewing his dried bean-curd as he went, and he entered the coffin shop and found the old carpenter busy with his plane and his foot rule thrust into his collar.

Now when Ling came in he made his sign, but very small, so that if the coffin maker did not belong to the brotherhood he would not see it, and if he did he would know it and make the sign, too. The coffin maker had very shrewd eyes deep in his face like a monkey's eyes, but he was sure he saw that sign when Ling made it, and without speaking he made the sign. Then Ling knew that he could speak freely and so he did.

"I am sent here to ask if there has been an order for a wide new coffin within

the last two days," he said in a whisper.

The coffin maker answered in the same low whisper: "There has been. I was given the order from a Japanese and I was told to work all night and finish it—a cheap coffin made of the least good wood, boards nailed together, they said, and when it was finished it was night and my son took it there and what went into it we do not know."

"What was its size?" Ling asked.

THE man pursed his wide lips and remembered. "It was so long," he said, and he measured a space on the wall with his rule. "And it was twice as wide as the usual coffin I make—it was as wide as this—" and he measured another space on the wall.

"Was it so?" Ling murmured aghast. Now who in that house could need so wide a coffin, except the Old Foreign Mother, and for whom else would they order so cheap a coffin?

His heart dropped down and he said sorrowfully, "Thank you, Elder Brother, you have told me what I feared." And he went away, knowing very well that the Old Foreign Mother was dead, and who knew where she had been buried?

All that day he busied himself with the things which the Silent Wolf had told him to prepare, and as he was busy he tried this way and that to think how he would tell Leone the old white woman was dead, and he wondered whether she would blame him.

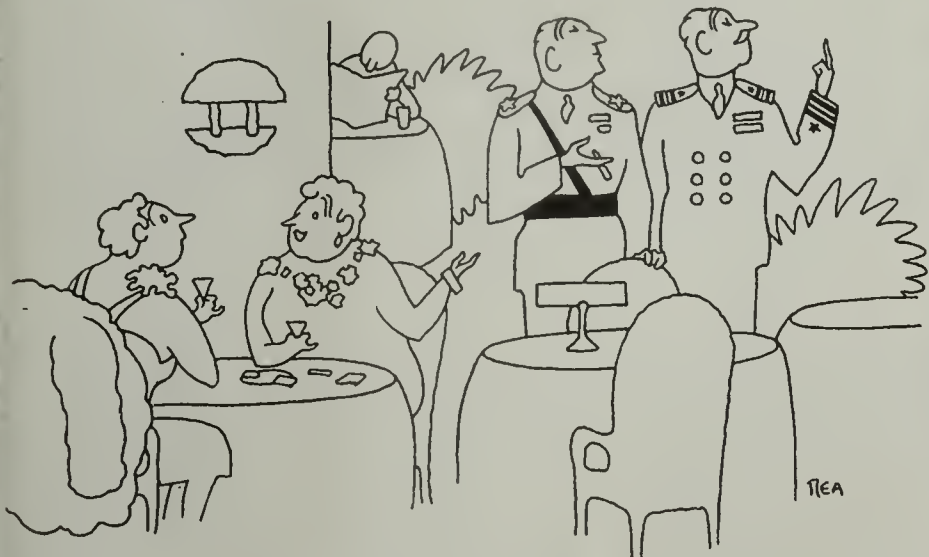
"Yet had I stayed, all would have been lost," he still told himself stoutly, "and perhaps three of us killed."

So he could not find anything to blame in himself over what he had done and he went doggedly through the day and when night came he gathered everything together that the Silent Wolf had commanded. Last of all he went to a butcher-shop at the other side of the city where none would know him, and he asked for offal they had cast aside, saying that he had a pet bear to feed, and he told them he was a traveling actor with the bear and he made little money in these times and could not buy good meat. They took his few pence and pointed to their offal hole, and he dipped up some of the half-rotted stuff into an old jar he had bought for it and went away with it quickly, holding it to windward of himself.

When darkness fell he went to the Silent Wolf and laid everything before him, and the Silent Wolf examined all, and praised him and said, "You-you have done so well that from now on I command you to stay by me always and be one of mine."

"I will, indeed," Ling said joyfully and was then and there rewarded for everything he had done.

(To be continued next week)



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## MANPOWER



**T**HIS war is too big for human comprehension. The requirements of an all-out global war are so vast and so complex that no man has the knowledge or the wisdom to forecast accurately what will be the most pressing needs of even a few months ahead. To balance accurately even the types of fighting materials, airplanes, ships, tanks, submarines, antisubmarine weapons calls for prescience that stretches to the limits the capacities of the most highly gifted military leaders.

To fit these military needs into the living necessities of a civilian population that must live and produce prodigiously if the fighting men are to be supplied calls for wisdom of the highest order. To perform these Herculean tasks and at the same time to reconcile conflicting claims of various groups and particularly of their political spokesmen, who are not always disinterested patriots, adds to the difficulties of the problem.

This, essentially, is the underlying reason for much of the confusion over manpower policies in Washington. Paul McNutt has the responsibility for applying the policies determined by the Manpower Commission. Neither Paul McNutt nor anybody else in Washington or in any other seat of authority can

do more than estimate future urgencies. Both Paul McNutt and all others charged with responsibility in a democratic country have to take into account the feelings and the attitudes of powerful political groups including farm and labor leaders.

But the fact is that the public has been and is gravely disturbed by the variety of statements about manpower for war that have come out of Washington. Men of military age especially have been confused. The President's 48-hour week helped to clarify the situation, but much more remains to be done.

First, a group of citizens of the eminence and of the intelligence of the Baruch rubber committee should make a quick and thorough analysis of exactly what American war effort requires during the next year in the way of men under arms, labor on the farms, labor in factories and in various essential civilian services.

The disinterested factual approach of ex-President Hoover's testimony before Congress exemplifies the constructive spirit in which this should be undertaken. A simple, competent report on manpower needs would be received as enthusiastically by the public as was the Baruch rubber report. Ameri-

cans will cheerfully and willingly make any sacrifices which they believe to be necessary for the national defense.

Once this convincing analysis is made, special legislation would naturally follow. In a matter so important, laws are better than directives. In particular, it will be necessary to revise some labor legislation. Men forced to get war jobs ought not to be compelled against their wills to join unions. Certainly they should not be subjected to the exacting of the racketeers who have operated in the building of Army camps.

Finally, we need a national policy that keeps the fighting front and the civilian front adequately supplied with man- and womanpower. We have so many men and obviously they must serve where they can best serve the national interest. The man doing his best making munitions, producing food, doing anything else essential to the national defense might well be given insignia to show that he is performing his assigned duty.

If Mr. McNutt makes his appeal on the basis of simple, clearly understood and obviously sound policies, Americans will respond with energy and enthusiasm.

## "You Help Someone You Know—"

**T**HE USO has now passed its second milestone: and we think it merits a loud round of applause for what it has done and is doing for the men and women in the services and the war plants.

United Service Organizations, Inc., was formed by the Y.M.C.A., National Catholic Community Service, Salvation Army, Y.W.C.A., Jewish Welfare Board, and National Travelers' Aid Association. The fears and misgivings that attended its birth were dispelled at least a year ago, and it is turning in a huge,

splendid and smoothly-functioning performance.

In a typical recent month, the USO reported: Group activities including 24,896 groups and events, 65,072 sessions, with a total attendance of 5,979,524 persons; services to individuals—906,188 information aids, 92,280 persons advised, 9,200 individuals or families receiving case-work service, family hospitality arranged for 68,910 persons, 47,173 hospital patients visited, more than 6,421,115 USO envelopes and pieces of stationery given away, 84,504 books

loaned, 324,842 magazines and 181,101 pieces of religious literature distributed.

The organization is active at this writing in 48 states, the District of Columbia, and 16 U. S. territories, possessions and off-shore bases.

All this is Service with a capital S—and service to men and women who need the USO's varied services.

"You help someone you know when you give to the USO," as the USO slogan has it. In our opinion you can't give too often or too liberally.

## Rickenbacker

**C**APTAIN EDDIE "INDESTRUCTIBLE" RICKENBACKER came back from his latest bout with death and at once began to talk loudly and often about the evil of absenteeism in war plants, the outrage of strikes in same, and the likelihood that returning soldiers will not relish the idea of the government's making them join unions in order to get jobs.

The reaction in radical and left-wing New Dealer circles was typical. Instead of attempting straight answers to Rickenbacker, a smearing campaign got

promptly into high gear. Rick is called a hidebound, antilabor reactionary and other fighting names.

We think most Americans are weary of these tactics. Americans like fair play and hate unfairness. Some, at least, of the heavy anti-New Deal gains in the elections of last November 3d happened because so many people were tired of hearing various candidates blackguarded and defamed.

As for Rickenbacker, he is saying nothing that a lot of other people are not also saying. War plant

absenteeism without cause is the dirty outrage against our fighting men that Rickenbacker says it is. War plants should not go on strike, and that is that.

We think it is time to call off these smear campaigns against persons who don't invariably sin with the New Dealers; and it is time to be making frank, honest answers to the contentions of those persons when there are such answers, and try to remedy the conditions complained of when there are not.



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